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How We Lost the War But Won Asia
by T.D. Allman

January 1980 $1.50

Harper's

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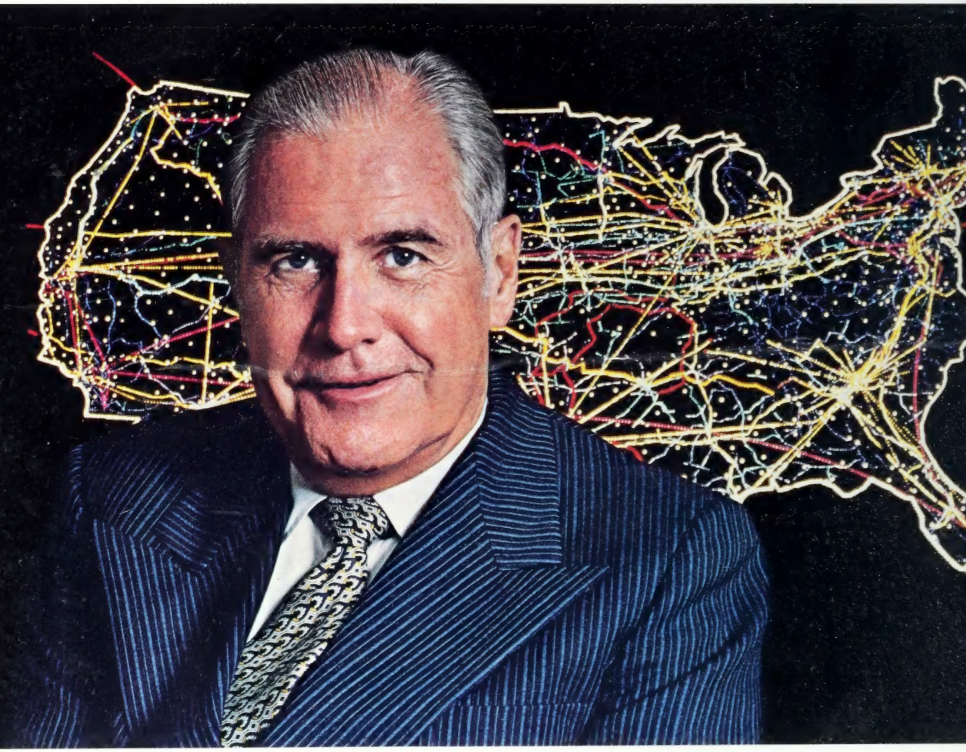
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Harper's

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The extraordinary revival of American fortunes in Asia over the past five years should make us realize that our oddly appealing civilization wins the most converts when we let them discover its appeal on their own.

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LETTERS

The nuclear agenda

It is evident that Howard Morland made no attempt to consult the thousands of pages of publicly available information on Three Mile Island and nuclear reactor safety in general ["The Meltdown That Didn't Happen," October]. Nor did he obtain any information from the vast array of scientific experts, independent and otherwise. To the contrary, he appears to have gone to great lengths to ignore facts.

Three Mile Island *was* a serious accident. But it left a remarkable safety record untarnished. In some 500 cumulative years of commercial reactor experience, even with accidents, mechanical failures, and human errors, no worker or member of the public has ever been seriously injured by a radiation accident. Three Mile Island will lead to many improvements, but overall reactor safety remains sound.

While Mr. Morland's use of Three Mile Island as a launching point for an error-filled description of a worst-case accident is nonsense, it does leave unanswered the question: Just how likely is a worst-case accident—in the jargon, a maximum credible event?

An analogy serves better than numbers: What if two fully loaded jumbo jets took off from New York, one from John F. Kennedy Airport and one from LaGuardia? What if they collided on takeoff (because of human and mechanical failure)? What if one fell and exploded in a standing-room-only crowd in Shea Stadium and the other exploded in a standing-room-only crowd in Yankee Stadium? Tens of thousands of people might die. A terrible nuclear accident is no more, and probably much less, likely than such a technically credible scenario. The fact is, commercial airlines offer the safest form of travel.

Mr. Morland's excursions into the what-ifs of nuclear energy are laden with more than assumptions; they include many errors. To cite a few:

1. "If pieces of uranium fuel were to begin dropping from the core into the bottom of the pressure vessel, the dreaded meltdown would be un
way." While it is suspected that so
of the uranium pellets may indeed h
fallen into the bottom of the vessel
ing to the widespread damage to
metal tubes holding the pellets,
massive report on Three Mile Isl
released by the Nuclear Safety An
ysis Center of the Electric Power
search Institute points out: "Pres
evidence makes it appear that th
was no general fuel melting." Evide
obtained since the report's publicat
in July, 1979, continues to support t
conclusion.

2. "Any interruption in cooling-
ter flow can cause the fuel rods to n
the way a box of birthday candles
melt if left on top of a hot stov
Nonsense. The cooling water at
Three Mile Island reactor was m
than just "interrupted." The bulk
the core was uncovered for long p
ods of time, and the best evidence
date shows that none of the fuel melt

3. "In any case, eventual contact
the melted core] with water would
inevitable." Again, nonsense. There
no inevitability about the situati
When scientists put all the worst im
inable scenarios together, it is *possi*
not inevitable. In the event that mol
fuel should melt through the dozen
so feet of reinforced concrete on
containment floor, the mixing of
molten metal with the concrete p
the large heat-absorbing capability
the ground would most probably c
the mass to a slag long before it co
reach groundwater.

4. "Any fire can be doused or smo
ered. Not so with nuclear fission." T
opposite is the case. Many fires, of
causing catastrophic loss of life a
property, cannot be doused: rag
forest fires, large chemical industr
fires, and runaway commercial fi
Nuclear fission in a commercial re
tor can be stopped with almost triv
simplicity. Fission stops completely
ther with the insertion of damp
rods or with the loss of water from
reactor's core (since the water pla
an essential role in the nuclear fissi
process).

5. "Immediate evacuation is the m

ractical course of action. . . . There as nothing to lose by getting those eople out of the most dangerous rea." An evacuation was not ordered ır good reasons. To quote Mark nouse, executive assistant to the Lieu- nant Governor of Pennsylvania: "We ad to weigh the potential risks of hree Mile Island against the proven azards of moving people under panic nditions. No matter how well they re planned, massive evacuations can ill and injure people—especially the ged and the infirm, infants in incuba- rs, other hospital patients, and even ne able-bodied men. . . . We would not ave hesitated to evacuate the entire rea had it ever appeared to be the afest course."

. "It is important to note that the lume itself would in no way be de- ctable by human senses once it had ft the immediate vicinity of the re- ctor." The important point is that nything radioactive can be measured ith remarkable precision and ease— uch more precisely than any instru- ents, including our senses, can mea- ire other toxic materials.

Errors aside, the important point missing from Mr. Morland's article and unfortunately from much of the vitriol about nuclear energy is simply that this nation must direct its attention to the real, highly probable risks associated with over-dependence on foreign oil. Nuclear energy already supplies 13 percent of the nation's electricity, saving the equivalent of 1.3 million barrels of oil every day. I would have expected *Harper's* to provide useful, substantial information on the confusing issues surrounding nuclear energy to help the American people fairly decide what direction this nation's energy supply should take, and how.

PAUL TURNER
Vice-President
Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

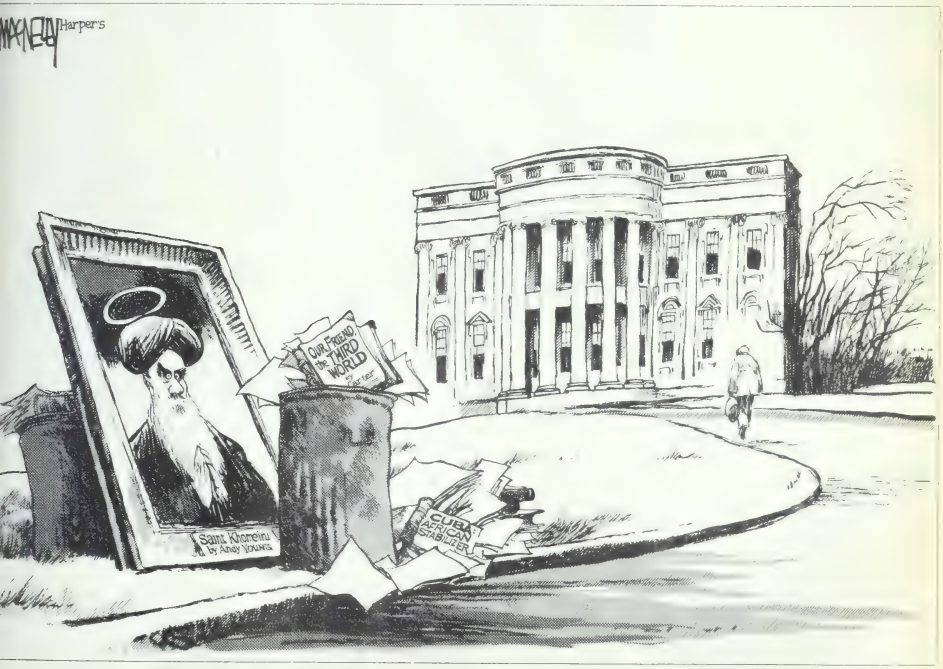
HOWARD MORLAND REPLIES:

Mr. Turner ignores the substance of my argument and attempts instead to undermine its authority by identifying six examples of what he considers to be factual error. In so doing, he follows a tradition that began with the Manhattan Project, one that for three decades has allowed proponents of nuclear energy and weaponry to dismiss their critics as ill-informed meddlers. Unfortunately for the credibility of the Atomic Industrial Forum, for which Mr. Turner speaks, his use of that tactic in this instance is sufficiently sloppy to allow it to be applied to his own statements.

Three of the six "errors" cited are mere quibbling over the words I used to make a complicated subject intelligible. The other three errors are Mr. Turner's, not mine.

1. His challenge to my contention that the dropping of fuel pieces into the bottom of the pressure vessel would initiate a meltdown is frivolous. Mr. Turner's rebuttal is limited to a suspicion that some uranium may indeed have fallen into the bottom of the pressure vessel, though no meltdown occurred. How much hot fuel does Mr. Turner think can safely fall out of the core without causing a meltdown? Certainly not much.

2. I state that any interruption of cool-



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A lot's been accomplished. But there's a lot more to do. So we'll keep working till the promise of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford" becomes a reality.

We've put together a booklet called *Major Medical Expense...Are You Ready for It?* You can have a free copy by writing The Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 19, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

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ing-water flow "can cause" fuel melting. Does Mr. Turner think it can't? If so, there is less need than we feared for an emergency core-cooling system. His reply that most of the core was uncovered for a long period is hardly a recommendation for the safety of nuclear reactors.

3. Mr. Turner says that, contrary to my prediction, contact between a melted core and water would be possible but not inevitable. He could be right. Perhaps a gas-cooled reactor located in a desert could melt and stay dry, but at Three Mile Island the containment-building floor was covered with the very water that should have been in the pressure vessel. It would probably have taken the combined levitation powers of several supermarket-tabloid psychics to keep a melted core dry at Three Mile Island.

4. Mr. Turner is wrong when he says that raging forest fires cannot be doused. Wood does not burn under water, and no forest fire can rage through a flash flood. In any case, my analogy to fire referred to the nature of chemical combustion and not to the logistics of water as a fire-fighting tool. It is true that the insertion of damping rods halts fission in most (not all) civilian reactors, and I explained the procedure in the article. The point of my analogy to fire, which Mr. Turner chooses to ignore, is that stopping the fission reaction does not stop the generation of *heat.*

5. As for the advisability of a precautionary evacuation, I don't doubt that such an undertaking might have social costs. Even so, many knowledgeable people, including Dr. Henry Kendall of the Union of Concerned Scientists, were recommending an evacuation at Three Mile Island early, since no one was sure just how dangerous the reactor would become. Residents of the Susquehanna Valley are accustomed to precautionary evacuations whenever the river threatens to flood. The orderly voluntary evacuation that did take place suggests that the danger of panic was overplayed in order to spare the nuclear industry embarrassment and expense, rather than to protect the citizens from risk.

6. Finally, Mr. Turner objects to my statement that "the plume itself would in no way be detectable by human senses." Which of the human senses does he think can detect radioactivity without the aid of scientific instruments? And how many people in Harrisburg had access to a Geiger counter on March 28?

If nuclear-energy advocates have a program to sell to the public, it is time they began to answer the substance of concerns raised by their opponents rather than merely picking at the words they use to explain the technology. The dangers are real enough to require a special act of Congress, the Price-Anderson Act, absolving utility companies from most of the financial liabilities for reactor accidents. Already, several near-disasters have taken place in America, and one actual catastrophe in the southern Urals of Russia has been reported. Mr. Turner says that a terrible nuclear accident is no more likely and probably less likely than a collision of two jumbo jets. In fact, two fully loaded jumbo jets did collide not long ago, at Tenerife, and it was the worst aviation accident in history.

Credit where credit is due

In his article "Pomp and Civil Engineering" [November], Samuel C. Florman misses the point of the advertising campaign of which he is so critical. It's not about civil *engineering,* it's about civil *engineers.*

He complains that "an ambulance's unobstructed passage is the wrong image by which to define civil engineering." He would be right, if defining civil engineering were what we are about. But that's not the purpose. The campaign is trying to make apparent to the public the role played in their daily lives by civil engineers.

He further complains that grade crossings and other mundane projects have been chosen because we feel that there is no sense of wonder left in people over such civil-engineering monuments as the Hoover Dam or the Eiffel Tower. Nonsense.

These engineering feats do not need advertising to persuade the public of their magnificence. But the civil engineers who build our factories, hospitals, country roads, and yes, sewer catch basins deserve recognition for what they do to make our civilization work a little better.

A forthcoming advertisement is about an engineer who in the course of a routine road-widening project s to it that a seventy-year-old hand-bu stone wall was not torn down. It co have been, the job would have be easier and cheaper, but she felt th history should be preserved.

That's a pretty grand civil-engine ing monument, too.

PAUL LIPPM
Senior Vice-Preside
Associate Creative Direct
Gaynor & Ducas Advertisi
New York, N.

Fifty years ago, when I was fourte years old, I was excited by the sight the George Washington Bridge on trip to New York City. Twenty-fi years ago, when I finally saw t Golden Gate Bridge—the one th couldn't be built—the aesthetic stru ture designed by the engineer w solved the problem seemed a thrilli testimony to man's capacity. Th same year, this bookkeeper found t four-level freeway interchange in L Angeles not only an engineering fe but a pleasure to see.

Samuel C. Florman quite righ takes the American Society of Ci Engineers to task for not showing the public civil engineering at its be

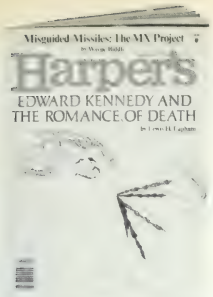
JOHN B. KAUFM
Phoenix, Ar

SAMUEL C. FLORMAN REPLIES:

Apparently I was too generous assuming that the ASCE campaign, all its faults, was worthy in purpo If Mr. Lippman has persuaded ci engineers to advertise themselves stead of their profession, then he h done them a disservice. Many peo "deserve recognition for what th do," but have the good taste not advertise. Like Mr. Kaufman, I cou only applaud a campaign that wou speak to the communal value of "ci engineering at its best."

AWARDS

We are proud to announce that Ha den Carruth, the poetry editor of *Ha er's,* has been presented with this yea Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize for h collection *Brothers, I Loved You A* The award, sponsored by the N Hope Foundation and administered *Saturday Review,* is given annually "the outstanding book of poems pu lished in the United States."



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7. **Not Quick Reading.** We give our writers the space it takes to develop a subject fully. No short cuts or "instant opinions." Lapham notes, "I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told." Such writers include T. D. Allman, Tom Bethell, Paul Fussell, Walter Karp, William Tucker, Edward Abbey, Henry Fairlie, and Tom Wolfe.

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DIVINING RODS

Notes for a new decade

by Lewis H. Lapha

People try to get out of themselves and to escape from the man. This is folly; instead of transforming themselves into angels, they turn themselves into beasts; instead of lifting, they degrade themselves. These transcendental humors frighten me, like lofty and inaccessible heights.

—Montaigne, *Essays*

FOR THE BETTER PART of the past two years nobody has been safe from the divinations of the new decade. The auguries appear in the newspapers and public-opinion polls, on the television networks, and in every delivery of the mail that brings with it a newsletter forecasting depletion of the reserves of oil and conscience. Almost without exception, the seers who look into the abyss of the 1980s predict catastrophes appropriate to the fears of the audience they have been paid to inform and alarm. Economists who compose statistics for banks announce the collapse of the international monetary system; environmentalists mention the loss of the Atlantic Ocean. Authorities less well-informed make do with polite and conversational remarks about the likelihood of plague, famine, war, and revolution.

On the assumption that at least some of these people have reason to know something of the subjects in question, I conclude that the 1980s will foster a boom in the markets of transcendence. Who will not want to escape from a world made hideous by poverty, anarchy, and disease? If only half the prophecies come true, the new decade should bring about an era of unparalleled prosperity for the dealers in miracles and redemptions.

The news from Teheran this week indicates that the dream of heaven already has begun to trade at inflated prices. The Ayatollah Khomeini, having promised the faithful to cleanse the world of corruption, now counts as a possible cost of this endeavor the death of the entire population of Iran. This morning's dispatches report the ayatollah as saying that "we are a nation of 35 million, and many of these people are looking forward to martyrdom." His pronouncement was received by the Iranian crowd with demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm.

Given such an auspicious beginning, I expect that the misfortunes of the 1980s will satisfy the expectations of all but the most implacable prophets. I take for granted the continuing rearrangement of the systems of trade, credit, and political stability (systems as fragile as the chains of life in an estuary or pond) that hold together the biological processes of civilization. No doubt some of these rearrangements will be accompanied by wars and the rumor of wars. Probably it will be unsafe to travel on half the world's roads.

Even so, against the pessimism implicit in the omens, I like to think that the new decade offers as much of an occasion for a feeling of hope as for a feeling of dread. Nothing so concentrates the mind as the threat of death, and I think it fair to assume that the undesired and unexpected events of the next ten years will revive, in the United States as well as elsewhere in the West, political and artistic imagination. With any luck this revival might lead not only to an improvement in the quality of the national literature but also to a lessening of human misery in the world. My optimism follows from the assumption that the United States will be forced to give up its dream of innocence as well as its dream of power. I exp that it no longer will be possible preserve the illusion, so lovingly ch ished for a period of twenty yea that nothing has changed, at least in any important or fundamental w since the end of the second world w The immense discoveries of the tw tieth century might at long last pose themselves on the attention the American equestrian class, and t in turn might make it possible fo sufficient number of people to see conceive of a world infinitely m beautiful, more creative and diver than the one reflected in the mirror the self.

AS I READ the ayatollah's s ulations for spiritual pur I cannot help hearing, as if the fading echo of a Bob D an song, the voices of transcende that have subjugated American art politics ever since the first days of Kennedy Administration. The aya lah desires to rid the world of "devi (i.e., feminists, Communists, imper ists, Americans, sodomites, journali profiteers, Israelis, merchants, lawy or anybody else who doesn't love hi and to this end his firing squads ecute "God's enemies." Unhappily, egoism has a familiar sound. In United States for the past twenty ye I have been listening to spokesmen various agencies of the higher c sciousness who claim to have loca the world's wickedness in the perso of oil companies, media syndica big business, black men, the fede government, homosexuals, white m and real-estate developers. On Nov ber 3, the day before the Iranian

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harp

nts seized the American embassy in heran, a band of Ku Klux Klansmen ot and killed five people marching rough the streets of Greensboro, rth Carolina. Presumably they, too, ped to cleanse the world of evil. A weeks ago *Time* magazine reported t the Reverend Jerry Falwell, a ptist evangelist, goes about the ntry in the company of a choir and array of American flags, assuring faithful that Jesus was not a paci-, and exhorting them to rise up inst the "infidels" in Washington moting "socialism" and the "infi-s" in the public schools teaching an's doctrine of "humanism." On ll Street the other day several hun-ed opponents of nuclear energy (yet other unclean thing abroad in God's en world) besieged what they be-ed to be the temple of Mammon.

I'm not sure whether the ob-sion with spiritual cleanliness pro-ds more directly from a feeling of f-love or a feeling of self-disgust. rtainly it arises from the superstи-n that cleanliness somehow will ex-pt the purified devotee from the seemly and disgraceful bodily func-n of death. Just as certainly the ob-sion entails a dwelling on the self. us the ayatollah, old and sick and f-blind with cataracts in both eyes, oding in a mosque in the city of m, looks within himself and con-mns as corrupt a world of which he s seen very little. So also the associ- professor of literature, safely im-red within the walls of academe, o denounces the infamous practices politics and trade.

Whether employed in the service of igion or the state, the transcenden- voice shouts down the objections of merely human. Who could dare de- the purity of an abstraction by nething so contemptible as a specif-case in point, of this or that par-ular individual caught up in the nfusion of motive and desire? The stractions prevent the servants of id from seeing what they're doing, d this allows them to thrust weapons o the hands of a tyrant as megalo-niacal as the shah (in the name of eserving peace in the Middle East), place the economy in the safekeep-of speculators (in the name of ynes or Adam Smith), or to kill as ny people as might be required to rify the race (in the name of Allah

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or the Thousand-Year Reich).

During the decade of the 1960s the transcendent impulse in the United States allied itself with the parties of hope and optimism. If the country had conquered the earth, an article of faith on which all the authorities agreed, and if the country possessed unlimited wealth and power, then the inheritors of the American fortune saw no reason why they should not live forever. God had been made manifest in everybody under the age of thirty; the stock-market boom seemed to assure the ceaseless renewal of temporal credit, and even seminary students believed in the capacity of government to correct the errors inherent in the human condition. The social programs of both the New Frontier and the Great Society assumed an always-rising level of prosperity. Prior to 1968 the older generation looked wonderingly at its own children, as if it had given birth to a new and perfect species.

Unaccountably, and quite obviously through no fault of its own, the United States in the decade of the 1970s suddenly discovered that something had gone wrong with the engines. The damnable Arabs, the treacherous Russians, and the obstinate Vietnamese (all of them conceived with a clarity worthy of the ayatollah or Lewis Carroll) brought darkness into Paradise. The transcendental impulse, looking for a way back to the light, allied itself with the parties of memory and pessimism. The locus of moral purity shifted from time future to time past. All the Presidential candidates of the period—McGovern, Nixon, Ford, Carter (and now Kennedy, Reagan, and Connally)—campaigned on the promise to restore the ease and innocence of an imaginary American Arcadia that combined the simplicity of poverty with the luxuries of wealth. The cultural impresarios dressed up their attractions in the costumes of the 1930s, the 1940s, and the 1950s; the political theorists spoke of windmills, détente, and the limits of growth. As in the 1960s, the art and politics of the decade provided a defense against the awareness of death and time; the imagination served as a means of escape from a reality suddenly become too ambiguous, too complex, too hard to conceive. The vogue for conspiracy theory encouraged the belief that the happy few were opposed by monsters and apparitions instead of by the ordinary human interests and desires of other human beings. This imparted a sense of moral significance to the lives of people who lacked occasions to read or to think. The simplifications sustained the illusion that time could be made to stand still, that nothing had occurred (either in Detroit or in Ethiopia) that might make it necessary for the American bourgeoisie to accede to the humiliation of their own mortality.

Over the course of the next ten years, I expect that even rainmakers as accomplished as Henry Kissinger will be hard-pressed to make people believe that the world is so much painted scenery. To the extent that the oil reserves fail to magically replenish themselves or that governments fail to work the routine miracle of the loaves and fishes, the United States might come to recognize itself as a nation among nations, and its citizens might come to think of themselves as mortal men among mortal men, who, unhappily for all concerned, acquire strength and wisdom only by acknowledging their habitual stupidity and weakness. Over against the parties of transcendence stand the parties of experience, the faith healers and astrologers opposed by philosophers and physicians, the demagogues opposed by magistrates. The parties of experience never enjoy much of a popular following. Their spokesmen speak the language of conjecture and speculation, which is dull and wearisome and muffled in doubt. To listen to the voices of experience is to condemn oneself to being proved always mistaken. The most beloved certainties last no longer than a few seasons, often vanishing as suddenly as an autumn frost. Who can endure so terrible a blow to his self-esteem? No wonder so many people these days, shifting the blame for their damaged egoism to external events, speak of humiliations in Cuba and Iran. Neither intellect nor courage nor the best of intentions can protect a political policy or a scientific discovery from the erosions of the weather. If everything can be so easily proved mistaken, how then is it possible for the parties of experience to excite the passions?

The question doesn't admit of a satisfactory answer. Thus the desperat wish for something (anything at all that will not be mistaken. Most of u most of the time adhere to the partie of transcendence. The wish to make c man a god is as old as Sardanapalus and nobody likes to be told that th instincts must be fitted into a ready made suit. The very contingency c life is inflammatory, exciting peopl to frenzies of simplicity and rage. Wh can deny the indescribable pleasure of abandoning oneself to the infantil wish for omnipotence? The Irania crowd expresses its joy and enthu siasm on being informed of the ayato lah's murderous *jihad* against the con plexities of the ego; a comparable ex citement animates the crowd at Studi 54, which seeks to lose itself in th formlessness of orgy.

Even so, and much to everybody' regret, the party of experience const tutes the last, best, and only hope c mankind. This is a galling and bitte thing to acknowledge, but the artifac of civilization has been made by me willing to acknowledge it. Conside the distance traveled since the begi ning in Mesopotamia; consider ho Aristotle or Herodotus would marv at the storehouse of human knowledg acquired with so much laborious effo over so long a period of time. In muc the same way that the cells make an remake themselves, so man makes an remakes his own universe, his ow climate, his own life. To do this me have no choice but to learn from the mistakes—to recognize, as did the au thors of the American Constitutio that the future cannot be bought fo money or revealed in a magician smoke.

For the past two decades Amer can opinion, like Molière's bourgeo gentleman, has been loath to admit th the world is not oneself. As this hab of mind becomes both more dangerou and more patently absurd, I expe the country to regain its characte istically sardonic humor as well a its appreciation of irony and par dox—to value wisdom over holiness. might even be possible for the cou try to take as its motto the inscriptio with which the ancient Athenians we comed the conquering armies of Pom pey the Great: "You are a god on insofar as you recognize yourself a a man."


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WINNING AT DOMINOES

Asia is selling itself on capitalism

by T. D. Allm

IMMEDIATELY AFTER the Communist victory in Southeast Asia that President Nixon predicted would threaten free nations and free institutions throughout the world, two events occurred that suggested that America's humiliation might not produce the dire consequences that American statesmen had feared for a quarter-century. Muhammad Ali defended his world heavyweight championship before rapturous, pro-American crowds in Kuala Lumpur and Manila, and the Vietnamese started group tourism to the Baile d'Along north of Hanoi. They also attempted to interest U.S. corporations in prospecting Vietnam's territorial waters for oil. These efforts to sell Vietnam as a desirable tourist destination and investment prospect have since been interrupted, of course, not by the attacks on the Free World that were supposed to follow the capture of Saigon, but by a series of gruesome little wars fought among the Communists themselves. The result, for anyone who was in Asia as I was back in the 1960s, is—at the dawn of the 1980s—*déjà vu*. Last winter I attended a Security Council debate at the United Nations in New York. If the Vietnamese were not stopped in Cambodia, the Chinese delegate almost came out and said, Kansas would be next. Did not everyone realize it was all part of a monstrous conspiracy to conquer Southeast Asia, outflank NATO, and take over the world? Later, on a visit to Canton, I could almost believe that Lyndon Johnson was still alive and making speeches, as an interpreter translated the banners on a triumphal military arch on the outskirts of the city. "Welcome home to our brave soldiers, back from the front in Vietnam." "Vigilance is the key to victory in the struggle against aggression fr Hanoi."

At least in the translation I receiv there was no injunction to nail t coonskin to the wall. But it was merely in their projection of unm gated evil on the Vietnamese and moral purity on themselves that Chinese reminded me of Americ fifteen or twenty years ago. They a had a faith—pure, simple, and dee in consumer goods that hearkened b to a more innocent America bef both the Tet Offensive and the Surg General's report. "When you v China," advised a guidebook ca *Canton Companion*, displaying a ph graph of various packs of Ameri cigarettes, "leave these brands

T. D. Allman is a contributing editor of H er's, *and East Coast editor of Pacific N Service. He recently completed an eight-m visit to Asia and other parts of the worl*



Postcards from China

ne." Were the Chinese declaring
t capitalism not only enslaves the
letariat but causes cancer as well?
arlboro, Philip Morris Internation-
Lark, Merit, and Parliament ciga-
es," the guidebook elaborated, "are
v all available at selected hotels and
res in the People's Republic of
ina. Please ask for them."
Visitors are finding plenty of com-
dities, imported and domestic, to
nd their traveler's checks on in
ina these days. Even in countries
Thailand, where official corruption
ife, serious efforts are made to stop
hemorrhage of cultural treasures
o foreign collections. But in China
ay status lies not in the possession
a Ming vase or flawless jade but
a Sony cassette deck or a pair of
nerican blue jeans, and official shops
ve been opened to sell antiquities for
uvenir export. The Japanese—always
ter organized than the Americans at
h things—circulate among them-
ves mimeographed lists of the call
ls available in Peking. Recently,
en I asked a friend, who is a homo-
ual, if he had enjoyed his visit to
ina, he replied: "I had a great time,
de some friends on the Bund my
t night in Shanghai." How had he
ognized they shared the same inter-
s? "They had dyed their hair red,"
answered.

MY OWN RESEARCHES in China led to fewer exotic discoveries, more vicarious experiences. But they confirm that eat of one kind or another awaits se who try to act out abstract theos in Asia, whether they rally to the mmons of Lyndon Johnson or Mao long. To walk in the evening along Pearl River from Hai Chu Bridge the old European enclave on Sha en Island is to pass a hundred park ches, a young couple entwined on h. Although China serves up the st unremarkable Chinese food in the rld (its superb official banquets are exception), every night the restaus are packed. Many Chinese come s to eat than to sit together at large les, gossip, play cards for small kes, and drink. When foreigners it the industrial city of Fushun they taken first to see a factory, but for Chinese who flock there by the usands, the big attraction is the Ancestry Temple, and they do not go to admire the works of art. Instead they crowd around a stagnant fountain, in the middle of which reposes an immense tortoise, made of stone. The pond is filled with coins. Coins cover the tortoise's back. For more than an hour I watched a young Chinese who could not have earned more than $20 a month throw his money away. Between times, he held his girlfriend around the waist. He wore blue jeans and flaunted a plastic shopping bag with the name of a Hong Kong boutique on it, just as young Chinese in Hong Kong display their imported Gucci belts. When I asked why he was throwing coins at the tortoise, he replied: "If you can land a coin on its head, it brings good luck. You will become very rich." "The Chinese just love Bibles," a woman from California told me later that day, in the lobby of the Bai Yun hotel. "I gave away a dozen this afternoon. Why, they have prayer meetings and sing hymns and everything."

Nor have thirty years of Communist austerity done away with those two banes of capitalist existence, the traffic jam and pollution. China has few automobiles, but Canton alone has 2 million bicycles, and thousands of trucks that seem to belch more smoke, and make more noise, than a Concorde taking off. The bicycles inch along, snarled in traffic that makes the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway seem like an urban planner's dream come true, while the bicyclists breathe in noxious fumes. The difference is that in China these tortures provide a kind of municipal pride, an omen that even better things are to come. "We need more trucks," a Chinese official told me, ten minutes after we had seen a boy on a bicycle run over by a truck. When I reminded him of the traffic casualty, he added: "We need cars, too." And when I asked a Chinese journalist why all the new hotels in China were twenty and thirty stories high, he misunderstood my question. "Oh, we'll build bigger ones," he said. "In a few years you won't be able to tell Shanghai from Hong Kong."

"China is so large, looms so high just beyond the frontiers," Kennedy fretted in 1963. "In Asia," Roger Hilsman, a State Department official under Kennedy, declared the same year, "the greatest danger to independent nations comes from Communist China, with its 700 million people forced into the service of an aggressive Communist Party." If the Chinese were not stopped at Saigon, William Bundy added in Lyndon Johnson's time, "then the rest of Southeast Asia will be in grave danger of progressively disappearing behind the Bamboo Curtain and other countries like India and even in time Australia. . . ." Even after he had flown to Peking in 1972 and paid tribute to Mao Zedong, Nixon continued to act as if America's defeat in Indochina would mean a victory for Communism not just "in Vietnam but in the Pacific and in the world." "Our allies would lose confidence in America," Nixon declared six months before he invaded Cambodia in 1970. "Far more dangerous, we would lose confidence in ourselves."

A whole generation of American analysts lacked even the most elementary sense of the prolixity of motivation and reaction in Asia (lamentably for U.S. policy, China could never control the Vietnamese; even more lamentably for the Cambodians, Vietnam could never control its "puppets," the Khmer Rouge). Moreover, they could not grasp the fact that even Communists can have crises of confidence, grow weary of old doctrines, and become bored with crusades and those who lead them, just as capitalists do. One afternoon, on a ferry crossing the Pearl River, I fell into conversation with an ex–Red Guard, now over thirty. He was fascinated by my copy of *Time* magazine, and wanted to talk about that. I wanted to know what the upheavals during the Sixties had been like, how he felt. "During the Cultural Revolution," he told me, "we played." The Gang of Four? "Silly people. Nothing but words. A wasted decade. We should have been going to school." And Mao himself? "When I went to the countryside, I played with a village. He stayed in Peking, and played with the world."

At the Foreign Correspondents Club in Hong Kong, where the Communists now come to drink and joke with their American and British friends, I listened as a well-known Chinese writer collected addresses in Los Angeles and New York. Though he spoke flawless colloquial English, he was making his first trip to America soon. He wanted to make sure he met all the right people, the interesting ones. Deng Xiaoping

had taken a simulated ride in a lunar module; this writer wanted something more sophisticated than that. I remembered that he had led the demonstrations of the local affiliate of the Red Guard in Hong Kong. For his troubles, the British had kept him for several years in a maximum-security cell. When we had a moment together I asked him about it. "Look," he replied, "let's just say the Sixties were a bad trip." He still had his address book out, but I resisted the temptation to refer him to Rennie Davis.

This was about the time the China watchers in Hong Kong, following examination of comparative photographic evidence, discovered that Hua Guofeng, Chairman of the Communist Party and Premier of the People's Republic of China, had begun wearing one of those computerized, quartz crystal, digital-display Japanese watches, the kind Singaporean tailors like to affect. But the most impressive evidence of a difference in China in the years since the American defeat was registered neither in China nor in Hong Kong, but last winter in California before I left for the Far East. The telephone rang in my office in San Francisco. It was a call for a colleague, a sinologist, from a professor on the East Coast. An eminent Chinese historian was touring the country. He wanted, for the first time, to tell my colleague's seminar all about the Cultural Revolution, before he went back to Peking. Of course, we would be delighted. "There is a problem," the voice on the telephone said, "he wants to be paid." Well, naturally, an honorarium for such a distinguished.... "$400." Well, under normal circumstances, that might have seemed excessive, but he was after all so uniquely qualified. A check would be waiting.... "You see, that is what is so embarrassing. The Chinese historian insists on getting cash."

HAS THE DOMINO THEORY been disproved? In late 1975 I watched, a war correspondent about to go home, as one domino did not so much fall as sink slowly into the Southeast Asian mud. As garlanded Pathet Lao tanks entered Vientiane, and Laos's American-paid politicians left for their villas in France, the Lao danced in the streets and tied *baci* strings of welcome around the wrists of their Communist conquerors. Then, the party over, the Pathet Lao commenced their effort to transform that complacent and hapless little country into the Bulgaria of the upper Mekong.

Violating the cease-fire accords that had brought them to power, the Lao Communists quickly abolished such ancient and revered institutions as the monarchy and prostitution. King Savang Vatthana and most of the inhabitants of Vientiane's red-light district were packed off to "re-education camps" in the mountains, there to grow vegetables, swat anopheles mosquitoes, and ponder the thoughts of the People's Democratic Republic of Laos's new president, Prince Souphanouvong. The Pathet Lao also disillusioned those who had imagined them to be only well-meaning agrarian reformers, not enemies of the *vie en rose*, by kicking out the French, those perennial sources in Laos of couscous, Camembert, and six-packs of tinned Beaujolais. Unaccountably, they allowed the Americans to remain.

I regretted the passing of the sweet life in Vientiane, just as I had welcomed, with much deeper intensity, the end of America's ten-year bombing campaign of the Lao countryside, which had caused a whole generation of children in some areas to grow up in caves and never play, without fear of death, in the sun. But I could not share the sense of personal deprivation some other Americans felt. They tended to react to the end of the war as though their pockets had been picked, as I learned toward the end of my stay in Laos. One afternoon I visited the American embassy, not to inspect the briefing maps, on which the pins had long since all turned red, but to cash a check for green dollars to exchange for Lao *kip* on the black market. An embassy official had the same errand in mind, so we walked together the short distance to the Constellation Hotel, where, in spite of the recent defeat of capitalism, such free-market transactions continued to thrive. He was a calm and dispassionate U.S. foreign-service officer, who for years had dealt in megadeaths and firepower without any trace of emotion entering his voice. But as we turned onto Vientiane's main street, the rue Samsenthai, he clenched his fists. Impassioned anger disfigured his face. A old American sedan—a Plymouth the 1950s with immense tail fins—thundered past, making foraging chic ens run for their lives, coating us wi dust. After liberating Vientiane, t Pathet Lao had liberated the USAI motor pool. It was a pack of you Pathet Lao guerrillas, all of them st in their teens, out for a joyride in t big city they had surrounded for yea but had never seen.

It took the American official a m ment to regain his composure. Then spoke with a passion I had never hea in his discussions of free-fire zones a body counts. "They have no right to that," he said slowly, softly, a mixtu of moral outrage and venomous se pity hissing from between his teet "That car belongs to *us*."

I left Laos a few afternoons later. I crossed the river to Thailand, I kn it might be many years before I s Indochina again. Whatever their v tues, the Communists of Indochi were no more partisans of freedom the press than, for example, Mars Lon Nol—who had expelled me a many other journalists from his Khm Republic. The war was hardly finish and the disillusionments of peace h already begun. The reports fr Cambodia showed that peace co contain its nightmares as well. Co one be completely, justifiably satisfi with one thing, at least? As I cla bered up the river bank on the Th side I took comfort in one fact: ne again in this part of the world wo Americans be able to treat whole co tries and peoples as though they w U.S. Government property. From n on, the crimes of commission—t crimes of causality would stain o hands forever—would belong to othe not us.

Somber meditation, however, becam impossible as soon as one pass through Thai customs and enter Nong Khai. Here on the latest fr line between Asian Communism a what remained of the Free World, w the Communists already entrenched the opposite bank of the Mekong, kind of euphoria had set in. Instead digging trenches, the Thais were in t midst of a *boun*, or annual fair. this bank of the Mekong one found military blackout, no tense Thai s diers on the alert in well-defend machine-gun nests. Instead one ca

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irst, because they're true. The female half of the world s as diverse, strong, uncertain and up-and-coming as all hese thoughts—and many more.

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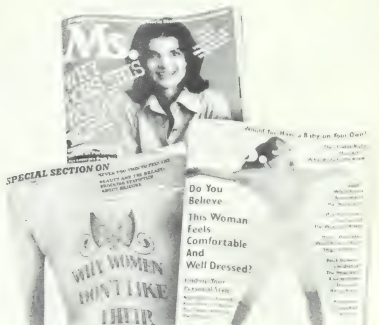
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upon a crowded, brightly lit amusement park.

I had my last view of Indochina under Communism while riding a ferris wheel. The circuit up into the air and down provided some striking contrasts between the two competing systems, though they were not the ones the counterinsurgency experts tended to point out. At the bottom one felt immersed if not in freedom, then certainly in free-market capitalism. Comely young women were eagerly selling cotton candy, rock 'n' roll cassettes, little skewers of roasted cuttlefish, themselves if the price was right. The Thais were dancing, they were playing games of chance and drinking and eating. It seemed a feast of light and motion, self-indulgence and cheerful noise. As one went up it became more silent. The lights grew smaller. At the top one could see far across the river, into the endless quiet and darkness that makes up most of Asia still. The Thai side was all neon. On the Communist bank one could see only a few flickering lanterns, could sense the encroaching jungle and, beyond it, mountains with no vanishing point, as though they were sketched on a Chinese scroll. Other than that there was nothing to see at all on the Lao bank of the Mekong. From my vantage point atop the ferris wheel, it seemed that the chief difference between the Communist world and the Free World was that on one side people shut off the lights and went to bed early, while on the other they stayed up as late as they chose—an absurd conclusion. I purged it from my mind, and it only came back to me some four years later, just a few months ago, as I stood on the border between Hong Kong and China, listening to a seasoaked refugee not from Mao's Cultural Revolution but from Deng Xiaoping's revisionist, pro-American new China.

He had been a Red Guard, the young swimmer explained. And he wanted to get out of China not because Deng had betrayed Mao, but because he was not repudiating Communism thoroughly enough. He had heard Hong Kong was a place where a man could work, save money, then go into business for himself. His ultimate ambition was to go to America, Southern California if he had the choice. We talked for some time. It became clear he had suffered no injustice in China: he had left because he had found life there insufferably dull. When I asked him how he had negotiated his way across the Pearl River estuary on an inner tube, he replied: "I kept swimming toward the lights."

That night in 1975 when I left Nong Khai on the Bangkok Express, heading home to the States, I found I had been assigned a compartment next to that of a middle-level Thai official. We had met once before, in the late 1960s, on the same train, but going in the opposite direction. He had tried to interest me in carrying a package to Laos, indicating there would be a lot of Thai *baht* in it for me if I did. Meeting him again, I still did not know what his traffic was, but he was one of those Southeast Asians who American officials often complained gave their war such a bad name. Instead of being slim and deferential, this Thai was fat and loud. He did not wear a neat uniform and crew cut. He oiled his hair and, it seemed, his moustache, too. He wore many gold rings, gold chains, gold amulets. And by the moral standards of the USAID motor pool he was no doubt shamelessly corrupt. But he was also good company, and late into the night we sat in the dining car drinking Mekhong whiskey, talking half in English, half in Thai, picking gnats out of our hot-and-sour soup. The waiter was nodding. We were the only clients left when finally my companion's voice sank to a whisper, the inevitable proposition was made. I was going on to Hong Kong anyway. Just one small package, no bigger really than an envelope, and I could travel first class on the airline of my choice, for free.

"That's how Indochina was lost," I replied primly. "Communism will always have a future, so long as people like you are around." He roared with laughter, threw down a hundred-*baht* note to pay for our meal, and slapped me goodbye on the back. "They will never get as far as Nong Khai," he answered. "This isn't the beginning of Communism, it is the beginning of the end." Then he was stumbling down the corridor to his compartment, swaying with the rhythm of the train, singing those words in English, in the Siamese five-tone scale, to a sudden love song of his own composition. "Not the beginning . . . beginning of the end." And before I could finish brushing my teeth in my own compartment he was ba ing on the door of his, summoning t porter, ordering him to take a g aboard at the train's next stop, at Kh Kaen on the Korat plateau.

I fell asleep to the sound of his sin ing, of footsteps in the passagew giggles next door.

NOT THE BEGINNING . . . ginning of the end."

The Chinese, the Comm nists, the Asians are so mu like us. And all these years America —both those who opposed our nation vendetta in Asia and those who ima ined it would save the world—ha been too busy either demonizing apotheosizing them to notice. Like the Chinese have a soft spot for th naive chauvinism that propoun grand theories, raises up preachy lea ers, elevates to ideological dogma co ventional wisdoms holding that a r tion dictates to history, not the oth way around. But they have a practi side as well—one that caused them lose patience at long last with a polit that pretends to perfect mankind constantly disrupting people's lives. the draft boards revealed to millions middle-class Americans the virtue morality in foreign policy, the R Guards taught the Chinese the wisdo of not too much zeal when it comes making the trains run on time.

For us, the inevitable reaction—t rejection, the scorn—has come to summed up in just two words, Vi nam and Watergate. The Chinese e press their reaction to their own v sion of the 1960s in a pair of phras too: the Cultural Revolution and t Gang of Four. Well-meaning and ide istic Americans wander around Chi basking in the praise of the discredit President of whom they are ashamed. The visitors reiterate th deep esteem for the late Chairman their Chinese hosts, who are the selves convinced that Mao was a c structive old fool. Everyone partak of a banquet of smiles.

Chinese is an ideographic langua and often it seems that the slogans ha not changed, only that a few characte have been changed around. "Forei devil," for example, is now rendered "foreign friend." One is a forei friend wherever one goes, only t Chinese run the two words into on

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"foreignfriend." "Foreignfriend! Foreignfriend!" Late one night, as I was walking along an empty street in Canton, it seemed to me that a hundred Chinese were drinking in the wonderful sight of my blue jeans, marveling at the advanced technology of my synthetic wash-and-wear shirt, and crying out together at the top of their voices: "Foreignfriend! Foreignfriend!

Welcome-to-China,foreignfriend!
Have-you-seen-the-Great-Wall,
foreignfriend?"

It was one of those night-school English classes that have sprung up in cities everywhere in China. The students fell silent in mid-sentence. A ripple of excitement quivered across the class. I realized what it must be like to be a $50,000 perfectly preserved blue-and-white specimen of Ming export ware, at a time in America when ceramic chinoiserie is all the rage, as a hundred pairs of luminous Oriental eyes feasted on this stupendous, exotic, breathtakingly Occidental object they suddenly found in their midst—namely me. Would the foreign friend do them the inestimable honor of leading the class through its English lesson? After each sentence I recited, they applauded. When I gave the teacher a visiting card and turned to leave, they stood and cheered.

The students in Canton reminded me of those students in America in the Sixties who, when they demonstrated against the draft, imagined they were leading an Asian revolution as well. Now the Chinese have their eyes on a magical kingdom that no more exists in America than that romantic American vision of commune life among the rice stalks has ever existed in China itself. They welcomed me with the same joy, and blindness, a Red Guard might have met had he somehow stumbled into a campus meeting of the SDS.

It was past eleven by the time I returned to my hotel, but it is a sign of the changes that have come over China that if most Chinese still go to bed early, they see no reason why their foreign friends should, too. China now offers its visitors not only Larks and Marlboros, but also coffee shops that stay open until midnight selling sandwiches, Coca-Cola, Johnnie Walker Red, and chocolate candy bars.

In spite of such night life in Canton, many Hong Kong businessmen still prefer to fly up in the morning on the daily shuttle, and commute home on the last flight at night. There is also a new hydrofoil, which zooms up and down the Pearl River. But what has the Chinese—and the Hong Kong contractors—really excited is a proposal for a superhighway, a kind of New Jersey Turnpike linking the two cities, along which fast cars and giant trucks would roar past belching factories and high-rise apartment blocks where Chinese workers would watch their new television sets, when they were not busy providing a guaranteed return on the capital invested by their foreign friends.

Already, a kind of economic domino theory is operating in reverse, with the agents of international capitalism infiltrating across the border into the Chinese town of Shenzen, and then—as in some science-fiction thriller about a mysterious vial of profit-motive virus spreading pandemic all over the socialist world—casting their spores much deeper into China. When, for example, I visited the Zhangluotang People's Commune, about thirty miles down a narrow, rutted road from Canton, I found the development manager of an American canning company had got there first. Hong Kong investors already had established a belt factory there, where workers were paid strictly according to what they produced, and the spokesman for the commune reminded me of one of those boosters in a Sunbelt hamlet who never lose the opportunity to woo an out-of-state buck. Not only was labor in Zhangluotang cheap, it was emphasized, it was intelligent, hard-working, disciplined, and cheap. No government red tape, payroll taxes, or environmental protection standards either. "The Americans are also considering another site, in Inner Mongolia," the official explained. "Frankly," he confided, "I think they would get a better return on their money with us." Shenzen is already developing into a kind of neo-colony for Hong Kong investors, and one day, as a member of the Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce pointed out potential development tracts on the other side of the border, he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, by the end of the century, the whole of South China could be just like Kowloon!"

While such expectations no doubt may prove extravagant, they mark a fundamental change from Western p dictions of less than a decade ago, wh we were still lavishing on Asia th commodity for which there is so mu nostalgia in the United States ju now: "strong leadership." The expe were all saying Vietnamization wou succeed, there still were hundreds thousands of U.S. ground troops fig ing on the mainland of Asia, to ke the Communists from taking it all aw from us—and nonetheless it was sumed that Hong Kong (in the wor of Richard Hughes) was a borrow place, living on borrowed time. "Af 1980," I remember an old Hong Ko hand telling me nine years ago, as s packed up to leave for what she cons ered a safer capitalist haven, Franc Spain, "the only thing the Hong Ko smart money will touch will be fa oceangoing junks." Today, in fact, t smart Hong Kong money won't tou anything smaller than a supertanker. multibillion-dollar subway system being built with private capital, whi is not the kind of investment that c be stashed in a suitcase when one fle the Communist onslaught in the nig In a transformation typical of much Asia five years after the American d feat, the entire nature of the relatio ship between China, with its 950 m lion people, and the little British c ony, with only 391 square miles, h changed. No longer is Hong Kong co sidered a colonial relic. Instead it China that is now considered the anac ronism—dowdy, old-fashioned, fall behind the times. The Chinese the selves look at Hong Kong as a kind Asian Los Angeles, and as a model. I deed, the main question in many pe ple's minds these days is how long will take Hong Kong to colonize t Chinese, not the other way around. T result is that China, once regarded a subversive, revolutionary force the multinational board rooms, h been metamorphosed under Deng Xia ping into a mind-boggling real-esta deal. "I like China," a Hong Ko developer told me recently. "There a lot of vacant land up there."

THOUGH NO ONE seems to ha taken the trouble to notice let alone to point it out, t principal aims that alwa eluded America when it was showeri bombs on Asia have been achiev

ıce South Vietnam collapsed—with-
ıt our spending a penny, or firing a
ot. The primary American objective,
President Kennedy once put it, was
ensure "that Marx is proven wrong."
Johnson's time, Dean Rusk, among
any others, spelled this objective out:
Ve intend to show that the 'war of
ɔeration,' far from being cheap, safe,
d disavowable, is costly, dangerous,
ıd doomed to failure."
If Marx has not exactly been "prov-
wrong," and wars of liberation
ıve not been revealed to be en-
ely "doomed to failure," they may
well have been, so far as almost all
Asia is concerned. Far from giving
he impression that the wave of the
ture in Southeast Asia was the Com-
unists," as Kennedy had feared, the
ll of Phnom Penh and Saigon has ac-
mplished quite the reverse. If the
asants of northeast Thailand ever
d been ripe for revolution, by the
ne they finished listening to the refu-
es from Laos and Cambodia they
ere not. Did the Malays resent the
inese for dominating Malaysia?
ere the Indonesians and Filipinos
ady to revolt against the dictator-
ips of Suharto and the Marcoses?
ke a saturation advertising campaign
r the capitalistic virtues of the status
o, the boat people began to wash
hore. It took a quarter-century
American blunders, on ground al-
ady well-trod by the French, to de-
er three small countries to the Viet-
ng, Pathet Lao, and Khmer Rouge.
ow, almost overnight, the Communists
e handing Southeast Asia back.

Wherever I traveled in Asia, it seemed a rock group called Boney M had just checked out of the hotel. In Bangkok, the collapse of the American Empire has not slowed down business in the massage parlors on Patpong Road. Germans, Japanese, and Saudi Arabians have replaced the American patrons, and what's more, one of the girls informed me, they're better tippers. It had been the keystone of U.S. dogma—for this, 50,000 Americans and nearly 2 million Indochinese had died—that we must fight them at the gates of Saigon, or freedom in Thailand surely would be snuffed out. And this, of all the official American predictions, is the one that has proved to be true. Less than eighteen months after the Communists seized Indochina, Thailand's democratic government was indeed overthrown—by a right-wing, pro-American, anti-Communist coup d'état. As for the rest of Southeast Asia, nearly five years after the fall of Saigon, Ne Win is still hermit king of Burma; the Marcoses are still closing newspapers and giving parties; Suharto still mortgages Indonesia's oil to the International Monetary Fund; Lee Kuan Yew still runs Singapore as though it were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The "dominoes" could teach the shah, Indira Gandhi, Harold Wilson, Pierre Trudeau, the Greek colonels, and, of course, Richard Nixon a thing or two.

"North Vietnam cannot defeat or humiliate the United States," Richard Nixon pointed out, correctly, in 1969. "Only Americans can do that." Since he ensured the American defeat, Asia may not have become safe for democracy, but it has become infinitely safer for us. With SEATO dissolved, and the American war at last ended, ASEAN—the Association of Southeast Asian Nations—finally shows signs of becoming a real community, not a fig leaf for a Washington-sponsored, tropical anti-Comintern pact. Following the American *shokku*—the rapprochement with China—Japan has begun to develop a healthy interest in handling its own foreign affairs. Taiwan is booming, following the U.S. "betrayal," as never before. A Seoul dinner party ends unpleasantly for President Park, but that does not stop South Korea's export earnings from soaring. North Korea, meanwhile, falls deeper into debt.

"Our hopes for Asia," Richard Nixon proclaimed, "are . . . for a continent of strong nations . . . creating a new relationship with the rest of the international community." Imelda Marcos now not only parties in Washington but is a frequent visitor to Peking. In Bangkok I asked a prominent Thai businesswoman her opinion of Thailand's security following the disbanding of SEATO. "We still have the rich uncle [the United States]," she replied. "But now we can count on the elder brother [China], too." Since the end of the war, the Singapore and Malaysia currencies have appreciated against the American dollar nearly as much as the Swiss franc has. Southeast Asia's main exports—tin, rice, and rubber—have increased in value nearly as much as



Arab oil. Thai agricultural products are flooding the European Economic Community, causing some alarm. The Japanese economic miracle is migrating toward Asia's Sunbelt. Hong Kong and Singapore now specialize in heavy industry and high technology, not cutrate cameras and twenty-four-hour suits for the American GI. Meanwhile, Vietnam is stuck with COMECON, and the Lao are stuck with the Vietnamese.

"We have no desire to impose our own prescriptions for relationships in Asia," Nixon said, but not even he could have prescribed, let alone imposed, Southeast Asia's latest and oddest international relationship. It is the deep, newfound, and highly principled community of shared interests the capitalist, right-wing ASEAN nations and Pol Pot, erstwhile mass murderer of his people and creator of the Communist utopia on earth, have discovered they have in common since Vietnam invaded Cambodia (for which, from a world ostensibly obsessed with human rights, Hanoi has received not so much as a thank-you note). So these days Pol Pot and right-wing Southeast Asian dictators get together to engage in all sorts of worthwhile international cooperations, like ramming through U.N. resolutions condemning Communist aggression, and heckling Hanoi for hegemonism at Third World conferences. The Thais also slip Pol Pot guns, and send back doe-eyed Khmer refugees for him to kill.

Cambodia remains today what Nixon made it. It is, to reverse Talleyrand, more than a mistake—it is a crime. But the Thais grow most cross when one mentions this, as cross as the Americans once became when one said the same thing about Cambodia to them. "Well, the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, didn't they?" a Thai journalist demanded one evening. "The Chinese support the Chilean junta, don't they? Who invaded Cambodia in the first place?" Then he laughed, and I remembered the sound of gold amulets clanking on the train from Nong Khai. "You see," he explained, "we have turned Cambodia into Vietnam's Vietnam." Pol Pot, for his part, now makes broadcasts from his jungle lair that remind one of the speeches of Richard Nixon. What everyone must do, the voice over the radio says, is unite to defeat Vietnamese aggression. Once Hanoi has learned that "wars of liberation" do not pay, everyone can have everything he wants: free enterpris multiparty elections under U.N. supe vision, a restitution of the monarch French lessons. . . .

Asia, five years after the fall Saigon, remains a place many Ame cans remember vaguely as the site a terrible U.S. defeat. But in fact, ev to scan the headlines for a few da reveals that all our problems there n are the problems of success. The pro lem with Japan, Taiwan, and the oth "island outposts" is not that Comm nism menaces them, but that their b ance-of-payments surpluses menace No guerrilla armies traverse Fr Asia's borders. It is Korean televisi sets, Hong Kong calculators, Sing porean textiles, and Thai cann shrimp that we cannot keep out. Chi no longer wants to bury us, or ev Taiwan. They just wish we would sh a little backbone in Asia—sell th weapons, stop appeasing the Russia maybe land a few Marines here a there. Even the Vietnamese, wh China lets them. are our suitors. If won't pay them reparations, would send them an embassy, or at least consulate, please? Washington smi at the Japanese, winks at ASEAN, fli with the Chinese, plays hard to get.

We were obsessed for a decade wi who lost China. All Hollywood see to do these days is make films abo how we lost the Vietnam war. It the fore may be worthwhile considering, only briefly, how we got most, if all, of it back. The essential answer, course, is not that Communism h been proved to be wrong, and American Way, belatedly, to be rig It is that Asia, like most parts of t world, is infertile ground for the i position of anyone's grand design. T to mold several billion people, m than a dozen nations, to your prefab cated notion of what the future sho be, and it is inevitable you will wi up with the Japanese Greater Co-Pr perity Sphere, SEATO, and the Vi namization plan—in the wastebas of history. Let history come to y and suddenly Deng Xiaoping is kissi babies in Texas and wearing a cowb hat. If in Asia "Marx is proven wron the truth is that America was pro wrong there, too. Not long before died, President Kennedy visited a hi school and addressed the questi "Why are we in Laos, or Vietnam?" was, he asked his audience to belie



cause what happens [there] directly
cts the security of the people who
in this city." "This city" was Great
ls, Montana. One of the terrible
hs the Indochina war revealed—it
erhaps also a saving grace—is how
e even the most horrible events af-
the security of people only a short
ance away.

Phnom Penh is depopulated, and
miles to the southwest the residents
Kuala Lumpur pay scalper's prices
Muhammad Ali fight. Half-a-mil-
people may have starved in Cam-
lia by the time this article is pub-
ed. It will not affect your lunch or
lunch, or even the price of noodles
Bangkok. Which is worse? That
stly truth, or the crimes committed
an attempt to pretend it isn't so?
worst thing, both then and in retro-
ct, about our "limited" Indochina
is that it was so nearly unlimited.
were not there to keep the Russians
of Berlin, or to avenge Pearl Har-
. or to steal from Mexico some val-
le tracts of land. Like Pol Pot, we
e trying, by killing people, to bring
existence a whole new world. If,
the years since our defeat, Nixon's
es for Asia have been largely real-
l, part of the reason is that we have
n able to force ourselves on peo-
so little, and that his fears for
erica have been largely realized, too.
n the backlash to Vietnam and
tergate that Nixon himself did more
n anyone else to create, the United
tes may not have become "a pitiful,
pless giant." But two Presidents—
rald Ford and Jimmy Carter—fre-
ntly have been obliged to act as if
had. The mounting exasperation
h this lack of "strong leadership,"
course, is as understandable as the
rage at the "imperial Presidency"
r was: Americans love to span
ans, almost as much as they like to
get. Yet the extraordinary revival
American fortunes in Asia over the
t five years should make us remem-
something that Kennedy, Johnson,
l Nixon—and few enough of the
t of us—would be wont to admit. It
hat our oddly appealing civilization
s the most converts when we let
m discover its appeal for them-
es. No one likes sitting at home
h the lights on, but it is extraordi-
y, when we do, how many people
d up swimming to us. □

CALL THE HOUR

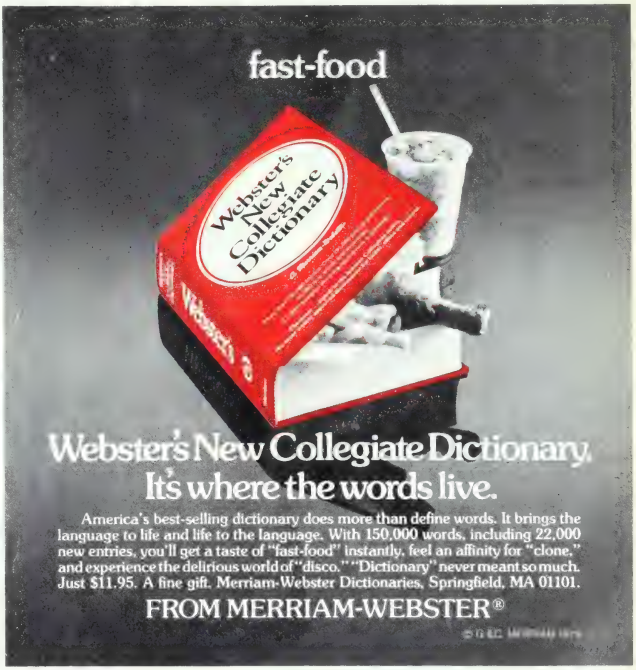
by Cynthia Hoyt

It's the last night of July,
9 P.M., the sun almost gone from sight
closing out high summer,
the air clear as water,

and nine strong bells from City Hall
call the hour; this hour when
sky will blacken and offer
stars and a white moon. Violet is

the air's color now, a deepening
purple lastlight caught with the bells
in swaying uppermost branches of elms,
all a glory and clamor

of change stirring
in the windy bowl of high branches,
in the black leaves, a new darkening,
insight, revolution.





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These are just a few examples of what the Engineering Research Center does throughout *all* of Western Electric's manufacturing operations —developing new ideas in technology to improve telephone products and produce them at lower cost.

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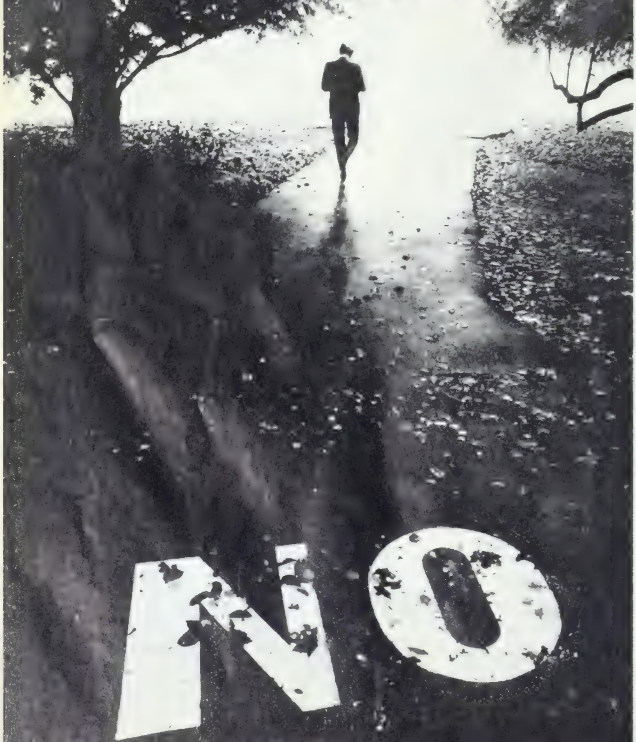
CODDLED CRIMINALS

Corporate convictions

by Robert Stuart Natha

MEN OF THE WORLD make mistakes. Sometimes they go to jail, and sometimes they get shunned by their golf partners at the country club. The Fruehauf Corporation, in its 1979 "Notice of Annual Meeting of Shareholders," published a list of twenty-eight American executives who, during the period 1971–1978, had been indicted for or implicated in some sort of crime. Corporate crime does not shock anyone these days, so what is most surprising about Fruehauf's list is not its contents, but rather the circumstances under which it was compiled, annotated, and published.

Exactly what led Fruehauf (Detroit truck manufacturer with $2 billion i annual sales, No. 131 on the Fortun 500 list, and servant of America) t publish this list of offenders is a fab that begins four years ago in the Fe eral District Court for the Eastern Di trict of Michigan, Southern Divisio On June 30, 1975, Judge Thoma Thornton found that by using dece tive invoices and a fake wholesale pri structure, the Fruehauf Corporation, i President and Chief Executive Office Robert D. Rowan, and its Chairman the Board, William E. Grace, we guilty as charged in a 1970 indictme of conspiracy to evade more then $12 million in corporate federal exci taxes.



Rick Sinclair

Evading taxes is an American spo so Rowan and Grace didn't mount a d fense or testify on their own beha One supposes that Rowan and Gra expected nobody to believe they cou have broken the law or that they shou be held personally to account.

To Charles J. Miller, the chief go ernment prosecutor, however, this ca was a landmark—the "first time t government has prosecuted and o tained a criminal conviction of a m jor corporation and its officers in a t case." Miller "hoped desperately" th Judge Thornton would impose jail se tences on Rowan and Grace. The pu ishment, he thought, would have "d terrent value." One year later, duri the same week Richard Nixon was b ing disbarred in New York, Mille hope was realized. Rowan and Gra were fined $10,000 and both were se tenced to six months in the slammer.

Robert Dale Rowan was at the tim a pillar of his community: member the Detroit Athletic Club, former pre dent of the Oakland Hills Count Club, self-made millionaire. A ta florid fellow who looks quite a lot lik

rmer U.S. Attorney General John itchell, he had spent twenty years at uehauf. Not the criminal type at all, ally. Co-conspirator Grace's life had en pure Horatio Alger—the man 10 never attended college yet ends up mogul given to such aphorisms as tick and stay and make it pay." iis is the sort of man you expect find on national political tickets. In t, there were echoes of Nixon in wan's protestations of innocence. is a crook," Rowan said, "you have steal, and I don't think anyone ac- sed Grace and I [*sic*] of stealing ything. The worst that can be said that we worked too hard for Fruehauf and its stockholders."

Actually, the worst that can be said that they're felons. The late econnist Paul Baran cast an interesting ght on Rowan's defense when he deribed the difference between a tyoon and a company-made manager. The former was the parent of the ant corporation," Baran wrote, "the tter is its child. To one the corporaon was merely a means to enrichent; to the other the good of the comany has become both an economic d ethical end. The one stole *from* the mpany; the other steals *for* it."

ROBERT ROWAN was firm in his belief that he had not stolen anything from the government for his company. Sure, he said, there's been a mistake. He eaded his innocence. He appealed. First he appealed, along with his -defendants, Grace and Fruehauf, to e U.S. Circuit Court. (Meanwhile he pt his job, drawing a salary in the ighborhood of $500,000. A valued mployee, he knew more about runng the company than anyone else.) ie appeals court turned him down. vice. But corporate executives can be rsistent, and, with the company payg all expenses, Rowan and his cofendants appealed to the U.S. Sueme Court.

As though Fruehauf didn't have ough problems, a shareholder named dward Nathan, not a relative of mine,

bert Stuart Nathan, a former White House rrespondent for National Public Radio's ll Things Considered," is the author of nusement Park, *a novel (Dial). His new vel,* Rising Higher, *will be published in e spring.*

We interrupt this magazine to bring you 2 more awards:

1. "Land Rush", by Peter Meyer, in the January 1979 issue of Harper's; First Place, general circulation magazine, Fifteenth Annual Business Journalism Awards, University of Missouri, School of Journalism.

2. "Oil and Water", by Michael Harwood, in the September 1978 issue of Harper's; the 1979 Science-in-Society Journalism Award, National Association of Science Writers, Incorporated.

Harper's.
For those who enter the battlefield of the mind, there are awards.

CORPORATE ANALOGIES: 1971–1978

CORPORATION	EXECUTIVE INVOLVED	VIOLATION	PENALTY	DATE OF INDICTMENT OR OTHER PUBLIC NOTICE	CORPORATE ACTION
American Airlines, Inc.	George Spater, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Implicated in illegal corporate political contributions	*	1973	Resigned as Chairman and did not seek reelection as Director.
American Ship Building Co.	George Steinbrenner III, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$15,000 fine	1974	Resigned as Chief Executive Officer; remained Chairman.
Ashland Oil, Inc.	Orin E. Atkins, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$1,000 fine	1973	Retained status.
AMREP Corp.	Howard Friedman, President and Director	Fraudulent land sales; mail fraud	6 months imprisonment; sentence later reduced	1976	Resigned as Director a suspended himself as President upon conviction; resigned as President when appeal lost. Rehired as employee after prison term completed.
Borman's, Inc.	Arnold Faudman, Director and Executive Vice-President	Obstruction of justice	2½ years imprisonment	1977	Resigned.
Braniff Airways, Inc.	Harding L. Lawrence, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$1,000 fine	1973	Retained status.
Browning	John Val Browning, President and Director	Obstruction of justice; customs infringements	**	1976	Resigned upon indictment.
Carnation Co.	H. Everett Olson, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$1,000 fine	1973	Retained status.
Circle F Industries Inc.	Edward A. Ring, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Antitrust price-fixing	$20,000 fine 30 days imprisonment 17-month suspended sentence	1977	Retained status; later retired and retained as consultant to company.
	Michael St. John, President and Director	Antitrust price-fixing	$5,000 fine; 18-month suspended sentence	1977	Retained status.
Container Corporation of America	R. Harper Brown, President and Director	Antitrust price-fixing	$35,000 fine; 2 months imprisonment; fine and sentence later reduced	1976	Resigned as President retained directorship a elected Vice Chairman in 1977.
Continental Oil Co.	Wayne E. Glenn, Willard H. Burnap, Vice-Chairmen	Implicated in questionable foreign and domestic political payments	*	1976	Resigned.
Diamond International Corp.	William J. Koslo, Executive Vice-President and Director	Antitrust price-fixing	$15,000 fine; 7 days work release	1976	Retained status; subsequently became Chairman and Chief Executive Officer.
Florida Steel Corp.	E. L. Flom, President and Director	Antitrust price-fixing	Fine	1974	Retained status.

* No criminal charges brou
** Charge still pending.

CORPORATION	EXECUTIVE INVOLVED	VIOLATION	PENALTY	DATE OF INDICTMENT OR OTHER PUBLIC NOTICE	CORPORATE ACTION
oodyear Tire & ubber Co.	Russell DeYoung, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$1,000 fine	1973	Retired as Chief Executive Officer after conviction; retired as Chairman three months later; retained directorship.
ulf Oil	Bob R. Dorsey, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Implicated in illegal corporate political contributions and questionable foreign payments	*	1975	Resigned.
ockheed Corp.	A. Carl Kotchian, President and Vice-Chairman	Implicated in questionable foreign payments	*	1975	Resigned.
	Daniel J. Haughton, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Implicated in questionable foreign payments	*	1975	Resigned.
. Ray IcDermott & o.	C. L. Graves, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Antitrust price-fixing; mail and wire fraud	Pleaded no contest; fined. Civil charges still pending	1978	Resigned as Chairman and Chief Executive Officer two months after indictment for reasons of health; retained directorship.
Iinnesota Mining Manufacturing o.	Harry Heltzer, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$500 fine	1973	Resigned as Chief Executive Officer and did not seek re-election as Director.
ational Gypsum o.	Colon Brown, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Antitrust price-fixing	$50,000 fine; 6-month suspended sentence. Reversed on appeal, new trial ordered	1973	Resigned as director after conviction; unpaid consultant thereafter.
Northrop Corp.	Thomas V. Jones, Chairman, President, and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$5,000 fine	1974	Resigned as Chairman in July, 1975; resigned as President and reinstated as Chairman in February, 1976.
Occidental Petroleum Corp.	Armand Hammer, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal personal political contributions	$3,000 fine; 1 year probation	1975	Retained status.
Phillips Petroleum o.	W. W. Keeler, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer	Illegal corporate political contributions	$1,000 fine	1973	Retired as President; did not seek reelection as Director.
Technical Tape nc.	Gerald Sprayregen, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Securities fraud	1 year imprisonment	1977	Retained status; duties assigned to another during his imprisonment, upon release, resumed duties.
Teleprompter Corp.	Irving Kahn, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Bribery and perjury	5 years imprisonment	1971	Resigned.
U.S. Gypsum o.	Graham J. Morgan, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer	Antitrust price-fixing	$40,000 fine; 6-month suspended sentence	1973	Retained status.

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filed suit to force Fruehauf to recover legal fees from Rowan and Grace. The board of directors, in the name of the company, decided to fight Nathan. The board members also passed resolutions indemnifying themselves against legal expenses to fight him. Finally, the board said that recovering legal fees from Rowan and Grace was impossible because all the fees—Rowan's, Grace's, and the company's—were commingled and they couldn't just divide by three. For the future, the board presented the stockholders with a proposal to amend the corporate bylaws to indemnify *everybody* against any future legal expenses in *any* kind of suit.

Rowan's and Grace's appeals had taken a while, but a year ago, more than three years after the original trial and eight years since the original indictment, their appeals ran out. Robert D. Rowan, William E. Grace, and the Fruehauf Corporation lost.

Mario Puzo would have some insight into what happened next. Puzo's Don Vito Corleone governed his "family" with a credo that could be stated as "I take care of my own." When one of the Don's employees was arrested "and by some mischance sent to prison, that unfortunate man's family received a living allowance; and not a miserly, beggarly, begrudging pittance, but the same amount the man earned when he was free." This is called, by mobsters and the rest of us, helping your friends when they're down.

Rowan and Grace were down, and friends came to the rescue. The Fruehauf board accepted the men's resignations and granted them "leaves of absence." The board also amended the company's bylaws to reduce by two the number of positions on the board of directors, so as to save their seats at the table. And to ease Rowan through difficult times, they hired him as a $100-an-hour consultant. In the final six weeks of 1978, following Rowan's resignation, Fruehauf paid him $16,500 in consulting fees, or just under $3,000 a week. That was not really a princely sum—before his conviction he was earning almost $10,000 a week.

Even luckier for Grace and Rowan, and to the distress of federal prosecutors, Judge Thomas Thornton had a change of heart. At the recommendation of defense attorneys, he suspended their jail sentences, ordered them to do full-time "community service," and placed them on supervised probati

As community service, Rowan help an alcoholic rehabilitation center its books in order. William E. Gra worked with teenagers on an 88-a Texas cattle ranch owned by the W. "Bill" Grace Foundation. "We thou we would volunteer to do commun service," Rowan said, "rather th spend our time in some country-cl jail." The Reverend Vaughan Qui who supervised Rowan at the Sac Heart Rehabilitation Center, suppo ed this view. "A lot of people he got off very easy. Sheesh! How l has the guy lived with this case ha ing over his head? I certainly d think he got off scot-free. Society a lot of pressure on him."

Father Quinn, himself a former coholic, probably knows a thing or t about social pressure, and in any ev Rowan set out to raise $100,000 Sacred Heart. The work proved to something less than harsh penan *Fortune* magazine approvingly repo ed that Rowan's former Fruehauf s retary typed many of his fund-rais letters, that Rowan still drove to w in his company-supplied Continen Mark V, and that fund-raising sessi were held on the Fruehauf yacht. *F tune*, agreeing with Father Quinn, s that "no one should think that Gr and Rowan got off easy. Conviction felony charges marks out a consid able stain upon their personal record

LAST MAY, five months a Rowan and Grace resign Fruehauf decided their cha at the board table had b cold long enough. It wanted the t men back. Who promoted this d sion, and how Rowan and Grace about it, is hard to tell. Linda deRui the corporation's public-relations m ager, at first told me that Fruehauf nothing to hide and that everyb would be glad to talk about the com ny's troubles. But in the end no one available. "I don't mean to be stall you on this," said Miss deRuiter.

In order to return ex-cons Gr and Rowan to their old jobs, the Fr hauf board had to cope with the pub The directors wanted to recomme in the "Annual Notice of Meeting Shareholders," that the stockhold vote these two loyal company m back onto the board, but to do it

ously. So they called a lawyer. They ed an accountant. They requested horough investigation of the excise- case. The board clearly needed a ie-chip recommendation that the best y to rehabilitate Grace and Rowan s to restore them to positions of pre- ous grandeur.

Alas, the rehabilitation plan ran into snag. The outside lawyers and ac- untants were willing to recommend iiring Grace and Rowan, but not un- servedly. In their report to the board e outside advisers said, "In reaching decision with respect to the future ployment of these individuals, the ard must accept the fact that Grace d Rowan are guilty of the crime for hich they were convicted."

Translation: They're convicted fel- s, gentlemen. You can't escape that. "From the inception of the program . in the preparation of federal excise x reports," the outside advisers said, Rowan and the company tax depart- ent sought legal and accounting ad- ce. . . . It developed, however, that ey did not adhere strictly to the ad- ce proffered, and, moreover, the urts concluded that they misrepre- nted the facts to their outside ad- sers."

"The rehiring of executives convict- of a crime," the outside advisers id, "will be regarded by many as sound corporate policy."

In other words, gentlemen, be pre- red for a reaction.

The directors felt obligated to pass is outside advisers' report on to the ockholders. But, as George Orwell ice said, if thought corrupts language, nguage can also corrupt thought. The ard gave the report its own inter- etation. Ignoring the advice of law- rs and misrepresenting facts became erious errors of judgment." As for ing indicted and convicted, "We be- ve [they] acted at all times in what ey perceived to be the best interests the company." And as for the public- lations problem, it was manageable. We recognize that in the light of resent-day principles of morality, it is kely that a decision to reinstate Grace id Rowan will be viewed by some peo- e as evidence of insensitivity to moral sues." One of those "some people" as a Fruehauf stockholder from rosse Pointe. "What we're saying," ope Brophy said at Fruehauf's an- ual meeting, "is that the American business system is rewarding criminal behavior. I think we really are engaging in a violation of the public trust."

Stuff and nonsense, Mrs. Brophy! "We believe," the board said, "that equally valid principles of morality require the Board to seek the preservation of the best interests of the Company." And so the board substituted equally valid moral principles for present-day moral principles and hoped no one would notice the switch.

THE BOARD appended to its annual meeting notice "Exhibit C to Exhibit 1 Hereof," entitled "Corporate Analogies: 1971–1978." Exhibit C is the aforementioned list of twenty-eight executives implicated in or indicted for some sort of corporate crime. (I have added the names of the individuals involved and amended several items in order to update the list.) In fifteen of the twenty-eight examples of Exhibit C, the corporate officer was able, by hook or crook, to stay with the company.

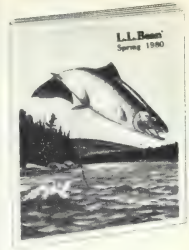
Fruehauf's legal advisers saw in Exhibit C a direct and expedient lesson in the rehabilitation of criminals: "It appears from that list that the number of times such officials were retained or reinstated is approximately equal to the decisions to terminate. Thus, while there is currently an increasing trend toward strict adherence to principles of public morality, it cannot yet be said that it must always override other considerations."

Tarring twenty-five companies with Fruehauf's brush was, of course, a dirty trick on Fruehauf's part, for the list the company published included with the guilty a number of corporate innocents—companies that had acted with dispatch to terminate the employment of besmirched officers. But the net effect of the list is to make Fruehauf seem to vanish in a crowd. It also serves, disingenuously, a social theory that is Fruehauf's very own: To reform a criminal, send him back to do what he was doing before he was convicted. This should also work with bank robbers and muggers.

For the record: Fruehauf's shareholders overwhelmingly reelected Robert Rowan and William Grace to the board of directors, and Mr. Rowan is running the company once again. □

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Can Americans Save More Energy Without Changing Lifestyles?

Some experts believe Americans could live as comfortably on 30 to 40 percent less energy if conservation became a way of life. But new financial incentives are needed to make America more energy efficient.

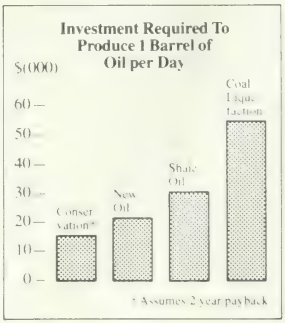
Ask a homeowner if he could conserve more energy without changing his lifestyle and the answer is likely to be no. But ask a growing number of energy analysts the same question, and they'd say Americans could live as comfortably as they do now on 30 to 40 percent less energy. Why the different answers?

We suspect "conservation" means different things to different people. It seems that conservation is too often associated with deprivation—when its real meaning describes the process of getting more for less. And the energy analysts are focusing on this *efficiency* dimension when they speak of conservation opportunities.

Conservation is cheap and fast.

Viewed from this perspective, conservation emerges as a near-term energy strategy that's cheaper and faster than new projects for coal, nuclear, solar and synthetic fuels. All of these sources have a place in the nation's energy future, but none offers any immediate relief from the burden of imported oil.

The economic advantages of improving energy efficiency, for example, are compelling. Presently, the investment required to find and produce a barrel of oil per day in the U.S. is about $21,000. Investments to *conserve* a barrel of oil per day make economic sense up to at least this level, but there's substantial evidence that actual investments in conservation are considerably lower. How much lower depends on how long energy users are willing to wait for the payback (in fuel savings) on their investment. A $15,000 investment to conserve one barrel every day, for example, pays for itself in about two years at today's oil prices.



If improved energy efficiency is such a good buy, why aren't Americans investing in it more heavily? Unfortunately, many energy users—including industry—lack the capital they need for conservation projects, even when the potential payback is relatively fast. And for major conservation projects, the payback period may be quite long, further discouraging these investments. The result is less investment in conservation than national priorities require.

New incentives need support.

Two Senate committees recently approved new incentives to encourage residential and commercial conservation. Incentives for *industrial* conservation have yet to be acted on:

- Senators Malcolm Wallop (R-Wyo.) and Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.) have introduced a bill which would provide tax credits to industry for conservation investments.
- Senators Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) and John Durkin (D-N.H.) are advancing a proposal which would provide rebates to industry for energy conserved.

Both proposals recognize the contribution industry can make to improving America's energy efficiency—and the power of incentives to bring this contribution about. The principle endorsed by the Senate committee in approving residential and commercial incentives should now be applied to the industrial sector, because conservation is the best transitional energy strategy the nation can pursue.

For a copy of a paper on conservation incentives presented to the Conference Board by Ronald S. Wishart, Union Carbide's director of energy policy, write "Conservation," Union Carbide Corporation, Box H-24, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

UNION CARBIDE

The McCord File

by Jim Hougan

I had this nagging feeling that the Watergate might turn out like the Reichstag fire. You know, forty years from now will people still be asking did the guy set it and was he a German or was he just a crazy Dutchman? —Howard Simons, Managing Editor, the *Washington Post*

IT IS NEARLY A YEAR since it first occurred to me that Lou Russell's story was of more than passing interest. I thought that I could spend a few weeks with faded FBI reports, visit a few of Russell's sleazy haunts, and write a discursive piece about those aspects of life in Washington that emerge only when a Congressman or his companion leaps into the city's Tidal Basin.

The article I had in mind was to be entitled "An American Barbouze."[1] Having just spent four years writing a book about the private use of intelligence agents, I was determined to leave the diving bell of investigative reporting. My intention, then, was to write a meditation on the plain facts of an unexemplary life.

The facts are these: Lou Russell was a private investigator. He was also a Catholic, a drunk, a patriot, a wiretapper, and a hard guy who spent his money on whores and lived in a cheap rooming house in Washington, D.C. His life was bitter and small, interrupted by enforced resignations and catastrophes of every

[1] *Barbouze* is a French word whose meaning recalls the Algerian crisis under President Charles de Gaulle. *Les barbouzes* ("the false-beards") were the detritus of the intelligence agencies— shock troops and assassins in the clandestine campaign against the equally vicious, secessionist Secret Army Organization in Algiers.

description. A failure in professional baseball, he became an FBI agent—only to be drummed out of the bureau when his wife committed suicide under circumstances that were at once tragic and scandalous. While a staff member of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) in the late 1940s, Russell assisted Rep. Richard Nixon in the harrying of Alger Hiss, an alleged spy. Subsequently, Russell was appointed chief investigator for that committee.

In that position, Russell pursued Communists and presumed Communists until 1954, when he was dismissed for borrowing money from a committee witness. During the years that followed, Russell worked briefly for Robert Maheu's CIA-supported "mission impossible agency," once again for HUAC, and, finally, declined into an alcoholic retirement that ended with his death in 1973.

As I said, it was an unexemplary life, but not an uninteresting one. Russell belonged to that unlighted world of political footpads and spies who, for a price, carry out the illegal and unpleasant tasks sometimes required by the more respectable citizens in a city as byzantine as Washington. It was my intention, then, that "An American Barbouze" would reveal a part of that world and its subterranean impact on current events.



AS IT HAPPENED, however, there was a problem with the article. It concerned Lou Russell's last year. An employee of Watergate burglar James McCord's private security firm, Russell was the subject of rumors to the effect that he had in some way participated in the notorious break-in of June 16 and 17, 1972, at the Democratic National Committee (DNC) headquarters in the Watergate complex.[2] This was the break-in in which McCord and four other men were arrested, and it proved the beginning of Richard Nixon's political demise.

While it was predictable that a degree of mystery and rumor would attach to the life of a private eye, the hints about Watergate imparted to Lou Russell an interest that I assumed he didn't deserve. Rather than abandon the article, I decided to quickly dispel the rumors so that I could get on with the story at hand.

At the time, my knowledge of the Watergate affair seemed adequate, and I had little desire to learn much more; on the contrary, like just about everyone else in the country, thought I knew too much about it. I remem bered that five burglars, led by former CI officer James McCord, had been arrested the Watergate in the summer of 1972. The had bugged the telephones of prominent Dem ocrats at the DNC and photographed a pile uninteresting papers. An alert security guar had called the police after noticing that some the building's doors had been tampered wit in a way that would have been obvious to an passerby.

As details of the burglary became known, was apparent that McCord and his fellow ope atives were incompetents. That McCord wa security director for the Committee to R Elect the President (CRP or "CREEP"), how ever, made the entire incident more interestin than it might otherwise have been, as did th complicity of E. Howard Hunt (ex-CIA) an G. Gordon Liddy (ex-FBI).

I remembered that the newspapers' intere in the break-in gathered intensity when form FBI agent Alfred Baldwin gushed forth with detailed account in the press of his monitorin of the bugs at the DNC. Until then, with fall a proaching and Nixon's reelection a certaint the government investigations had apparent come to an impasse. The burden of developin information seemed to have fallen on *Was ington Post* reporters Bob Woodward an Carl Bernstein. The two—soon to be a m jor motion picture—had come fairly clo to establishing a connection between th burglary and the upper reaches of the Nixo Administration. The public was not y aware: that the White House was deeply i volved in the cover-up, paying those arrest to maintain their silence; that efforts were b ing made to contain the scandal by implicati the CIA and invoking national security; an that the Acting Director of the FBI had set fi to some promising evidence. And, in airport on obscure stretches of highway, and in tel phone booths around town, executive clemen was being promised in whispers while atto neys' fees were being hand-delivered in brow paper bags.

In March, 1973, the attempt to contain th secret failed when McCord broke his silenc with a letter to Judge John Sirica, allegin among other things, perjury and cover-up. F a time, the once-bungling McCord became kind of hero, a righteous and intrepid defend of truth, justice, and the CIA.[3] Firing his a torney under circumstances that threaten to destroy the lawyer's career, McCord sang song of culpability to the Senate Waterga Committee, only then preparing to hold hea ings.

[2] The Watergate office building, where the DNC offices were, is next door to the Watergate Hotel.

[3] Among the letter's highlights: "There was political pressure applied to the defendants to plead guilty and remain silent."

"Perjury occurred during the trial on matters highly material to the structure, orientation, and intent of the defendants."

"Others involved in the Watergate operation were not identified during the trial, when they could have been by those testifying."

"The Watergate operation was not a CIA operation. The Cubans may have been misled by others into believing that it was a CIA operation. I know for a fact that it was not."

Jim Hougan, a Washington editor of Harper's, *is the author of* Spooks, *published by William Morrow. "The McCord File" is from a work in progress.*

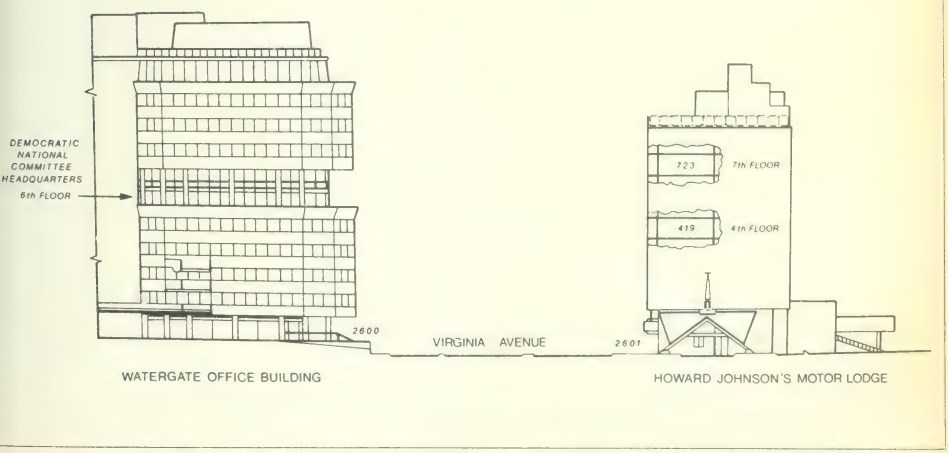
An American Barbouze

IT WAS IMMEDIATELY after this, in the spring and early summer of 1973, that President Nixon's fortunes began to decline. White House counsel John Dean testified before the Senate with devastating effect, and then, as impeachment talk swirled through the corridors of Congress, the existence of a "Presidential taping system" was revealed. Having bugged himself, Nixon was doomed: it was only a matter of time before the President would be hoist with his own petard. And when that time came, just as McCord had promised in a letter to an acquaintance, "every tree in the forest" would fall, it would be "a scorched desert." The ruins of the Nixon Administration would surround its namesake. The Vice-President, though untouched by Watergate, would nevertheless stand revealed as a crook and be forced to resign. The former Secretary of the Treasury, the former Secretary of Commerce, the former Attorney General, the Acting Director of the FBI, assorted undersecretaries and White House officials of the highest denomination—all would be indicted, for one reason or another, and face the prospect of spending their middle and golden years in the company of incarcerated thugs, rapists, slashers, and conscientious objectors.

I remembered all this and I knew that it bored me. I knew also that, though the incident had been disposed of years before, it was survived by a handful of unanswered questions that threatened to occupy conspiracy theorists for years to come. These questions concerned the identity of "Deep Throat," the contents of an eighteen-and-a-half-minute gap on one of the Presidential tapes, the problem of the Democrats having had advance warning of the break-in, the role of the CIA, and so forth.

Happily, however, I did not intend or need to answer any of these questions. All that was required of me was to dispel the rumor that Lou Russell had been involved in the break-in. At first, it appeared that the rumor could easily be dismissed. On October 11, 1972, the *Washington Evening Star* had published an article with the clear innuendo that Lou Russell was present at the Watergate on the night of the break-in and knew more about the matter than he had told the FBI. This clipping might have given me pause had it not been for the fact that the *Star*'s librarians had attached a yellow tag to the article, informing researchers that Mr. Russell was suing for libel.

Confident now that the issue could be resolved in an afternoon, I went to district court and looked up the records of the suit. Curiously, the suit had not been filed until eight months after the article's publication, and, what was worse, Lou Russell had died only a few days later. The record was inconclusive. The



only testimony came from the reporters—who predictably stood by their story—and from Russell's daughter. And what she had to say about her father's whereabouts on the night of June 16–17 only made matters more confusing. Eventually, the suit had been dismissed without resolving the issue.

Still curious, I began to look through the many volumes of hearings conducted by the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities. Because those hearings are unindexed and number more than 10,000 pages, it occurred to me that "An American Barbouze" was looking more and more like a bad idea. And then, with the help of a computer technician assigned to the Senate Rules Committee, I located the following dialogue:

Senator Inouye: I have been advised that at the time of the break-in, you had in your employment a man named Louis Russell. Is that correct?

Mr. McCord: That is correct, sir.

Senator Inouye: Was he near the Watergate during the time of the break-in?

Mr. McCord: I would like to respond to that, because Mr. Russell has been very unfairly treated in terms of his name being raised in this case, and I will explain the circumstances as he has told them to me and which I believe, which are these.

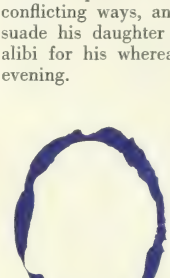
He stated that he was not there the night of the break-in at the Howard Johnson Motel or anywhere in the vicinity. He told me that the night before, which would have been the night of June 16, I believe —June 15—the Thursday night—that he had gone to the Howard Johnson Motel restaurant to have dinner and that he had gone there with a woman companion who —they on a regular basis ate at the Howard Johnson restaurant as a custom over some years; that she normally went to the Watergate hairdresser, one of them, for her hairdo, and they would go over to the Howard Johnson restaurant and have dinner.

Senator Inouye: Was he in any way connected with the bugging?

Mr. McCord: Absolutely none, in no form whatever.

This appeared to be the only testimony taken in public hearings about Lou Russell—who, as it happened, was, at the moment of McCord's speech, in a hospital, his heart having given out as McCord began his first day of Senate testimony.[4]

McCord's testimony was virtually useless. It was only hearsay, the account of an alleged conversation between two political spies, and it contradicted the reports of nearly everyone else—including Lou Russell's own—because Russell had admitted to the FBI and to the Senate that he had been present at the Howard Johnson's coffee shop on the night of June 1 In fact, he had sat there for hours while h employer, James McCord, waited in a hot room upstairs for the opportunity to invad the Watergate—directly across the street an within sight of the coffee shop. I learned tha Russell explained his presence in a number conflicting ways, and that he sought to pe suade his daughter to provide him with a alibi for his whereabouts on that particul evening.



VER THE NEXT sever months, I learned great deal more abo Lou Russell—inform tion forcing me to co clude that Russell kne far more about the W tergate break-in tha McCord's studied marks to Senator Inou suggested. Unhappily, the evidence pointin toward Russell's involvement raised mo questions than it answered.

To answer these questions, and a host others that radiated from them like the spok of a compass rose, it was essential to unde stand the Watergate break-in of June 1 17 in detail. A chronology of that incident w required, one that would show what each the participants was doing at any given tim With this in hand, I might then discov lacunae that only Lou Russell could have fille I thought that such a record could be fou in any number of places: in the newspaper the Congressional hearings, or any of the my iad books published about the affair. In fac however, no such record existed. This was because the burglary itself was perhaps th least-investigated aspect of the Watergate i cident. Testimony about it was scattered ar *pro forma*, a legislative afterthought calculate to prove that something was rotten in Was ington—after which the interrogators migh move on to the more partisan questions responsibility and motive. Accounts of th break-in were therefore inchoate. Even whe the witnesses and members of Sen. Sam Ervin Watergate Committee were discussing th same burglary (which was not always th case), and even when the testimony was sy tactically intelligible (a rarity), the statemen of McCord, Hunt, and "the Cubans" differe in large and small details, often contradictin one another on strategic matters.[5] Because th Senate Watergate Committee was not a cou of law, and because it was preoccupied wit "the larger issues," it was afforded the luxu

[4] May 18, 1973, the second day of the Watergate hearings, was the occasion of McCord's first appearance. Stricken that morning, Russell remained in the hospital until June 20. On June 21 he filed suit against the *Washington Evening Star*, and died July 2.

[5] That the Senators and the burglars were sometimes talking about different burglaries was owing to the fact that the June 16–17 break-in was the last in a series of unlawful entries into the Watergate in which similar methods had been used. The result of this confusion was to frustrate the Senators in their questioning, frequently leading them to abandon their original lines of inquiry.

f leaving such contradictions unresolved. 'his, coupled with the many questions left unsked, resulted in a public record that is worse nan unsatisfactory.

A good indication of this can be found in he *New York Times*'s report *The Watergate Hearings: Break-in and Cover-up*. A careful eading of this book makes it clear that the itle is a misnomer: the hearings were not conerned with the break-in at all, but only with ts cover-up. For instance, there is not a single eference in the work to Frank Wills (the uard who notified the police that a break-in vas in progress). This, despite the book's repitation as a definitive compilation whose blurb eads: "Here is the evidence . . . Now let the eople decide where the truth lies." In fact, eaders of the *Times* were in no position to deide where the truth lay. More than two years fter the break-in and arrests, the *Times* would till refer to Bruce Givner—who played a cruial role in the affair—as a "mystery man" vhom the police had been unable to identify. n fact, Givner had volunteered his story to the FBI and other authorities on numerous occaions, though no one seems to have been much nterested in what he had to say.

The failure to sort out the break-in was not he Senate's alone. Neither was it the exclusive ault of the press. Nor, in fact, was the failure ntirely accidental. FBI instructions to its ield offices, contained in what the bureau calls 'air-tels," make it clear that the FBI and the J.S. Attorney's office agreed as early as June 7 to subpoena witnesses in order to place hem under court jurisdiction. The calculated ffect of this, in one case, was to prevent Watergate guard Frank Wills from answering any urther questions posed by the press—specifially, questions posed by what the FBI referred o as his *New York Times* "interrogators." [6]

Ironically, it would prove disastrous to the Nixon Administration, for which the FBI was pparently trying to provide protection. And s we will see, the timing of Frank Wills's activities that night is crucial to an understanding of the break-in. Had Wills not been gagged t such an early date, Watergate's course would ikely have been different.)

The failure to examine the break-in closely ad many causes, but it had nothing to do with lack of investigators. In the aftermath of the une 17 arrests, inquiries were launched by the ocal police, the press, the U.S. Attorney's ofice, Sen. Edward Kennedy's staff,[7] the FBI, he CIA, the Florida state attorney's office in Miami, and, subsequently, by the General Accounting Office, Rep. Wright Patman's House Banking and Currency Committee, the Senate's Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities of 1972,[8] the Watergate Special Prosecutor's Office, and the House Armed Services Committee. In addition, private investigations were undertaken by politicians on both sides of the affair. White House official Charles Colson, hopeful of implicating the CIA in the dubious belief that this would somehow "exonerate" the President, conferred with at least two private eyes,[9] while still other lawyers and detectives labored behind the scenes for Republican National Committee Chairman George Bush.[10]

Missed points in time

DESPITE THESE, and other, efforts, the break-in was never analyzed in any detail. To those intent on proving Nixon's venality, the burglary was merely a point of departure. It set off a chain of revelations that inexorably carried attention away from the night of June 16–17: McCord's CIA background and link to the CRP; the identification of Hunt and Liddy; the whispering of Deep Throat as to dirty tricks carried out on behalf of the White House; the news of John Mitchell's responsibility; the "Huston Plan" to dismantle the New Left; Baldwin's confessions; McCord's letter to Judge Sirica; the forced resignations of Nixon's top staff members; John Dean's testimony before the Senate; the Presidential tapes . . . and so on. Each event and its telling was so laden with melodrama that the evolving story resembled a soap opera pushed toward the inevitable dénouement of Nixon's exile to Orange County. Investigators were therefore moved to follow lines of inquiry that had little or nothing to do with the supposed "bunglers" already under arrest, which is to say that the break-in was overtaken by the discoveries of corruption it engendered.

Even those who were determined to defend Nixon, or who suspected that something else had happened at the Watergate that night, were convinced that the truth could be uncovered only through a study of the most exotic possibilities: e.g., the "prior knowledge theory," the "Hughes Connection," and so forth.[11] Further investigation of the burglary appeared to be a waste of time. Even those who doubted the conventional view of Watergate—and there were many who did—didn't bother to think about the burglary. They chose instead to follow leads that connected Watergate to the CIA.

[6] Indeed, the FBI was quite active in its efforts to control the investigation. Within hours of the burglary, the bureau persuaded the Washington Metropolitan Police Department to turn over all information and evidence that it might obtain concerning the break-in and its perpetrators. At the same time, Henry Peterson, Assistant Attorney General at the Justice Department, ordered the FBI to provide him with all information that it might develop—"for passage to the White House."

[7] The Kennedy inquiry, an unofficial one that began a day after the arrests at Watergate, was conducted by Carmine Bellino. An "investigative accountant" who became legendary in Robert Kennedy's pursuit of Teamster president Jimmy Hoffa, Bellino had spent virtually the entirety of his government career within the gravitational field of the Kennedy family. His early inquiries about Watergate developed into a much larger investigation by Sen. Edward Kennedy's staff until, in 1973, Bellino became Chief Investigator for the Senate's Watergate Committee.

[8] The body was more commonly known as "the Watergate Committee" or "the Ervin Committee."

[9] The private eyes were Richard Bast and Gordon Novel.

[10] The Bush investigation subsequently formed the basis for much of Victor Lasky's book *It Didn't Start with Watergate*.

[11] The "prior knowledge theory" concerns individuals and organizations (e.g., columnist Jack Anderson, the CIA, various Democrats and local police officers) who are thought to have been warned that the Democratic National Committee would be the target of White House spies conducting political espionage operations. The "Hughes Connection" is a separate matter that concerns the tangled relationships of Howard R. Hughes, a covert contributor to President Nixon's campaign fortunes, who was also the employer of Nixon's *bête noire*, Larry O'Brien—the Democratic National Committee Chairman—whose office telephone was one of two that McCord chose to bug.

[12] Floors of the Watergate office building are denominated by numbers, with the exception of three basement floors, delineated B-1, B-2, and B-3. The B-2 level is the most convenient one for surreptitious entry in that it leads directly from the office building to an underground garage that services the Watergate complex. The B-2 exit, located just inside the garage entrance, is made up of three consecutive doors within a few feet of one another. It was from these doors that Wills later removed the tape.

It was to be hoped, of course, that the passage of time would bring new clarity to the events of June 16–17. Daily newspaper reporters and government investigators are often beset by deadlines and priorities over which they have little control. Often it is only in the aftermath of such events that, by going back to the beginning and resifting the evidence, an accurate understanding can be achieved. So it was that I turned to the books and magazine articles that had been written about Watergate, hoping to find a coherent account of that night.

I was disappointed. Of those arrested in connection with the break-in, only three had written of the event. Their efforts were less than illuminating. In *Undercover*, E. Howard Hunt deals with the incident in four confused pages; James McCord's bizarre polemic *A Piece of Tape* tells a great deal less in three pages—although much of it contradicts Hunt's version. Finally, Eugenio Martinez, writing in *Harper's*, adds a few hundred querulous words that, while interesting, do not explain what actually happened.

As for those who became principals after the fact, either as perpetrators or as investigators of the cover-up, they add almost nothing about the break-in itself. H. R. Haldeman, for instance, treats the subject in about two pages: like Martinez, he cites operational anomalies and blunders that lead him to suspect that the break-in may have been the work of agents provocateurs. But the evidence he offers is thin and circumstantial, unconvincing even to Haldeman himself. Similarly, Fred Thompson, the Watergate Committee's chief minority counsel, raises a number of "unanswered questions" in his book *At That Point in Time*—but few of them have to do with the break-in. Like Haldeman, Thompson seems convinced that McCord and the CIA set a trap for Nixon, relying on the Democrats to exploit the matter—but neither is able to prove it. Even so, the skeptical views of Thompson and Haldeman are buttressed by a number of other writers, including Miles Copeland (in *National Review*) and Norman Mailer (in *New York* magazine). But the precursor of all the dissidents is Carl Oglesby, a "revisionist historian" of left-wing sensibilities. Within months of the Watergate arrests, Oglesby pounced on the circumstances surrounding McCord's participation in the affair and, in his book *The Yankee and Cowboy War*, suggested that McCord carried out his assignment at the behest of the CIA. As for all the mea culpas and chronicles, from John Dean and Jeb Magruder to Victor Lasky and Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the burglary is misunderstood and eventually ignored.

WITH A SINGLE exception: Of all the Watergate books, only Anthony Lukas' *Nightmare* provides an account of the break-in that is more than cursory. Unfortunately, Lukas provides a version that reflects the deficiencies and biases of those who investigated it; as such it can be discarded as orthodox and inaccurate.

To understand this version, only a brief setting of scene is needed. On the evening of June 16, 1972, a White House espionage team led by G. Gordon Liddy, prepared to bug the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Watergate office building. While Liddy, E. Howard Hunt, and four men from Miami waited in their rooms at the Watergate Hotel, James McCord and Alfred Baldwin remained in the "Listening Post" across the street. This was a room that McCord had rented in the Howard Johnson's motel because it afforded a perfect view of the DNC headquarters. One of McCord's responsibilities, therefore, was to keep the DNC under observation that night and to notify Liddy and his cohorts when its offices were finally empty. It was only then that the break-in could proceed.

According to Lukas, the last person to leave the DNC, a law student named Bruce Givner, did so at 1:00 A.M. At about the same time, Lukas tells us, Watergate guard Frank Wills discovered tape that McCord had placed across the locks—to keep them in an open position when the doors were closed—to the basement doors that led into the office building.[12]

Following his discovery of the tape, Wills, in the Lukas chronology, returned to the lobby of the office building and encountered Givner as he exited from the elevator; after a brief conversation, the two men agreed that they were hungry and, together, they left the office building to grab a bite to eat at the Howard Johnson's coffee shop across the street.

> *Meanwhile* [Lukas writes], *McCord was crossing* [*the street*] *in the opposite direction. But here the participants' stories begin to diverge widely. McCord says he checked the garage-level door and found the tape still there. Hunt makes no mention of this.*
>
> *(One is inclined to side with Hunt, for how could McCord have seen the lights go off in the committee and get across the street in time to find the tape still there if Wills had pulled the tape off before getting upstairs to see Givner coming down in the elevator?)*

If the reader is confused by that sentence, e is not alone. When I discussed it with ukas, he, too, was baffled by its meaning. fter some analysis, we agreed that the sen- nce was a rhetorical way of saying that Mc- ord's version of events does not make sense : this point—because, of course, McCord ould not have found the tape in place *after* ie tape had been removed. It's a confusing natter, the more so because Lukas, after point- ig out that "Hunt makes no mention" of the ncident, nevertheless finds himself "inclined) side with Hunt."

The coherence of the account diminishes ven further as Lukas reports what the major articipants have to say about what happened hen it was learned that the tape had been emoved from the doors. McCord says that he eturned to the Howard Johnson's, where Hunt alled him and said that the operation was to roceed. Hunt disagrees with this account, say- ng that McCord returned with the others to he Watergate Hotel and urged that the opera- ion continue. Martinez agrees with Hunt that IcCord returned to the Watergate Hotel rather than to the Howard Johnson's), but akes no mention of the argument between IcCord and Hunt. Ignoring the question of IcCord's actual whereabouts at this point, ukas sums up a part of the confusion with ese words: "Thus each major participant lames someone else for the decision to go head at this point.

"But go ahead they did."

And so, of course, did Anthony Lukas, the ress, the investigators, and the public. The ontradictions in the accounts of those who ere principals in the break-in were either ig- ored or dismissed as irrelevant. The impor- nt point seemed to be that the burglars went head, replacing the tape that the guard had iscovered earlier. The guard then discovered ie tape for a second time, notified the police, nd . . . the rest is history.

Here it should be pointed out that Lukas is n excellent journalist. I quote him not to ock his reporting but to illustrate how even e finest reporters suffer vertigo when attempt- ng to fathom the *Rashomon*-like character of e June 16–17 break-in. Inevitably, their ac- unts are inaccurate and filled with errors, missions, and a tolerance for the impossible. he chronology endorsed by these accounts is skew, and even the most reasonable deduc- ons turn out to be false because the premises n which they are based are untrue. The ortho- ox version of the break-in, therefore, is merely theory, and an incorrect one. Its proponents ake the mistake of placing their faith in the eracity of James McCord.

Agents provocateurs

WHEN EXAMINED as a sequence of facts, the evidence suggests that on the night of June 16–17 McCord, playing the part of agent provocateur, led his associates into a trap. This evidence is not new. It was available to the various authorities investigating the break-in, but it was overlooked or ignored. The evidence consists of interviews with Frank Wills's supervisors at General Security Services, Incorporated (GSS), and reports in GSS "incident logs," which note telephone conversations between Wills and those same supervisors. It was in an effort to learn what actually happened on June 16–17 that I spent a spring and summer conducting interviews and pursuing leads that took me from the vacated premises of a Washington bordello to an interview in the Army and Navy Club with the CIA's former chief of Counterintelligence—and from there to a massage parlor on Capitol Hill, a penthouse in suburban Maryland, and a nearly airless chamber in the recesses of the Senate.

In the course of this hegira I was able to learn a great deal more about Lou Russell, James McCord, and Watergate.[13] I found, for instance, that McCord had misled his accomplices on a number of previous burglaries and that he was in liaison with the Intelligence Division of the Washington Police Department. I found also that during his CIA career, McCord directed what H. R. Haldeman later described as the agency's "infiltration" of the White House. Like Poe's purloined letter, the proof—in this case of McCord's sabotage—has been available from the beginning.

Having said that, I do not pretend to have anyone's "final truth." On the contrary, McCord's role as agent provocateur raises more questions than I have answers for: Was he acting on his own, or was he a double agent? If he was a double agent, for whom was he working? And, whatever his auspices, why was it necessary for the break-in to be exposed?

Understanding McCord's role, therefore, meant that virtually every other aspect of Watergate—with the exception of Nixon's own culpability—required reevaluation. Like it or not, I was committed to investigating a subject of which the public was demonstrably sick. And, if all went well, it would be published eight years after the event.[14]

[13] Lou Russell's employer immediately prior to McCord Associates was General Security Services, Incorporated—the guard service responsible for protecting the Watergate. Russell, then, had labored for Watergate's protectors until he had been hired away by those planning to invade that very complex of buildings.

[14] Timeliness is usually regarded as a characteristic of good journalism. So it is that when colleagues inquired as to what I was working on—and I replied, "The Watergate break-in"—an opalescent glaze would cover their eyes. (As Jon Wolman, a friend who reports for the Associated Press, put it: "You're a little behind on the story, aren't you? Nixon left . . . gee, about five years ago. Turned out he was guilty."

"No kidding."

"No kidding! Check the *Washington Post*. I'm sure they've got a clip on it.")

At the same time, McCord's attorney had replied to my request for an interview with his client by threatening to bring suit in his behalf. And, while McCord would not discuss Lou Russell or the break-ins with me, he did take the trouble to report my interest to Alfred Baldwin and some other figures involved—all of whom, McCord informed his lawyer, also were prepared to sue.

After six months of investigation, then, I was hardly optimistic. Lou Russell, the object of my original concerns, had faded almost entirely from what I'd disconsolately begun to think of as Part I of an extended work of revisionist history.

For years, Watergate's anomalies had been dismissed as mere curiosities, an accretion of blunders, coincidences, and faulty recollections of witnesses. The public had been persuaded that, for perhaps the first time in American history, it knew the whole story behind a political scandal at the government's highest echelon. If there was disagreement among the scandal's principals, the testimony of McCord was regarded as the truth. His credibility was absolute. Having exposed the cover-up in his letter to Judge Sirica, McCord became a romantic figure, an apostate spy working in the public interest. The new evidence, however, made it clear that McCord's credibility was owing in large measure to the naiveté and myopia of the investigators. What we are doing, then, is taking a puzzle down from the attic. The picture on its box has been torn away, and we cannot be certain of the final image. Nor can we be certain that the box contains all the pieces needed to assemble the puzzle. Indeed, it may even be that the box contains pieces from another puzzle. We can be certain, however, that the puzzle's centerpiece depicts the night of June 16–17 and the actions of James McCord.

JUNE 16 WAS A Friday evening like any other in the Washington summer. The temperature was too high, the air polluted and uncomfortably humid. Traffic flowed along Virginia Avenue toward Rock Creek Park and Georgetown, passing the faintly seedy Howard Johnson's motel and its plush counterpart across the street, the Watergate Hotel. A few blocks away, Leonard Bernstein's orchestra began tuning up at the Kennedy Center for a performance of *The Mass*.

James McCord arrived at the Howard Johnson's in the early evening, taking the elevato to the Listening Post on the seventh floor. H is a squarely built man in his late forties wh speaks slowly and precisely, weighing eac word. Two years before, he had complete nineteen years of service in the Central Inte ligence Agency, retiring at age forty-six. H had been head of the Technical Security Div sion of the CIA's inner sanctum, the Office c Security, and his reputation was that of a ma ter "tech"—a technician skilled in the arts c electronic eavesdropping and counter-intr sion.[15]

Whether McCord deserved that reputatio is a matter open to speculation, but ce tainly he had the credentials. Besides his CI experience, he was the proprietor of McCor Associates, a private security firm with rather large number of employees and (at th time) only two clients: the Republican Na tional Committee (RNC) and the Committe to Re-Elect the President (CRP). McCord wa the CRP's director of security, a post he ha obtained on the recommendation of his frien Alfred Wong, at that time chief of the Secr Service's Technical Services Division at th White House.

For months McCord had labored for th CRP, checking its phones for bugs and gathe ing intelligence on black and antiwar group that were hostile to President Nixon. More r cently, however, he had become involved wit a series of break-ins planned and carried ou by a task force of White House spies.

In the Listening Post at the Howard John son's, an otherwise ordinary motel room li tered with electronic equipment and th remains of chocolate sundaes, Alfred Baldwi greeted McCord. Baldwin was McCord's sub ordinate, a former FBI agent who had resigne from one of the bureau's Florida field offices few years before. McCord had obtained Bal win's name from a list maintained by th Society of Former Special Agents of the FB Private security firms, which often advertis that they have "agents worldwide," frequentl resort to that list when a client has need c investigative services in another part of th country.

There was nothing unusual in McCord having resorted to that list—except, perhaps that the agent he chose lived in Connecticut, long commute from the Washington area where literally hundreds of former FBI an CIA agents resided.

Easygoing to the point of playfulness, an possessed of a sardonic sense of humor tha was not always appreciated, Baldwin had bee hired as an armed bodyguard for the Attorne General's wife, Martha Mitchell. She, however

[15] A parallel, perhaps too neat to be worth much attention, exists between McCord's career at the CIA and his performance as an agent provocateur at the Watergate. As chief of the CIA's Technical Security Division, McCord was charged with rooting out moles, or infiltrators, from the ranks of the spy agency. In leading his accomplices at the Watergate into capture, McCord, it can be argued, was repeating his CIA duties in exposing to the authorities those who would do harm to the Republic.

ad come to despise Baldwin, pronouncing im "the most gauche character" she had ever .et. And so Baldwin had been reassigned to ıe Listening Post, where his new responsibil- y was to monitor DNC telephones, which fcCord had bugged two weeks before.[16]

From the balcony of the motel room, Bald- in and McCord could easily observe the xth-floor DNC headquarters across the street. crucial assignment that night was to watch ıe DNC until the last worker left. They were ıen to notify G. Gordon Liddy, E. Howard unt, and the other operatives that the break- ı could safely proceed.

THIS PARTICULAR break-in was a controversial one. The DNC was regarded by some GOP leaders as "a ceremonial shell" of little intelligence value. Moreover, the operation's primary target, DNC Chairman Larry O'Brien, had already decamped for the Democratic Convention in Florida, taking many of his files with im. As a result, the mission that Friday night eemed futile to some of those involved.

At ease with the customs of the clandestine ervices, Hunt, Liddy, and the others were sed to taking orders. Like McCord, Hunt had etired from the CIA in 1970, and, like IcCord, he was a family man who was bur- ened by medical expenses incurred by a aughter he loved. There, however, the milarity between the men ended. While Mc- ord was a Bible-thumping technician who ressed in polyester suits, Hunt was a clandes- ne operative, a *bon vivant* in tweeds. The uthor of many pulp novels, Hunt had left ıe agency to join the Robert R. Mullen ompany. This was a public relations firm ıat served as a CIA cover, and Hunt had oined the firm on the recommendation of his riend CIA Director Richard Helms. The rm's most important client was Howard R. Iughes, and it prided itself on impeccable epublican credentials. Accordingly, the firm as pleased when Hunt became a special con- ultant to the Nixon White House.

Liddy was a former FBI agent skilled at angerous apprehensions: he had been ap- ointed to a high post in the Treasury Depart- ıent after his unsuccessful candidacy for ongress. Brusque and outspoken, he had been ıifted to the Committee to Re-elect the Presi- ent, where he served as its General Counsel. t was there that he drafted the Gemstone Plan, the White House espionage project of which the June 16 break-in was but a tiny jewel.

Other members of the break-in team, recruited by Hunt, included four men [17] from Miami, each of them a standard-bearer in the anti-Castro crusades. Bernard Barker ("Macho" to his friends) was a real-estate agent who had spied for the FBI and the CIA during his years as a police official in the corrupt regimes of pre-Castro Cuba. Frank Sturgis was a man of an even more romantic disposition, a soldier of fortune who boasted of his friendship with Jack Anderson, the syndicated columnist, with whom he had collaborated on several articles.[18] Eugenio Martinez was a CIA agent of long standing, an exceptionally intelligent man who was credited with having infiltrated Castro's dominion on literally hundreds of occasions. Virgilio Gonzales ("Villo") was the team's locksmith.

With McCord and Baldwin in the Listening Post at the Howard Johnson's, Hunt and the others were ensconced in two rooms at the Watergate Hotel. The room occupied by Hunt and Liddy, the so-called Command Post, was on the second floor, immediately below the one in which the Miami men were staying. Since the Command Post was to the side of the Watergate office building, and four floors below the DNC, Hunt and Liddy were forced to rely on McCord and Baldwin to inform them when the Democratic headquarters was empty. Those in the Howard Johnson's Listening Post, therefore, controlled the operation's timing: until they gave the word that the DNC was empty, Hunt and the others could only wait.

So it was that Liddy's subordinates controlled a strategic part of the operation. The chain of command among the men had Liddy in charge, with Hunt and McCord as his principal lieutenants. Of these, Hunt was first among equals, having better political connections than McCord and a relatively long and successful track record with Liddy. As for the Miami operatives, they were "Hunt's men"—just as Baldwin was McCord's man. While Hunt regarded McCord as little more than "an electronic hitchhiker" (and an incompetent one at that), McCord took charge of the operation once it got under way. Of all those who were involved, it was only McCord who had access to the Watergate office building, the Command Post, and the Listening Post. Since it was also McCord who decided when the operation was "go," and since he was the only professional among those on the entry team, the Miami men heeded his orders rather than their own instincts—with disastrous results.

[16] Politics being what it is, there is suspicion that the concern of Baldwin's ears was not Democratic strategy—already presumed self-destructive by rational electoral observers—but conversations alleged to be taking place between someone at the Democratic National Committee and a nearby bordello, which frequently accepted indirect reservations for Senators and Congressmen. Watergate may yet become the domain of Freudians.

[17] There is considerable evidence that the team had at least one additional member, as yet unidentified.

[18] See, for example, "Soldiers of Fortune," by Jack Anderson, *Parade* magazine, June 12, 1960, and "We Will Finish the Job," by Frank Fiorini (Sturgis) as told to Jack Anderson, *Parade* magazine, May 14, 1961.

Investigating the role, if any, of the investigator Jack Anderson is no easy matter, despite his frequent railings against secrecy. In addition to his friendship with Sturgis, Anderson occasionally employed Lou Russell. The irony is that while Russell shared with Anderson an antipathy for the President, McCord, as the CRP's security chief, employed Russell alone to guard at night the most sensitive campaign offices of the Committee to Re-Elect.

Compounding the matter further, McCord Associates—a.k.a. McCord—assigned Russell to investigate Jack Anderson. Lest it be presumed that the fruits of this investigation were destined

for the White House spy group, it should be noted that both Liddy and Howard Hunt claim never to have heard of Russell—despite his numerous peregrinations. In fact, the detective's reports on Anderson did not go to the White House's secret agents. They were instead provided by McCord to Lee R. Pennington, a friend of Russell's. Pennington was a CIA agent who took the Anderson dossier to his CIA case officer—whereupon it was delivered to McCord's old bailiwick, the Office of Security.

[19] Unknown to all the plotters but McCord, and supposedly ignorant of the Listening Post seven floors above him that night, Russell was nevertheless moved to lie about his presence at the HoJo. Interrogated by the FBI, he said that he'd happened to be in the neighborhood when, on glimpsing the orange spires of the Howard Johnson's, he was struck with nostalgia for a former girlfriend. She, it seemed, was in the habit of having her hair styled in one of the Watergate salons—and, whenever she did, Russell would join her for a snack across the street. In fact, however, the woman was a prostitute, and the reason that she frequented the area had nothing to do with her coiffure. Moreover, Russell had not just happened to be in the neighborhood that night; on the contrary, he'd driven an hour to get there.

To another interrogator, Russell explained his presence at the HoJo in terms of the arts. He'd been at the Kennedy Center enjoying

"We were just pawns"

THE EVENTS of the evening got under way at about 8:00 P.M. According to Frank Sturgis, it was then that he and Villo Gonzalez left their room to have dinner in the Howard Johnson's coffee shop. It was then, too, that McCord left the Listening Post, ostensibly to purchase equipment that might be needed later that night. Everybody expected that the DNC would be empty after 9:00 P.M., by which time the last worker had usually gone home. The break-in, according to Hunt, was loosely scheduled for "10:00 P.M. or so."

Sturgis and Gonzalez were not alone in the coffee shop. Unknown to them, another employee of McCord's arrived there at 8:30 P.M. That was Lou Russell, the jack-of-all-trades, who remained in the HoJo coffee shop until 10:30 P.M., idling over his meal [19]

Sturgis was excited—not so much by the burglary that he was about to commit but by his proximity to a movie star, Burt Lancaster.

"I saw him," Sturgis recalled, "and, you know, he's about my favorite movie actor. My wife says I look a little like him. So I went up and shook his hand. Told him I was Frank Fiorini—I didn't wanta use Sturgis—and that I thought he was terrific. He said he was in town to make a movie, and, later, when I got out of jail, I went to see it. Burt Lancaster in *Scorpio*. It's funny: the movie's about this CIA guy who's betrayed by the agency. Sorta like what happened to us, y'know. I mean, it doesn't take a genius to figure out that Watergate was a CIA setup. We were just pawns. Anyway, I met Burt Lancaster."

Howard Hunt arrived at the Watergate Hotel around 9:00 P.M. By then, Sturgis and Gonzalez had finished their sandwiches and returned to their hotel room to watch television. Before long, Barker told them to join Hunt, Liddy, Martinez, and himself in the Command Post.

According to Howard Hunt's muzzy recollection, McCord came to the Watergate Command Post at about 10:00 P.M. He told the others that the DNC was still occupied, but that he had just finished taping open the locks to the garage-level doors of the Watergate office building. Hunt's estimate of the time, however, is awry. The visitors' log maintained by the GSS guards shows that McCord signed into the office building at 10:50 P.M. According to McCord, who generally eschews references to the clock, he "went past the guard" on the way to taping the doors.[20] About fifteen minutes later, he says, he returned to the Command Post to report that he had accomplished his mission. He "then returned to the Howard Johnson's motel to check to see whether anyone was still working across the street in the DNC offices. One man was still there. Shortly thereafter he left. . . ."

Leaving aside, for now, the seemingly inconsequential question of what McCord meant by "shortly thereafter," it is nevertheless possible to pin down the timing of these early events. If, as McCord reports, it took him ten minutes to tape open the locks on the basement doors and in the stairwell of the office building after going past the guard at 10:50 P.M., then his visit to the Command Post would have occurred shortly after 11:00. By about 11:15 P.M., therefore, McCord was back in his own room at the HoJo, watching and waiting for the last person to leave the DNC.[21]

Having been told by McCord that the DNC was still occupied, Hunt and Liddy, according to Hunt,

> *crossed the street to the Howard Johnson Motel. . . . We went into the restaurant and had a light snack, after which I drove my car out of the parking garage and positioned it in front of the Watergate Hotel. Returning to the room, I rode the elevator with French film actor Alain Delon, who was, ironically, in Washington for the filming of* Scorpio, *a story involving a fictitious CIA agent.*
>
> *Finally McCord reported that the last sixth-floor light had gone out, and he would be coming over to join us. The lassitude that had prevailed in our room was shattered. We were tense now, alert and expectant. . . .*

That "finally" is to Hunt as "shortly thereafter" is to McCord is only partly an index of Hunt's impatience. In fact, the terms refer to two different things. As has been noted, McCord returned to the Listening Post at roughly 11:15, having just informed Hunt that he had successfully taped the basement doors to the Watergate office building. At 12:05 A.M. the last person in the DNC switched off the lights and left. This period of about forty-five minutes is what McCord refers to when he uses the term *shortly thereafter*. The reason that Hunt used the word *finally* is that McCord did not tell his colleagues that the DNC was empty until nearly 1:00 A.M., roughly an hour after the last person had left the DNC and nearly two hours after McCord had apprised Hunt of the taping.

THE LAST PERSON at the office of the DNC that evening was Bruce Givner, the freshman law student from Southern California. Givner had come to Washington to serve as a summer intern. He was a loyal Democrat who prided mself on voting a straight ticket—"even if means voting for the worse man."

He had finished working on a convention anual in the DNC's library at about 9:30 M. Rather than going home, however, the oung man availed himself of that perquisite perks: a toll-free WATS Line in the DNC fices. From 9:30 until midnight, Givner ialed friends around the country while Mcord and Baldwin watched with increasing npatience from the Listening Post.

According to GSS records, Frank Wills arved on duty at 11:51 P.M. Wills was young, lack, and the victim of an indifferent educaon. His work history was poor, but his suervisors remember him as a man who folowed orders, "a meticulous guard." The night ead was to prove catastrophic to Wills. He ould, with a telephone call, bring about the Vatergate arrests. He would then be celerated in the media, and honored by a host of lack organizations. An attorney would take im in hand and arrange a speaking tour. here would be dreams and talk of a film and book, of *The Frank Wills Story*, and even of e "Frank Wills Detective Agency." [22]

Another guard, LeRoy Brown, had called in ck that night, so Frank Wills had more reponsibility than usual. He was the only GSS uard on duty in the Watergate.[23] A second uard service, maintained by the Federal Reerve Board, was responsible only for the Fed's fices on the eighth floor and in the basement. nd those guards were of the "roving" kind, aving to move by jeep between the several uildings to which they were assigned.

Perhaps because of this added responsibily, or simply out of habit, Wills followed a SS standing order to "the relieving watch at idnight": check the basement-level doors to e if they have been tampered with. After gning in, therefore, Wills descended to the asement for a look. It was nearly midnight, nd Frank Wills soon found tape on the oors at the B-2 level of the office building. was not a feat of great detection. By placing e tape horizontally across the latch (rather an vertically along the side of the doors), cCord had invited discovery. Stripping the pe away, Wills wondered what else he should do, and then he did the right thing. Unknown to McCord or anyone else in the vicinity, he telephoned his GSS supervisors to ask for their advice.

The first person he called was Capt. Bobby Jackson, his "roving supervisor." It was impossible to reach Jackson immediately, however, since he was making his rounds in Takoma Park, Maryland, twenty minutes away by car. Wills left a message with the GSS answering service, requesting it to raise Captain Jackson on his beeper and to ask him to get in touch with Wills at the Watergate. The answering service beeped Jackson, but he didn't have the necessary change to make a phone call. As a result, Jackson was unable to reach Wills until he got to his next post, the Carnegie Institution, where he could use an office telephone.

Unable to contact Jackson for instructions, Wills did the next best thing: he called the home of another GSS supervisor, Sgt. Maj. Ira O'Neal. O'Neal remembers that the call awakened him in bed "a few minutes after midnight." Wills explained to O'Neal what he had found, and O'Neal ordered him to check the Watergate's other doors to see if they had been taped as well. If they had not, O'Neal told Wills, the tape Wills had found was probably insignificant. If other locks had been taped open, however, Wills almost certainly had a burglary on his hands. In either event, Wills was told to call O'Neal back in about fifteen minutes to let him know what he had found.

Before Wills could begin checking the other doors, however, Bruce Givner came bounding down the stairwell into the Watergate's lobby. According to Givner, he had shut off the DNC's lights at 12:05 A.M. ("I always wear a watch, and I always shut off the lights when I go out. I guess you could say I'm pretty compulsive about that sort of thing.")

Having just hung up on O'Neal, Wills stopped "the white boy" in the lobby and asked him to sign out. Givner and Wills debated the issue for a few minutes, becoming friendly, until both men agreed that they were hungry. Then, like Lou Russell, Howard Hunt, Gordon Liddy, Frank Sturgis, and Virgilio Gonzalez before them, they went together to the HoJo for something to eat. The Watergate office building was empty. And unguarded.

If the accounts of Givner, Wills, Jackson, and O'Neal are taken together, Wills and Givner must have been crossing the street to the HoJo at 12:15 or so. McCord and Baldwin were watching the DNC offices and could not have failed to notice the departure of both Wills and Givner from the building. Wills was in uniform, and the lights had gone out in the DNC. Meanwhile, Capt. Bobby Jackson, Wills's Bernstein's performance of *The Mass*. When the last chords died out, he'd stopped for something to eat. But that didn't make sense, because the performance began at 8:00 P.M. and continued until 10:00—more or less bracketing the time that he claimed to be in the HoJo.

[20] At the risk of criticizing McCord's trade-craft, it should be pointed out that signing into a building that one intends to knock over is hardly an approved modus operandi.

[21] What Lou Russell did not tell the FBI, or anyone else, was his bizarre itinerary that night. It began at 5:30 when he drove in the Washington traffic to his daughter's house in Benedict, Maryland, arriving there about 6:30. Finding her absent, he made a point of chatting-up the neighbors and then excused himself by saying that he was going to visit a nearby friend. He would return in a little while, he said, and stay the weekend. In fact, he returned to Washington in his car, arriving at the Howard Johnson's shortly after 8:00 P.M. From then until 10:30, Russell dined in the coffee shop—at least, he *said* he was in the coffee shop. At 10:30 he once again got into his car and drove out to Benedict, arriving there at 11:15 or so. For upwards of an hour he visited with his daughter, until, shortly after midnight, he climbed back into his car and returned to Washington. His daughter can't recall whether he received or made any phone calls before his last depar-

nurse. She does remember Alexander, however, that her father asked her to telephone anyone who might ask that he'd spent the entire evening at her house. For some reason, Lou Russell needed an alibi for the night of the Watergate break-in.

20 Almost none of it would pan out, and the effect of it all on Willis would, first be hesitancy. Today Frank Willis is unemployed and obsessed with studies, libraries, and the occult.

21 Though Bowen seems not to have been at the Watergate after midnight, the GSA time sheet indicates that he was. According to the time sheet, Bowen worked until 1:30 A.M.—meaning, presumably, that within a few minutes of Willis's realization that a burglary was in progress, the anomaly has been explained.

22 Meanwhile, Lou Russell, having just returned to his daughter's house to "medicate," climbed wearily into his car again for yet another drive to Washington. He was working for McCord that night, he told her, though what his assignment was is unknown.

23 How Willis spent the intervening hour is a mystery. Willis's recollections of the evening are no help. And the only logical explanation based on the evidence available—that he spent the hour eating his meal—would put him in a class, shared only by Lou Russell, of devoted patrons to Howard Johnson's cuisine.

24 And there is another possibility as well: that Bookwin posting supervisor, was driving to the Carnegie Institution to find a phone that did not require change. And, as for Hunt and his team, they continued to wait, tense with impatience, for the go-signal from Baldwin and McCord.

One wonders why it didn't come. Not only was the DNC empty, but the only guard on duty in the building had left his post and gone across the street. The locks had been taped open on all three basement doors, providing rapid entry for those who wanted it, and no one on the intelligence team had any way of knowing that Willis had discovered the pieces of tape, removed them, and notified his superior. If anything, Willis must have seemed unbelievably serene. And yet McCord, in contact with Hunt and Liddy by telephone and walkie-talkie, continued to inform them that the DNC remained lighted and occupied.

The unexplained delay

HAD MCCORD told the truth, and had the burglary begun at this time rather than much later, it would almost certainly have gone undetected. The footpads could have entered the unguarded building and, according to plan, removed the tape as they proceeded up the stairwells to the DNC. Willis, upon returning and checking the other doors (as instructed by O'Neal), would have found nothing untoward. No tape. No break-in.

Instead, McCord sat and waited.

Whatever we may think of Willis for having left the Watergate unguarded after finding tape on the B-2-level doors, he at least had the prudence to order his food from the take-out counter—rather than sitting down to a meal. While he waited for the order to be prepared, he stood beside the waiter Gitner and made small talk. When the order arrived, Willis returned to his post in the Watergate lobby. He could not have been absent for more than twenty minutes.

Back on duty, Willis received the call from his roving supervisor, Bobby Jackson. Jackson had reached the Carnegie Institution and logged his conversation with Willis as having taken place at 12:30 A.M. The roving supervisor gave Willis the same advice that Ira O'Neal had provided half an hour earlier: check the other locks in the building and report back in fifteen minutes. For some reason, perhaps because his dinner was getting cold, Willis waited nearly an hour before carrying out the order.

It was at about the time that Willis returned to the Watergate that Baldwin went downstairs to that buffet of espionage and glamour, the HoJo coffee shop. While we don't know precisely what time Baldwin went and the coffee stop, we do know that Willis was back on the job at 12:30 and that Baldwin, by his own account, was back in the Listening Post at 12:45. Since Baldwin's order consisted of chocolate sundaes "to go," it's likely that he entered the take-out line (to stand beside the seated Gitner) within minutes of Willis's departure. The information is based on the estimate that the sundaes took ten minutes to be ordered, prepared, and paid for, and that Baldwin needed another five minutes to go to and from the seventh-floor motel room. Since Baldwin was back in his room with the sundaes at 12:45, the estimated fifteen minutes required to obtain the sundaes suggests that he had left the Listening Post at roughly 12:30.) Reconstructing the timing is by no means an academic exercise. Not only does it help to determine the timing of subsequent events, but it raises the possibility that Baldwin may have been sent to keep Willis and Gitner under surveillance". But, whatever his reason for leaving the coffee shop, Baldwin returned to the Listening Post to find McCord on the telephone, informing someone—presumably Hunt or Liddy—that the DNC was still occupied. Gazing across the street at the Democratic headquarters, Baldwin supposedly saw lights burning in its windows, although Gitner had turned them off forty minutes earlier. While McCord continued to discuss the situation by telephone with those in the Command Post, Baldwin claims that he suddenly saw the lights go out in the DNC, and so informed his boss. McCord then told Hunt that the operation was a go. It was 12:50 in the morning of June 18.

While we may easily imagine an innocent explanation for the delay in notifying the others of Gitner's departure, I can think of no innocent explanation for the deception practiced by McCord and Baldwin. They were, after all, looking at the darkened windows of the DNC and telling their colleagues that the lights were still occupied and bright with light.

It would be convenient at this point to glean what happened next, to say simply that McCord and the others arrived at the Watergate office building at 1:30 A.M.—only to find that the tape had been stripped away from the exterior door on the B-2 level. While that is true, it is not all that happened, and the reader will forgive me for briefly digressing on McCord's whereabouts between 12:50 and 1:30 A.M. This is what so confused Anthony Lieb-



CCORDING TO Howard Hunt, McCord was "a little delayed" in his arrival at the Command Post. McCord says that the delay was caused by his having taken a detour after leaving the Howard Johnson's. Rather than proceeding directly to the Command Post, as Hunt expected him to do, McCord claims that he first went to the garage-level door of the Watergate office building "to see if the tape [was] still on, and if] the door could be opened from the outside." His testimony is that this occurred at around one o'clock in the morning." The door that he refers to is the exterior door on the B-2 level, since it was this door that the team planned to use in their entry.

It is here that we enter the Twilight Zone of McCord's reportage. Allegedly, upon checking at 2, McCord says he found that "*the tape was still there.*" I have added italics to that sentence because, as the reader knows, the tape was *not* there: Frank Wills had stripped it away an hour earlier. But McCord is not done. Having made this remarkable assertion about the phantom tape, he continues (deadpan):

I went through the Watergate hotel lobby, and into the hotel room with the six men. Picking up the various suitcases and bags needed, we left and went out a ground-floor exit of the hotel underneath the Watergate restaurant. Gonzalez, the locksmith, and one of the men went ahead to open the door. They returned with a stunned look on their face. The door was locked and the tape had been removed!

McCord's account is literally a matter of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't. Disproving the tale can be accomplished in several ways. For instance, unknown to McCord, Frank Wills had notified his supervisors shortly after midnight that he had removed some suspicious tape from locks on the B-2-level doors. It was impossible, then, for McCord to have found that tape in place an hour later. Moreover, even if this information is left aside, McCord's story is nevertheless impossible on its face (as Anthony Lukas was the first to point out). This is so because, by his own account, McCord left the Listening Post on the seventh floor of the Howard Johnson's *after* Bruce Givner had left the DNC. Indeed, Givner's departure from the DNC was, according to McCord, the stimulus that led him to leave the Howard Johnson's for the Command Post in the Watergate office building. If McCord's story is to be believed, the events surrounding it would have to have occurred in the following sequence:

Givner turned out the lights and left the DNC, going down the stairwell toward the Watergate lobby. McCord then informed Hunt (or Liddy) by telephone that the DNC was finally empty and, having given Baldwin some final instructions, left the Listening Post. After waiting for the elevator, McCord then rode down to the Howard Johnson's lobby, exited, and made his way across Virginia Avenue to the office building's garage. Going down into the garage, he claims to have checked the tape and found it in place. He then left the basement area and went to the Watergate Hotel to gather the Miamians. Within seconds of McCord's departure from the basement, Frank Wills arrived at the same spot to discover the taped locks. Stripping the tape away, Wills then returned to the Watergate lobby. There he telephoned Capt. Bobby Jackson and left a message with the answering service. Then he awakened Maj. Ira O'Neal and the two men held a telephone conversation about the tape and its implications. After receiving instructions from O'Neal, Wills hung up. Then, and only then, Bruce Givner, who began with a head start, *arrived in the lobby and encountered Wills.*

The scenario is absurd (not least because Givner, who describes himself as "something of a fitness nut," remembers that he *ran* down the stairs). Even if Givner had walked —indeed, barring anything short of his having been mugged and left for dead in the stairwell —it is impossible that McCord and Wills could have accomplished their respective errands in the time required for the young Democrat to descend from the sixth floor to the lobby.

Thus, McCord did not check the basement door and find the tape in place. This is not to say, however, that he checked the door and found the tape missing. On the contrary, it is extremely doubtful that he checked the door at all. I can only surmise that McCord needed a plausible reason to explain why it took him so long to arrive at the Command Post after he had left his room at the Howard Johnson's. He had to explain what he had been doing, and why it had taken him fifteen minutes to get across the street. Almost offhandedly, then, he said that he had been checking the tape and, in his ignorance of Wills's discovery, added that all was well.

was dispatched to the coffee shop to await the arrival of Lou Russell. (Having left Benedict for Washington between midnight and 12:15, Russell could have arrived at the HoJo as early as 12:30 or as late as 12:45.)

[27] Examples of such innocent explanations might be: McCord was showering while Baldwin was enraptured by television, so neither noticed Givner's departure. Or, both men suffered anxiety attacks and were confused for forty-five minutes. In fact, however, a third explanation is offered by McCord: while he has repeatedly refused to discuss the break-in with me, I have related some of my findings to his attorney, Rufus King, who in turn spoke with McCord about them. According to King, his client's "present recollection" is that he and Baldwin waited "half an hour or so" before notifying Hunt of Givner's departure. His (alleged) reason for the delay was to learn whether Givner would return. (This would seem to imply that McCord knew that Givner had not gone directly home after leaving the Watergate at midnight, but had instead gone to the HoJo with Frank Wills.) What's most interesting about this explanation is the following:

1. It confirms our chronology while overthrowing that of the orthodox version;

2. It contradicts the accounts of both McCord and Baldwin;

3. It does not explain why Baldwin and McCord should have misled Hunt and the others, concocting the false story about seeing the lights go out at 12:45.

The show must go on

IT WAS AT ABOUT 1:10 A.M. that the entry team arrived at the B-2 level of the Watergate office building and found that the tape had been stripped from the lock, preventing their entry. The team's five members huddled under McCord's leadership, and it was decided that McCord, Barker, and Martinez would consult with Hunt and Liddy about what to do. Virgilio Gonzalez was to remain at the door and pick the lock in case the operation was to proceed. Sturgis was to stay with Gonzalez, serving as the locksmith's bodyguard, a task he accomplished by standing in a nearby telephone booth and talking animatedly to the dial tone. Barker, Martinez, and McCord returned together to the Command Post in the Watergate Hotel. There they told Hunt and Liddy of the missing tape. Over Hunt's objections, McCord argued that the operation should continue, that the tape had probably been stripped away by a maintenance man.

Hunt felt it was dangerous to proceed and advised Liddy to "scratch it." Then, Hunt recalls:

I walked away from them, mentally and physically separating myself from the decision Liddy was in the process of making. I did not hear or even try to listen to the exchanges between Liddy and McCord, but I saw the Miami men get up and head for the door. Liddy came over to me and said, "McCord wants to go, Howard. It's his show, so I let him."

"We're doing this because McCord did a lousy job the first time," I reminded Liddy. "It may be 'his show,' but there are four others with him who are my responsibility." [28]

By this time, Sturgis and Gonzalez h picked the B-2 locks, replaced the tape t Wills had earlier stripped away, and beg climbing the stairs to the DNC offices. Mea while, Barker and Martinez walked down fr the Command Post, entered the office buildi through the garage at the B-2 level, and join their companions on the sixth floor. The Sturgis and Gonzalez labored mightily to ga entry to the DNC. When the lock defied efforts to open it, the men began to remo the door from its hinges.

As for McCord, he had disappeared. A cording to Martinez, "McCord did not co in [to the office building] with us. He said had to go someplace. We never knew whe he was going." So far as the Miami men we

[28] This is Howard Hunt's account. Eugenio Martinez's version of the same event differs slightly, but significantly. According to Martinez, McCord wanted the operation to continue and Hunt opposed him. The issue was

The earlier break-ins

A look at the GSS visitors' logs, and interviews with maintenance men at the Watergate and Howard Johnson's motel, makes it apparent that over the Memorial Day weekend there were four break-ins. Up to now, it was assumed—falsely—that there had been only three and—correctly—that on the last entry McCord had installed a transmitter that failed to work properly and thus necessitated the break-in on the evening of June 16–17.

On the first night—a Friday, May 26 —the plan was for Hunt, Liddy, and the Miami men to linger over a meal in the Watergate's Continental Room. McCord and Baldwin were to wait across the street in the Howard Johnson's motel, watching the DNC. Finally, the diners were to disperse—with the exception of Hunt and Gonzalez. They were to hide in a closet until the restaurant was cleared of dishes and closed for the evening. They were then to make their way through a door into a corridor that would eventually lead them to the DNC's sixth-floor headquarters. There, Gonzalez was to pick the DNC's lock while Hunt traveled down to the garage level to admit the remainder of the team. McCord, however, had expected the operation to get under way before 11:00 P.M. That was the hour when a burglar alarm was activated in the corridor through which Hunt and Gonzalez hoped to pass. Unfortunately, McCord kept advising the pair by walkie-talkie that the DNC continued to be occupied (*déjà vu?*). By the time the word came through that the DNC was empty, Hunt and Gonzalez were locked into the Continental Room and the burglar alarm had been activated. McCord told Hunt and Gonzalez that he was unable to neutralize the alarm and they could not go into the corridor without setting it off. In fact, however, there was no such alarm: Hunt could have done cartwheels down the hall with alerting anyone. But as a result of M Cord's advice, Hunt and Gonza spent the night in the restaurant.

If the phantom alarm was stran the second and third attempts at en (undertaken the following evenin were genuinely bizarre. Appearing the lobby of the Watergate office bui ing, McCord and his accomplices w greeted by GSS guard Frank Wi Telling Wills that they had business the (recently burglarized) Federal R serve Board (FRB) offices on the eig floor, McCord and his cronies sign aliases—including "John Smith"— the log book and then took the e vator up to the DNC. Though it w 12:30 A.M. in the middle of a lo holiday weekend, Wills does not se to have been disturbed by the un pected presence, and the exotic d tination, of so many men.

Neither, apparently, were the FR guards on the eighth floor. While Go zalez struggled unsuccessfully with t door to the DNC's headquarters t

ncerned, their operations leader had simply nished after leaving the Command Post with em. They had no way of knowing when, or en if, he would join them inside the DNC. :Cord disputes this account, contradicting e versions rendered by every other partici- nt who has spoken of it. According to Mc- rd, he did not accompany Barker and rtinez to the Command Post (after it was scovered that the tape was missing). Instead, says that he proceeded directly back to the ward Johnson's motel room to confer with ldwin. (Asked about this, Baldwin reacted th surprise, and then denied that McCord d returned.) McCord claims that, while in e room, he spoke with Hunt by telephone, guing vainly that the operation should *not* ntinue. According to McCord, it was Hunt o insisted that the operation should go for- rd despite the tape's discovery. It was with uctance, McCord claims, that he accepted e order to carry on with the break-in.

Once again, McCord has provided us with anecdotal account of events that never oc- red. As we have seen, Baldwin, Martinez, l Hunt deny the story. According to Bald- n, McCord left the Listening Post shortly er 12:45, having just informed Hunt that DNC was finally empty. It was weeks, not nutes, before Baldwin saw McCord again. It would, at this point, be useful to estimate the time. As is now known, the entry team found the tape missing at about 1:10 A.M. They conferred about this among themselves, McCord delegated various responsibilities, and then they split up. Since the men were concerned about their conspicuousness and the dangers implied by the missing tape, their conference in the garage was short. Allowing a few minutes more for McCord, Barker, and Martinez to return to the Command Post, the argument between McCord and Hunt must have begun shortly before 1:20 A.M. Since this argument required that McCord report the tape's discovery, make his recommendations, and listen to Hunt's rebuttal, this second discussion consumed about ten minutes. At 1:30 A.M., therefore, or shortly before, McCord, Barker, and Martinez left the Command Post. We do not know where McCord went at that time, but Martinez and Barker walked back to the garage beneath the office building, and entered the stairwell through the newly retaped B-2 doors.[29]

According to Martinez, he and Barker had been standing in the stairwell outside the DNC for five minutes prior to McCord's arrival on the scene. Having entered the building at 1:30 P.M., and having taken about five minutes to climb the stairwell to the sixth floor, Barker and Martinez presumably did not reunite with McCord until about 1:40 A.M. Wherever McCord was suddenly among the missing. oving up the stairwell on what must ave been little cat's feet, Martinez, to s passing horror, found McCord in nversation with the FRB's guards. t first, the Miami man feared that rests were about to be made, but, on seeing that the conversation was amiable one, Martinez decided that cCord must be on friendly terms th the building's sentinels.

Meanwhile, Gonzalez decided that he uld not open the door to the DNC th the equipment he had on hand: ecial tools were required, and the ission would have to be shut down til the following evening. Accord- gly, McCord & Co. took the elevator the lobby, gathered round Frank ills, and signed out of the building. ie exact time of their departure is corded in the GSS visitors' log, but e notation is illegibly written so that one can be certain of is that—what- er the exact time—the entry team t the building. Mysteriously, however, the log also shows that, after the team departed, four other men signed in, giving the FRB as their destination. Of these four, the signatures of two are scrawled, but the remaining signatures are identical to the written aliases of two (including "John Smith") who had entered earlier that night with McCord. What this implies is that at least two, and perhaps four, of the burglars made a second attempted entry on that same evening. Whether this entry was successful or not, and whether its participants included two who were not among those of the original entry team, is unknown.

The fourth, and final, attempt of that weekend was nominally the most successful. It occurred the following evening. After Gonzalez picked the DNC's lock, McCord installed bugs in the telephones of Larry O'Brien and Spencer Oliver—Executive Director of the Association of Democratic State Chairmen—while Barker photographed some of the DNC's documents. Nevertheless, with the bugs in place, McCord suddenly announced that it was time for everyone to leave. Reportedly, Barker *et alii* were upset by the command, having only begun to mine the Democrats' files. But they accepted McCord's leadership and returned to their hotel.

The yield from the mission was therefore minimal: two bugs, the most important of which did not work, and a few dozen negatives showing some banal documents that the White House subsequently pronounced worthless. What is perhaps most interesting, however, is that these same photographs show surgically gloved hands holding the DNC papers against the background of a shag rug. According to the Watergate's concierge, to the building's maintenance men, and to some who worked at the DNC, however, there has never been a shag rug on the sixth (or any other) floor of that building. Which is to say that the uninteresting photographs that ultimately found their way to Liddy's principals were, in fact, taken elsewhere.

resolved, Martinez says, when Hunt and Liddy adjourned to another room, apparently to make a phone call.

[29] As before, we do not know what McCord was actually doing on this occasion. All we can be sure of is that he was in neither the Command Post nor the Listening Post. And since he did not accompany Barker and Martinez on their trip to the garage, it is clear that he was somewhere in between all three locations.

[30] By my reckoning, over the numerous or attempted entrances to the DNC, Villo Gonzalez had a losing record in picking door locks at the Watergate. Such statistics may help explain why McCord was forever signing into the building to tape door locks open.

[31] I can imagine Lou Russell in the prompter's box for this scene.

[32] There are two stairwells in the Watergate office building. For reasons that apparently have to do with fire regulations, the stairwells are immediately adjacent to each other, but unconnected. Separated by a wall, they spiral round one another at the building's rear.

[33] While the burglars' target was undeniably the DNC, they had taped the locks to doors on other floors for several reasons. First, the B-2 level needed to be taped so that the team could gain entry to the building's stairwells and, thereby, access to the DNC. Second, doors leading to the eighth and other floors were taped as an escape route: should the burglars be surprised in the course of their felony, they hoped to elude capture by scattering to different floors.

[34] If this seems to have been perverse of Wills, consider his earlier inaction. Having found the doors taped at midnight, he'd been instructed by his supervisors to check the other doors and report back in fifteen minutes. Instead, he'd gone out for hamburgers and did not report back for more than an hour. What he was doing is anyone's guess: Wills's contemporary recollection is faulty in the extreme. ("Let's see: I found the tape . . . for the first time . . . about four or five o'clock in the morning. . . .")

Cord had been, his absence was quite brief—a few minutes, and no more.

When McCord arrived at the DNC, he found Sturgis banging on the hinges of its door. Gonzalez had been unable to pick the lock (it was rusted and jammed),[30] so Sturgis was endeavoring to remove the entire door. Standing in the stairwell beside McCord, Martinez asked him if he had remembered to remove the tapes on his way up to the sixth floor. McCord falsely assured Martinez that he had.

In fact, the police were already arriving at the building at 1:55, having been dispatched two or three minutes earlier. In the lobby, they encountered Frank Wills, who explained that he had found the B-2-level doors taped open earlier in the evening. Subsequently, the guard said, he had found the same doors fixed with tape (but did not remove it) for a second time—twenty to thirty minutes before the police arrived. That is to say, Wills discovered the tape on the second occasion between 1:25 and 1:35 A.M.

What this means is that Barker and Martinez, who entered the Watergate at 1:30 A.M., may well have done so only *after* Wills had once again found the tape on the B-2 doors and gone to notify his supervisors and the police for the first time. Certainly Wills had already discovered the tape by the time that McCord entered the building (1:35 A.M.). The prospect this presents is one of a surpassing irony, in which the course of American history is seen to have rested on the most casual of decisions. That is, had Wills removed the tape (as he did the first time he discovered it), rather than leaving it in place (this second time), the political landscape of the 1970s might have been vastly different. *In effect, had Wills removed the tape, he would certainly have locked out McCord, and possibly Barker and Martinez as well.* Had this occurred, the police would at best have arrested only Sturgis and Gonzalez: a soldier of fortune and a locksmith with no direct ties to the CIA, to Howard Hunt, or to the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

But Wills did not remove the tape. He left it in place and walked back up the stairwell into the lobby. Close on his heels (or he on theirs) were Barker and Martinez, followed minutes later by McCord.

Capt. Bobby Jackson, Wills's roving supervisor, recalls that Wills telephoned him to report his second discovery about "an hour to an hour and fifteen minutes" after the two men had spoken together for the first time that night (at 12:30). Despite the evidence that a burglary was in progress, Wills had to be persuaded that the police should be called.[31]

The time, by Jackson's calculation, was 1 to 1:45 A.M.

Dispatched at 1:52 A.M., three policem each in plain clothes, arrived in the lobby 1:55. Wills attempted to explain his disc eries while the police listened patiently, the guard had little success. Accordingly, W led the cops down to the B-2 level and sho them the tape on the doors leading out to underground garage. By this time, the f men had been joined by a Federal Rese guard, and there ensued a discussion of burglary at the Federal Reserve Bank off some weeks before.

With this information, the police went one of the stairwells to the Fed's offices on eighth floor.[32] Their progress must have b noisy, because it alarmed Martinez. Turnin McCord for an explanation, he was told no worry: it was only the GSS guards mak their two o'clock rounds. As a precauti however, McCord advised Barker to turn his walkie-talkie, saying that its static mi attract unwanted attention. Barker compl in effect placing the entry team incommu cado with both their leaders, Hunt and Lic in the Command Post, and their lookout, B win, in the Listening Post.

Meanwhile, the police had arrived at eighth floor, where they found one of the dc taped in the same manner as the ones on B- To their frustration, however, the Fed's gu was unable to open any of the offices with keys that he had. After searching the hallw and trying the locks without success, the po returned to the stairwell and descended to seventh and then to the sixth floor.

"Looks like troub

BY THIS TIME, McC and the others had moved the DNC's d from its hinges and tered the Democrats' ner sanctum. Accord to McCord's testim in a civil suit, the b ness with the door consumed thirty to fo five minutes. Given that, and the fact that Cord did not arrive on the scene until 1 A.M., it is clear that the entry team did not g access to the DNC until 2:10 or even la Which is to say that the police had beer the building for at least fifteen minutes fore the actual crime was committed. Acc ing to police reports, the arrests were m at 2:30 A.M.



The Democratic National Committee offices,
where the Watergate break-in team tapped telephones and searched,
obviously, for needles in the haystack

[35] Until recently, Baldwin has always disputed Hunt's account by reversing their roles and insisting that Hunt ordered him to take the van to McCord's. This summer, however, I spoke with Baldwin and he admitted that taking the van to McCord's had been his own idea. "I didn't have much choice," Baldwin told me. "I didn't know Washington very well, and McCord's was the only place that I knew how to get to."

[36] In fact, though Birely claims that he was motivated by the goodness of his heart, none of this seems to have been free—but was, instead, "on account." During the 1972–73 period or until Russell's death, Birely had Russell sign papers showing that the detective owed him more than $16,000.

[37] Though McCord paid Russell by check on a weekly basis (until his death in July, 1973), Russell's other employers preferred to pay the detective daily—reasoning that, in this way, his excesses could be kept under control. Russell had an unusual method of cashing his paychecks from McCord Associates. That is, he would take his paychecks from McCord to Washington attorney Bernard Fensterwald—yet another of the powerful men for whom Russell performed investigative work. Russell would sign the back of the McCord check for deposit to one of Fensterwald's bank accounts, and Fensterwald would make out a new check—one of his own—for an equal amount, payable to Louis

Al Baldwin had not been much help. He had not reported the arrival of the police until after they had already entered the DNC's offices. Even then, his report to Hunt and Liddy had a laconic air: "Any of your guys wearing hippie clothes?"

The query, received by walkie-talkie, predictably alarmed Gordon Liddy, who told Baldwin that all of his men were wearing business suits.

Baldwin then replied, "There's four, maybe five, guys running around the sixth floor. Lights are going on. One's wearing a cowboy hat, another a sweat shirt. Oh, oh, they've got guns. Looks like trouble." And then, the lookout's final report: "I can see our guys now, hands in the air. Must be cops with them."

Soon, squad cars and paddy wagons began pulling up in front of the Watergate, red lights flashing. Frank Wills, standing next to an "unidentified white male" in the lobby, admitted the uniformed police and directed them to the sixth floor. Then he opened the door so that the unknown man could leave, and began fielding questions from the police. One of the first questions was, "Who was that you let out?" Wills said he didn't know, and immediately the police began to suspect that a "sixth man" had been involved in the burglary—but that he had got away.[34]

Meanwhile, Liddy and Hunt, the latter with an antenna jammed down his trouser leg, sauntered out of the Watergate Hotel and got into Hunt's car. After dropping Liddy at his Jeep, Hunt circled back to the Howard Johnson's motel. Going upstairs, he found Baldwin, who, Hunt testified,

> *had some binoculars and was quite obviously enthralled by this scene of people being led out of the Watergate, more and more police arriving.*
>
> *He encouraged me to lie down on my belly on the balcony and join him in watching what was going on across the street. I thought this was a very unrealistic reaction to what was going on, and I said to him, "For God's sake, get out of here."*
>
> *And he said, "Well, I have got all of this stuff to load."*
>
> *I had still never seen any of the electronic equipment in the apartment. I said, "Load [McCord's] van and get out of town."*
>
> *He said, "Where shall I go?"*
>
> *I said, "I don't care where you go, but go far and go fast."*
>
> *He said, "Shall I take the van to Mr. McCord's home?"*
>
> *I said that would be the last place to take it. I said, "Anyplace but that."*
>
> *I opened the door, left, and never saw him again until I saw him on television.*

In fact, Baldwin drove the van to McCor house against Hunt's instructions, parked it the driveway with all its incriminating e dence, and then returned home to Conne cut.[35]

The cover-up continu

WITHIN A FEW DA after the arrests the Watergate b glars, a number changes had tak place within Washington a though many them went un ticed for a l while. The interior of McCord's house, for ample, needed a new paint job. This was because there had been an *auto-da-fé* in living room. CIA agent Lee Pennington, M Cord's wife, and others had fed the paper c tents of McCord's study into the fireplace, stroying newspaper clippings, personal a business files, CIA documents, and a good d more. But in their haste, they had neglec to open the flue, and as a result the walls a furniture had been blackened by soot a smoke.

News of the conflagration would reach authorities months later, after McCord h taken the trouble to bury and drown el tronics equipment that had also been in home. The suspicious naturally regarded th incidents as a massive destruction of eviden but McCord and Pennington dismissed the tion. The fire, according to Pennington, h been started as a kind of preemptive stri The family had received a bomb threat, a McCord, on learning of it, feared that papers in his study might catch fire, endang ing the house—so he had ordered th burned.

Within forty-eight hours of the arrests, K nedy aide Carmine Bellino had telepho Lou Russell to ask what he knew about break-in and James McCord. It is unkno what Russell told Bellino, but, overnight, R sell moved from a dilapidated rooming ho near Dupont Circle to a penthouse across District Line in Silver Spring. There, Bellin friend and stockbroker, William Birely, p vided Russell with a car, spending money, a free rent for the remainder of his life.[36] Inde his circumstances improved so much t months later, after Bellino had been appoin chief investigator for the Ervin Committ Russell was in a position to buy and sell st

ied at more than $25,000, using Birely as broker—which wasn't bad for a defrocked who could not afford a bank account and concealed his "walking-around money" in oll of Reynolds Wrap.[37]

NO MATTER WHERE I looked, it became obvious that the Watergate investigators had failed to follow obvious leads and were either ignorant of, or chose to overlook, evidence that might indicate McCord was less than an honorable fel-. Wherever I turned, the accepted version the Watergate affair made less and less se. I found, for instance, that McCord had ablished a secret liaison with the Washing- Police Department's Intelligence Division. a number of occasions in the months lead- up to the break-in, he had conferred with ice officer Garey Bittenbender—who had, turn, reported to his commanding officer, pector Thomas Herlihy. Bittenbender and Cord had become friendly, close enough in case for McCord to invite Bittenbender oard the campaign plane to Miami and to e the policeman instruction in the use of ctronic surveillance equipment. McCord had wn the equipment to Bittenbender on the asion of their first meeting, and the police cer had reported the offer of instruction to divisional chief. Herlihy agreed that Mc- rd's offer was a good opportunity, but rned the policeman not to become involved any actual surveillances himself. The ques- n, of course, is: Why didn't the police arrest Cord for being in possession of such illegal uipment or at least place him under sur- llance as a likely felon? That they did not is natter of fact. McCord and Bittenbender tinued their liaison up to, and even after, Cord's arrest on June 17, although, subse- ently, with McCord in jail, the friendship ween the two dissolved.

At this point, it is fair to say that we know re about the break-in of June 16–17 than of the investigators to date. Indeed, the elihood is that, with the exception of Mc- rd, we know more about it than the prin- als themselves. As for McCord, it has been wn that at every juncture of the break-in made decisions that proved catastrophic, olied "trade-craft" that was ludicrous, and led his accomplices about matters that re either incriminating to himself or stra- ic to the break-in's failure—all of which made the team's apprehension inevitable.

That a career CIA officer such as McCord should blunder so completely is about as likely as a podiatrist's accidentally decapitating his patient. Indeed, it is even less likely, since incompetence will not suffice as an explanation for McCord's fabrications. Those who choose to believe that the burglary failed through the incompetence of its perpetrators are advancing a theory that pretends toward sophistication but which is, in fact, naïve. Repeated mistakes and bad luck are one thing, but a pattern of deception is another. In the end, there is no innocent explanation for McCord's having concealed the fact that the DNC was empty while the Watergate was unguarded.

It was with proof of this that I gave up all hope of a story on Lou Russell. His involvement in the affair was beyond all reasonable doubt, which meant that even further investigation was required. To know that McCord sabotaged the break-in and that another Watergate cover-up continues into the present was not an end to the matter—merely a beginning. The questions Why did McCord do it? and For whom was he working? arose as naturally as mushrooms in a damp cave.[38]

Of course, these questions contain the implicit assumptions that McCord did in fact have a motive and that, in addition, he had not acted independently. The first assumption seems fair because there is no evidence for its alternative: that McCord was insane. On the contrary, more than a dozen courts had accepted his testimony as competent and, from all appearances, McCord was coolly rational. Having accepted his version of events for nearly a decade, it would be hypocritical, in light of the new evidence, to explain away his sabotage in terms of some dubious and undocumented madness. Theories of that sort begged the question Why? by implying that there was no reason and, therefore, no answer.

But the second assumption, that McCord had not acted on his own, is less secure. Might he not have been an *espontaneo*, that is to say, a spectator who, in a moment of passion, leaps into the arena, performs a few *veronicas*, sows confusion, and, typically, is gored? Of course. And yet, McCord's reputation as a man who followed orders, coupled with his manner of exposing the break-in, makes this seem unlikely. McCord's *m.o.* was that not of a conventional whistle-blower but of a careful spy. He did not expose the operation by leaping to his feet with a cry of "*J'accuse,*" but rather sabotaged the mission in such a way that it led to his own arrest. All of which suggests a scheme, rather than spontaneous combustion.

James Russell. Russell would then take the wealthy lawyer's check to a nearby bank where Fensterwald was known, and cash it.

Subsequently, this became a matter of some interest to the Senate when McCord dismissed Gerald Alch as his attorney and hired Fensterwald to represent him. Because the circumstances of that dismissal were laden with serious charges —McCord alleged that Alch was engaged in a plot to blame Watergate on the CIA, while Alch alleged that Fensterwald's efforts were politically motivated —the Senate inquired about McCord's relationship with his new attorney.

A prominent figure in Washington politics, Fensterwald was an aficionado of intrigue, one of assassin James Earl Ray's former attorneys, and the founder of the nonprofit Committee to Investigate Assassinations (CtIA). According to Fensterwald and McCord, they had just become acquainted. While Fensterwald had risked $45,000 in cash toward McCord's bail, and while he had been cashing McCord's checks for Lou Russell during the course of many months, the two men had only just met for the first time. The check-cashing episode, therefore, was no more than a coincidence.

[38] Besides his many jobs for Fensterwald, Anderson, McCord, Birely, the GSS, and the CRP, Lou Russell was also engaged in what appears to have been a blackmailing scheme. In the spring of 1972, he acquired $3,000 worth of electronic eavesdropping

equipment and installed it in the bedrooms of call girls at the prestigious Columbia Plaza Apartments, located a block from the Howard Johnson's and the Watergate.

Such an endeavor could perhaps be dismissed, given Russell's erratic past, in a boys-will-be-boys category did it not coincide with the suspicion that Al Baldwin may have had similar vicarious interests. If there is an answer to their suspected pursuits, it lies in the Gemstone file, the typed transcriptions of the DNC phone calls monitored at the Howard Johnson's.

I have not seen these files. They are not part of the public record, since to disclose the contents of illegally intercepted telephone conversations is a crime. But acquaintances who have seen the file tell me that it is a mixture of phone conversations at the DNC and passionate exchanges, presumably not the stuff of a party headquarters.

All this, nonetheless, still appears to be a weird diversion from a Howard Hunt novel, except when it is remembered that Gordon Liddy once proposed to Attorney General Mitchell that a yacht be leased in Florida and crewed by prostitutes who, in the course of cruises for prominent Democrats, would acquire lurid details about members of the opposition. Liddy never got his yacht and was told to scale down his plans, which perhaps he did.

I AM REMINDED of the surgeon who, in the course of delving a mere anomaly of flesh, finds that the patient is shot through with knots of serpentine and cankered tissue. Etherized upon the table, the patient might somehow be saved if all the resources of the profession are brought to bear, but the will is lacking. To know, by dissecting the Watergate burglary, that our understanding of the affair as a whole is fatally flawed is to know also that nothing will be done. The political transformations whose pathogenesis can be traced to the evening of June 16 have been institutionalized and accepted. There is nothing to do, then, but sew the patient up, cluck one's sympathy, and mail the bill.

It is conventional, of course, for journalists as well as for physicians, to prescribe remedies even in the absence of hope. We might call for a new investigation. We might "demand" that the CIA finally respond to the informational requests made years earlier by Sen. Howard Baker. We might appeal to the judiciary to make public the Presidential tapes. We might insist that, in the public interest, the *Washington Post* reveal the identity of "Deep Throat" so that the public can judge whether journalism has been blessed by the altruistic concerns of a closet liberal within the Nixon ministration or whether, as seems likely, *Post*—and therefore "Watergate"—was nipulated for political reasons. There are m things we might call for or do.

But Senator Baker is running for Presid Congress is content with the established o (and with the established history). Those stroyed by the affair have begun to mend at the least, no longer have the heart for troversy. The CIA remains truculent, the mer President a virtual recluse. The only tinuing victim of the affair, then, is the pu And while the public may be said to hav proprietary interest in the affair—for, after the ultimate target of McCord's deception not his accomplices, but, rather, you and there is no reason to believe that anyth will be done. Honed to an unusual bluntnes vision by years of Monday night football, have come to accept the referee's decision when instant replay reveals the judgment t wrong. The priorities of daily life—inflat high interest rates, crabgrass—have force to delegate the responsibility for understa ing our own history. So it is that we place faith in appointed caretakers, television mentators, and syndicated pundits, who, ni ly and in the morning, assure us that the p ent is in good hands.

It is not.



James McCord on the night of his arrest

by Tom Wolfe

The Invisible Wife



The Invisible Wife arrived at the party with Her Husband, but Her Husband was soon vectored off into another room by one of his great manswarm of chums, who began pouring an apparently delicious story down his ear.

The Invisible Wife had gone to the trouble of getting a sideswept multi-chignon hairdo and a Rue St. Honoré Chloe dress with enormous padded shoulders surmounted by piles of beading sewn on as thick as the topping on a peach melba precisely in order to cease being invisible. But from the moment the social current swept her into the path of Her Husband's business friend Earl, her intracranial alarm system warned her that *it* would happen, nonetheless.

After all, she had only been introduced to Earl four times in the past, at four different parties, and this time Her Husband was in another room.

"Hello, Earl," she said clearly and brightly, looking him straight in the eyes.

Earl's lips spread across his face in a great poly-urethaned smile. But his eyes were pure panic. They contracted into two little round balls, like a pair of Gift Shop Lucite knickknacks. "Mayday!" they said. "Code Blue! I've met this woman somewhere but who inna namea Christ is she?"

"Ohh!" he said. "Ahh! Howya doin'! Yes!—"

The little Lucite balls were bouncing all over her, over her hairdo, chignon by chignon, over her blazing shoulders, her dress, her Charles Jourdan shoes, searching for a clue.

"How're the children!" he exclaimed finally, taking a desperate chance.

This was the deepest wound of all for the Invisible Wife. The man had just passed his eyes over $1,650 worth of Franco-American chic and decided that the main thing about her was . . . she looked *matronly*.

How're the children . . . "They've got Legionnaire's disease," she wanted to say, because she knew these people didn't listen to the Invisible Wife. But she went ahead and did the usual.

"Oh, they're fine," she said.

"That's great!" Earl said. "That's great!" He kept saying "that's great" and looking straight through her, frantically trying to devise some way to remove himself from her presence before somebody he knew approached and he was faced with the impossible task of *introducing* her.

At dinner the Invisible Wife sat next to a man who was an investment counselor with an evident interest in convertible debentures. *Convertible debentures!* An adrenal surge of hope rose in the Invisible Wife. Somewhere down Memory Lane she had actually picked up a conversational nugget concerning convertible debentures. This nugget had to do with an extraordinary mathematician from MIT named Edward O. Thorp who, using computers, had devised an *extrinsic formula* for beating the stock market by playing convertible debentures. So she introduced her conversational nugget—Edward O. Thorp and the Convertible Debentures—into the conversation. She dropped it in, just so, ever so lightly; for, being a veteran of dinners like this, she knew that a woman can ask questions, introduce topics, interject the occasional *bon mot*, even deliver a punch line now and again, but she is not to launch into disquisitions or actually *tell long stories* herself.

"Edward O. Thorp!" the Investment Counselor said. "O my God!"—and the Invisible Wife was pleased to see that this topic absolutely delighted the Investment Counselor. He launched into an anecdote that lit up his irises like a pair of bed-lamp high-intensity bulbs. There is nothing that a man hungers for more at dinner than to dominate the conversation in his sector of the table.

The Invisible Wife soon noticed, however, that when the man sitting on the other side of her turned their way to listen in, the Investment Counselor looked right past her and directed the entire story into *the man's* face. Not only that, when this man was distracted for a moment by the woman on his other side, the Investment Counselor stopped talking, as if his switch had been turned off. He stopped in mid-sentence, and his eyes clouded up, and he just waited, with his mouth open.

After all, why waste a terrific yarn on an Invisible Wife? □



AHMED AND THE GAMEKEEPERS



"For the elephant farmers, as for most northerners in Africa, human life is an obvious threat to wildlife."

Violating Africa

by Patrick Marnha

THE MOST FAMOUS wild elephant in the world lived in the mountain forest of Marsabit, in Kenya, and was called Ahmed. He was remarkable for the beauty of his tusks. They descended almost to the ground in a graceful curve, and their slender points were sharp at the tip and slightly raised. Ahmed was protected from danger by special presidential decree. He was a symbol of all the remaining animals running wild in Kenya, and as such he was of some importance to both the science and the business of supervising elephants. It would have been a very serious matter if the president's wishes had been ignored and Ahmed had been poached. Everywhere he went through the forest of Marsabit he was followed by two armed forest rangers. When he left the safety of the mountain reserve and wandered off into the surrounding desolation, his guards went, too. Because of this, his position was always known to the local authorities, and he became accustomed to people. He was very easy to photograph, and every tourist who came to Marsabit wanted to see him. Thousands of visitors even made the uncomfortable trek hundreds of miles away from their usual haunts in order to view this singular beast.

But one night in 1974 Ahmed died. The rangers who watched him said that he had been looking unwell for several days, although to most people he looked normal. On his last evening Ahmed and two younger bull elephar his "acolytes," left the grassy slopes where th had been grazing in full view of the tour and disappeared into the forest for the nig The rangers disappeared after them, on fo The only description of Ahmed's last hours supplied by one of these rangers. He said t during the night Ahmed grew weak. At point he staggered, and to save him from falli the two bulls supported him until they reac a group of large trees. Ahmed rested agai these trees for six hours at an angle of degrees. Then his acolytes departed. In morning Ahmed, still at an angle of 45 grees, was examined and found to be de Later the ranger who produced this desc tion admitted that he had made it all up. had not actually seen Ahmed during the ni because he had been at home in bed.

As soon as Ahmed's body was found, alarm was raised, and a party of elephant perts was flown up from Nairobi. These cluded a professional hunter, the head of Department of National Parks, and several ga wardens and conservationists. Since Ahm had died deep within the forest, a special r several miles long had to be cut through trees, and after walking along this, the offi party eventually reached a clearing where fewer than twenty-five rangers were gathe around a fire.

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At the edge of the clearing was Ahmed. ere was a septic wound in his side, but the ɔerts were not sure whether he had been ached. For the time being, they were unable decide how he had died, and so, after a brief cussion, all but one of the party set off again · their airplanes, guided through the forest a child who was wearing a T-shirt with a gan on it that read, "Support your local imal."

Almost as soon as they left, the cool glade gan to fill with flies and blood and the ell of an elephant carcass, for the man left hind was Wolfgang, Nairobi's leading taxi-rmist, and he had started skinning. There d been another presidential decree: Ahmed s going to be stuffed.

Paradise up for grabs

THE WILD ELEPHANTS of Africa have become one of the great symbols of the conservation movement, and the need to protect them is preached all er the non-African world. Car bumper stick-s are displayed, fund-raising parties are rown, and schoolchildren trudge or swim roic distances so that helicopters and ammu-ion and wire fencing can protect the African ains. The survival of wildlife is presented as struggle between the conservation movement d the criminal greed of thoughtless men.

But this picture of Africa as the conser-tionist's defensible paradise is largely an il-sion. In fact, the struggle is not so much tween the law-abiding and the criminal as tween African interests and those of the tions of the North (the nations of the de-loped world usually lying between the 35th d 60th parallels—where the corn comes ɔm). For centuries the people of the North ve entered Africa as outsiders. Their steady rpose has been to change the place, to make more familiar and more comfortable for emselves. The whole weight of the conserva-n movement—its money, its skill, its pas-n—comes from outside Africa, as does the rm it is striving to overcome. There are of urse many Africans who are engaged in ldlife conservation, just as there are many rtherners making a fortune from illicit ivory aling. But it remains essentially true that nservation is an idea alien to Africa.

Modern developments that have threatened e survival of the African elephant—ivory aling, big-game hunting, intensive agricul-re, industrialization, even tourist disturbance are all the result of northern influence. And nservation is the northern solution to the problem that the North has introduced. The historic relationship between the North and Africa is one of conquest and resistance. And African resistance to conservation is partly resistance to imposed northern control. The real enemy of the conservation movement is not some stage villain, such as the "ivory dealer," but the persistent African identity, which prefers to blend with a wilderness rather than fence it in.

NOBODY HAS EVER counted all the elephants in Africa. Despite the concern about their declining numbers, they still inhabit regions so vast and remote, and travel such distances, that the task is impossible. But although the African elephant cannot be numbered, it can be profitably managed, or farmed, and the profession of elephant farmer already has several branches. It is, like all modern farming, both a science and a business, but the first elephant farmers were neither scientific nor very businesslike. They were the first white hunters who put their skill out to rent and who invented the elephant as an object of value beyond the natural value of its meat or tusks. For them the elephant was a beautiful and dangerous trophy that their clients could pursue and destroy, though never to the point of the extinction of the species. Reflecting on this problem in 1903, Capt. Richard Meinertzhagen noted the activities of an African hunting tribe in his *Kenya Diary*:

> *My tent was pitched close to a deserted Dorobo encampment. These people live by hunting, and it was clear that they had had good sport in the neighbourhood. The ground was strewn with the heads of rhino, in all twenty-five skulls, impala, zebra and bush-buck. . . . It convinced me of the amount of harm these people must do to game, but they are fast dying out, which is a blessing.**

"It is a pity," he noted later, "that an intelligent creature like the elephant should be shot in order that creatures not much more intelligent may play billiards with balls made from its teeth."

Meinertzhagen, dining off a wild duck he had shot and roasted, found that he had slaked his own bloodlust and decided that others, too, should be prevented from killing, so he proposed the first game reserve, where the animals would be protected from the attentions of unlicensed hunters. Sportsmen might still enter the reserve and kill regulated numbers of game, but uncontrolled killing must cease. And so

* The Ndorobo still number 21,034, according to the latest census.



ELEPHANT FARMERS

"As their numbers shrink, the remaining animals acquire a new importance; as their value rises, so does the number of people who are able to make a living out of them, the elephant farmers."

Patrick Marnham

AHMED AND THE GAME-KEEPERS

the interests of the native and the expatriate hunter were instantly opposed. A new principle, that of regulated slaughter unrelated to need, was imported, the offense of elephant poaching was invented, and the second generation of elephant farmer, the game warden, was conjured into existence.

The theoretical basis of elephant farming rests on the belief that the species is in danger of extinction. The controlled reserve, the earliest form of elephant farm, is presented as an institution for preserving the existence of creatures in their wild state. The paradoxical nature of this proposition is effectively disguised by the atmosphere of crisis that is essential to the well-being of the farm. Nobody actually knows how close the extinction of the elephant may be, because it is impossible to discover the number of animals alive today, let alone compare it with the number that existed in the past. In the absence of knowledge, approximations have to serve. Since no one disputes that the total number of elephants in Africa is diminishing, the approximations are increasingly pessimistic.* As their numbers shrink, the remaining animals acquire a new importa as their value rises, so does the number of ple who are able to make a living out of th the elephant farmers. It should even be po ble today to produce a completely new phant number, the *optimum* number of phants in Africa—that is, the lowest num of elephants commensurate with both the tinued survival of the species and the emp ment of the highest number of elephant fa ers. The fewer animals that are left, and greater the sense of crisis, the more pe

* Yet when approximations are made, the sense of concern about the elephant's survival is not always reinforced. A continental survey carried out in 1977 discovered a population of 81,000 elephants living in an enormous park in southern Tanzania that was found to have been omitted from all previous estimates. Nor, if the objective is to obtain exact information rather than to increase the sens concern, is counting elephants any more reward In 1966 a plan to shoot 2,700 elephants in T National Park (in order to gain more informa about the effects of overcrowding, which could sumably be used to assist the survivors in avoi being shot during the next such experiment) abandoned in the face of public disapproval. years later a drought in the same park caused death of about 6,000 elephants from among the crowded population.

So one of the classic battles of the elephant in try developed: the biologists declared that the sequent die-off in the drought had vindicated "heartless" demands for a control operation, the conservationists argued that it was a mistak interfere in nature's process and that to shoot 2 elephants that were within the protection of a g reserve was grotesque.

Perhaps both sides were right. After the dro the population of elephants within the park restored itself to its previous level, a mystery has never been explained.

ELEPHANTS

"At present the elephant is being drawn into greater competition with man for the use of the land. It is losing this competition partly because of its inability to hide."



und the world there will be to take an in-
st in the problem and the more there will
employed in supervising and stimulating
t interest. If, by some terrible calamity,
hant numbers were to be reestablished at
ir old flourishing level, elephant farming
ıld immediately collapse.

But this is unlikely to happen soon. At pres-
the elephant is being drawn into greater
npetition with man for the use of land. It
osing this competition partly because of its
bility to hide. And if its numbers are not
liminish even faster, it must get assistance.
e African elephant's chief competitor is the
ican cultivator, and insofar as the elephant
ustry exists to defend the elephant from
penalties of losing this competition, the ex-
riate elephant farmers are themselves in
npetition with the native crop farmers for
use of African land.

A properly constituted convention of ele-
ant farmers would include specialists from
ry branch. At the bottom of the table would
the original member, the unevolved figure
the professional hunter, now holding the
mblest status in the elephant-farming world.
e hunters like to kill elephants. Sometimes
elephants kill them. This is not the latest
proach, but the primitive and universal ex-
ement of the hunt is still an important part
the elephant's value. Even the most senti-
ntal tourist is partly attracted to wild an-
ls, from the supposed safety of his bus, be-
se they are dangerous. And even the most
ticcated biologists exchange stories of the
ks they run in their unarmed quest for in-
mation.

On almost as low a level as the professional
nters are the game wardens, disarmed hunt-
in spirit, many of whom spent much of
ir earlier lives hunting and whose duties in-
de hunting even today. Next are the con-
vationists, whose essential task is to raise
ds by publicizing the most tenuous possi-
ties of animal extinction. Their motto, that
n the conservationist "holds the fate of all
atures in the palms of his uncertain hands,"
a little embarrassing to their more sophisti-
ed colleagues, though it is good for public
ations. From the industry's point of view,
conservationists have one irreplaceable
ality: their activities in the interest of wild-
cause as many problems as they solve and
ensure a steady flow of new work all around.
ove the conservationists are the ecologists,
urprising number of whom now represent
vate commercial interests. They differ from
servationists in that while the latter wish
preserve wilderness, the ecologists are more
ncerned with the most efficient way of man-
aging wildlife; they can be scornful, for instance, of the idea of a game reserve. At the top of the table sit the biologists, usually men of science who have not yet become ecologists because they are still able to obtain funds from university departments. Their first task is to guarantee the scientific purity and high seriousness of what might otherwise appear to be a gathering of boy scouts and fire chasers.

The meeting would be chaired by the wildlife administrators—that is, by the only people who are native to the country in which the convention takes place. Their governments own the elephants, and if they merely responded to popular opinion, they would have been unlikely ever to have set up a single game park. The game park is not an African notion. The parks have always been unpopular with the people of Africa, and the governments of Africa are sufficiently responsive to popular feeling to avoid such disruptions where possible. It is likely that, given free expression, African opinion would be hostile to every assumption that united the other interests present. But a convention of elephant farmers is hardly a forum for the free expression of African opinion, the most eloquent record of which is to be found in the annual poaching figures.

Remember the Ik

FOR THE ELEPHANT FARMERS, as for most northerners in Africa, human life is an obvious threat to wildlife. The only relationship the two can enjoy is one of fierce competition. Everything in the northern experience teaches this. If wildlife is to survive in close proximity to humanity, there must be rigorous supervision and expert control. If necessary, the people and the animals must be prized apart physically, and if the animals are to be destroyed, this must be done in a duly authorized manner and to the enrichment of the industry. Nor is the destruction of wildlife in this rational fashion ever referred to as killing. The appropriate word is *control.** But control (a euphemism in the finest northern tradition, as expressive as the old-fashioned hunter's term for wildlife—*game*) is in itself a

* That it is not the killing of animals in a game park that distresses conservationists is shown by the following quote from the *Uganda National Park Handbook*: "Poaching in a National Park is intolerable not so much because animals suffer and lose their lives, as because there is no control over which animals die." The warden's job is no less than to control these animals in their wildness, and it is the poacher's arbitrary interference in his arrangements that he finds truly intolerable.



GAME WARDENS

"On almost as low a level as the professional hunters are the game wardens, disarmed hunters in spirit, many of whom spent much of their earlier lives hunting and whose duties include hunting even today."

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threat to the survival of the elephants. For instance, the official figures for Kenya show that in 1960, some 329 elephants were controlled —shot on the orders of the game authorities. But in 1971, at which time the elephant population was said to have been enormously reduced by poaching, the number of elephants that died from control had risen to 448.

To achieve the required degree of control, enormous areas of Africa, particularly in Kenya and Tanzania, have been set aside as game reserves. The Tsavo National Park in Kenya, only one of a dozen, is the size of Massachusetts: the Selous Game Reserve in Tanzania is twice that size. It has been suggested that much larger areas will soon be needed. It used to be thought that an elephant population might range over anything between 20 and 1,500 square miles, depending on the amount of food the land contained. Among elephant farmers, that passed as a respectable approximation, and such assumptions determined the present size of the African game reserves. But more recently the ecologists have suggested that elephants extend their range over a period of several hundred years through an area so vast that none of the present national boundaries of Africa could contain it. In other words, an elephant game park, if it were not to imprison its inhabitants within crippling bounds, would have to be capable of containing a species whose behavior apparently rivals that of humans in its scope and complexity—a prospect to daunt the most ambitious park planner. For a start, the suggestion that game reserves might have to be extended across international borders poses serious political problems for African governments, which are finding the burden of the existing conservation schemes too heavy to bear. It is already apparent that in imposing the present plans they are not responding to any indigenous demand. And they are aware of the suggestion that game reserves are no more than an attempt to rearrange Africa along lines that are preferable only in the eyes of expatriates.

The natural state of humans and wild animals everywhere is a chaotic jumble.* In Africa this state of chaos is still visible. The creatures tend to mingle with the people, living each off the other, coming and going, their numbers fluctuating in an undisciplined fash-

* It might be thought that there are some areas of intensive human activity that wild animals would naturally avoid. If so, they are not always the obvious ones. "People seem to think," said the Kenyan Minister of Tourism in 1975, "that when they step off their jet at Nairobi Airport they will see lions. They know nothing of our modern city." Nine months after the minister's statement, a Boeing 747 struck a hyena on the main runway during takeoff.

ion. So before the animals can be controlle they must be separated and placed in an ar from which the human inhabitants have be removed. Then the people can be directed take the place vacated by the animals. Su interference in human freedom clearly mands another neutral technical term, in t case *translocation*.

Because of their supposed rarity some imals are "translocated" over exceptional d tances. In the 1960s there was a general feeli that the scarce white rhinoceros was a thre ened species, and so 2,000 white rhinos w hoisted into aircraft and flown from South rica, the country in which they had until th survived, to the supposed safety of game pa farther north. The process by which an uns pecting rhinoceros can be attacked in the c ter of its territory—which it has painstakin marked out with a trail of urine and feces rendered unconscious, bound, and then lifted to a distant wilderness—there to be leased and encouraged to resume the da grind—is swift, expensive, and as unmar by self-criticism as the building of the A But it has little to do with preserving a spec from extinction: rather it is an assertion human control. Translocation tidies the sh and displays the conservationist's collection greater advantage, and with the translocat of elephants it reaches its greatest heights extravagance. Here is a species that is still numerous to count: nonetheless, whole he of elephants have been translocated arou Africa, regaining their freedom in an area forest superficially identical to the one which they were anesthetized, but this time only they knew it, enjoying the benevol protection of, perhaps, President Mobutu Zaire.

When it is too difficult to translocate imals, it is usually possible to do it to huma instead. Many of the game reserves were o inally cleared in this way. The misery t resulted is long forgotten, but the recent perience of the Ik people of Uganda is a minder. In 1958 farsighted men working the colonial administration declared a rem part of northern Uganda to be a game reser The country already had two large reserv but the new site was chosen to complem them and to provide a balanced sample of " extraordinary diversity of the country as whole." The valley of Kidepo was descril as a place of "wild, thirsty plains scored waterless sand rivers and fringed by wood hills, arid for the most part but relieved stretches of pleasant savanna in favou areas." Kidepo was consequently ruled off, animals protected from human pursuit



BIOLOGISTS

"The biologists are usually men of science who have not yet become ecologists because they are still able to obtain funds from university departments."

ed rangers, and a lodge erected for tour-
What the farsighted men had ignored was
these wild, thirsty plains were the hunting
ınds, or meat larder, of the people of Ki-
o, the Ik. Now, with their unrivaled view
r the pleasant savanna from their "primi-
settlements on the fringe of wooded hills,"
Ik were in a unique position to count,
le they starved to death, the 70-odd mam-
s and 200-odd bird species known to occur
the plain.

'he anthropologist Colin Turnbull, who de-
bed this event in his book *The Mountain*
ople, concluded that the only hope of sav-
the 2,000 remaining members of the Ik
ıe was to retranslocate them all in trucks to
thern Uganda, where they could be re-
ıcated as farmers. (In any event, the Ugan-
ı authorities did not adopt this suggestion,
l the Ik remained on their hillside—still
lernourished, their numbers declining, and
ir behavior toward one another deteriorat-
from its former standards, but refusing to
ve their own country, even in that extrem-
). In the absence of any action, the predica-
nt of the Ik can be expected to continue,
l that corner of the African shelf, if untidy,
at least still occupied, however painfully.
uckily the Ik are not numerous . . . so I am
ɔeful that their isolation will remain as
nplete as in the past until they die out com-
tely," wrote Turnbull in 1972, unconscious-
echoing the words of Meinertzhagen on the
orobo in 1903: . . . "the amount of harm
se people must do to game, but they are
t dying out, which is a blessing." Turnbull,
moralist, viewed the possibility of the Ik's
inction as fortunate in view of the evil na-
e of the society that they had developed in
ponse to their crisis. Meinertzhagen, the ad-
ıturer, was merely concerned for the future
the animals. But from the point of view of
Ik and the Ndorobo their predicament was
same. Both tribes were identified as a
eat to wildlife, although the people of both
ɔes depended for their whole existence on
survival of wildlife. Both were consigned
conservationists to possible extinction. Both
ɔstrate the penalties of separating people
m wildlife and of believing that it is in the
t interest of the latter that controls should
exercised.

In fact, the practice of conservation through
ne reserves is largely irrelevant to animal
vival. Even today the greater part of Af-
a's wildlife survives outside the reserves, and
reserves have played no significant part at
in averting the threat of extinction for any
e a small number of genuinely threatened
cies.

Translocated sensibilities

THERE IS ONE GROUP of people whose activities evoke the disapproval of both conservationists and African governments and whose rights can therefore be violated without causing any political problems. They are the nomadic pastoralists, such as the Masai. To deal with them, a different solution has been found. Since nomads are in a continual state of "self-translocation," the way to control them is to restrict their movement rather than to increase it, and in Tanzania a refinement has been added to the usual conservationist armory. Whereas game reserves exclude only certain human activities, such as unlicensed hunting, and national parks exclude most activities essential to intelligent life, the Tanzanian government has invented the Ngorongoro conservation unit, a flexible mixture avoiding an unacceptable degree of exclusion but permitting a complete degree of control in specified areas. The unit takes in the Ngorongoro Crater in northern Tanzania, an extinct volcano that has evolved into a refuge for wildlife and stretches for more than 100 miles of grassland as far as the Serengeti National Park.

These three districts—the crater, the conservation unit, and the park—cut directly across the essential migration routes of the Masai pastoralists. At first the Masai were excluded from all three, but this proved impossible to enforce since the Masai are not a weak tribe as were the Ik. So a "conservation unit" was created between the crater and the park in which the Masai were once again permitted to graze their cattle, although to save official face the grazing is supposedly supervised by conservation officers. But when the Masai get to the lip of the crater, whose grassland they traditionally reserved for use toward the end of the dry season when the surrounding food supply becomes exhausted, they are forbidden to go any farther. Instead, they are permitted and encouraged to station their children as an attraction for the tourist buses at the point where the track (which their own herds made) plunges down to the abundance below.

The Ngorongoro Crater, with its lakes and plains and streams and woods, certainly supports an unusual variety of creatures, and until recently these included man. But it is now such a highly controlled area that no one may enter it except by government bus. Such strict entry regulations would be impossible to enforce in most parks because they are far too big to fence. But Ngorongoro needs no fence. There



ECOLOGISTS

"Whereas the conservationists demand bigger and bigger game reserves, the ecologists are beginning to oppose the idea of game reserves altogether."

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are only two tracks into it, both spattered with boulders and easily supervised. So man can be totally excluded except on license.

The African crater came to an end when the Masai, who had enriched its life, were banished from it. Now it has been succeeded by the European crater, empty of man as an inhabitant, but seething with man as a day tripper. Even the light aircraft that deliver the tourists are forbidden to fly around the crater lest they disturb the natural environment, but nothing could be more forced than the pretense that Ngorongoro is in some way preserved from human influence. The magnificent display of unspoiled nature is as artificial as a safari park in the grounds of a stately English house, because without man as pastoralist or hunter there is nothing "natural" about the balance that is so painstakingly conserved.

The people who created Ngorongoro, insofar as anyone created it, did not do so by admiring the landscape or by understanding the effects of their actions. They did it by experiencing nature and, where necessary, submitting to it. The Masai without the grass of the game reserves will eventually be reduced to the level of the Ik, snatching food from the mouths of their own children. The life of the crater, bereft of the impact of man pursuing his own survival, is also seriously threatened. The conservationist who banishes man from the Ngorongoro landscape is as adept at reproducing a real landscape as a painter who paints only in sunlight. Without rain the painter's trees will eventually fall down, and then, if the illusion of summer is to be preserved, they must be propped up again, their bark retouched and their dead leaves glued on and sprayed a lifelike shade of green.

Time and again in African parks, steps have had to be taken to prop up the trees, to redress the crisis that has arisen as a result of isolating an area from African influence in an attempt to preserve it. In an isolated game reserve such as Ngorongoro, human intervention is considered necessary when animal numbers, through lack of competition, rise to the point where the balance will shortly redress itself in the form of mass starvation. At that point the conservationist acts. He has long outlawed tribal hunters and trophy hunters. Now he offers his own solution, the control hunter: himself. For the banished Masai, who lives off his cattle and never hunts even for food, the spectacle of the control shoot in Ngorongoro or Serengeti or Mara national parks must be confirmation of the dim-sightedness of the game conservers, the foreign men who spend their lives gazing in rapture across the land and seeing nothing at all.



MASAI

"The African who fashioned the habitat that the northerner so much admires did this not because he yearned for its beauty but because he yearned for its food."

WHEREAS the conservationists
mand bigger and bigger g
reserves, the ecologists are be
ning to oppose the idea of g
reserves altogether. They do so, howe
with a very different end in view from
foreseen by the Masai. The ecologists have
covered that the natural range of elephan
governed by rainfall and may follow reg
cycles, and that their movements in searc
food across known vegetation patterns in th
selves have a significant effect on the sprea
vegetation. Therefore, they argue that it is
helpful to cage elephants within a reserve
out understanding the factors governing t
range and without appreciating how the
ance of vegetation in the areas they inh
or are prevented from inhabiting, will be
fected. Their proposal is to remix the game
agriculture together in an entirely new f
the game ranch. This suggestion fills the
servationist with an instinctive sense of
ror. It is industrialization by sleight of h
the tame death of wildlife. If the farme
taught how to live with the game, how long
it be before he insists on entering the g
reserve?

Unfortunately for the conservationists,
ecologists are supported by the high pries
the profession, the biologists. Wild buck
vert pasture into protein more efficiently
cattle. And the more species that are allo
to use a pasture, the more efficiently that
ture is used. The utilization of vegetatio
wild animals is always more efficient than
most intensive form of beef ranching.
"best" meat herds are herds of wild buck
the biologist the conservationist's bel
Eden, the game reserve, is a much-admired
unused protein plant. The game ranch is
potentially lucrative, not a point to escape
ecologist with his professional interest in
least detail of the organic experience, any r
than it would be overlooked by the Afr
administrator. And the industry's constant
ment, control, would also, of course, be
ent. The entire savanna, with its mixtur
cattle and game, would be as closely contr
as a fattening station, and it is late in the
for the conservationists to object that su
degree of supervision over African grass
is alien and possibly destructive.

But what would happen, on a game ra
to the experience of communing with natu
a wilderness, to that "spirit which lives in
wilds," the search for which has always
the true motivation of the conservationist
wildernesses can no longer be justifie
places where animals can be protected,
long will they survive as areas where the

vationist can go to refresh his battered
ıl?* How much official cooperation for that
vate purpose can the conservationist ex-
ct? Even for the conservationist to ask for
is to reveal himself in his true colors, as a
ın not concerned to protect the diversity of
ecies so much as one concerned to defend
individuality of himself and as someone so
attuned to the world he shares that he
shes to refashion it in a shape from which
eryone else is excluded.

A little ivory

NOW AND AGAIN the elephant farmers have to pay a fee for the license they have been granted to manage one of Africa's most valuable resources. It part of the agreement they have struck with e national governments that they should ver be seen to be in charge of wildlife, and assist this part of the deal, it is sometimes olitic that they should clearly be seen to be der orders. So the elephant farmers will offer a scapegoat from among their number, and is role invariably falls to the junior branch the industry, the professional hunters. The nters are well suited to this task. Their pur- it is widely unpopular among the tourists, ıo provide so much of the industry's reve- ıe, and they are also unpopular among the frican officials because in the course of their ork they are always stumbling on evidence poaching, which is frequently organized by e officials. Finally, the hunters' business is a ambles. In the old days, in colonial times, e whole country was divided into hunting ocks, which had to be booked by the hunters r a particular client. Once this was done, all hers were excluded, and the hunters could el confident of being able to offer their clients decent trophy," some remnant of the carcass at would be accepted as decorative when ng on a wall. But today the booking system s broken down, and hunters frequently ar- ve on their allotted block to find it crowded th other people, all bearing an identical and clusive permit. Many of these interlopers e what the professional hunters term res- ents—that is, Africans rather than visitors.

In fact, there are about 2,500 "resident hunters" in Kenya, and only about 100 professionals. And most of the residents are after elephant, because the cost of the hunting permit, though high, is far less than the value of the ivory that can be obtained from the hunt.

Nor do these resident hunters always favor the classic technique of safari hunting: the slow stalk upwind; the silent final approach; the single shot from a sporting weapon, which has to be placed exactly if it is to kill the elephant rather than enrage it to charge. Some of these present-day residents are quite capable of driving around in a truck and opening up with a machine gun. Faced with this behavior and aware of the growing clamor of the men who say that hunting is the natural right of the Kenyan citizen (and who mean that they, too, wish to obtain a little ivory), the professional hunters have suggested that certain areas of the country be set aside for the residents to exercise their ancestral rights and that others be set aside for sport hunting. But since no one is prepared to admit officially that the behavior and motives of the resident hunters are just as the professional hunters describe them, this proposal is unacceptable. And despite all protests, despite the agreed fact that the number of elephants killed by professional hunters is small and well regulated and that the male elephants being hunted for trophies are invariably past forty—the limit of the age of reproduction—and that the fees paid for hunting licenses pay for most of the country's conservation program, a ban on professional hunting, the only form of hunting that does nothing at all to threaten elephant survival, is usually in force. And the hunter, like the pastoralist, is banned from Eden.

Such stratagems clear the way for the senior levels of the industry to carry on. And this they do, sometimes in the least predictable fashion. Which hairy-chested white hunter could have foreseen that his place in the bush might one day be taken by a bespectacled biologist, exercising fieldcraft in the pursuit of big game in order to calculate the relationship between fecal weight and body size? The size of elephants can be related to their age. If, after due comparison of bolus, circumference, and diameter, the relationship between the size of an elephant and the size and frequency of its motions were to be established, the biologists could, instead of counting elephants, just count their droppings—a more precise and less hazardous undertaking.

It is in the collection of such statistics that much of the elephant industry justifies its existence. The biologist, like the dung beetle, busies himself with his ball of animal drop-



HUNTERS

"The professional hunters have suggested that certain areas of the country be set aside for the residents to exercise their ancestral rights and that others be set aside for sport hunting."

* The very success of game parks all over the rld has recently forced the conservationist move- nt into an embarrassing admission. In the future s hoped that such parks will contain "wilderness eas" that people can enter only on horseback or foot. In other words, most people will not be able enter them at all. The first reserves set up in 1933 ve become so popular that they must now be de- d to most of the people who wish to visit them, t those few visitors who do get in have to look each other and realize where they are.

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pings, eventually to emerge from it triumphantly clutching a mouthful of facts. For what the elephant farmers fail to consider as they compile their records and measurements and deductions is that the uninstructed African, in his profound ignorance of the average circumference and density of elephant droppings and laboring under the delusion that the stars are God's cattle, has achieved a way of living with elephants and with all the other wild species that has resulted in the survival of those creatures to this day, so rendering scientific stratagems redundant. The African who fashioned the habitat that the northerner so much admires did this not because he yearned for its beauty but because he yearned for its food. The conservationist, loving the appearance of this landscape, took possession of it in the only way he could, as a beautiful luxury, a playground. But for the African the land was a necessity. He had to live off it, and to do so, he did not try to control it; he sought to survive in it, and if necessary, he was prepared to rearrange himself. At this he was an expert. The idea of improving his condition by the imposition of radical modifications was baffling to a man whose concept of an ideal condition was the success he enjoyed not at deliberately modifying nature, but at surviving within it.

The conservationist has never been able to come to terms with the possibility that it is not man who threatens the "untouched" landscape he so admires, but just northern man who does so. Rather than admit this, which would imply that modern methods of land use should cease, he asserts that all human activity threatens it and takes steps to isolate the land from human activity. By doing this, he is obscuring the real choice between the old life, which resulted in the creation of such natural wealth, and the new one, which is intended to create material wealth.

The conservationist wants his African landscape to resemble the world he found when he arrived: his guilt at the destruction that northern activities entail can be soothed, so long as this ornamental scene exists—undisfigured, as he supposes, by use. To the northerner the unspoiled African landscape presented a visual harmony that delighted him but that demanded that he, too, submit to the land if he was to live on it without destroying it. But submission did not come easily to the northerner in Africa.

The African, by contrast, had never consciously chosen to submit: it was simply that all experience of survival in Africa taught him that a degree of submission to nature was the key. Those who failed to realize this did not usually survive in Africa for very long. And it may be this reflection that explains the hal ual passivity of the presiding officials at convention of the elephant industry.

For a period of time this passivity will c tinue. But eventually the pressure on the em land will grow to an uncontainable degre And when it does, the destruction of wild may be much greater than if the conservat movement had never been started. By sett up reserves in which men who trespass be shot, conservationists are intensifying struggle between wild animals and men There are a limited number of duties that mortal individual can discharge to the adv tage of other creatures, and each increase the total of rights demanded on behalf of imals entails a diminishment in the numbe rights enjoyed by humans. Sometimes, as the case of the Ik or the Ndorobo, human rig are ignored in the interest of conserving w life. But almost every game reserve invol some interference in the rights of some lo population. The Kamba have been disposses by Tsavo, the Masai by Nairobi National P and by the reserves at Amboseli, Tsavo, Ma Mara, Serengeti, Ngorongoro, and Lake M vara.

From the point of view of the Kamba v cluster around the eastern edge of Tsavo shantytowns, lacking both jobs and land. colonial governments have gone, but the lonial game reserves remain, dividing the l and its life. If it should occur to them that quickest solution would be to kill all the imals that could not be caged or driven aw then the conservationist Noah will not o have built an unseaworthy Ark but will h been responsible for opening the floodgate will.



CONSERVATIONISTS

"From the industry's point of view, the conservationists have one irreplaceable quality: their activities in the interest of wildlife cause as many problems as they solve and so ensure a steady flow of new work all around."

* There are signs that in Tanzania this poo has already started. In January, 1978, "elephi meat at bargain prices" was put on sale as an novation in the effort to ease meat shortages. meat was obtained from animals that had been under a "control" program. In the same month United States government, at the request of servationists, was preparing to declare the Afri elephant an endangered species.

** The law allows poachers to be shot in Ken national parks if they resist arrest. Reports of s shootings occur regularly, and one of the advanta of the periodic hunting bans, according to the g authorities, is that all armed men in the bush be treated as poachers. In 1973, in Amboseli Nat al Park, poachers speared to death a rhinoceros turned out to be "Pixie," a conservationist sym Photographs of this animal were displayed in papers in order to alert animal lovers to the ev Subsequently, an enthusiastic letter from "one Amboseli's friends" urged that in the future the should authorize the authorities to shoot anyon a game reserve who failed to stop when challen and that to save the time of game department no inquests should be held on such deaths.

T TOOK FOUR DAYS to skin Ahmed. Because the whole elephant was to be mounted in the National Museum as a monument to Kenyan conservation, the skin had to be efully removed and immediately salted. It had to be kept damp. Then the ribs, limb es, and skull had to be cut out with tusks ct. Wolfgang, Nairobi's leading taxider-t, spent most of that time inside the rib e. He was dressed in short trousers and gum ts, and he tied a handkerchief around his to keep out some of the flies and the smell. the fourth day the eggs that the flies had in the intestines as soon as the stomach opened hatched out. Opening the stomach a difficult operation. It was full of wind, and lecay set in, it swelled up even more. There clearly the risk of a fairly sizable explosion, neither Wolfgang nor the forest rangers nted to be too close when it happened. The gers kept well clear, but Wolfgang had to the operation.

Now and again he emerged and stood on a and harangued the rangers, in English but h a strong German accent, about the need speed and the penalties that would ensue if president's wishes were disappointed. Few the rangers understood English at the best imes, and this had little effect. "He is *your* sident, not mine," Wolfgang shouted, drip-g with sweat and waving his knife, so that ps of blood flew all over the clearing. "If on't get the skin off tomorrow, it will be late to stuff him. *Harambee!*" But not n the slogan of national unity could rouse rangers, who sat around in their neat, cool forms, feeding a smoky and aromatic fire discourage the flies and chewing a relaxing . As soon as Wolfgang stepped back into elephant, they lay back again, and nothing turbed the profound silence of the forest ex-t their hacking and sneezing and coughing spitting and the occasional muffled cursing m within the shuddering carcass. The rang-seemed relieved by the death of Ahmed and the termination of their impossible duty to low him everywhere. Much of the time of entire Marsabit game department had been voted to this one task. The calamity they had feared was that some poacher would ot Ahmed without realizing who he was. At night, when it was too dark to work, lfgang would leave Ahmed in the care of rangers, who built up the fires to keep lions the carcass, and return to the tourist camp Marsabit, where he was closely questioned an attentive committee. There was the district officer who had been charged with making sure that all necessary assistance was given for the great enterprise, and there was the game warden who was always interested to hear theories about the cause of death. As Wolfgang continued his dissection, he threw out new pieces of information. The great explosion had never occurred because Ahmed's stomach had been empty. "Ah," the game warden said, "just as I thought. He died of starvation like all old elephants. His teeth wore out."

"No," Wolfgang said, "his teeth were in good shape, but something must have upset his digestion."

There was a brief sensation when Wolfgang discovered two bullets at the base of the tusks, but then he said that they might have been there for years. Perhaps they had given Ahmed a toothache so that he could not eat. Or was it the wound in his side that had upset him? The game warden looked around modestly, always prepared to defer to anyone else's opinion. A party of conservationists from the National Audubon Society of America was staying at the camp and wanted to see the carcass. The warden arranged this with Wolfgang, who was quenching his thirst, while the delegates, in their paramilitary jungle shirts and Audubon shoulder patches, watched from a respectful distance. Wolfgang was certainly interesting; but he was probably tired, and also, well . . . of course, he had taken a shower, but . . . wasn't there an odd smell from his direction?

The district officer was worried about a £20 million ($42 million) loan made by the World Bank for a tourist circuit in northern Kenya. Without Ahmed, Marsabit might not have much to offer. Perhaps they could keep him in a local museum, rather than send him down to Nairobi? Wolfgang was scornful. "Why am I stuffing this elephant?" he demanded. "He is not even very big. His tusks weigh 100 pounds below the record. He is only ten feet at the shoulder. Do you know what the record is?" Nobody did. "Thirteen feet!" Wolfgang was stuffing a dwarf.

By the end of the week the district officer had departed for his next outlying station and Ahmed had been flown down to Nairobi. Wolfgang was still uncertain about the cause of death. He knew only what the elephant had not died of. The wound in the side had not looked very serious. It certainly wasn't starvation. It was hard to say. The most closely observed wild elephant in the world had died suddenly, and despite its bodyguards and the immediate inspection by a party of experts and the total dismemberment of the carcass, the cause of death remained a mystery. It was not only the elephant who was well and truly stuffed. □



CROP FARMERS

"The expatriate elephant farmers are themselves in competition with the native crop farmers for the use of African land."



From ECCLESIASTES

by David Rosenberg

I. (1:1)

You can't take it with you
a breath
all we take in

in a life of action
and exhaustive playback
breath into breath

what progress
what dumb thing can we make
under the sun

out of human hands
greater than our sweat, glistening
in the brief flash of a human life

generations rise and fall
to the earth
that hardly changes

the sun also rises
and falls, gliding
beneath us

back to its starting place
like wind always returning
to us—from any direction

rushing past us
turning and returning
all rivers run

to a body, a sea
that hardly changes
like our deepest thoughts

contained in history
and the sea-bed of instinct
our words exhaust us

we are speechless
before this flowing
our eyes and ears

forever look and hear
and that's all they know
perfect little machines

everything that happens
happened
happens again

there is nothing new
to grow wild about
under the sun

including the man wildly shouting
"Look, this is new!"
he lived ages ago

in the beginning of time
before records
and even tomorrow

with its memory machines
is lost in space
by the men approaching the end.

II. (1:12)

I, the poet
was a king
in Jerusalem

I opened my mind
to explore to feel
everything

every reflection
under the sun:
an overpowering work

God gave a man
to make
with his life

I saw everything happening
under the sun
you can't take it with you

you breathe out
and a little wind shakes the world
alive around you

you can go with the wind
until you're exhausted
or against it and blue-faced

you can't save your breath
and you can't take
what isn't there

a tree bends to the sun
we can't straighten it
our mind can't overpower it

I said in my mind
I've grown rich
on experience

I'm the richest man
in Jerusalem
but what is this mind

and this desire
to abandon ourselves
in front of it

and I almost went mad
trying to add up
what I had

I grew nervous
I couldn't think straight
I was lost in the sun . . .

it's painful to hold
everything you own
inside

we can't take it—
rooted
to the air.

These poems were translated from the original Hebrew Book of Ecclesiastes and will be included in Chosen Days: A Book of Jewish Festivals, *by David Rosenberg, to be published in the spring of 1980 by Doubleday.* *Copyright © 1979 David Rosenberg.*

NAIPAUL'S LOSERS

subject races in distant places

by Paul Zweig

FOR CENTURIES the West has entertained a number of satisfying ideas about the far regions of the earth: Asia, inutable and wise; the Middle East, rupt, sensual, cunning; Africa, dark bestial. An entire history could be tten about the West's obsession with nibalism, for example. From Monne to Conrad, Europe saw itself tting at its peril in a man-starved ld. At the merest dent in the tight of civilized morality, men would be ng each other alive; or, to shift the ession, dissolving in lurid sexuality, swelling inhumanly in fantasies of imited power. It is remarkable how se images of degradation and dist also defined a map of extravace, of legend.

This ambivalence gave its special racter to the colonial adventure. e Spanish genocide in the Americas , not incidentally, married to the st for El Dorado, a fabulous city of d. Colonialism was also a form of realism. Whatever could be longed for and quested after was located in the human darkness that the world obligingly became.

This fantasy map was the West's language of power. Because we owned the world we were free to invent it, and, amid the silence of subdued peoples, no one contradicted these excrescences of the imperial dream. But the time of silence has passed, as the power has passed. During the past decade or so, the West has had to accept company in the world: people who do not recognize themselves as Orientals, say, or primitives—purely imperial categories —but as human beings who have needs, take up room.

The most interesting voice in recent literature to have dramatized this change has been that of V. S. Naipaul, the Trinidadian novelist who lives in London. Naipaul is often described as one of the best novelists "writing in England," or "in English," and the careful phrasing embodies all the ambivalence of his position. For Naipaul is a world migrant, a man of the old empire. His family came a century ago from India to Trinidad, part of the diaspora of races that England's world dominion made possible.

As a result, Naipaul is now a man doubly displaced. The very language he writes in is a residual form of empire, a last remnant of British rule. He has described India, on the other hand, as a "phantasm," mixed deeply with his earliest memories of childhood—a matter of smells, rituals, polychrome pictures of Hindu dieties. the twice-insular atmosphere of the Indian community of Trinidad.

Yet Naipaul is not Indian or English, a fact that is merely sharpened by the self-assurance and flexibility of his style. For Naipaul does not write in a borrowed language. He is a master of English style; he writes from its center, not from a cramped province in a

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shabby tropics as he has described his home island in an early nonfiction book, *The Loss of El Dorado*. Naipaul's lean, swift sentences are rich with ancestors: E. M. Forster, Evelyn Waugh. His descriptions of landscape draw on European masters, not one thinks of Flaubert, perhaps Maupassant: the precise, cleansed-out images, everywhere a tone of understatement, the right word incidentally come upon.

Naipaul's characters live painfully skewed lives. Their wants, their very hopes, are handed down to them as untruths from the powers that rule. It is their curse to be "mimic men" who see everywhere a ghostly valley of facades, of borrowings. Africans from Europeans or from monkeys. Europeans from each other. Indians. They are like nightmare versions of Naipaul's own position. The borrower is a man from nowhere. The better his impersonation, the more sharply defined is the personality that isolates him. Living theatrically, he lives at a distance in a world characterized by effects, by attributes.

Invariably the people in Naipaul's novels are seen as shrunken, their cruel pictures hanging limply about them. Naipaul can be hilarious—although the Swiftian knife is never far—about small people on small tropical islands who pontificate about the great things they would do, if they had the chance. What they would do is invariably defined by glossy magazines printed in America, or by the ludicrous optimism of advertising posters. The message seems to be that people who come from small places are destined to trip over thinking that is too big for them. Their life is a pratfall. It is the sad comedy of a subject race in a distant province. Under such conditions, merely to aspire, merely to undertake a task, is to be laughable.

Naipaul's stories can be thrilling, almost nihilistic, as in *A House for Mister Biswas*, a sprawling novel about a large family, the Tulsis, in their vast house in Trinidad, crippling with relatives. The Hindu of the area has made the miracle of marrying into the family, but it is still man with legs like toothpicks and pants that are too big for him. Biswas was born to fear, and he fears all the time. The Tulsis make a mouthful of him right away; there isn't anything left even to spit out. When Biswas finally gets a house of his own, he is cheated into buying a shack, and soon after he dies of a heart condition. For all its Dickensian proportions, the novel is claustrophobic. Everywhere one touches the limits of a small place, so that the sprawl of the novel becomes Naipaul's joke. The small man made even smaller by a house that is too large for him: that is Naipaul's subject. Without pressing too hard, one sees in it a parable of cultural displacement, the comedy of a life of borrowings.

The success of this early novel lies in the entirely unexpected angle of vision with which Naipaul views the colonial world, a world that, by the time he portrays it, contains virtually no colonizers. The colonizer is a negative presence: remote and strong, he doesn't have to be there to rule, for he exists in the engrafted hopes of his subjects.

Naipaul's novels are essentially comedies of provincial life, a tale of country cousins enlarged into a travesty of empire. Yet their tone was already tilting toward something much darker, and over the years Naipaul's work has followed the tilt. *In a Free State* (1971) and *Guerrillas* (1975) are, in their different ways, devastating books. The diminished characters pooling their talk together out of clichés are still there, but now they are murderous, and nothing redeems them. Both books are stories of the tropics—an African state in turmoil, a lush island on the verge of political upheaval. The stage is set for grand actions, adventure; it is the sort of setting dear to H. Traven in his novels of tropical revolution and, more importantly, to Conrad: the drama of empire, of white men in lush colonies struggling to resist the tragical darkness that looms, with all the mystery of a Gothic setting, until it matches some high romantic darkness in the men themselves.

Conrad, too, was writing at the decline of empire. He, too, was writing about something tragically skewed in the relationship between the races that was destined to bring out the worst in both. In this he saw a "flabby devil" at work. But Conrad was still close enough to Kipling and Stevenson to want heroes, men whose very failures were resounding. Kurtz, in *Heart of Darkness*, is a sort of fallen angel; his lapse is not trivial. He is the traveler the dark wood who went astray cause there was no Virgil to guide His sinister quest is of that order.

Naipaul's work of the past decade shadowed by Conrad. When Bobby English homosexual driving across Africa in *In a Free State*, says: "I that book," the book is *Heart of D ness*. Bobby's African darkness been reduced to the dark bodies African boys. Like Kurtz, he perf his "unspeakable" rites with the p of the jungle, but they are sad, tronizing rites. The freedom of "state" is appallingly diminished. it is not free, either, merely inexpen Bobby is an anti-Kurtz, a mincing happy character. There is no scop him for tragedy. At best he rises ingly to a sort of weak pathos.

Linda, who accompanies Bobby his book-long drive across the Afr state, is one of a series of wome Naipaul's novels who are chara ized by a sort of rancid femini We see her as Bobby does: a we of armpits, small unhappy breasts, foil packets of vaginal deodorant. a woman like her that Jimmy, in G rillas, calls "rotten meat," that S in Naipaul's newest novel, *A Bend the River*,* thinks of as perilously rupt. Bobby and Linda volley cli at each other as they cross the tin landscape of the Rift Valley and mist- and smoke-draped mountain the Conrad-like interior. They re nize each other as borrowers, and the snare in a tedious deflating gu that is so "old settler," this is so "B man," *et cetera*.

Naipaul's realism is relentless. Africa is not dark, merely disorgan and cruel. There is no far-off capit embroider with large fantasies a the novels of Trinidad. The poss is the world: the horizons of l desire are irredeemably false. A and Bobby deserve each other. W en, that other horizon of desire, "rotten meat." The African sold small-eyed and plump, cruel ou some unfeeling reflex, match Bo and Linda—they, too, live wit horizons, or with borrowed horiz their behavior an anthology of tudes gleaned from white men.

In the end, only the landscape

* Published last May by Alfred Knopf; 278 pages, $8.95.

ns: misty valleys, oceanlike sweeps plain, crushed, blood-bright mud, junkyard wrecks of settlements e back to bush. Naipaul's land- pe is, finally, more complex and ding than his human characters, an ıy I'm not sure he intended.

REALISM, we know, is never neutral. In nineteenth-century novels, it represented an assault on the harmful lies of ıantic illusion. Yet Flaubert, an h-realist, knew that Madame Bo- y was also, importantly, himself. r aspirations gave her a kind of dry grandeur. Naipaul's realism is ter: there is no underlying state- nt of sympathy. The comic distance maintained earlier has become a pure ault, as if, to root out the soaring of colonial romanticism, everything ıantic and soaring had to be ampu- d and man reduced to the small, otistical predator he "really" is.

n *The Loss of El Dorado*, Naipaul pte about the Spanish and English editions into the jungles of Vene- la to find a fabulous city of gold. was believed to lie across the nar- strait from Trinidad, on some ning mountain, almost within ıt. Year after year, the Spaniards ndered into the jungle. They found hing and died, or went crazy. The rium of absolute wealth lured them powerfully that they never saw the d itself: a dead-end colony tacked o a jungle island, an Indian cul- e that was killed off before anyone the idea to tell what it was like. d so, Naipaul writes, Trinidad, a -end of empire, was fathered upon allucination.

Colonialism, for Naipaul, is a delir- n of El Dorados. Kurtz capering in jungle, Bobby lusting after nubile ck boys, are the purveyors, and vic- s, of an ignoble dream.

The hatred of El Dorado" might Naipaul's motto for his work of the t decade. Even his brilliant report- *India: A Wounded Civilization* uses, characteristically, on the dead- ng that must come when men live h images of grandeur. The India paul sees is a lie, a phantasma- ia of Gandhian myths, religious tudes decayed into "self-cherish- ." masked egotism. It is, again, a inishing vision, although a moving one, for India concerns Naipaul as it does few men of our civilization. In writing about it, he is writing about the home he cannot go back to—he is defining his expulsion from a past. Yet he finally shrinks India too much, freezes it in the flatness of his realism. His hatred of El Dorado will not allow India a future, any more than Bobby or Linda or Jimmy is allowed a future. This is the limit of Naipaul's vision—the limit, perhaps, of all realism when it does not swing paradoxically back into the largeness it has destroyed, a largeness renewed now, and fresher, for the purge of truth-telling.

With Naipaul's bleak realism, we have reached the end of his colonial fantasia. Not only are the former lands of mystery not mysterious, they are desperately ordinary, depressing as a slum. This fascination with the squalor beneath the dream has become oddly popular in recent years. One thinks of Paul Theroux's amus-

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The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

"The state has increasingly replaced the church in determining how we should behave," writes Oxford professor R. M. Hartwell in his introduction. "Politics is now religion." Fourteen scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. They are Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

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the continents of small, impossibly dusty places, all that remains of the florid fantasies of the East, or of the recent spate of newspaper articles on Saudi Arabia as a land of undigested technology and ugly urban sprawl. As the colonial power has ebbed, so, apparently, has the freedom to dream. Could there even be a hint of revenge in these relentlessly diminishing vistas with, as a disturbing echo, Kurtz's pronouncement, in *Heart of Darkness*, on the "savages" he cannot, finally, control: "Exterminate all the brutes"? Might not Naipaul's expanding fame have been riding this muted bitterness at the demise of the colonial power? If so, the irony is terrible, for Naipaul had, all along, been writing about himself: the sharpest edge of his realism cut inward. For all the dazzling skill of his "borrowings," he is not one of us.

PERHAPS IT IS the uneasiness of Naipaul's stance that has led to an extraordinary loosening of his vision in his recent novel, *A Bend in the River*.

The novel again is set in Africa, in an ex-colony reverting to ruin. In the wake of independence, the country has become a patchwork of splintered towns, bush, dislocated tribes. One can no longer tell in which direction time flows, for Europe, the mother of time, of progress, has retreated to an immeasurable distance. This distance reveals a shift in Naipaul's point of view. In *A Bend in the River*, to rephrase Yeats, the colonial center has not held, and things have long since fallen apart. But the debris harbors survivors who are building a desultory, horizonless life for themselves. This life is what matters now to Naipaul: not its self-deception bred of dependence, but its raw struggle, its needs.

The story is told in the first person by Salim, an East African Indian who has bought a small business in a town deep in the interior. In the rage of independence, Salim's community on the East African coast has been destroyed, his people dispossessed. Now he has only a bare concrete barn in a ruined town, and the hope of selling [illegible] ballpoint pens and pots and pans to the men of the bush. Salim sees the paradox of this sparse but loose [illegible]

> *the site look old, like the site of a dead civilization. The ruins, spreading over so many acres, seemed to speak of a final catastrophe. But the civilization wasn't dead. It was the civilization I existed in and in fact was still working towards. And that could make for an odd feeling: to be among the ruins was to have your time-sense unsettled. You felt like a ghost, not from the past, but from the future. You felt that your life and ambition had already been lived out for you and you were looking at the relics of that life. You were in a place where the future had come and gone.*

For Salim, there is no alternative to this surreal eddy in the jungle—its precarious modernness, its extremely questionable peace, with no past to anchor it, and no believable hopes to extend it.

This commitment, beyond rage and bitterness, gives Salim a dimension few of Naipaul's characters have had. He is not simply a provincial borrower to be cut down to size. Neither Europe nor India has ever been real enough for him to purloin its mannerisms. Salim is a castaway, struggling to find footing in a world that has no footing. Everyone Salim knows is engaged in this struggle: his fellow merchant Mahesh; Indar, a brilliant childhood friend from the coast who is passing through the town; Yvette, a European woman Salim has an affair with; Raymond, Yvette's husband and the countryside's one white intellectual; Ferdinand, a boy from the bush who aspires to be the new man of Africa. All of them flounder and slide in the town's swamplike insecurity.

One recognizes Naipaul's reflex of demystifying realism in his presentation of these characters. They speak in ideas that don't fit; they try on attitudes, and set them aside. But we see them through Salim's eyes, and Salim is not quick to judge. Curiously innocent, almost wide-eyed, he discovers their failure, as they talk in long Thornton Wilder–like soliloquies. These soliloquies are keenly intelligent, often touching, yet they are not exchanges, not really conversations. They are solos. The town requires such egotism, for relationships here are flimsy—the social bond does not exist except as an idea, a fictional import from Europe. "It isn't that there's no right and wrong here. There's no right," says Salim's friend M[illegible] and the words become a leitmo[illegible] the book.

Few places in recent fiction [illegible] hellish as Salim's town, yet N[illegible] offers it to us in all its concre[illegible] and we see not squalor, but a r[illegible] of ordinary living, evoked with[illegible] care, as if rougher handling [illegible] break the network of fine details[illegible] paul here is not an anti-Conra[illegible] Africa lives for itself. It is not [illegible] nor, on the other hand, is it a [illegible] ished province of empire. It is [illegible] less, ordinary place, governe[illegible] natural selection. Here is the d[illegible] of a former colonial edifice:

> *Squatters had taken over the do[illegible] stairs part, cooking on fire st[illegible] in the verandah and throwing [illegible] their rubbish onto the courty[illegible] and grounds. Strange rubbish, [illegible] the tins and paper and boxes [illegible] other containers you would ex[illegible] in a town, but a finer kind [illegible] waste—shells and bones and ash[illegible] burnt sacking—which made [illegible] middens look like grey-bl[illegible] mounds of sifted earth.*

There is a quality of loving c[illegible] ment in Salim's perceptions. P[illegible] it is a form of ancestral piety, an [illegible] mindfulness that persists, as if [illegible] own, in the life of this new Ro[illegible] Crusoe. It makes Salim one of t[illegible] markable observers in modern [illegible] ture.

In an earlier time, novels we[illegible] pected not only to tell stories, b[illegible] give information. No one before [illegible] bert had transcribed with such [illegible] rious accuracy the life of a s[illegible] backwater town in the French [illegible] inces. Naipaul, too, brings us inf[illegible] tion. I cannot imagine a more [illegible] plex, quietly nightmarish descr[illegible] of contemporary Africa than *A [illegible] in the River*.

It is a measure of how subtly [illegible] paul has grasped the collapse o[illegible] colonial El Dorado that, in *A [illegible] in the River*, the myth has circled [illegible] on us. Africa, seen without pi[illegible] shown to be densely real, a pla[illegible] eternal rhythms and long, brutal c[illegible] of life. It is Europe and An[illegible] that are unseen, unreal. El D[illegible] now exists in the glossy magi[illegible] Salim reads. It is the London [illegible] fades when, fleeing at last, he a[illegible] in the actual London.

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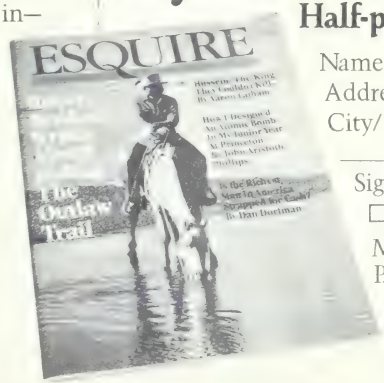
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th Mother and Other Poems, Frederick Morgan. 112 pages. Uni- ity of Illinois Press, $10.00; paper, 5.

Star-Apple Kingdom, by Derek cott. 58 pages. Farrar, Straus & ux, $10.

ebrae, by Geoffrey Hill. 44 pages. ghton Mifflin, $7.95; paper, $4.50.

River and the Train, by Edwin k. 63 pages. New Directions, 5; paper, $3.75.

THE DECADE OF the '70s was peculiar, as we all know. Quiet and disquieting at once, punctuated by outbursts of public rage that seemed to come to nothing, beset by unnatural violence (mass suicides, terrorism of the innocent) that was smothered but never controlled, nor even defined, by our huge, antiquated social machines: most of us feel, I think, that in fundamental ways our time is out of joint and that nobody knows what to do about it.

Consequently it was heartening to see in the last months of the decade certain signs of revivification. More and more people uniting against nuclear folly, for instance, and against persistent economic, racial, and sexual cruelty. In poetry, although the decade produced unprecedented tons of versified mumbling and snoring, a number of good books appeared toward the end, perhaps thirty or thirty-five that truly delighted me. I cannot write about them all, but I shall try, in brief, inadequate paragraphs, to notice a cross section.

For years, as far as anyone knew, Ralph J. Mills, Jr., was a critic; a good one (see his *Cry of the Human*), but no more than that. Then more recently his poems began to turn up, a few here and there, in magazines, booklets; somewhat unsure at first, but stronger as he progressed, quieter and firmer, until now, in *Living with Distance*, which is his first full-scale collection, we discover a very fine and possibly major poetic talent. Mills does everything wrong. If one is so disposed one can read his poems as no more than a succession of blatant personifications, outrageous pathetic fallacies. For my part, I think he makes them work. He sets down very precisely, simply, and lucidly bits of experience, within which his own poetic feeling somehow inheres, inexcerptibly:

A cold wind whirls at the mind's
corners—disconsolate, it whistles
in the tangled strands of grass
low wordless tunes
of what we've missed.

Simple? Yes, it seems so. But a critic knows—how he knows!—the thousands who try it and fail. To mix such abstract and concrete figures in one imaginative thrust, without folly, without obvious, jarring error, is difficult beyond belief. Mills does it. His whirling wind *is* disconsolate, and the sound it makes in the grass *does* possess human meaning. The effect is whole, real, true.

A bird whose name I don't know
calls out
from the green paradise of elms
slowly aging
a cry harsh and lonely as a
whistling freight.

I turn on the blade of his voice
and spread wing,

Hayden Carruth is the poetry editor of Harper's. *His most recent collection of poetry is* Brothers, I Loved You All *(Sheep Meadow Press).*

under the cloud and shadow of
flight.
A red seam of light opening edges
along
the horizon
gives my life back again as if it
were mine,
bobbing high on its string
above the broken crests of water.

From other poems we know that the water is Lake Michigan, but beyond this the poem is perfectly self-contained. And I suspect everyone can respond to it, everyone has known this soft derangement, one's life gone out as if on the "blade" of a bird, then given back, a tumbling kite on a string —so tenuous, still so heroically and pathetically one's own. Few poets can make such simple perceptions work this expressively, or risk the triteness of "a cry harsh and lonely as a whistling freight" and get away with it. Mills does it in poem after poem. His success is verbal, of course, but beyond that it lies more deeply in the quality of his vision, humane and modest. It is, nevertheless, a transcendent vision, beyond ego and all its determinants, a free existence synthesizing its own subjectivity and living, as Mills says, "with distance." One could not ask for better examples of what human imagination can do in the ordinary human predicament.

No other living poet gives me as keen a sense of intelligence, the mind at work there on the page, as Jean Valentine. I have read her three earlier books with care, and many times, for that is what they demand and reward. Her style is spare, brilliant, notational; a score to be sung by the pondering heart. I cannot always follow her leaps of thought and feeling, and sometimes I am baffled by her obviously purposeful errors: three times in her new book "who" is used for "whom," twice the active mood is used for the subjunctive. Granted, our language is changing, such trivia are a grammarian's nostalgia; yet the idea of the precision of language is still alive, and these errors do not sort well with the acuity of Valentine's style in other respects. Why does she use them? I am uncertain, as I am of other, more important things in her work. But most of the poems in *The Messenger* are clear. From the bitterness of her earlier poems, Valentine is turning toward new vitalism, the sense of a purely human spirituality:

My eyes were clenched, they are
opening . . .
everything, nothing . . .
We aren't afraid.
The earth drips through us

This is verbatim, a whole "stanza," its own ellipses, its own lack of terminal punctuation. And everything counts, not one mark, one letter unstudied. "The earth drips through us," and we are "kin"—a word repeated often in these poems—although "the hidden way of each of us, buried," still holds us in essential solitude and makes poems possible; otherwise undifferentiation would turn our speech into echolalia. "What we had, we have," she writes. And: "Now I can turn,/— now, without want, or harm—/turn back to the room, say your name:/ say: *other* say, *thou*. . . ." These are poems of urgency great enough to be terror, speaking in the stammer, the eloquent helplessness of terror, yet the power of feeling has been converted to love, an embracing magnanimity. Such poems are very, very rare.

EDWIN HONIG'S POEMS seem so clear and simple that no account of them is needed. There they are; go and read them. Many are beautiful. But his work is not as well known as it should be, and as for beauty—sometimes I think it must be actually despised these days, so few poets even acknowledge its possibility. I know, the times are cruel and filled with urgency, and our self-consciousness has become so frighteningly complex that we can hardly do more than pry out bits of it—which is why poets like Jean Valentine are so valuable. Yet there are other values, older but equally necessary, if life is to be worth living at all: values of song, grace, and metaphysical poignancy.

I heard joy speak to me
your joy and the time spent
neither wishing nor having it
before it came
after it went

This is touching—I use appropriately an old-fashioned term—in its wry vision of joy as a moment in joyless time; it is fetching in its simple rhythm and spontaneous rhyme, a stanza of random harmony. But is it really random? Notice the sounds not caught in the rhyme alone: your/nor; t came; having/after. Notice how s plays against the accents, no lin any other. Notice that the "n wishing nor having" may be a ki joy too, the before and after, they, too, are speaking to the po the joy he hears. It is a Blakea nocence of perception, i.e., not cent at all, but painful and wise singing is the human search for vival, whistling in the dark. I b Honig's poems, at least many of reach back to the heart of Renais fear and bravery, to Ronsard Wyatt, the cult of love and deat short, to Romance. We are trying rather desperately to free ours from it, and we must do so. But if process we jettison beauty as well our freedom will not be worth the ing; and this, whether or not th tend it, is what poets like Honi saying to us, their ultimate mea We cannot safely neglect them, no our ears to their lightly antique grace, for otherwise our languag be no more than communication, what refined animal barks and song, and we shall have lost the ponent that makes words uni human.

Philip Levine, on the other seems to write in plainer and p language, commoner and comm forms: the flat declarative monot current fashion. I don't know w does it, I know he can write pungently; but perhaps one ans that he needs precisely this barr self-imposed conformity in ord force his personal vision and ima his embodied thought and fe through it. This is what he does and again in *7 Years from Somew* his ninth and newest book. And I *constancy* is the word for al poems: bitterness steady from bo book, grief for blight and povert violence, yet with the poetic, hu consciousness holding out. "Yes writes, in a poem about his ene

even alone at night, blinded
by their headlights and pushed
by rough unseen hands,
I knew that life was somehow
all I would be given
and it was more than enough.

More than enough? I don't belie But Philip Levine does, and that wonder of his poems, the real p of them, which turns my unbel

, our strange modern duplicitous
, what we live on, strong in its
lessness, the meat of survival. I've
ı reading Levine's poems for twen-
ears. Some poems in his new book
among his best, and a few are the
of all.

obert Bly is another poet I don't
eve and never have. He explains in
preface to his new book, *This Tree
l Be Here for a Thousand Years*,
he is aware of two consciousnesses,
own and those of the "inanimate"
gs around him: pebbles, moons,
grass. For my part, this is Sweden-
gian nonsense, very dangerous. It
s our minds as it saps the beauty of
natural world. Distance and differ-
e are what make us conscious, not
y homologies. But let it go; Bly
es against my grain, yet in some
ms he catches me, and I am not
my guard. "Sometimes when you
your hand into a hollow tree/you
h the dark places between the
s." Not many of Bly's readers have
e that, I imagine, but I am a
ntry poet, like him, and I *have*
e it. I'm damned if he isn't right. I
back. Sometimes it is good, better
good, to guard oneself and still
caught.

WITH HARVEY SHAPIRO there is no problem of belief, but there is another. Years ago when I his *Mountain, Fire, Thornbush*, h I still recommend warmly to anywho can find it, I believed, as I do , that it contained poems of Jewlife so cogent and expressive that must be irresistible to anyone. e then Shapiro has continued writ- but has made his living much of ime as a newspaperman—a profesby no means as degraded as many s in their "purity" contend—and is now editor of the *New York es Book Review*. This is the prob- In the cock-eyed protocol of the erary world," his position means no else can review his books for fear mputed toadyism. Well, I am con- to leave protocol where it belongs ith the perpetually menopausal s of New York and Iowa.

hapiro's style and tone have nged from his early work, not al-s, I think, for the better; but his ency and expressiveness are still

"ILLNESS AS METAPHOR"

—for Susan Sontag

by Patricia Goedicke

But somewhere outside Washington, in the crowded flatlands of science
I know you're lost, I'm terrified, all night long
In the steel cabinets of the dream I'm rifling the file cabinets
In a basement full of barbed wire I'm trying to find out who's inside
Besides typewriters and statistics, the final solution to everything,

Like a drab spy with my bicycle leaning against the wall outside
I'm trying to get to you before they do,
I know they only want to be helpful but I want them to be careful,
I know this is not really Ravensbruk,
They would never consciously use us as guinea pigs

But you're lost, and I'm lost, and the poor everywhere,
And though I agree, in this century it is certainly irresponsible
Even to suggest that cancer is anything but superficially similar to a world
So sick it may not ever be able to cure itself,
The nightmare keeps coming back, comparisons

Proliferate like death, in dreams the metaphors we make
Pursue us everywhere, the unpurged images of each day
Cram themselves into the portmanteau of perfectly ordinary words
Incarnate in bloody flesh, that agonized cipher reason
Alone can never analyze, even by onionskin turned brown,

For the data banks are too full, overflowing with breasts, colons
Mutilated arms, legs, faces
Several pairs of ovaries and millions of gaunt babies
Starving, covered with flies, in test tubes or merely black.
In political theory or philosophy this may be confusing the issue

But in the cataclysm of now
Who cares about later? Really and truly and forever
The spirits interned in the body
For the duration, though the Brothers are waiting for us, they swear
Surely some country will grant us immunity

Wouldn't you think, society's not that interconnected, is it?
Well but unless you're utopian, even the latest miracle's
Endless, though the name changes, the disease
Remains the same, so why do you look at me like that, behind bars

In the damp nightsweats motionless as the radioactive
Needle drips like a time bomb through your veins but listen,
Why should a mere figure offend? Under the infra-red
Metaphysical lamps it's easy to break the code: in this darkness
I'm just calling a concentration camp a concentration camp.

with him, perhaps more consistently than before. Jewish life, faithlessness within faith, spiritual bitterness within loving ceremony, humility within lust: that compounding so attractive to the rest of us. Shapiro's new book, *Lauds & Nightsounds,* is full of it, and is as purely and safely poetry as any other of the collections in this review. Is it that only someone deep in that compounding can work two streets so close together, art and journalism, and keep them apart? I don't know. But I like Shapiro's book immensely, and I hope many people will read it. I implore them to read it, and slowly, one poem a day, contemplating each discovery of the great Jewish voice that still, with a few others, can speak to our horrid epoch.

In Allen Grossman's poems, too, I find passages reminding me of Hebrew elements in our tradition, but here almost entirely in cadence and tone, not thematically or attitudinally. His work is assimilated to the whole Western poetic vision. I think his new book, *The Woman on the Bridge over the Chicago River,* is one of the finest I have seen in the past decade. Here is the first half of the title poem:

Stars are tears falling with light inside.
In the moon, they say, is a sea of tears.
It is well known that the wind weeps.
The lapse of all streams is a form of weeping.
And the heaving swell of the sea.

Cormorants
Weep from the cliffs;
The gnat weeps crossing the air of a room;
And a moth weeps in the eye of the lamp.
Each leaf is a soul in tears.

Roses weep
In the dawn light. Each tear of the rose
Is like a lens. Around the roses the garden
Weeps in a thousand particular voices.
Under earth the bones weep, and the old tears
And new mingle without difference.
A million years does not take off the freshness
Of the calling.

Eternity and Time
Grieve incessantly in one another's arms.
Being weeps, and Nothing weeps, in the same
Night-tent, averted,
Yet mingling sad breaths. And from all ideas
Hot tears irrepressible. . . .

It goes on, another page of weeping, and I suppose some who have tin ears may say it is too much; the worse for them (though not they but their schooling may be the impediment). This is poetry; I want to shout it, POETRY, its roots deep in line and measure, in dance, in the primal biological rhythm (and cosmological, for that matter). Grossman's book is not all as intense as this. Some poems are slighter, more experimental, more facile; but most are not, and again and again I find language rising; the inscrutable ancient power of the word, not lost, not scorned, not waved aside in favor of stylish flummery. This book is a godsend. No one should miss it. Grossman writes in such a way that I have the sense of words *applied* to the page, as paint is applied to canvas. But the medium is not paint, nor words either, nor anything palpable; it is meaning, and the poetry is a play of meaning within meaning, meaning against meaning. See it in the passage above. Then see it in many other poems in Grossman's book, including, almost incidentally, "The Ballad of the Bone Boat," which I am inclined to think is the best ballad in English since Coleridge. Clearly—and significantly—I cannot praise this book enough.

From Room to Room is Jane Kenyon's first book, written, moreover, in the casual, low-toned poetry I have deplored elsewhere. But I include her in this company of her elders because her poems, the best of them, really are expressive in the way intended by other young poets, so often unavailingly. It is a question of topic, I think. Kenyon has something deeply felt to write about, her emigration from her native Midwest to a home on a New England farmstead. Through the small details, natural and social, of her new life, she evokes indirectly her bewilderment, her gradual settling in, her recognition of the moral and psychological and cultural values of her new environment. The poems are charming. Taken altogether they are more: poignant, ultimately joyful. I expect before long Kenyon will find her own voice more firmly and the structures that will reinforce it. Meanwhile she has given poems that are a pleasure to rea pleasure to hear—fully successful in their acknowledged limits. Her l also contains six translations of p by Anna Akhmatova, which nearer than others I have seen to s ing my ignorance why that woman been placed so high in the judg and affection of her Russian rea

With Frederick Morgan we re to the older, grimmer poets. Mo has published sparingly so far, an new book, *Death Mother and C Poems,* is only his fourth. A long forward from his earlier work, ever. No poet is more various of m I place him among the "grim," w he certainly belongs—the title poe tablishes that—yet he ranges wi indeed in both tone—tough, pla or stentorian—and theme—lust, derness, sorrow, mystical tranqu What permits this breadth of sens ity, I believe, is his firm base in a gious understanding of existenc base so firm that it can be questio teased, even battered, as he hi does in poem after poem, without age; indeed, it seems to grow, like taeus, from each downflinging, w er into lust or the muck of morta and from it all Morgan emerges, debonair Christian lover with an equally for his lady and for rocks flowers, palaces and casinos, the tery of the shadow and the sourc light. "What remains?" he asks. song./To be bandied among the glers/and parceled out by the dlers . . . /something given/as all is given here—/once in the tar steaming heap/and once in the mir In other words, poetry comes fro humility of the one in all and eq from the self-consciousness of the in one. These are not ideas or fee new to us, of course. But Morgan them freshness, new power, fro own quite distinct perceptions an clear voice.

FINALLY, three exceptio good poets from abroa must present them briefly no less enthusiastically that. Derek Walcott, the Carib poet who has spent a good deal of in our country, has, in his new b called *The Star-Apple Kingdom,* g us his best work so far, and that

think, the poems written in a wide-
ging language based on folk idioms
'rinidad and Jamaica but extend-
into vocabularies as refined as
e of T. S. Eliot or Wallace Stevens.
. all mixed up together; it is beau-
. More than that, it gives Walcott's
ry a power that comes only from
nection with the whole community,
ower our own poetry has almost
. If we are to find it again, we must
y Walcott carefully, and others
him, including our own black
s.

he case with British poetry is en-
ly different. It has become so deriv-
e, so monotonous, that for years
have paid little attention to it. Yet
now three fine British poets, too
h neglected here. One is Peter Red-
ve, who has a new book out in Eng-
l, not available here. The second is
ffrey Hill, whose *Tenebrae*, his
rth book of poems, has been pub-
ed in America as well as in Eng-
l, and is the best book of devotional
try in the modern high style since
t's *Ash-Wednesday*. The third is
vin Brock. His new book, *The River
the Train*, moves from the urban
ne of his earlier work to life among
rural poor, and its bitterness equals
force of his best earlier writing.
ck is clearly carrying on the line of
ain" poetry that we know in the late
ms of Yeats and the best of Edwin
r. One might have thought nothing
e or new could be done in that
: Brock has given it a twist of his
:

But I recall a woman who cried
hat she must die to give
er daughter living space
nd it is her tears I drown in.

t is one stanza from an especially
ing poem.

very poet whose work I have dis-
ed is on the fringe. Some on one
ge, some on another; but none has
attention he or she deserves, none is
ccessful "figure" in the established
ary hierarchy. I have plenty of
ks by such successes, and I had
ught to discuss a few of them; it
t wait for another occasion. They
not good books, but they are styl-
conformist, often extremely clever
intelligent. Many are by young
and women whose gifts are almost
dfully superior, precocity exploit-
ust as among the child-geniuses of
music; but these schooled poets are as surely on the wrong track in art with their schooled virtuosity as was ever any brilliant, misguided scientist—Mesmer, say, with his "animal magnetism."

Dullness sprang up in the fertile soil of American poetry during the '70s like colorless saprophytes in a damp pine forest. A wan explosion, so to speak, of interest only to literary sociologists. I don't know if the good books I have mentioned here and elsewhere are enough to retrieve the decade. But if readers of poetry and poets themselves will relearn devotion to genuineness and to art's responsibility, if they will forget politics, rank, credits, and all forms of academicism, if they will welcome those who have preserved sound aesthetic values through our time of impoverishment and artistic faithlessness, perhaps we can be hopeful for the new decade now beginning. □

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DISCOVERY REWARDED

Finding Elias Canetti

by Jeffrey Bu

One arrives in a country knowing nothing of the language and is surrounded by people talking. The less one understands the more one imagines; one attributes all sorts of things to them, one suspects hostility and is incredulous, relieved, and even a little disappointed when their words are translated into a familiar language.

—*from* Crowds and Power

I DISCOVERED Elias Canetti not too long ago in a pile of discarded books, among which a battered paperback copy of his novel, *Auto-da-Fé*, caught my eye. The apocalyptic cover art and quoted superlatives piqued my curiosity almost as much as the blank I drew on reading the author's name. In the past I had by happy accidents encountered Robert Musil, Isaac Babel, Flann O'Brien, and Vladimir Voinovich, and now before me lay the potential for another discovery. Reader, I read it—and was hooked on Canetti forthwith.

If Petronius Arbiter produced a film version of Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust* directed by Ingmar Bergman from a screenplay by Edgar Allan Poe, the result might approximate *Auto-da-Fé* in grotesquerie, violence and psychological depth. The story describes the descent into madness of a world-renowned but reclusive sinologist whose scholarly life disintegrates at the hands of three vulgar, brutish characters. Professor Kien's housekeeper, to take one of the three, is a portrait of willful, mindless evil stuffed into a



starched blue skirt and forever spouting the clichéd pearls of wisdom she garners from her only reading material, the daily newspaper advertisements. This figure alone would have earned Canetti a place near Swift in my literary pantheon, and the professor's other tormentors are equally well drawn. But it is the professor who dominates the novel. Canetti creates him out of the quirks and compulsions of a strong mind steeped in erudition. Kien loves his books both for what they contain and as objects in themselves. He is distraught if they bec dusty or fall from their shelves, he speaks aloud to them, as if the thors were actually present. In fa is on the advice of Confucius tha marries his housekeeper, and in d so takes the first step toward expu from the paradise of his library loss of all his books, and the unhin of his mind.

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Taliaferro.

Auto-da-Fé seemed to answer th quirements of the *discovery*, a sp genre treasured by the restless n of curious readers: an obscure au (preferably foreign or dead) acknowledged quality (confirmed one's own reading), distinctive (*Oblomov*, for instance, is borderl and considerable output (Musil b makes it here). This last, without w piqued curiosity flags and a disco becomes merely an anomaly, have been Canetti's undoing. I c the book wondering if there was where this came from.

The answer was a qualified ye terms of quantity, seven of Can books, including the one novel, available in English.* My initial

* Seabury Press has recently emba on this enterprise in an effort to Elias Canetti from obscurity in Am —a worthy endeavor that may in reduce his status as a "discovery" will also, till then, keep his disco content. Dates refer to the cop of the original German edition. *da-Fé* (1935), translated by C. V. W wood; 464 pages, $9.95. *Crowds Power* (1960), translated by Carol art; 495 pages, $8.95 (both pape reprints). *The Human Province* (1

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appointment at not finding another novel among them was quickly replaced by the exciting prospect of a different sort of discovery, that of the man and the mind behind *Auto-da-Fé*.

THERE ARE a number of explanations for Canetti's failure to become a household name after the publication of his remarkable novel, and the fault lies chiefly with him. In the early Thirties he undertook a project that was to occupy him, to the exclusion of all other work, for the next three decades. This was *Crowds and Power*, a daunting treatise of social psychology that in its own way is also unique. Canetti subjects the crowd and related phenomena to a sort of taxonomic analysis. He sets up various types of crowds—e.g., *baiting, flight, reversal, feast*—their attributes, and such "crowd symbols" as fire, rain, forest, sand. He goes on to discuss "The Pack," "The Survivor," "Elements of Power," "The Command," and "Rulers and Paranoiacs," to cite the major sections. From the first sentence—"There is nothing that man fears more than the touch of the unknown"—Canetti makes it clear that he does not abide by the traditional methods or jargon of the social sciences, any one of which might apply to his subject. On the contrary, his foray into those academic fiefdoms is entirely idiosyncratic, somewhat solipsistic, and at times conducted with palpable arrogance. Having made the uncommon choice of so common a fact of life as crowds, he then supplies his own definitions, arrives at conclusions, and supports his findings with references from decades of reading in world literature, myth, history, and anthropology. In doing so, he arrives at a level of discourse that is less convincing than it is cerebrally poetic. The whole does not cohere, but the parts are impressive.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, these peculiarities, *Crowds and Power* is capable of engaging a willing mind. Canetti's illustrative material is invariably unusual, and his abstract statements provoke one into trying to supply the specific instance that will either confirm or disprove them. Canetti demonstrates an extraordinary curiosity about life and a relentless desire to understand it. The only comparable sensibility that comes to mind is that of the polymath Robert Burton, whose *Anatomy of Melancholy* is *Crowds and Power* on a grand scale—*mutatis mutandis*.

Such men have always been rare, but nowadays, when a little knowledge goes a long way, the species seems to be nearing extinction. Who, after all, has the time to read, let alone think? Wisdom doesn't pay the rent; the smart money doesn't back a fool. Men like Canetti, who willfully choose to ignore these eternal verities, ought to have their heads examined.

THE CANETTI I had come to know through these two formidable products of his mind remained an elusive figure. The voice behind the writing was variously ironic, self-assured, presumptuous, or cold, the distance it maintained between author and reader considerable. He began to draw closer only with *The Human Province*, a selection of "jottings" taken from his journals for the years 1942 to 1972. In the book's preface, Canetti says that he started keeping a journal when the pressure of concentrating on *Crowds and Power* "took on dangerous dimensions." The jottings became his "safety valve," free-form exercises in mental unwinding. They reflect a continually laboring mind at its moments of meditation, leisure, and playfulness. The last quality comes out particularly in one-line characterizations and quirky notions:

> *They could pull in their heads and peep out through a tiny hole in their chests.* [1956]
>
> *She kept on her final piece of clothing, a lip curled in scorn.* [1966]
>
> *Dwarf helicopters that land on bald heads.* [1962]

Self-examination and moments of doubt signal the fragility of his arrogance:

> *I have not come into being. So mar words, so much noise, and I sti have not come into being.* [196

> *I am tired of riding the high hor of this pretense. I am not yet eve a human being.* [1967]

All in all, *The Human Provin* an enlightened hodgepodge, the of which at times diminishes its tents. The juxtaposition of bald H sporting tiny helicopters and a meditation on death does not al serve the latter well. That the was published at all (and this expanded edition of an earlier vol gives some indication of Canetti's tation in Germany, not to mentio opinion of himself. Few word-ca would consider their shavings fi public consumption. Canetti, how is something of an intellectual he Germany, an assessment delivere me by the playwright Jakov Lin native of Vienna and a longtime f of Canetti. (When they were n bors in London, where Canetti for twenty of the years he worke *Crowds and Power*, Lind's chi nicknamed this hero "Mr. Spaghe Lind explained that *Auto-da-Fé* (had written such a novel at the a twenty-five . . . ," he sighed), by w periodic revivals, maintained Can reputation at a plateau of genera miration until *Crowds and Power* out and elevated him to the ran heights of celebrity.

With fame and the release fro straitened focus on the *magnum* Canetti pursued the disparate inte that became *The Conscience of W* This collection of essays (writte tween 1962 and 1976) includes p on Kafka, Hitler, Confucius, To Hiroshima, journal-keeping, the ing of the novel, and other sub It is valuable for the autobiograp information it provides, though it suggests as future discoveries Herr Broch, Karl Kraus, and Johann Ne (*The Evil Spirit of Lumpacivagabu or The Dissolute Cloverleaf*, 18 While describing the genesis of *da-Fé*, Canetti writes about stud chemistry in Vienna for four and a years in his early twenties, bei young Puritan in the decadent B of the Thirties, and meeting tha brant city's artists and literati—Br Broch, Babel, and Alban Berg, to n a euphonious few.

281 pages, $12.95. *The Conscience of Words* (1976); 246 pages, $12.95. *The Tongue Set Free: Remembrance of a European Childhood* (1977); 288 pages, $12.95. *Earwitness: Fifty Characters* (1974); 101 pages, $7.95 (all translated by Joachim Neugroschel). *The Voices of Marrakesh: A Record of a Visit* (1967), translated by J. A. Underwood; 103 pages, $7.95.

HE HAS PROBABLY expanded on this period in the second volume of his autobiography, recently completed in ıan. The first volume, published ecember, is *The Tongue Set Free: embrance of a European Child-*, an account of his life up to age en. It is an enjoyable memoir, in anecdotes, colorful characters, European scenery, and a best- in Germany for nearly a year. important, it sets forth an infor- explication of Canetti's literary ns and their unusual development. ıschuk, Bulgaria, where Canetti born in 1905, was a Danube port in which "on any one day you d hear seven or eight languages." l the age of six he heard and spoke ɣarian and Ladino—the heavily ıish idiom of the Sephardic Jews, ng whom his was a prominent ly—but his parents, who had been ated in Vienna, spoke German to other as a sort of private lan- e. and the child often overheard . In 1911 the family, including younger sons, moved to Manches- England, where Elias was soon at- ing school and reading, in an Eng- series for children, Defoe, Swift, espeare, Cervantes, and Dante. His r gave him a new book every and quizzed him on his reading. is father died when Canetti was n, but the child's acquisition of uages and literature continued his mother. Leaving Manchester heading for Vienna, the family t three months in Lausanne, where nother prepared him for Austrian entary school with strict tutoring error instruction," as he later d it—in German. His slightest ake evoked shouts of "Idiot!" and as often made conscious of his in- rity to his father, the lost conver- nal companion whose surrogate as becoming. The new language, its old associations of intimacy, ked the beginning of a relationship hich filial devotion grew in tan- with the intellect.

was reborn under my mother's in- uence to the German language, d the spasm of that birth pro- uced the passion tying me to both, e language and my mother.

is education proceeded apace. The mentary French lessons he had received in Manchester were rounded out in daily contact with the people of Lausanne. By the time he was ten, he and his mother were reading and discussing Schiller in German and Shakespeare in English—she was both mother and mentor. So she would continue to be, as he went on at twelve to secondary school, coming in contact with exceptional teachers and schoolmates, and starting to feel his literary oats as well as an interest in art and science. At this time, "although still subjugated to her in all influences and opinions," he began secretly to learn Swiss German, a vulgar dialect to his mother: "That, so far as language went, was my first independent move from her. . . . I began feeling the man in this one thing." In literature, however, he was still her swain. At the age of fourteen he wrote *Junius Brutus*, a Roman tragedy, derived from Livy, in five acts comprising 2,298 blank verses, derived from Schiller. Although he dedicated and gave it to her as a Christmas present, she never explicitly reacted to it.

She did, however, condemn his enthusiasm for science:

That period produced the first seeds of the later estrangement between us. When my curiosity, which she fostered in every way, struck off in a direction alien to her, she began doubting my truthfulness and my character.

After a period of intermittent separation while she lived in Vienna and he studied in Zurich (1919–21), his mother voiced her doubts. In the last scene of *The Tongue Set Free*, Canetti records the conversation with which their "estrangement" began. With relentless scorn, at times irrational, she overturned every facet of his intellectual life in Zurich—"the only perfectly happy years"—charging him with the crimes of romanticism and self-complacency in the face of Europe's postwar reality. The sixteen-year-old to whom she had been a "marvelously lively ultimate authority" was confused:

I was smitten with letters and words, and if that was arrogance, then she had stubbornly raised me in that way. Now she was suddenly carrying on about "reality."

She wrenched him from the paradise of Zurich and dragged him back to Vienna. But "like the earliest man," Canetti writes at the end of his remembrance, he "came into being only by an expulsion from Paradise."

Without getting tangled in the seductive web of psychoanalytical criticism, I think it is safe to say that Canetti's writing career was determined by neither accepting nor rejecting his mother's forceful standards. He chose to remain "smitten" with literature and learning, but to regard the writer as one who assumes a tremendous moral responsibility for his fellow man, "even though he may do less than others to realize it in individual actions" (from a speech given in 1976 on "The Writer's Profession" and included in the aptly titled *Conscience of Words*). In essence, he would have his ivory tower and his social consciousness too.

IT REMAINS ONLY to assure the reader that Canetti has his lighter moments. Some of these are evident from the wanderings in *The Human Province*. But two other books confirm the existence of a witty, relaxed, and more accessible Canetti. *Earwitness: Fifty Characters* contain as many brief descriptions of such peculiar human types as the "beauty-newt," the "wile-catcher," the "God-swanker," and the "never-must." The "name-licker," for example, "spares no effort to get near the name that he plans to lick," especially if it "recurs frequently in the newspapers and even appears in the headlines."

The Voices of Marrakesh: A Record of a Visit presents Canetti in a strange environment, reacting to its mundane and exotic ways of life. One chapter is devoted to his tragic encounters with camels. A long, humorous anecdote finds him uncharacteristically struggling to fend off an importunate young Arab Jew who demands that the foreigner provide him with a letter of recommendation so that he can get a job working for Americans. Canetti's boundless curiosity, his need to apprehend and understand the sights and sounds, the sweeping newness of the place as well as its smallest odd detail—all are well displayed here.

What got me started on all this was, of course, curiosity—a word that ironically, etymologically, and appropriately contains its own cure. □

ALL OUR CHILDREN

Will Ted find happiness?

by Matthew Steve

Welcome back. I watered all the plants—most still seem alive—watched your soap opera, and took notes as you asked, but not much happened.

On Monday, Joan told Ted she wanted out. She would move to Boston. It didn't come as much of a surprise to Ted, who said they could have dinner together whenever he was in town. Joan cried, and said that she didn't want to be like Jackie or Ethel and asked him what was all this talk about Margaret and Suzy. Ted left for the office.

The lawyers told Ted on Tuesday that, of course, they could "take care of the accident," but that he must tell Joan. Ted wavered, took a phone call from someone named Arthur, who told him that the book would be ready "by November," and abruptly left the room, telling the lawyers he had to go sailing. Joan found an apartment in Boston and appeared to be getting along fine until the police called about David.

On Wednesday, the police issued a report that David had been dragged from his car in the worst part of town and robbed of $30. Somebody had to tell Rose, who was having lunch with the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Ted decided that he would tell her, as he had something else to discuss, but then the newspapers called to say that no one had driven such a fancy sports car on those streets since the great marches and that Ted should come right down to the station house.

At dinner on Thursday, Jackie told everyone to leave her alone, that she had a right to pout if she wanted. Caroline told her to grow up and forget about it, that Jimmy had only kissed her on the cheek as if after a high-school dance. But Ted jumped up, said that's not how Jack and Bobby would have handled it, and went off to talk to Rose.

Ted stopped by on Friday to see how Joan was doing. He had come to Boston because he was "runn as Stephen put it, and wanted to out how her classes were going said she had heard about "the dent" from the banker who dro off the rent check, and asked was okay. He said he was a diff man, that he was looking for r tomorrows, and asked her, fo times' sake, How about going walk with Jackie and Ethel o beach?

I put the milk in the fridge cats are in the yard.

Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of Harper's.



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U B O R D I N A T E L Y
F G H J K M P Q V W X Z



ution to the December Puzzle
es for "Code 13"

oss: 1. master-stroke; 9. Zuni, anagram of (imm)uniz(ting); 10. materiel, anagram; V-alley; 12. C(atholic)-run-ch.; 13. off-ens (l)ve(anagram); 16. c-lam; 17. Spot- ckers; 20. hugger-mugger; 22. Jets, pun; 26. long pants, pun; 28. pl.-edge; 29. did- anagram; 30. b(other)ed; 31. anew, anagram; 32. scotch whi(anagram)-sky. *Down:* n-ythic(anagram); 2. (a)qua-f.f.; 3. viler, anagram; 4. (pop in) jays; 5. V-erve agram); 6. hind legs, pun; 7. declare, anagram; 8. (gam)e-X-O-tic(ket); 10. men- 12. cinema, anagram; 14. dog-teeth; 15. throne, hidden; 18. pueblos, anagram; Cu(S)pid; 20. orangs, anagram; 21. jockey, two meanings; 23. lo(GE)s; 24. Ada)M; 25. ste(a.m.)ed; 27. (Pe)g(gy)-Lee.

CLUBS FOR CLUES

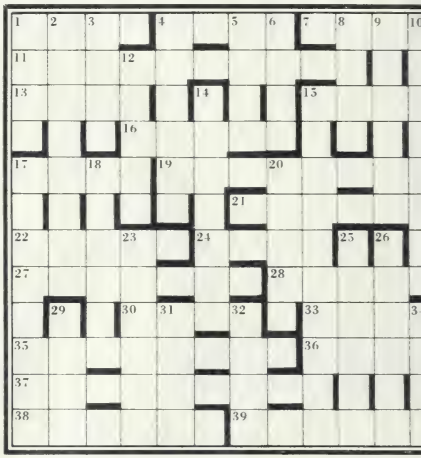
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Each clue must be changed into a new word before it is entered into the diagram. This alteration is made by changing a vowel to a consonant, or vice versa, as in the puzzle's title. The altered letter is always "checked" (i.e., crossed by another word). Count *y* among the vowels.

Clue answers include one proper name. Words to be entered in the diagram include one that is uncommon (27A), one obscure (8D—the plural of a geological term), and one nickname. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 91.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. What keeps a jockey straddling Secretariat? (4)
4. Furniture from the United States of America (4)
7. Throws lobster tail away (4)
11. Large insects, fish, eels, or snakes (9)
13. Stab the radical (4)
15. Instrument that's mostly too high in tone (4)
16. Intimate 100-year limit for Reagan (5)
17. Hair of the dog put one in bed (4)
19. They prepare yams around crummy diners (8)
21. Unsocial and piscine? (6)
22. No hostilities . . . gun heard (5)
24. Eastern latitude, but western lie (4)
27. Of three, one journey with permit (7)
28. Boot sole kind of turns inside heel (5)
30. I alternate in fondness for poetry (4)
33. The vamp makes comeback in *The Sheik*, e.g. (4)
35. Bad spellers? They may bring back untreated hair (8)
36. Just the sort to make your family dead (4)
37. Inferior girdle loses shape: nun is involved in it, too (9)
38. Brokers to resist being holder of stock (6)
39. Birds no longer perform for me and for him! (6)

DOWN

1. Too small turnover . . . it goes up in smoke (4)
2. Busybody, perhaps, takes issue . . . he has conviction!
3. Midget turn-out (4)
4. *(church formality) (6)
5. Fleece, not soft, put down (4)
6. Little bird incorporates navy color (4)
8. Russian leader in Liberal Arts (4)
9. People who vocally disapprove of heartless kickers (6
10. Topless front-page photo went too far (8)
12. It's U.S.-tailored menswear (5)
14. Persist in bed . . . it's detestable (7)
15. Lack food he's badly underdone (4-6)
17. Short army officer is hemming on titles (8)
18. Device for detecting sulfur in man from Argentina
20. Lady I violated seven times a week, regularly (5)
23. Irascibility when heard to make an arrest . . . , (6)
25. . . . prompting copper to go over in infiltrating, for example (6)
26. Country dance when daughter replaces father in the lead (6)
29. Influence vocally to stay (4)
31. Damn, temper is rising (4)
32. Pronounced southern relief (4)
34. Beat off bee from Greece (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Clubs for Clues, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by January 14. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the February issue. Winners' names will be printed in the March is
Winners of the November puzzle, "Circuitous Reasoning," Marjorie Y. B. Wolff, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Leslie G. I dau, Bellingham, Washington; and Martha Browne, New Y New York.

Too pretty to get its feet wet.

aving by shaving, feather by feather, a wood ock takes on life. The shaping of decoys has een a skill in Louisiana for as long as Cajun has een spoken. But this beauty will never flirt ith a duck. Her charms are saved for the artistic, the art collector, for all the admirers of things carved by hand. We at Phillips Petroleum are captivated, too. We try to take as much care when the work we do touches the abitats of wildfowl, as these artists ke with their birds. To every last feather.



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BANKERS' CASINO

Gambling in the $900 billion Euromarket by L.J. Davis



ttemore: CAMPUS MISMANAGERS

Samuelson: ISRAELI EXPANSIONISM

Florman: STANDARDS OF VALUE

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HOW DOES THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE SNOWPLOW DRIVE TO THE SNOWPLOW?

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Now. We would love to tell you what a brilliant choice he made. How many different cars he checked out. How smart he was to choose a Rabbit.

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Snowplow driver or not, think you'll be impressed with way the Rabbit is put toget With its performance, its handli its carrying capacity.

Car and Driver was very pressed: "The Rabbit does m useful and rewarding things th any other small car in the wo Now the question is:

Does the man who drives snowplow own a Rabbit to h him do his job?

Or does he do his job to h him own a Rabbit?

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UNION CARBIDE

Harper's

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The new managerial class is in charge everywhere on campus, and the managers keep saying they are there to help professors cope with their plight. Faculties should know better than to believe it.

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A short story.

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LETTERS

Faith and ideology

I am saddened and depressed by the articles by Peter Marin ["Now and Hereafter"] and David Sanford ["The Pope's Groupies"] in the December issue. It is not the substance of what they say, or even their points of view, but rather a perceptible intent to hurt in their tone.

Peter Marin can sometimes be a conscientious writer, but sometimes he gives way to poses about conscience. There are a great many suppositions in his accusations against the Catholic Church in Ecuador; he presents a number of matters that he only has by hearsay. And they concern very cruel allegations. I couldn't help thinking how vulgar it would be if I were to write something about Jews in exactly the same tone of voice he uses about Catholics. I am certain he didn't mean it to come out that way. I suppose, as well, that I was dismayed by the moral certainties he seems to distribute so freely in his judgment of people and events, all the while praising the superiority of moral ambiguity.

As for David Sanford, it is certainly true that there is room for some debunking of the performance of the press during the visit of Pope John Paul II, and even for some debunking of the pope. For myself, and for my family, the pope's visit was an event of enormous personal importance. But in a pluralistic society, one does not expect everyone to feel that way, and it is good for even those with the most contrary feelings to have their say.

From my point of view, however, public speech in the United States, particularly in the most enlightened circles, has as its common presupposition a far greater degree of secularity and agnosticism than is truly represented even in the private lives of many of those who take part in such discussions. Even among the most enlightened and most sophisticated people, the number who are not religious is far smaller than one could guess from public pretense and public speech. A recent poll of lege students suggests that about 5 cent are atheist, and another 13 cent agnostic. But in a magazine *Harper's* and most of the other telligent magazines, there are few casions in which those who are atheist or agnostic speak in the id proper to their own souls and of religious matters they find impor The conventions require that speak in a mode far more secular the one they really experience. Thu found it only a bit of fair play to how discomfited David Sanford denly felt, when the tables were tur and for one single week he found l self drowned in worlds of relig comment that did not reflect his state of soul. Perhaps it may be to a good lesson in the way many o feel most of the time.

I don't think it wrong of *Harper* express the point of view it is con to represent concerning religion. of the sources of fruitfulness in W ern life is the criticism that the enli ened regularly make of the relig and the religious of the enlighte Occasionally, I do wish there w little more of the latter in *Harp* and that the former were condu with just a trace more respect for targets of their fraternal correction

MICHAEL No
Resident Sch
American Enterprise Insti
Washington,

David Sanford's perceptive art "The Pope's Groupies," provide useful balance after the gushing fawning of most reporters.

What, after all, did John Pau really do? In addition to dispen the obligatory platitudes, he put d women and non-Catholics, upheld archaic ban on divorce, told priest remain celibate or get all the way of the church, warned scholars no violate the "right of the faithful no be confused," reiterated the Vatic absurd stand on "artificial" birth trol, intruded into the American po

fracas over abortion rights, and
lressed the United Nations on the
)ortance of the sovereignty of the
.ican micro-state to the free exercise
ıis church's mission.

EDD DOERR
Silver Spring, Md.

Bigotry may by now be going out of
le, but *Harper's* editors show that
some circles it's still chic to put
vn the papists, even if you have to
lge a bit and do it in the guise of
ısuring reporters—something all but
y agree should never go out of style.
But Mr. Sanford really doth protest
much. In another, not dissimilar
ıtext, for example, it would be a safe
to say that Conor Cruise O'Brien
l perhaps even Mr. Sanford might
"profoundly moved" on seeing good
een Bess and hearing the English
ional anthem. But "moved to do
at"? Mr. Sanford thinks "that's a
y good question." I and probably
ers similarly moved by extraordi-
y figures and circumstances think
a pretty stupid question.
It's no wonder the folks in Rome
came up with the Index; what's surprising is that they decided to get rid of it.

NOEL J. AUGUSTYN
Swampscott, Mass.

After living six years in Ecuador, I appreciated Peter Marin's perceptive article. (I was puzzled that the provincial governor should offer 500 *pesetas* to the bereaved mother, since *sucres* are the currency in Ecuador.) Mr. Marin confronts the moral dilemma that most South American countries are trying to avoid. As the pressures of modernization build up, they will all have to arrive at a resolution. Let us hope that somehow indigenous values may survive.

BARBARA MARSHALL
Silver Spring, Md.

PETER MARIN REPLIES:

I did not think there was much malice in my article; only, perhaps, a legitimate nervousness based on the past relation of my own people, the Jews, to the Church. The Jews *should* be subject to the same sort of secular criticism, especially where faith transforms itself—as it does now in relation to the West Bank—into absolutist or reactionary political attitudes and tactics. Frankly, I have never been comfortable with traditional Jewish prayers thanking God for having been chosen, or for smiting the enemies of the Jews. Such attitudes seem to me at least the partial source of much worldly violence, whatever the other undeniable virtues of faith.

Both religious values, fanatically held, and secular values—divorced from transcendent morality or fanatically held—have led to brutality and murder. This raises a crucial question about political debate and thought: how do we maintain at the heart of civil life a moral center, while at the same time avoiding the violent and repressive nature of religious states? The question of social reciprocity, generosity, and conscience must be reviewed from the ground up by both secularists and the faithful, and that is what I meant to suggest by my piece. It is a collective work, one in which no person—myself, Michael Novak, or the



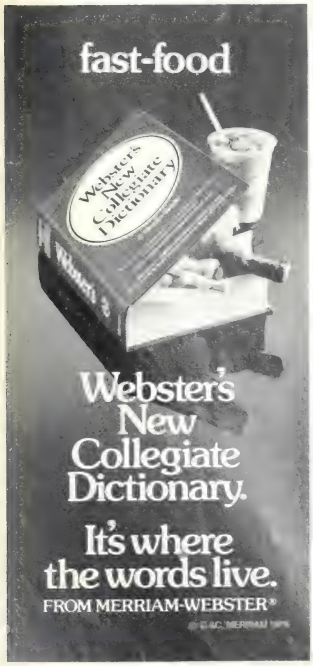
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pope—can have access to more than a small part of the truth. I hoped with my article to raise these questions, not pretend to their solution.

Mortal knowledge

Your acute observations that Americans are now engaged in a romance with death that centers, for the moment, on Edward Kennedy's campaign tally with my own ["Edward Kennedy and the Romance of Death," December]. But I see another aspect of American life that throws our helpless abdication of responsibility into sharper focus. It presents a bitter irony more real than our sacrificial Presidential campaigns can ever reflect.

Our warriors, the men who went or were forced to go to Vietnam, are the mirror of our failure to assume responsibility for our lives. Our warriors are the only ones among their peers in American society to have graduated from boyhood to manhood. They have learned what other cultures take pains to teach their male children: they know death. It has stood beside them and has brought the value of life into proper focus.

As we tried by means of the Calley trial to transfer the blame for Vietnam to the shoulders of our warriors, we now try to exorcise the ghosts of that war in films that appeal to our morbid fascination with that which we fear most. I don't believe we can ever accept the Vietnam veteran as a part of the fabric of American life. for our guilt is as great as our distance from the essentials of human survival. In our current state the warrior's knowledge frightens us much more deeply than do our violent entertainments. A warrior's knowledge is simple and direct, and it cannot compete with spectacle. It denies us our gods and our fantasies. It demands that each of us take complete responsibility for his acts.

SUZANNE MARSHALL
Toledo, Ohio

Civil dissent

Seth Cropsey believes that resisting military service is equivalent to shirking the duties of citizenship ["Too Few Good Men," December]. What this perception demonstrates is Mr. Cr
sey's failure to understand the moti
behind the resistance movement and
Volunteer Army. Far from avoid
duties, draft resistance was a recog
tion of responsibilities greater t
those of nationalism. Chief am
these was and is our responsibility
question authority. Not all of the
emies of American freedoms can
met on the battlefield and rational
sistance to authority may not be
compatible with patriotism.

If our political freedoms are thr
ened from abroad, the American p
ple will respond—voluntarily. D
resistance does not question our d
to defend our ideals. It is merel
means of assuring that our choice
enemies will be our own.

JAMES WIL
Toms River, I

Congratulations to Seth Cropsey
his perceptive article, in which he s
ports the idea of a lottery draft.
may be correct in his judgments
prescriptions for the armed for
but because this is still the Un
States and not Prussia, our milit
must never be wholly separated fr
the norms and customs of Ameri
society. One sounds, well, Toynbe
or even Spenglerian in saying it
in the end, the United States will h
the kind of military it deserves. A
in a society increasingly given to
derstanding the ideas of responsibi
of obligation, and of duty in pecuni
terms, the prospects for our arm
forces are—if I may use a phrase m
famous by John Nance Garner—
"worth a pitcher full of warm spit.

JAMES H. To
Northfield,

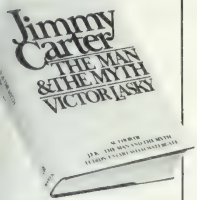
SETH CROPSEY REPLIES:

Refusing military service is ind
shirking the duties of citizenship.
article. however. has little to do
the question of an individual's decis
to disobey the laws. The issue
dressed is national policy and opin

The assertion that the nation
respond voluntarily is true but m
ingless. Can we respond in time t
particular situation?—or will we
are more useful questions.

Mr. Wilton sounds as though h
arguing about a war that ended e
years ago.

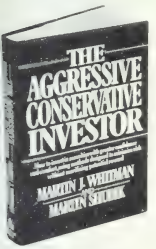
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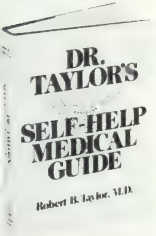
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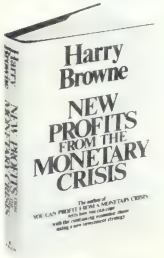
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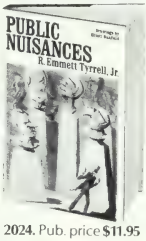
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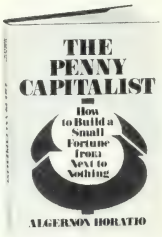
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THE ACCOUNTS OF DEMOCRACY

Of bad tidings and glad

by Lewis H. Laph

He made Germany great and Germans small.
—William Gladstone, of Bismarck

On DECEMBER 7 of last year, the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor coincided with what the television networks were calling "Day 34" of the crisis in Iran. Writing that morning in the *New York Times*, Mr. James Reston, eminent columnist and counselor to kings as well as Presidents, reminded his readers that freedom could be too much of a good thing. He was worried about the rudeness of the press. Some of the more vulgar members of the profession had forgotten their place and were taking liberties with the privileges extended to them under the First Amendment. Here were these awful people, he said, asking Sen. Edward Kennedy questions about his sexual appetites and the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne. Other reporters, equally impious, were asking Gov. John Connally about his indictment for bribery and his connections, possibly criminal, with the unlucky Nixon Administration. All this was bad enough, and surely a sign of the self-destructive rage run amok within the marble halls of the American ego, but what was even worse, and the occasion of Mr. Reston's admonition, was a newly published book, *The Brethren*, into which Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong of the *Washington Post* had gathered a compendium of second-rate gossip about the Supreme Court. Mr. Reston mentioned the book as a deplorable example of what can happen in a democratic society to perfectly nice people (not to say worthy and dignified people doing their best to uphold the weight of important institutions), and he quoted with approval a judge of his acquaintance who thought the book proved that "sometimes you can carry the truth too far."

This remark, together with Mr. Reston's endorsement of it, testifies to the present confusion about the nature and purpose of democracy. Like many other senior officials in the media, Mr. Reston conceives of the press as an office of government. More at ease with the prophetic rather than the analytic mode, he offers advice on matters of high policy instead of trying to figure out how A——'s tax payments came to be spent or how it was that B——'s son came to be killed. Earlier in the season he effusively praised Henry Kissinger's book *White House Years*, which seems to me curious, because I would guess that Mr. Kissinger's gossip is more calculated than Woodward and Armstrong's. Messrs. Woodward and Armstrong seem to have discovered that Supreme Court Justices are men like other men—a revelation that caused them to avenge their disillusion with the kind of indignant self-righteousness that commends itself to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Presumably they thought that Supreme Court Justices should attain to the perfection of gods. The authors had the misfortune to come of age in the 1960 decade during which the republ idea of government passed out of f ion and people began to pretend reasons of vanity as well as interest) that their magistrates sh not be capable of doing anything v or stupid.

Mr. Kissinger's book makes the r unpleasant mistake of presenting author as a god and the other 4 bil inhabitants of the earth as marione waiting for Mr. Kissinger to en them with the breath of life and sign them a role in the great pu show of geopolitics. Relying on logic of power rather than the logi freedom, and by defining morality anything that serves the ends of po Mr. Kissinger's gossip embodies antithesis of democracy.

For AS MANY DAYS as Ayato Khomeini has been hol hostages in the embassy Teheran. I have been en gled in what seems like a ceas round of arguments with people conceive of democratic governmer either a world state, a holy city, work of art.

On the same morning that Mr. ton's counsel appeared in the pa I spoke to an army officer who drawn up a list of 100 targets on Iranian plateau. "You know the of thing," he said. "Railheads, crossings, airfields—the stuff we

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harpe

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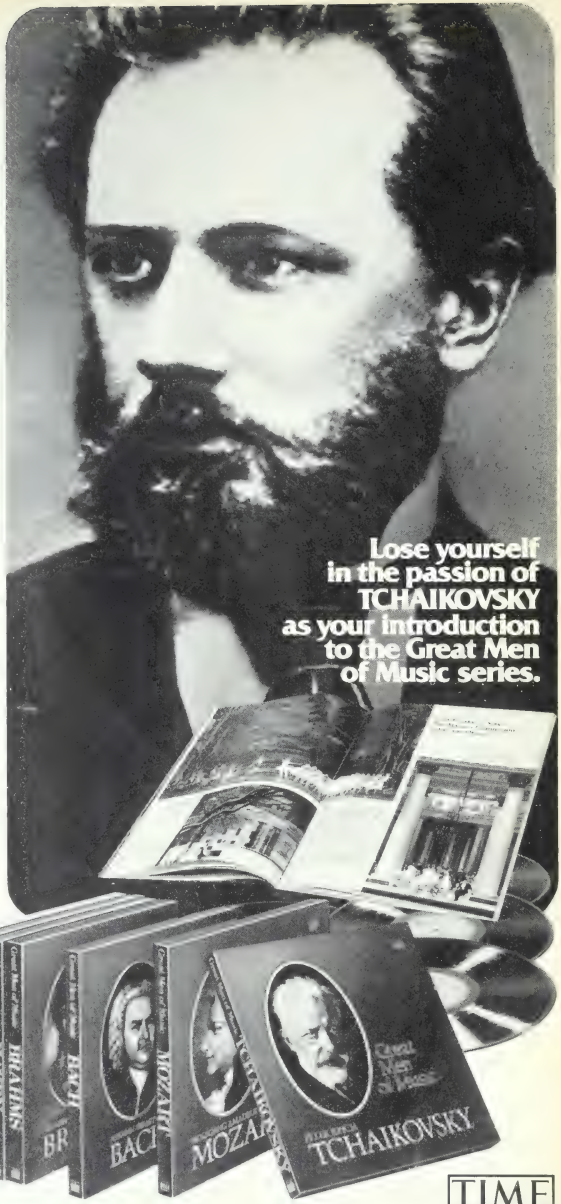
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to hit in Nam." No, he said, he didn't think that tactical air strikes would bring about the rescue of the hostages, but the hostages he had already discounted as casualties. "What the hell." he said, "the bastards declared war, and in war some of your own guys get hurt. The object of the exercise is to hurt the other guys worse." He pointed out that fifteen U.S. servicemen had been killed during the rescue of the *Mayaguez* in the Gulf of Siam in 1975 (not to mention the 360,706 Americans killed or wounded in Vietnam), and so he didn't think that the loss of fifty lives was too high a rate of exchange for what Henry Kissinger and other statesmen had described as twenty-five years of tranquility in the Persian Gulf. The gutlessness of President Carter he thought not so much Mr. Carter's fault ("What can you expect from a preacher?") as proof of a democracy's inability to defend its interests in a world of thieves.

A few hours later, over lunch with a celebrated novelist and his agent, I listened to the same complaint expressed in terms of aesthetics rather than military strategy. The novelist had spent a lot of time in the service of noble causes, and he spoke from what both he and his agent regarded as the moral height vouchsafed to the signers of petitions. Like Senator Kennedy and William Kunstler, the novelist blamed the United States for the shah's despotism, and he thought that President Carter should have denied the shah admittance into the sanctuary of New York Hospital. "We have no business funding evil," the novelist said (as if despotisms were somehow analogous to reactionary theater groups supported by the National Endowment for the Arts). "And we deserve to suffer the consequences of our crimes." The agent barely restrained himself from an outburst of applause, and for the next two hours the novelist discussed the failure of the American government to resemble Plato's Republic.

Still later in the day, I attended a dinner at which a number of militant social critics congratulated one another on their foresight and perspicacity. As long ago as 1968 they were writing articles about the weakening of American power and the slackness of American resolve. Now that events had proved them right, they were exultant. They quoted passages from their own texts with the glee of children shouting "I told you so" at the teacher who had said that it wasn't going to snow. As I listened to them count the many ways in which the United States most probably would suffer further defeats (the public hanging of the hostages, the extension of Soviet hegemony in the Persian Gulf, the collapse of the American economy, et cetera) I understood that I was in the presence of people immensely relieved to know that they no longer had reason to envy the future. Obviously the future was going to be a lot worse than even their most doom-ridden companions had supposed, and this meant that the age of American triumph was safely in the past. They had enjoyed the best of it, and for the time being, at least, they had escaped the disappointment of the Comtesse d'Houdetot who, while watching the Montgolfier balloon float across Paris in the summer of 1784, remarked to a friend, "Soon they will discover how to live forever, and we shall be dead." Something of this same spirit has afflicted the apocalyptic writing of the past ten years, much of which can be read as an expression of the rage against the future. If it is conceivable that within a matter of a few generations medical science will learn to extend the human life-span to 150 or 200 years, then it is not so surprising that Henry Kissinger and Jane Fonda should comfort themselves with visions of the world consumed by fire.

NOT KNOWING how to answer so many people with so many complaints against democracy, but feeling that somehow they had misconstrued the promise of freedom, I spent several days reading Karl Popper's book *The Open Society and Its Enemies*. It is a book that I recommend to anyone who has grown sick of the pleasures of despair. Popper defines democracy as the ceaseless working out of the principle that nobody knows enough, that nothing is final, and that the faith in human reason promises neither comfort nor immortality. A democratic government doesn't ask the question "Who is the best ruler?" (on the ground that even despots have their benevolent afternoons); it asks, instead, "Which ruler can do the least harm?"

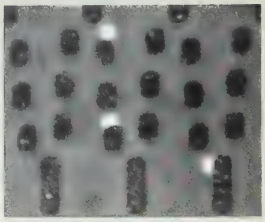
The mechanism of checks and b
ances places as many obstacles
possible in the way of the passions
the moment, and by so doing it p
serves the principle of freedom agai
the desire for the security of a tota
tarian state or the stateliness of
garchy. Because a democracy prote
freedom of thought, it proceeds
means of additions—of opportuniti
knowledge, questions, factions, a
wealth. These additions on what mig
be called the forward side of the ledg
lead to equivalent additions of d
orderliness, humiliation, uncertain
and doubt. Every new good raises t
possibility of a new evil, and the pr
liferation of knowledge imposes on t
citizens of a democracy what Popp
calls "the strain of civilization." Th
implies the perpetual expansion of t
discovery that the world is not o
self, and most people feel uncomfo
able with such unwelcome news. Th
would rather be doing something el
and so they confuse freedom with t
possession of goods or with the se
destructive amusements advertised
self-fulfillment. The shah of Ir
amassed a collection of weapons a
hired a secret police that carried o
its interrogations in basements de
enough to muffle the screams of t
witnesses. Perhaps it was this delica
of feeling on the part of the shah th
prompted Mr. Kissinger to descri
him as "a gentle and sentimental mar
The so-called neoconservatives make
comparable mistake when, in th
celebration of capitalism, they pla
the emphasis of their argument on t
conservation of things (property, titl
land, privilege, et cetera) instead
on the conservation of rational inqui
and the freedom of mind.

The army officer, the novelist, a
the social critic all tend to think
freedom as a moment of transcender
(in battle, the act of composition,
on the receipt of an invitation to t
White House), and so they confu
the highest good with a once or futu
Golden Age. The army officer wond
why it isn't still 1952 and the Unit
States the only country in the wo
with a weapon that can destroy m
lions of people in a flash of radia
light; the novelist and the social cri
lament the passing of 1946, when
the world was in ruins except t
United States. Together with m

When is a bubble not a bubble?

Answer: When it's a magnetic bubble—a tiny magnetic area less than 1/10,000th of an inch in diameter contained in a thin layer of crystal. About five million bubbles have been stored on a crystal chip about the size of a dime.

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In this photo, magnetic bubbles (white dots) are magnified 1,000 times.

Putting them to work

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other people they wish to make time stand still, to delay the evolution of society into a future likely to find them ridiculous or irrelevant. But this is precisely what a democracy cannot do and why its rules of government attempt to unite the necessity of self-sacrifice with the dignity of self-respect. The faith in reason insists that the poverty of democracy offers a greater hope for mankind than the prosperity that attaches itself to aristocracy or despotism.

By preferring the immortality of the whole to the immortality of the part, and by allowing for a multiplicity of forms and the probability that one's children will prove to be happier (or stronger or wiser or luckier) than oneself, democracy assumes a constant making and remaking—of laws and institutions as well as art forms and matinee idols. The other fellow always has something to say (without being prompted by the shah's secret police), and maybe what he has to say will shake the earth or shift the angles of perception. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was one year out of Harvard when Albert Einstein, an amateur physicist employed by the Swiss Patent Office, formulated the theory of special relativity. Who could have known that within the space of forty years President Roosevelt would call into being the explosion at Los Alamos?

No matter how often it has been corrupted and abused (simply by reason of its being such a difficult feat to perform), the democratic government constitutes the only morality currently operative in the world. Now, as in Athens in the fifth century B.C., democracy represents the attempt to organize the freedom of mind against the tyranny of money, force, and superstition. I don't know how it is possible to read the newspapers without coming to something approximating this conclusion. In the midst of the Christmas advertisements, the papers offer a smudged portrait of a world not much advanced from the world of the Homeric poems. The nations of the earth tear at each other like dogs, fighting wars in the name of oil or nationalism. The ayatollahs in Iran and the clergy in Ireland set the faithful to killing one another over the question of whose god, among the 4,000 extant, is the true god. In the Straits of Malacca and off the Patagonian coast, oil tankers burn and sink, polluting the oceans with their cargo because the owners, usually Greek, find it profitable to sail the ships without adequate maintenance or competent crews. The arms merchants in France and Germany sell weapons to any dictator who can pay the going price for counterrevolution.

Within the United States the journals of respectable opinion do what they can to present a more flattering portrait, and so they don't dwell at length on the traffic in cocaine (selling last month in New York at $3,000 an ounce), the number of people left dead in the streets, or the criminal means by which Americans every year manage to defraud the IRS of the sum of about $500 billion. A few weeks ago in New York two young girls were found dead in a West Side motel room, their hands and heads severed from their mutilated bodies. The papers didn't give the crime the sensational attention it might have commanded prior to the difficulty in Iran, and I assume that their restraint had something to do with the intimations of what might happen in the event of a nuclear war. Why else do those missiles stand so quietly in their silos, all of them pointed at playgrounds in Moscow, Paris, London, and Washington? How many other children might be changed into objects beyond human recognition?

To the extent that democracy gives people the chance to come to their own conclusions and to develop opinions likely to subvert the established order, so also a democratic government stands the chance of surviving its mistakes. Unlike Henry Kissinger and his admirers, who, with Mr. Reston, accept the rule of force as the wisdom of experience, people who place their faith in reason assume that mankind has more to gain from the skepticism of individuals than it does from the orthodoxy of commissars and philosopher kings. Because democratic institutions do not renew themselves as effortlessly as flowering trees, they demand the ceaseless tinkering of people who possess both the courage and the honesty to admit their mistakes and accept responsibility for even their most inglorious acts. As has been said, this is not easy to do.

Also on December 7, in the same edition of the paper that carried Mr. Reston's admonition to the press, I noticed three other stories that reiterated the bias against the democratic spirit. In a communiqué from Peking, it was reported that the Chinese government had forbidden people to put up posters on what had been called, for a period of only a few months, the wall of democracy. Having observed that the wall had become a gathering place for malcontents, the authorities decreed that the authors of any unofficial announcements must register with the police and confine their remarks to a less prominent wall three miles from the downtown area. In Rome, Pope John Paul II had become alarmed by a tendency toward secular thought within the Society of Jesus, and so he had instructed the director of the Jesuit Order to send around a letter requiring his subordinates to observe "doctrinal orthodoxy in full fidelity to the supreme magisterium of the Church and the Roman Pontiff." In Virginia, a woman had been excommunicated from the Mormon Church, apparently because she had committed the heresy of speaking publicly on behalf of women's rights.

Freedom of thought brings societies the unwelcome news that they are in trouble, but because all societies, like all individuals, are always in trouble of one kind or another, the news doesn't cause them to perish. They die instead from the fear of thought and from the paralysis that accompanies the wish to forestall change. Even the neoconservatives choose to ignore this point. By accepting the Marxist formulation that the wealth of nations derives either from capital or labor, they forget that the greatest of all sources of wealth is intelligence. Perhaps they don't like to imagine the consequences of so clear a statement of the obvious. Consider that Athens in the fifth century B.C. was as small as Dayton, Ohio, and then consider what would happen if, by removing the burden of cant and superstition, the United States could release the immense reserves of thought and energy in a population of 220 million people. Where would Henry Kissinger stand in the ensuing whirlwind? What would become of Mr. James Reston? □

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So fast do times change, because of technology, that some people, disoriented by the pace, express yearning for simpler times. They'd like to turn back the technological clock. But longing for the primitive is utter folly. It is fantasy. Life was no simpler for early people than it is for us. Actually, it was far crueler.

Turning backward would not expunge any of today's problems. With technological development curtailed, the problems would fester even as the means for solving them were blunted. To curb technology would be to squelch innovation, stifle imagination, and cap the human spirit.

Technology to serve people must continue to be nurtured and strengthened and honed and put to the tasks in society that need to be done.

The challenge of our times is to foster its continued progress, to use it wisely, to manage it for our own greater benefit and the enrichment of life for those who follow. The full promise of technology lies in its development and use to make things better for all.



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TREATING POVERTY

Wherein the cure gives rise to the disease

by Tom Bethell

THE HOUSE Ways and Means Committee was in its second day of hearings on the Carter Administration's welfare reform bill when I went into Room 1100 of the Longworth House Office Building. It is a high-ceilinged, ornate room with many bright lights—but no television cameras. The news media largely ignore welfare arguments, a subject that, in Washington terms, lacks "sex appeal." As a result, the proceedings are dominated by the professionals who administer welfare programs and derive salaries from them. And, as the majority of the public undoubtedly does not realize, for almost all such people welfare reform means expanding welfare benefits, making more people eligible for them, and dispensing them from Washington rather than from the individual states.

About twenty Congressmen sat in a crescent, slightly above floor level, behind elaborately carved teak desks covered with emblems and eagles. Addressing them was a witness, a young man with long hair talking into a thicket of microphones. He was Michael C. Barth, the deputy assistant secretary for income-security policy at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare,* a $52,500-a-year job. A cluster of aides huddled within whispering range, ready to offer him supplementary facts and arguments in the event that a Congressman became inquisitive.

This seemed unlikely. One Congressman was dozing, his head slowly falling down to one side and then jerking back up again. Others were milling about, getting up from their seats, coming and going through the wings, whispering backstage, taking telephone calls, and listening to the advice of their own aides. The HEW group, helped by the prompting and encouragement of a few sympathetic Congressmen—such as James C. Corman (D.-Calif.), who had earlier waved the bill through his subcommittee in record time—looked as though they would carry the day by default.

The audience consisted mostly of lobbyists and representatives of the American Public Welfare Association, the National Association of Counties, the National Governors' Association, the Labor Department, and HEW: or as Charles D. Hobbs has described it, in his book of the same name, "the welfare industry," which is larger than might be imagined. In his book, Hobbs says that 5 million public and private workers distribute welfare payments to 50 million beneficiaries.* The Congressional Budget Office has estimated this latter figure to be 44 million.

I found myself sitting next to Robert B. Carleson, who was U.S. Commissioner of Welfare from 1973 to 1975, and, before that, welfare director of California under Governor Reagan. Carleson, who describes himself as a "moderate Republican," was a city manager in California, and then gradually became involved with welfare. The subject intrigued him, and today he will talk about it for hours. Carleson is that rare creature, the welfare expert who nevertheless retains an adversary stance toward the industry that keeps him employed.

Barth was testifying about a proposal in the bill to eliminate a thirty-day delay before applicants become eligible for certain welfare benefits. This is an important change, and it would, of course, broaden eligibility. One problem with welfare today is that benefit levels are competitive with the wages

Tom Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's.

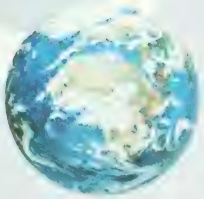


B. J. Perichon

* In another attempt to conquer the bureaucracy, President Carter recently cut the Gordian knot holding together the fragmented Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Henceforth, there will be a Department of Education and a Department of Health and Human Services.

* The principal welfare programs are: Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), Food Stamps, Medicaid, various housing-assistance programs, and Supplementary Security Income (for the aged, blind, and disabled). A significant proportion of those 50 million beneficiaries reflects the welfare component of the Social Security System, which consistently returns more in benefits than the individual originally invested.

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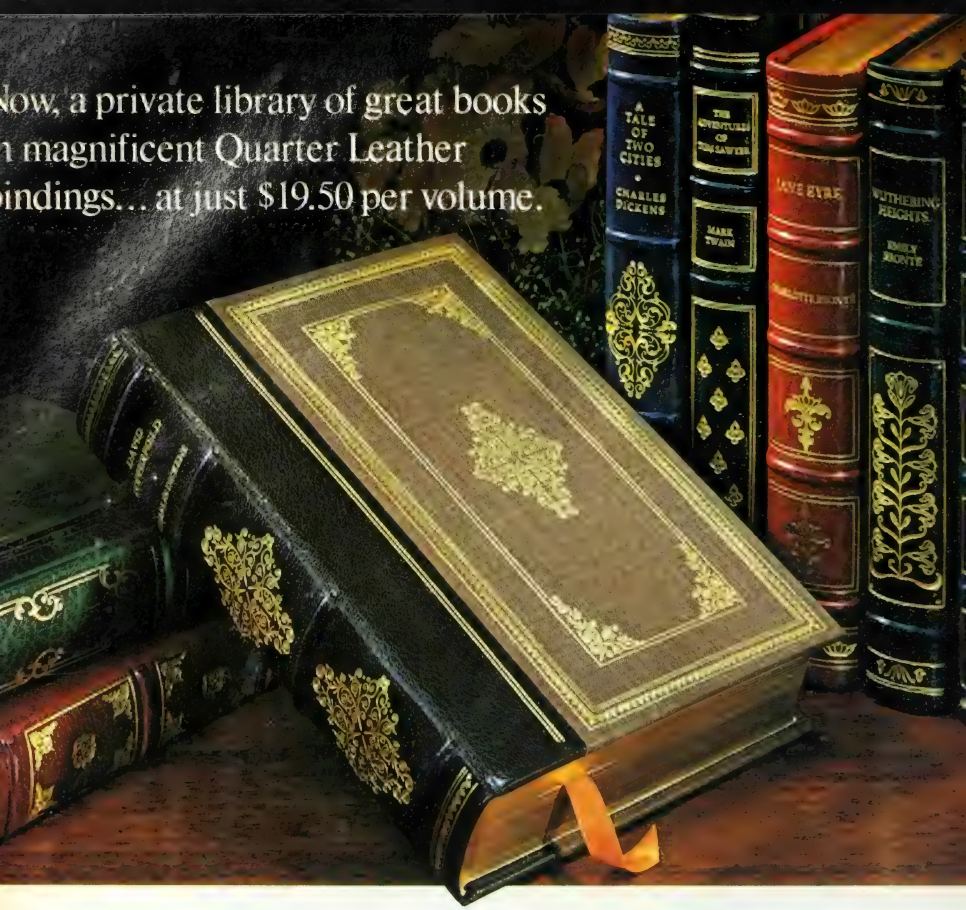


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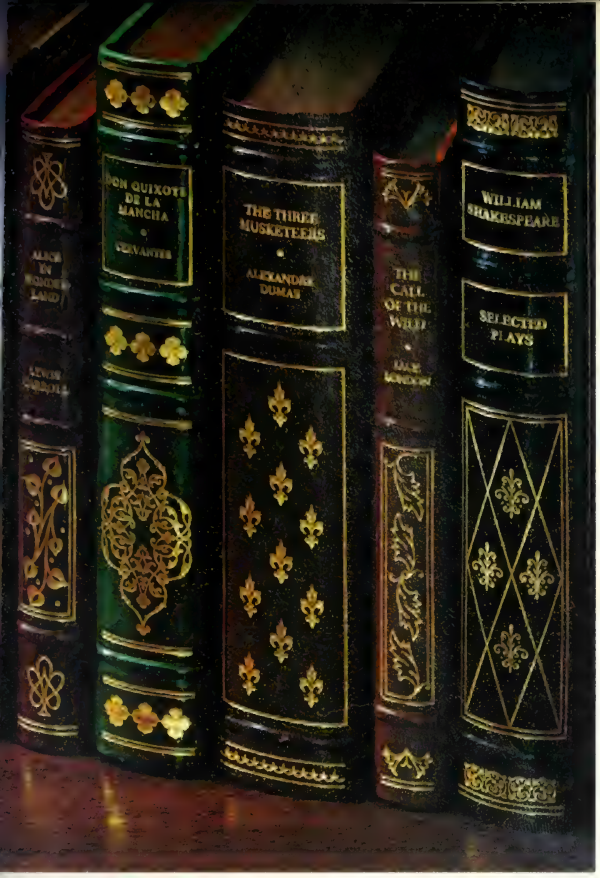
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paid by entry-level jobs. So this reform proposal, which treats unemployment as a hazard to be instantly assuaged—when the truth is that half the unemployed population at any given moment find work within five weeks—could result in a sudden increase in the number of welfare dependents. And when welfare benefits are comparable to take-home pay, there is a danger of creating permanent dependency.

Nevertheless, Barth made the proposal seem eminently reasonable by claiming that it would "reduce error in the system." At that point Carleson drew my attention to the way in which welfare expansion is sold as reform. Some people are now paid benefits even though they are not qualified, because they have not been unemployed for thirty days, Carleson pointed out. These cases represent "errors" in the welfare system. Thus, eliminating the thirty-day requirement is depicted not as expanding welfare but as reducing error—which is like reducing the crime rate by declaring criminal statutes invalid.

As the hearing was by now repeatedly being interrupted by Congressmen leaving for quorum calls and votes on the House floor, I asked Carleson to give some more examples of confusing welfare double-talk. (The Ways and Means Committee eventually approved the welfare reform bill by a 21–14 vote, dividing along party lines. But it may well be blocked this year by the Senate Finance Committee.) Carleson added that the wary administrator soon learns that a proposal to *reduce administrative costs* often means that an honor system is in the works. Read: "There will be no more checking up on the eligibility of recipients." But welfare fraud, which looms large in the popular imagination as the major welfare problem—with visions of "welfare queens" receiving multiple checks and spending winters in the Bahamas—is the least of the welfare headaches. The proper concern is the system itself, not its violations.

Carleson said that an important concept in welfare is that of *equity*. It is a sound idea and works effortlessly. Most welfare benefits are set by the states, not the federal government, and therefore vary considerably. For example, Aid to Families with Dependent Children currently pays $5,712 for a family of four in New York, but only $1,680 in Texas.* If you want to raise benefits in Texas to the New York level, it is best to appeal to the principle of equity—"sometimes called 'averaging up'," Carleson said. In a similar vein, proposals to hand over all welfare programs to the custody of the federal government—a goal devoutly sought by the welfare industrialists, because it is easier to lobby in Washington than in all fifty state capitals—can masquerade as a virtuous desire to *simplify the welfare mess*. Naturally, any proposal to centralize government power sounds better when represented as a simplification of the system.**

The welfare reform bill contains just such a proposal as its central provision: to establish AFDC benefits federally, at 65 percent of the HEW-defined "poverty level" (which is now $7,160 for a family of four). This, of course, means that AFDC payments will rise with inflation. Sen. Edward Kennedy (D.-Mass.), a supporter of the Administration's bill, advocates this change because "the Rube Goldberg welfare machine that we have put together simply will not carry its load." The state distribution of payments can easily be so impugned by someone who prefers his power centralized.

If, in deference to equity, Mississippi's benefits were "averaged up" to New York's, then *need* would subsequently be invoked to move New York's ahead again. Need, incidentally, is the first principle of welfare, and the reason the subject tends to be ideologically divisive. In the world of welfare, as in few other spheres, the maxim "to each according to his need" does indeed hold sway. A large family is paid more than a small one. In the world of work, of course, remuneration is unrelated to number of dependents.

It is on turning to *work incentives* and *disincentives* that the dilemma of welfare is at last encountered—the "analytical key" to the problem, as Rep. David Stockman (R.-Mich.) has written. The difficulty is that welfare benefits often match the pay of many jobs. This inevitably creates a *work disincentive*, as the welfare people put it. Trying to remove this disincentive is the welfare industry's most difficult problem.

THE WELFARE SYSTEM grew incrementally over many years, inching upward and outward without making much news. Only now are people beginning to appreciate the dimensions of the monster. Consider the following figures: Charles Hobbs calculates that in 1976 the welfare family of four received, on average, cash and in-kind benefits totaling $14,960, "an amount slightly higher than the median family income in that year." In 1975, Nathan Glazer of Harvard University described a case reported in the *Boston Globe* (and bear in mind that there is no "welfare fraud" involved here), in which a family on welfare had "cash income and free health and educational services amounting to $16,028 a year. "A working head of family would have to earn at least $20,000 to match this standard of living," Glazer wrote. All welfare benefits are tax-free.

The serious problem that such benefit levels pose was explained at a Senate hearing in 1978 by Dr. Jodie Allen, at the time a special assistant to Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall:

> *As a result of humanitarian concerns, many states now provide welfare recipients with a package of benefits including cash assistance, Food Stamps, housing assistance, Medicaid, and other spe-*

* The most generous state is Hawaii ($6,552). Vermont is second and New York third. South Carolina ($1,488) and Mississippi ($1,440) come in last.

** The most recent development has been that the Supreme Court found AFDC-UF (in which the father is unemployed) to be unconstitutional on grounds of sexism. This was an unexpected bonus for the welfare industry, which is now contemplating the possibility that it might be allowed to extend AFDC benefits to intact families in which *either* spouse is unemployed (but a definitive interpretation of the Supreme Court ruling has not yet been arrived at).

In any event, the new Carter Administration proposal would require all states to adopt an AFDC-UP (for parent) program, in which the Secretary of HEW would determine the income level below which one still "counts" as unemployed. HEW officials have already suggested that this figure should be $500 per month.

The federal share of the cost of AFDC, about 55 percent, comes to $7 billion. In the early 1970s, 12 million Americans in about 3.5 million families received payments. Because of decreasing family size, however, the overall number is now down to 10.6 million. Twelve percent of American children under eighteen are supported by AFDC payments. About 47 percent of AFDC recipients are black.

cial-needs benefits which far exceed the value of their potential earnings. . . . It is unreasonable to assume that welfare recipients will be willing to relinquish these benefits for a lower net income from work, particularly since working may be inconvenient, uncertain in duration, and expensive in itself.

Someone receiving the equivalent of $8,000 a year in welfare benefits, who s then offered a job paying $8,000 a ear, works for nothing if taking the ob entails losing the welfare. Such a erson, in welfare parlance, is said to ncounter a *tax rate on work* of 100 ercent. (Actually, it would be higher han 100 percent, because at $8,000 a ear the newly employed person would ave to pay taxes.) If the job paid 10,000 in take-home pay, the tax ate would be 80 percent—i.e., since e would have received 80 percent of hat amount without working, he is eally getting only 20 percent of his alary as compensation for working. his creates some reluctance to work. Not even millionaires encounter tax ates that high. There is plenty of evidence to suggest that welfare recipients nder such circumstances behave perectly rationally—that is, they calcuate that it is to their disadvantage to ork and do not do so. The population t large may not understand the tax ates for the welfare class, but those n welfare understand them very well.

Defenders of welfare usually respond t this point that the work ethic is so trong that people would, of course, ather work than remain idle. Such omments are usually made by those ho, one way or another, are so situatd in life that they earn $30,000 or nore a year for attending meetings, eading newspapers, and writing memoandums. Most welfare recipients, howver, are faced with minimum-wage and nanual-labor jobs that are far less appealing than the occasional visit to the elfare office. They can hardly be lamed for not wanting to take such obs.

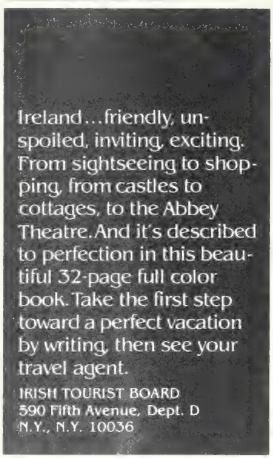
RECENT WELFARE experiments in Seattle and Denver have, in any event, impaired the sanguine view of human nature dopted by those who believe that givng people money does not undermine heir performance in life. In these remarkable experiments, which have been in progress for more than ten years ("We have spent upwards of $150 million on welfare research during the past decade," Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan [D.-N.Y.] said in the course of hearings on the findings last November), several thousand people in both cities were given a guaranteed income for a period of either three or five years.

Much to everyone's surprise (such is the state of social science) work dropped off considerably, and the rate of family breakup increased. It had been thought that divorce rates would go down, on the theory that poverty breaks up families. A better hypothesis would have been that husbands are more inclined to leave when their "provider role" is undermined. In the five-year program, male heads of families reduced work by 11 percent, female heads by 25 percent. In the case of non-heads of families, these figures were much higher: males, 43 percent; females, 60 percent.

To make matters worse, the period of time people spend on welfare has been increasing, which is hardly surprising when payment levels go above the minimum wage. According to the Labor Department's Jodie Allen, "between 1971 and 1975, the proportion of the caseload continuously on welfare for more than three years increased from 31 percent to 45 percent."

Such figures do nothing to encourage the Rousseauesque vision of man, according to which we are inclined toward perfection and would likely attain it were it not for our debilitating social arrangements. The welfare industry is slowly becoming aware of such drawbacks in human nature, and so has tried to correct the most obviously provocative defect in the welfare system—the work "disincentive" created by high benefit levels.

It is worth considering for a moment both how serious this problem is and how difficult it is to solve. If you want to work your way up the ladder of achievement in America, it is necessary first to get on the ladder. But those left behind are people denied access to the bottom rungs by the "poverty wall" of high welfare tax rates on work. For this reason, some have suggested that recent immigrants who do not speak English, and therefore find it impossible to figure out the complex welfare





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regulations, are more fortunate than those who can. The newcomers are compelled to take those demeaning jobs at the bottom, but they soon work their way up, as immigrants always have in the past, and eventually rise above those on the isolated welfare platform.

As a matter of simple mathematics—compassion or the lack of it unfortunately has nothing to do with the situation—there are really only two ways to reduce the "poverty wall." One is to reduce welfare payments. But this is never seriously contemplated, and according to Martin Anderson, in his highly readable book *Welfare*, it "is politically impossible today." Too many Congressmen already have a "critical mass" of welfare constituents in their districts.

The other way, which has been adopted, is to build *earned income disregards* into the welfare system. Put simply, this means allowing people to work and remain eligible for welfare for a period of time. Given high welfare benefits, this is the only way to reduce the "disincentive" of high tax rates on work. Thus the welfarism *reduction of work disincentive*, which means allowing people to receive benefits after they have found a job.

Of course, this creates a new problem, but one that seems to bother the welfare industry hardly at all. It extends welfare and its attendant costs and problems into the middle class. The income "disregards" either allowed or contemplated are so generous that AFDC recipients with $20,000-a-year jobs could retain their eligibility.* Even though the dollar amount of AFDC paid at this salary level would be low—perhaps no more than a few dollars—the eligibility itself is well worth keeping *because all AFDC recipients are automatically eligible for Medicaid*: that is, they are the beneficiaries of a national health service, as other members of the middle class are not. Just how generous these income "disregards" have been in the past was indicated when Dr. Blanche Bernstein testified before Congress in 1977. Then the director of welfare in New York City, she said that it was possible for a New York mother of three to remain eligible for AFDC until her annual earnings reached $29,000.

That, unfortunately, is the ludicrous outcome once a nation institutes generous income-transfer programs, nudged forward first by legislative perceptions of need, then by the different but urgent need to give recipients a motive to work. After considering these difficulties, Congressman Stockman has suggested that "the only real solution to the problems of means-tested welfare for the working or work-eligible population is simply to do away with it. 'Welfare' as we know it should be abolished for all but the nonworking—the aged, blind, and disabled—whose eligibility can be ascertained by reference to physical characteristics."

THE WELFARE PROBLEM has grown to such proportions because many legislators and most welfare workers are unduly impressed by poverty statistics. It is true that in any given year approximately 10 percent of the population is below the poverty line (the exact number fluctuates by a few percentage points depending on who compiles the statistics). This persistent cohort in poverty sustains the illusion, however, that it comprises the same people every year. The truth is that many people overcome poverty on their own.

As Richard Coe of the University of Michigan Institute for Social Research points out in his study *5000 American Families*,

> *Poverty is much less persistent but much more pervasive than might be thought by looking at single-year poverty statistics. While 8.9 percent of all individuals were poor in 1975, only 12 percent of these were poor in every one of the nine years [1967–75].*

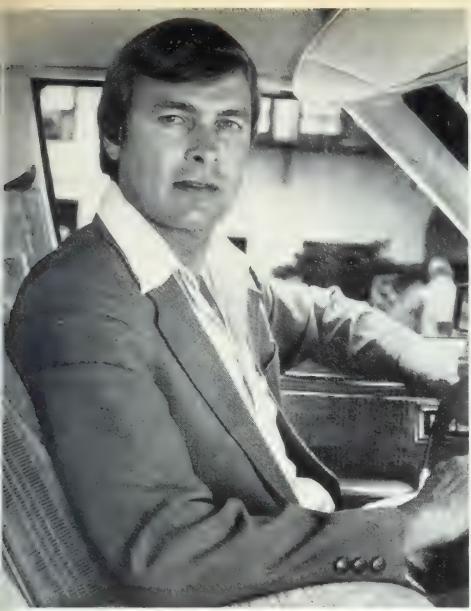
It is probably also true that an actual majority of Americans have, in the course of at least one year of their lives, been below the poverty line. ("One quarter of the population wi in poverty in at least one out of th nine years between 1967 and 1975 Coe reports.) But this does not mea that such people, the transiently poo should be treated as though they we permanent economic invalids. Socie is, unfortunately, now filled with pe ple whose salaries compel them to hu down as many of the temporarily po as possible, and treat them as thoug they suffered from a permanent affli tion. The welfare cure, in this instanc gives rise to the illness.

There is another, radically differen way of looking at the poor, althoug it will admittedly be anathema to th welfare industry. Far from being s ciety's victims, they can be regarde as among society's most valuable a sets. The notion that people below th poverty line constitute a national sti ma is one that is entertained by tho who do not understand how rapidl in an entrepreneurial economy, th poor can become rich, and vice vers An economy is precisely kept in dynamic state by two powerful force the push (from the bottom) of tho escaping poverty, and the upward pu or magnetic attraction of wealth.

For instance, the Boat People ha been arriving for some time. Th could help to revitalize the economy by their labor providing the little e tra push that is sometimes neede They *could*. They might, even. Ne ertheless, as might be expected, HE officials are meeting them at the wha lovely boatloads of victims to nurtu and coddle.

A society probably does itself incs culable harm when it weakens or elim nates the push of poverty, by putti the poor on welfare, giving them mo money than they can earn at the bo tom of the economic ladder. Imm grants to America, nearly all of the below the poverty line in today's term have traditionally escaped poverty hard work, and in doing so ha spurred on the native-born to great efforts. Now people below the pover line are given money, told that th are disadvantaged, and so, in fact, a threatened with a permanent disadva tage. If the U.S. economy is now sta nant, as we are told that it is, the c moralizing, enervating effects of w fare on the poor should be consider one of the causes.

* In the bill currently before Congress, the earned income "disregards" work this way: You take the gross salary (say, $1,000 per month), then subtract 20 percent (=$800), then subtract $70 (=$730), then subtract child-care expenses up to a maximum of $160 a month per child, which could be $480 for a mother of three (=$250), then subtract one-third of the remainder (=$167). This figure is then subtracted from the AFDC payment received before employment started. If this was $467, the recently employed person receives $300 a month in AFDC and, of course, remains eligible for Medicaid.





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ISRAELI EXPANSIONISM

Greed and the Gush Emunim

by Arthur H. Samuelson

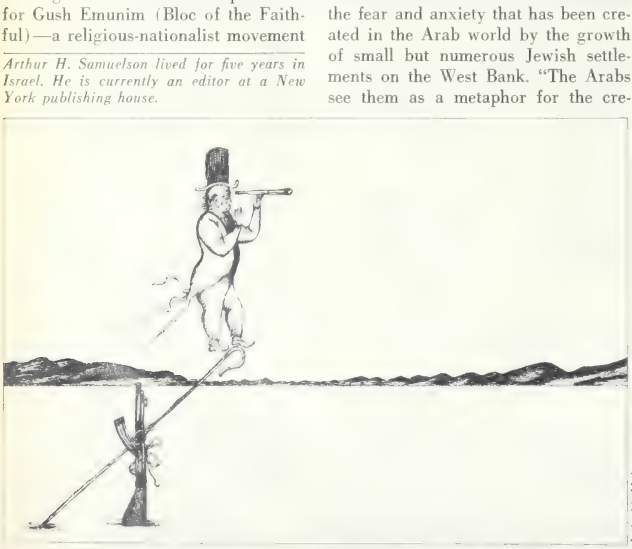
JUST OVER the "green line" that divided Israel from Jordan on the map until 1967 lies one of the Israeli settlements on the West Bank that the United States has consistently termed "illegal and an obstacle to peace." The settlement, called Elkhana, is a religious kibbutz and is built on land that was scheduled to become part of an Arab Palestinian state, according to the United Nations' partition plan that also created the State of Israel out of British Mandate Palestine. When the Arabs rejected partition and declared war on the fledgling Jewish state, the land became instead part of Jordan, which lost it to Israel in 1967 during the Six Day War.

A public debate is being held this evening at Elkhana between spokesmen for Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful)—a religious-nationalist movement pushing for settlement and annexation of all the territories, in particular the West Bank, as a step toward fulfillment of biblical prophecy and Israel's historic destiny—and its rival, Oz V'Shalom (Strength and Peace), a tiny group of religious intellectuals that until recently had fought a rearguard battle against the larger and more powerful Gush Emunim. The leader of Oz V'Shalom, Uriel Simon, professor of Bible studies at Israel's orthodox Bar Ilan University, has invited me to come with him to Elkhana. Since I am in Israel to witness the signing of the peace treaty with Egypt and to explore its effect on the Israeli psyche, I accept the invitation eagerly.

Driving north from Tel Aviv, Simon tells me that he can well understand the fear and anxiety that has been created in the Arab world by the growth of small but numerous Jewish settlements on the West Bank. "The Arabs see them as a metaphor for the creation of Israel itself," he explains. "After all, Petach Tikvah* also started as just a small dot on an Arab map. Like the Arabs, Gush Emunim thinks in metaphors. During the days of the British Mandate, when the future of Palestine was uncertain, the Zionist movement carried out a strategy of intensive settlement. The idea was that wherever Jewish settlements were placed, there would lie the border of a future Jewish state. Gush Emunim argues today that by continuing this policy of creating 'facts' on the West Bank, we can add to the territory of the State of Israel and complete Zionism's mission. But the situation has changed. The Jewish state has already been created. 750,000 Arabs live in this territory, and a world which opened up its heart to the needs of homeless Jewish refugees will not allow us to expand our borders at the expense of the Palestinian people, no matter what claim of prior domain we may make."

As an Orthodox Jew, Simon objects to Gush Emunim's use of religion to justify expansionism. "Unlike them, we in Oz V'Shalom seek a balance between Jewish tradition and Jewish ethical values. We do not see the creation of the State of Israel as a sign of divine redemption, as they do, nor do we believe that we are forbidden by God to give up the territories. Judaism holds peace to be the highest value; territories are negotiable for peace." Simon claims that by allowing Jews to rule over a foreign people in the name of religious purity, Gush Emunim has reduced Judaism to nothing more than crude chauvinism.

Arthur H. Samuelson lived for five years in Israel. He is currently an editor at a New York publishing house.



Ardeshir Mohasses

* The first settlement established by the Zionist pioneers as they streamed into Palestine at the end of the nineteenth century.

THE SUBJECT for the evening's debate at Elkhana is whether the Land of Israel is holy. The issue is a vital one, for behind he question of holiness lies the ration- le for what to do with the West Bank -to annex it or trade it for peace. Al- ough no one mentions the current tuation, it is immediately clear that e subject at hand is politics, despite e religious vocabulary.

Simon is the first speaker. He begins reminding his audience that the ws were not born in their own land, d so, unlike most other nations, can- t assume a natural right to their own rritory. "God took this land from the anaanites and gave it to us on condi- on that we use it to obey God's com- andments. Should we fail to do so, is clearly stated that the land will mit us out as it did the Canaanites d us twice before. If we behave e Canaanites, we will lose the land."

The rebuttal comes from Yehuda itzur, Simon's colleague in the Bible partment of Bar Ilan; Elitzur's son one of the founders of Ophra, a Gush munim settlement near the Arab city Ramallah. "We must believe in God's romise that we shall return to our nd, to all of our land," he begins. We must not be impatient or accept rtial or symbolic manifestations of s promise."

To illustrate his point, Elitzur tells a *idrash*, or parable, about the patri- ch Abraham, who had been promised God that he would someday father new nation. "After sixty years, braham had little to show for this romise. He was living among the gan Canaanites, and his wife, Sarah, as barren. Perhaps, he might have ought, God had spoken to him in etaphor. Perhaps what God had eant was that Abraham would become father by converting the Canaanites monotheism. But God does not speak metaphors," he concludes, his voice sing to a dramatic finish. "A son was deed born to Abraham and a new ation did inherit the Promised Land."

What Elitzur means to say is that ose who bow to the difficulties of olding on to the West Bank despite od's promise lack sufficient faith. He saying that no difficulty Israel may counter in settling or keeping the Vest Bank negates God's promise that e land belongs to the Jewish people, ho are destined to return.



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Elitzur offers another *midrash* to drive home his point. "In the 1930s, when the British government made it clear that it had no intention of allowing a Jewish state to develop, some Jews said they would settle for a spiritual homeland, where the British would rule, the Arabs would dominate, and the Jewish minority would be visited from time to time by Jews from the Diaspora seeking to renew their spiritual roots. If we had listened to them, there would never have been a State of Israel."

On hearing this, Simon smiles. Elitzur has made a subtle swipe at him and at his father, Ernst Akiva Simon, an early Zionist activist who collaborated closely with Martin Buber in efforts to reach Arab-Jewish understanding and compromise during the stormy days of the Mandate, when both peoples vied to inherit control over the land they called home.

The symposium breaks close to 2:00 A.M. As we wind along the unlit road back to Tel Aviv, Simon points to a spot on a hill where the government brings visitors to prove how crucial to its security is Israel's continued control over this area. Indeed, we see the bright lights of the city straight ahead; the smallest cannon would seem sufficient to strafe Israel's largest metropolis. Nevertheless, Simon supports the creation of a Palestinian state. "I think it is wrong for us to rule over another people. It may be necessary for our security to keep control of certain unpopulated portions of the land. But if a Palestinian state is to be established, it must be demilitarized from the start. That way, we can have security and they can have a home."



Simon feared that with Menachem Begin's victory as Prime Minister in May, 1977, would come an end to any possibility of peace with the Arabs. But he has grown more optimistic since Sadat's momentous visit to Jerusalem in November, 1977, pointing to the growing support for groups like his that oppose the "manifest destiny" theories of Gush Emunim. "Still, if you want to understand the mentality of the Begin government," he advises, "you must understand Gush Emunim. And you cannot understand Gush Emunim without grasping the way in which politics has been fused with religion in Israel since the Six Day War."

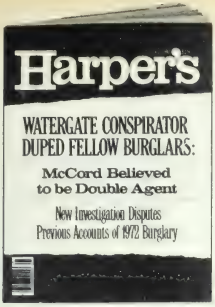
LIVING IN ISRAEL shortly after the Six Day War and again after the Yom Kippur war of 1973, I watched the roots of Gush Emunim grow. Many Israelis, already frightened by war experiences with the Germans, told me how frightened they had been in the days preceding Israel's surprise attack on Egypt and Syria. Expecting a new Holocaust, their swift victory left them even more stunned than it did the defeated Arabs. Vast expanses of territory had been captured, including the Old City of Jerusalem and the West Bank, areas rich in religious and historical associations.

Arriving in Israel for a two-year stay in 1969, I observed how quickly these same Israelis were seduced by the temptation to empire presented by the spoils of victory. Moderates like David Ben-Gurion, Israel's founding father, counseled caution and compromise in the name of peace, but the acquisition of the new territories gave renewed sanction to devotees of expansionism like Menachem Begin, who quickly assumed a major role in the public arena. Before 1967, an overwhelming majority of Israelis had rejected Begin's dream of a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan River, accepting as final the borders created by the U.N. partition plan and the 1948 war with the Arabs.

For twenty years, most Israelis were content to forgo the ideological purity embodied in the political and religious concept of Zionism for th opportunity to build a Jewish state, i only in a portion of the ancient home land. The Six Day War destroyed thi national consensus. Even the Labo party, which had "sold" partition t the Jewish people in 1947 and ha ruled Israel ever since, fell victim t what some Israelis now refer to as th dread disease—"victory drunkenness. Begin enjoyed newfound respectabilit as a member of Golda Meir's postwa national unity government. And man Labor party members found commo cause with the once-despised Begin i the nonpartisan "Whole Land of Is rael" movement, organized shortly afte the war to advocate annexation of th captured territories.

But the most important ideologica movement to evolve from the Six Da War came not from the traditiona realm of electoral politics but from th most unlikely of places—the nation' yeshivas. Armed with a potent mix ture of religious and nationalist mys ticism, a generation of Orthodox zeal ots emerged unexpectedly from th narrow confines of the yeshiva worl to explain the meaning of Israel' triumph to a nation hungry for lead ership. Given direction and encourage ment by Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook, th son of the most important rabbinica leader of the pre-state period, thi younger generation created a revolu tion within the traditionally quiescen National Religious Party (NRP), member of the governing coalition pushing it to a more activist and ideo logical position on foreign policy Whereas the senior Kook had given re ligious sanction to the Zionist move ment's efforts to return the Jewish peo ple to its land, his son taught tha whatever the State of Israel did wa holy, that the liberation of the Ol City of Jerusalem and the conquest o the West Bank was a clear sign fron Heaven that God's master plan was i full operation; the need for peace wit the Arabs was subordinate to the fulfill ment of God's promise.

When the aging NRP leadership di not respond quickly enough to thei urgings, these idealistic young Israeli organized ad hoc initiatives designe to force the paralyzed and divide Labor government to do their bidding The string of Israeli settlements out side Jerusalem called the Etzion Bloc which had been lost to Jordan after th



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1948 war, had been recaptured in 1967. Rallying the children of the settlements' original occupants, Chanan Porat, a young Orthodox Jew who would become one of the founders of Gush Emunim, threatened to reoccupy the settlements with his followers unless the Israeli government immediately resettled the area. After much hesitation, the government bowed to his demand and the first Jewish settlements were established on the West Bank.

Shortly thereafter, in 1968, Rabbi Moshe Levinger brought forty Israelis to celebrate Passover in the Park Hotel in the Arab city of Hebron on the West Bank. Once on the site, he refused to vacate the hotel, demanding permission to resettle the city with Israelis. (The last Jews had been driven out of Hebron during the 1929 riots.) After a long and hard internal struggle, the Labor government agreed as a compromise solution to establish Kiriat Arba as a Jewish suburb on the outskirts of Hebron. While Prime Minister Golda Meir argued that the decision did not commit the government to annexation, those who sought such a policy had won an important victory. The decision represented a pragmatic compromise by the government to avoid a Cabinet crisis. By allowing Levinger to stay in an Arab-populated section of the West Bank, however, Mrs. Meir had undermined the validity of her position that Jewish settlements on the West Bank were intended only for security and that Israel had no expansionist designs. The decision to establish Kiriat Arba demonstrated the growing power of the annexationists within the government and thereby gave legitimacy and added power to the appeal of extremist arguments for the general population.

THE TURNING POINT in the battle between Labor and the young extremists came in 1974, after the Yom Kippur war. The postwar Labor government, led by Yitzhak Rabin, continued the policy of its predecessor of a "little peace, a little annexation," making declarations of peaceful intent while settling the portions of the occupied areas it intended to annex eventually. Though the hard-liners' control of the Labor party was becoming increasingly apparent, Rabbi Kook's disciples saw the party moving in precisely the opposite direction. Fearful that the ideologically flabby Labor leaders would throw away Israel's rightful inheritance, they regrouped to form Gush Emunim to force Israeli settlement of the area.

Gush Emunim's message was simple: a return to Jewish and Zionist fundamentals would provide an antidote to the national depression and malaise that had overtaken the Israeli public following the war they had neither won nor lost. What was needed was a policy of unhindered settlement and annexation. To those who argued that Israel had no right to keep the Arab lands, Gush Emunim replied: If Israel has a right to Jaffa, the Arab coastal town annexed during the 1948 war to Tel Aviv, its Jewish twin, then it has a right to Hebron and other conquered West Bank cities. If Jaffa belongs to Israel by right of a nation returning to its homeland, then the claim to the West Bank is even stronger, since the Jews of the Bible lived in the mountains of Judea and Samaria, not on the coastal plain now occupied by Tel Aviv. To those who argued that annexation of the West Bank Arab population would eliminate Israel's Jewish character, turning the Jewish state into a binational state at best and another South Africa at worst, Gush Emunim replied: God will take care of that when the time comes. Peace would come only when the Arabs recognized the full extent and nature of Jewish claims; international pressure should be rejected as the latest manifestation of the world's traditional hostility to the Jews. God would see the people through its present difficulties as He had done in the past and promised to do for all time.

There were, and still are, of course, many Israelis who denounced Gush Emunim's fundamentalism as a perversion of both classical Judaism and Zionism. While the land of Israel is important to the observance of Judaism, the religious opponents argue, settlement in the land is not primary nor synonymous with the borders of the State of Israel, a secular, modern entity. "The Jews of every generation were willing to die for observance of every bit of the Torah, but not for settling in the land of Israel," I was told by Yeshayahu Leibowitz, a passionate Orthodox opponent of Gush Emunim who holds two chairs at Hebrew University (in biochemistry and philosophy) and is a specialist in Jewish law. If Gush Emunim were a serious religious movement, he argues, it would concern itself with issues of concern to the Orthodox other than just the question of Israel's borders. "Gush Emunim is religious like the Israelites who danced around the golden calf were religious: they are idolaters. They worship the state and its borders, the cheapest form of religion."

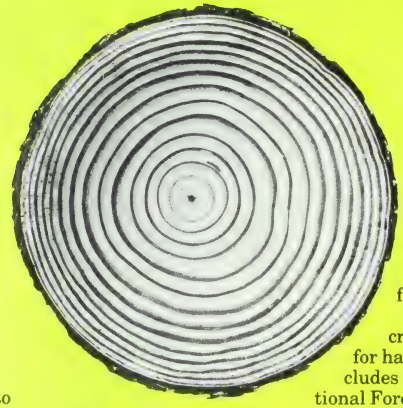
Despite these objections, Gush Emunim's sophisticated manipulation of the symbols and myths of secular Zionism captured the imagination of a great many Israelis following the Yom Kippur war, just as Rabbi Kook's religious nationalism had asserted its hold on many Orthodox Israelis after the 1967 war. "Since the creation of the State of Israel," explains Yigal Eilam, a specialist on Zionist history at Tel Aviv University, "Zionism has had a strong body with an empty head. Gush Emunim is the demon that has taken over the body."

It is impossible to determine the exact number of Israelis who support Gush Emunim, for the movement has no formal membership, but the thousands who marched, gave money, and rallied on its behalf between 1973 and 1977 made it the most important and dynamic ideological movement in the history of modern Israel. Eschewing traditional electoral politics, the movement developed an effective strategy of direct action: mass demonstrations sometimes involving as many as 50,000 people, and establishment of illegal settlements in the West Bank. Even those who remained unconvinced of the political wisdom of its program were inspired by the dedication, idealism and sincerity of the movement's leaders and activists, while despairing of the plodding incompetence of their own elected officials. Gush Emunim leaders did not just talk about settlement, they did it, often forsaking the comfort of their city lives to become pioneers on the rocky soil of the West Bank. Critics have pointed out that such settlements, which were not far from Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, did not necessitate much self-sacrifice; many settlers simply rented out their apartments, used the new income to buy a car, and commuted to their jobs in the cities. More importantly, they did not

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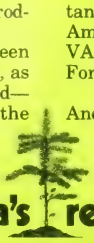
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work the land as did the original pioneers, nor were they fired by aspirations to build a new society based on social justice as had those who built the kibbutzim. But in a society of empty slogans and potent myths, Gush Emunim was forgiven the inexactness of its claim to pedigree by most Israelis, who, despairing of peace, were seduced by the simplicity and enchanting optimism of Gush Emunim's slogan, "Israel Is Secure with God."

In the four years dividing the Yom Kippur war from Labor's downfall, Gush Emunim made it impossible for the Rabin government to make peace with the Arabs. Its provocative actions further contributed to the decline of public confidence in the Labor party's ability to rule. Thus, Gush Emunim played an important role in Menachem Begin's electoral victory in May, 1977. Shortly after his accession to the premiership, Begin returned the favor, appearing at the Gush Emunim settlement of Elon Moreh, near Nablus, the site of one of the movement's key victories against the Labor party the year before. Dancing with a Torah held firmly to his chest, Begin promised the settlers many more Elon Morehs.

THOUGH THE Begin government has settled 3,000 Israelis in twenty-eight settlements on the West Bank during its two years in power, Gush Emunim is today one of Begin's strongest opponents and is actively working for his downfall. If the government were serious about settling the West Bank, the members of Gush Emunim say, there would be hundreds of thousands of Jewish settlers in the occupied territories, not just the 5,000 who are estimated to be there.* They claim that Begin has slavishly given in to President Carter's warnings against further settlements. Gush Emunim leaders are even angry at Begin for allowing Egypt's Sadat to come to Jerusalem in the first place; they are furious about the Egyptian-Israeli treaty, which they see as a prescription for a Palestinian state. "The autonomy plan is bullshit," says Gershon Safat, a Gush Emunim leader. "Either the West Bank will become part of Israel or it will become a Palestinian state. There is no middle way."

Begin, for his part, denounces his former ally in increasingly harsh terms. "Gush Emunim has a number of fine people, but it also has a number of out-and-out frauds," the Prime Minister said in May. "What right have those impudent people to call us traitors and haters of Israel?"

What really divides Begin's government from Gush Emunim, apart from the group's disrespect for his authority, is less a matter of ultimate objectives and more a matter of timing and tactics. Whereas Gush Emunim acknowledges that its aim is to frustrate the Egyptian-Israeli-American talks on autonomy, the Begin government simply acts on its own understanding of what autonomy means, continuing to build Israeli settlements despite American and Egyptian objections. The Israeli version of autonomy means that the Arabs of the West Bank can hope at best to share the area, but never to rule it. "There will never be a political border between Judea and Samaria and Israel," Begin has stated over and over since he submitted his autonomy plan to the negotiations.

But Begin's success as a peacemaker may ironically doom his hopes for a "Whole Land of Israel." The peace process that he helped foster has had a profound effect on the Israeli public. For the first time in Israel's history, an awareness is gradually sinking in that the nation's foreign-policy makers will now have to take into account the needs of an Arab ally: the destinies of modern Egypt and Israel are inextricably linked. There are, of course, some cynics who believe that Sadat is seeking to seduce the Israeli public with little kisses of peace while holding a knife behind his back ready for slaughter, but the combination of nihilism and despair that gave general sanction to Gush Emunim following the Yom Kippur war has receded. In fact, the public appears far more wo
ried than Begin about the dangers
continued Jewish settlement of the We
Bank. The poll shows that a majori
now stands opposed to further settl
ment as a principal obstacle to t
success of the autonomy negotiation
Another poll shows that 61 percent
the public is willing to negotiate wi
the Palestine Liberation Organizati
when and if it recognizes Israel. Gus
Emunim explains this growing sen
ment in moral terms—the Israelis, th
claim, are so morally weak that th
would trade religious purity for t
allure of Egyptian fleshpots and
chance to see the pyramids. Whatev
truth there may be in such accusation
the fact remains that the great majori
of Israelis, despite the urging of Gus
Emunim, are not willing to sacrifi
their lives for the sake of holding on
the West Bank if they can be pe
suaded that a single solution to t
twin problems of Israeli security ar
Palestinian homelessness might
found.

Given the current mood, Gush Em
nim is no longer as significant a cu
tural or political force as it was. B
its presence on the West Bank in dai
contact with the Arabs who live the
makes it a force still to be reckone
with. Confrontations between the Ara
residents and the Israeli settlers ha
been occurring with increasing fr
quency throughout the West Ban
sometimes resulting in death and i
jury, always to the Arabs. One of th
most worrisome consequences of th
breakdown of public order has bee
the increasing inability of the militar
government to preserve peace in th
area.

Whatever the outcome of the cu
rently deadlocked autonomy negoti
tions, the era of Israel's benign occ
pation is drawing to a close. Man
Israelis are openly fearful that a ful
scale Arab rebellion, sparked by Gus
Emunim provocations or the creatio
of a new settlement by the Begin go
ernment, could break out on the We
Bank. "Gush Emunim no longer con
mands large-scale public support,
comments Uriel Simon, "but they ar
still very dangerous. A small numbe
of fanatics can do a lot of damag
They say they want to live in peac
with the Arabs, but look at what the
are doing."

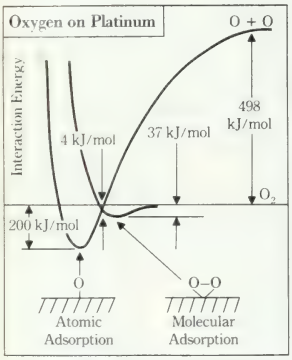
* There is some disagreement over the actual number of Israeli settlers on the West Bank. My figures come from the Gush Emunim estimates. The Begin government claims that there are 7,186 settlers; the Israeli media often quote a figure of 12,000. According to a study published last summer in the *Journal of Palestine Studies*, there are more than 90,000 settlers, 76,000 of whom live in East Jerusalem. The U.S. State Department's figure is 10,000. Certain to add to the conflicting reports is the recent announcement that Begin plans to establish thirty-one new settlements at a cost of $5 billion.

The Atomic Arrangement



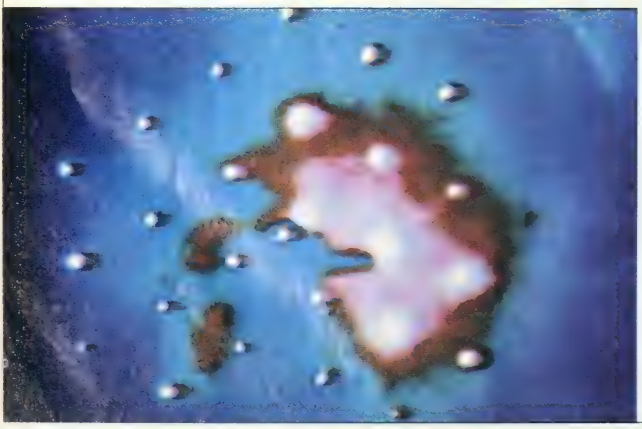
The Atomic Arrangement

In a recent experiment, scientists at the General Motors Research Laboratories studied changes in chemical bonding during the dissociation of oxygen molecules on platinum. Preliminary surface work has explored an interesting new phenomenon: the mechanism of oxygen dissociation over a wide range of temperatures.



A simplified schematic illustrating the reaction potential energy surface for oxygen-adsorption on a close-packed platinum surface.

An electron diffraction pattern which shows diffraction patterns from an oxygen-covered hexagonally close-packed platinum surface at 0° C.



UNDER what conditions will oxygen molecules dissociate into single atoms on a platinum surface? What is the mechanism for oxygen dissociation? Those are the kinds of questions that Dr. John Gland and his colleagues at the General Motors Research Laboratories are investigating to get a better understanding of the chemistry behind catalysis.

Their work has valuable practical implications for the automotive field, where catalysis is used to remove harmful emissions from automobile exhaust. Most cars built in the U.S. use catalytic converters filled with beads containing platinum to chemically transform carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons into harmless CO_2 and water.

While it has long been known that catalysts are an effective way to convert these gases, little is known about precisely why and in what order the basic atomic reactions occur.

In seeking answers to these questions, surface chemists study the elemental composition and geometric arrangement of atoms in the first few atomic layers of the surface and the means by which atoms and molecules from the gas phase bond to the surface.

In his most recent work, Dr Gland has been studying the adsorption and desorption of oxygen on platinum single-crystal surfaces. This is important because oxygen is the agent that must be adsorbed on the surface to react with carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons to convert them to CO_2.

The experiments were conducted in a stainless steel ultrahigh vacuum system equipped with an electron energy analyzer and a mass spectrometer. The electron energy analyzer allows one to measure the concentration and character of the oxygen adsorbed on the platinum surface. The mass spectrometer is used to measure the desorption of O_2 as the platinum surface is heated. Mathematical analysis of the desorption process allows one to characterize the chemical bond between the oxygen and the platinum surface.

In these experiments, the platinum surface is covered with oxygen at the extremely low temperature of −179°C (almost the temperature of liquid nitrogen) by exposing it to gaseous O_2 molecules. The oxygen remaining in the gas phase is pumped away, and then the desorp

on of oxygen from the surface is observed as the platinum crystal is radually heated to 1000°C.

The oxygen was found to desorb from the surface in two istinctly different temperature egimes—part at −125°C and the est at about 425°C. By using the xygen-18 isotope, it was established that the low temperature desorption represents oxygen that was dsorbed on the surface in a molecular form while the higher temperature desorption corresponds to xygen adsorbed in the atomic form. rom an analysis of the desorption rocess, it was possible to establish ne complete energetics. Oxygen olecules from the gas phase strike ne surface and are weakly bound (37 J/mol). The adsorbed oxygen molecule can either desorb into the gas hase (37 kJ/mol) or dissociate into oms (33 kJ/mol). The atoms are onded very strongly (200 kJ/mol) to ne surface.

FROM the desorption analysis, was also possible to deduce the echanism for the dissociation proc-ss. The interesting conclusion that esults is that the formation of O toms on platinum is a two-step proc-ss—oxygen is adsorbed in a molecular state and then dissociates to form toms.

The GM scientists were most nterested in learning how this adsorbed molecular species is bonded o the platinum surface. Fortunately, nother technique was available to etermine the bonding. The technique is called electron energy-loss spectroscopy and is quite new—there are only six or seven such instruments in the world. The measurements not only confirmed the existence of the adsorbed molecular oxygen but showed that it was bound by the transfer of two electrons from the platinum surface into the antibonding π_g orbitals of oxygen. "This was most exciting" said Dr. Gland, "because this is the first time that this type of oxygen bond has been observed on a metal surface.

"We're getting closer and closer to a more specific understanding of catalysis," says Dr. Gland. "The more we learn about simple chemical systems, the better we'll be able to control more complicated systems. That has excellent implications for protecting the environment."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. John Gland, 32 years old, is a Senior Research Scientist in surface chemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He heads a group of 7 investigators, 4 with Ph.D.s, all involved in work relating to the basic surface chemistry of catalysis.

A graduate of Whittenberg University in Ohio, Dr. Gland received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1973 and joined the General Motors staff that year.



Dr. Gland comments: "I came to GM Labs because I wanted to get in on the ground floor of an exciting new field. The atmosphere here is very open, with lots of cross-pollination among departments. With several hundred people with Ph.D.s here, we've got a lot of human resources to draw on in all the basic sciences.

"Typically, management defines a broad problem, then we're free to tackle the solution in any way we choose. They give us the freedom, equipment and support to get the job done correctly."

In addition to his research, Dr. Gland enjoys backpacking in Wyoming and in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California.

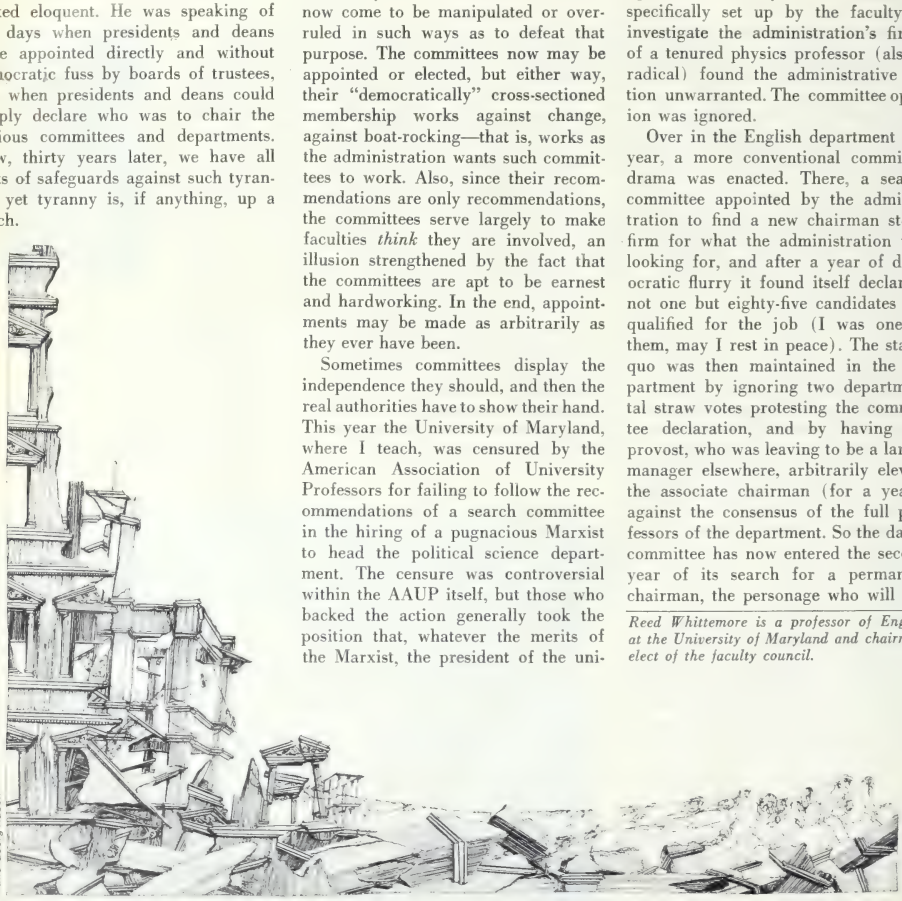
GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

FACULTY SURVIVAL

Coping with managers

by Reed Whittemor

WHILE REREADING, recently, a thirty-year-old letter from an English-teacher colleague, I was struck by the timeliness of an angry paragraph he devoted to the way university administrators treat their faculties. Like children, he said, and waxed eloquent. He was speaking of the days when presidents and deans were appointed directly and without democratic fuss by boards of trustees, and when presidents and deans could simply declare who was to chair the various committees and departments. Now, thirty years later, we have all sorts of safeguards against such tyranny, yet tyranny is, if anything, up a notch.



Hans Georg Rauch

Thirty years ago there was no such thing—at least in my experience—as a search committee. Search committees were created later to combat the ill-treatment of faculties that my friend complained of, created to let faculties in on deciding who should lead them. But many of these committees have now come to be manipulated or overruled in such ways as to defeat that purpose. The committees now may be appointed or elected, but either way, their "democratically" cross-sectioned membership works against change, against boat-rocking—that is, works as the administration wants such committees to work. Also, since their recommendations are only recommendations, the committees serve largely to make faculties *think* they are involved, an illusion strengthened by the fact that the committees are apt to be earnest and hardworking. In the end, appointments may be made as arbitrarily as they ever have been.

Sometimes committees display the independence they should, and then the real authorities have to show their hand. This year the University of Maryland, where I teach, was censured by the American Association of University Professors for failing to follow the recommendations of a search committee in the hiring of a pugnacious Marxist to head the political science department. The censure was controversial within the AAUP itself, but those who backed the action generally took the position that, whatever the merits of the Marxist, the president of the university had done wrong in overridi the committee recommendations wi out satisfactorily explaining why deemed the candidate unqualified. Pr ident John Toll, for his part, roun criticized the AAUP for meddling.

In a different sort of case a y ago, also at Maryland, a commit specifically set up by the faculty investigate the administration's fir of a tenured physics professor (alsc radical) found the administrative tion unwarranted. The committee op ion was ignored.

Over in the English department l year, a more conventional commit drama was enacted. There, a sea committee appointed by the admin tration to find a new chairman sto firm for what the administration w looking for, and after a year of de ocratic flurry it found itself declari not one but eighty-five candidates u qualified for the job (I was one them, may I rest in peace). The sta quo was then maintained in the partment by ignoring two departm tal straw votes protesting the comm tee declaration, and by having t provost, who was leaving to be a larg manager elsewhere, arbitrarily elev the associate chairman (for a yea against the consensus of the full p fessors of the department. So the da committee has now entered the seco year of its search for a perman chairman, the personage who will s

Reed Whittemore is a professor of Engl at the University of Maryland and chairm elect of the faculty council.

isfy the tastes of the administration and cause trouble for nobody.

Maryland has cases like these regularly, and in each of them some special committee appointed for the occasion either goes through its chores only to find its decision abused, or bumbles along for months to produce a camel because it was rigged to produce a camel. But while Maryland is clearly one of the country's bureaucratic leaders in committee rigging, it is not, I think, extraordinary. The new managerial class that is doing the rigging is in charge everywhere, functioning, at its best, with considerate caution mixed with the budgetary stringency required by our new age and, at its worst, with a callousness that few old educational autocrats could muster—but in all cases functioning to deny to faculties the privilege of running their own affairs. These days, even if a teacher succeeds in challenging managerial authority by entering its elite ranks, he is almost sure to become alienated from his former peers. And those left behind to be plain academics are coming to feel that theirs is no longer a profession at all. The managers are the ones with the profession; the professors are hired hands.

AT MARYLAND, as elsewhere, the professors themselves can be thoroughly irresponsible about their duties and interests. Treat a professor like a child, and a child he will be. Only the naive souls of academia now pay any attention to the health and welfare of the university organism. The sensible course of action for a smart university teacher is to land a two-day-a-week teaching schedule, stay off committees altogether, locate a second source of income (perhaps in violation of his university contract), and publish, publish, publish. One of the annoying minor threats to academic freedom at Maryland has been a work-sheet form that each teacher must turn in monthly, indicating that he has performed all his "required duties" each day of the month. Well, I have shared my colleagues' resentment of the form, and have spoken against it—for the "required duties" of university faculty members are not to be intelligently so assessed—yet when I see the campus evasions of the same colleagues I am torn. How can we begin to fight the managers and the state legislators, or expect to be decently paid, when we aren't even, mostly, on the premises? What is most depressing to me about the present condition of the academic profession is not that enrollments are down (especially in the arts and humanities), nor that higher education is losing funds and power to the community-college systems, nor that faculty salaries are not keeping up. No, even these immense problems could be faced with equanimity if only there were significant forces for change to be found somewhere on campus. But the managerial revolution has stopped us all in our gooey tracks.

In the good old days of autocrats, a determined president or dean picked up on the open market the department chairman he thought he wanted. Nothing like this is now possible. By the time the search committee and the managers who control the search committee get through with their deliberations and connivings, there is no "qualified" person available for any job who is not a pale neutral figure, one whose neutrality eventually hurts everybody, except the managers. Managers thrive on placidity. (If Machiavelli were alive today to revise his great treatise to meet the needs of the new academic princes, he might recommend that they imitate not the lion and the fox but the Cheshire cat, a smiling nothing, and the Mad Hatter, whose remarks, though spoken in English, mean nothing.) The new tyranny is—with important exceptions here and there—a tyranny of passivity and empty compromise, and its emptiness is what the smart manager-prince must be aware of, so that he may conceal or deny it even as he enforces it with an iron hand.

Of course committees are apt to be dull and safe, too, even if they are not serving such managers. All of us who have sat on committees know that good minds, when placed around tables, are capable of producing nonsense. But when a committee is devised *by* management to *serve* management, then it is likely to be not merely dull but also destructive. Such committees deepen the existing mire, since they are set against the professional stratification around them, what might be called the natural power structure of the profession, the structure of professors, associate professors, and so on. Instance: as a result of the proliferation of such special management committees in the Maryland English department, the assembled full professors of the department—about twenty—now not only have no acknowledged role in the selection of the department chairman (or director of English graduate studies), they have no say in determining the department's course offerings, or in its relations with other departments, or in the hiring of new teachers for the department except at the professorial level. In fact, their *sole* collective prerogative is to elect more members to their own body—and even that prerogative is subject to the approval of management.

But for what purpose, other than the preservation of its power, does management go to such lengths to keep faculty voices bottled up in contrived committees? Machiavelli himself paid heed to worthy ends, and, if he were in our midst now, he would surely not wish to *promote* committee ineffectiveness, not without having a high aim or two in view. My impression, though, is that the ideal we in higher education are now being aimed at by our princes is less than worthy: It is to make higher education lower.

In general the legislators and taxpayers whom the managers serve, at state colleges, want that. They want the university to be like a community college except in that it has big-time athletics. They want it to provide remedial-writing classes, and training in the trades. They want it to be a clean, well-lighted place for getting on with the business of America. In serving these purposes, they can be as intolerant of the spirit of free inquiry, of speculative research, and of projects devoted to other than pragmatic, positivist values as the southern fundamentalists were during the great Darwin crisis. And naturally the managers' job at a university, especially a state university, is to act as a buffer between such intolerance and the faculty itself. Usually the managers accomplish that by not letting the faculty surface.

I don't think it necessary to elaborate here on how university aims differ from those of a community college (but dozens of committees have been set up in recent years to find out exactly what the university's peculiar mission *is*—a sure sign, given the

notorious mealymouthedness of committees, that somebody doesn't want to find out). The traditional ideals of university life have been platitudinized interminably—laced with quotations from Tennyson—and they do need to be inspected for fat and hypocrisy. But the frailties of the academic mind and character—and the problems connected with redefining, and perhaps then altering, the university mission—can surely be acknowledged and dealt with without destroying the whole shebang. To seek to bring the university into the modern world may be a worthy aim, but to do so by pulling the teeth of those who work there and have traditionally been its intellectual core is merely to ensure that the university will not be a university by any definition for very long. The members of a university faculty must be empowered to accept—maybe driven to accept—responsibility for their own destinies. No profession can be saved by being first denied its own professional integrity.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER each scholar has to become convinced in his soul that the day of judgment is at hand—as indeed for the academic profession it may be. How can the scholar be led to that conviction? Some would say that the simple, effective way would be to dispose of tenure, but I don't think so. Tenure is already on the rocks. Tenure cases now often reach the courts, and the legal minutiae on which the cases depend are steadily undermining the basic principles of tenure. Behind the law cases, what is really happening is that tenure is in the process of being modified so that job security and retirement benefits for academics will be in all respects uniform with those enjoyed by policemen, firemen, state government workers. In other words, we are being assimilated and the academic profession demoted to the ranks of social service.

To talk of demotion may seem to demean those at the level to which the academics are being pushed, and since I have a great respect for earnest, honest social service, I wish I could find another word. But though the policeman or fireman can be said to perform as important functions as the professor's, the policeman or fireman cannot be said to be a professional student of the services he performs, or of the society he performs the services for. The professor, on the other hand, is what he is because, beyond any service he may perform in the classroom, he is professionally a scholar. He is therefore functionally distinct from the usual social servant in being obligated not just to serve but also to *ob*serve, experiment, hypothesize, propose, conclude. Indeed, observation is his primary service, so that to take his professional life and put it in the computer at a level with most other social servants is truly a kind of demotion, a judgment modifying, by narrowing and diminishing, the scope of his professional duties.

University faculties are being demoted in this manner all around us now, and while the demotion is led by an assortment of managerial servants of state computers, who can be singled out and observed in their workings (an activity that has become a favorite faculty pastime), mostly it is caused by abstract economic forces, forces that can destroy the life of the mind yet never be accountable to any committee. Meanwhile faculty awareness of their demotion seems terribly slow in coming. My solution?

My solution—or the beginning of it—is a sort of cost-accounting solution, a strange solution for one who yearns idly for socialism. It is to gather the academics together *without* their managers, but in their appropriate divisional (perhaps, first, departmental) groupings, in a cool week in the fall, and *make* them aware, dammit, by driving figures into their heads. "Look, my dears, we have 'x' dollars coming in this year, and 'x' plus 2 percent scheduled for next year, and probably 'x' plus 1 percent for the year after that. Meanwhile each one of you needs an addition of probably 15 percent a year in salary to stay afloat. How can we reduce our own ranks enough to survive? Who is ready to head for the territory rather than hang out here and wear sackcloth? And who wants to stay and help us mend our ways? What can we do *for ourselves* in the way of combining courses, integrating departments, reducing overhead? What are we going to do with a fixed budget and an unfixed universe, within our own ranks, to salvage our professional life?"

The simple awareness that we do have to do everything for ourselves is, I am convinced, necessary if we are to begin coping with our plight. Unfortunately the thick layer of managers above us militates against that beginning, since the managers, good and bad, keep saying, incorrectly, that they are there to cope with our plight *for* us.

AT THE faculty-survival meetings I propose, there would inevitably be many frivolous and incoherent speeches made by academic entrepreneurs, as well as enormously complicated procedural plans promulgated by parliamentarians. (How can a body of anarchists produce as many experts in Robert's Rules of Order as an ordinary modern university does?) But if the meeting should manage to survive the bad comedy, the next step would be to try to determine what minimal values and conditions could be agreed on as worth surviving *with*—in other words, what could be agreed on as primary and nonnegotiable. Aside from a living wage—which, at the present rate of decline, faculty people will not have three or four years from now—one could hope that there would be agreement on a few general principles for keeping faculties mentally alive as observers, and for making intellectual and economic sense of the present chaos of undergraduate and graduate programs. (As with diet drinks, the dominant motif might be: less.) There would be natural differences from division to division, and department to department, differences that would not be solved easily; but I assume that what is primary for English has at least equivalents throughout the arts and humanities.

I say that we in English should have three minimal academic aims in mind, as well as the assurance from our financiers that we can really work at them, if we are to continue at our trade. First, we must aim to teach the past as an instrument, a resource, and a root source of knowledge—that is, we must be active in historical observing, in cultivating a perspective on the present. Second, we must aim at demonstrating that English and Amer-

n literature, like all literature, is a owledge-source, a source of social owledge as well as for understand- g individual thought, feeling, and ac- n. Third, we must do what we can. thin our limited capacities, to pre- ve the artistic integrity of the lit- ature, and the integrity of the Eng- h-American language.

Obviously these minimums are vast- inclusive; I hope that the first two them would be acceptable as min- al conditions for history and philos- hy as well—and for American Stu- es where it now is separate from glish. Unfortunately the exclusion- s in English would worry about ose first two; they like to imagine a ork of literature as sitting by itself, perhaps with another father-image erary work as a companion, in the rlor. They have done everything in eir power to isolate literature from e open range of human thought, d would have to be fought hard at e survival meetings. I suspect, ough, that the general aims would ake it through the meetings, as gen- al aims generally do, and that the al conflicts would occur at the point the meetings when Cutting Down urse Offerings became the topic.

What a topic it is. I would fight for ducing the freshman and sophomore urses, aside from composition, to a all group of humanities surveys ne or two of which would be a uni- rsity requirement) handled in con- nction with history and philosophy, d slashing the upper-class courses fifteen, plus five seminars. I would en put a professor or associate pro- ssor in charge of each course, and rround him with as many assistants the enrollment in the course (and ssible sectioning) dictated. I would en plug for the elimination of all mmittees except ad hoc panels set up work out the relationships between e courses and prevent overlapping. d I would propose that each English ajor take twelve of the fifteen courses, us a seminar or two, plus indepen- nt study. I would add that none of e courses should be restricted to glish majors.

And for managing all this I would ppose that the departmental chair- nship be rotated every three years ong the professors in the depart- ent.

Since it is not unusual for a uni- versity to offer 100 courses in English (this fall semester the University of Maryland had 117), my proposal would be regarded as immensely radical, or immensely conservative. Immensely something. But all I would be trying to do would be to put our house in order. At the moment, when we offer 100 courses in a semester, we are at once reaching out with "gut" oddities for casual students who want easy credits, and conducting a make-work program for our own faculty, since we are overstaffed. In other words, we are running a sort of WPA of our own devising, to make sure that each teacher has a load that justifies his pay. For among the modern obstacles to keeping a university distinct from a high school or community college is the increasing uniformity of the classroom obligation. While faculties struggle to keep their teaching loads down so that they may proceed with research projects, trustees and legislators struggle to push teaching loads up, to get their money's worth. The result is WPA busyness. I suggest that, in exchange for faculty cooperation in setting up a rational, unpadded curriculum, we should insist that the right of faculty *not* to teach for their bread be more forcefully and methodically asserted to our financiers than it now is.

IF THAT RIGHT were to be asserted, there could be available at all times a predictable and budgetable group of teachers whose role as scholars, with private or group projects, would be to give steady credible evidence, by their intelligence and dedication, that a university does indeed have a function beyond classrooms. The nonteaching "assignments" would preferably be undertaken in short, fairly frequent time blocks, as opposed to the present sabbatical ritual, and these time blocks would be the bait to hold out to the opponents of a simple, rational, reduced pedagogical program.

Thus the proposed survival meetings might work toward asserting a few practical notions of what a university is or should be, while improving our everyday sense of classroom purpose. They would also work toward simplifying the managerial structure, putting professors and associate professors in charge of what they ought to be in charge of, and discouraging the importation of managers chiefly noted for being managers. Of course they would also work toward a reduction of faculty ranks, but such a reduction is in the cards anyway, being a condition for dredging up more money per faculty member. If we were to play our cards with verve, the reduction could be small. And the meetings could engender in faculty members strange new feelings of unity.

Or at least of plodding together. Doing the university rag is a slow dance at best, which is why the asserting of its undoubted importance produces curious inflations. In general, the journalist mind has taken over our system of values. In general, any long-term project, especially one involving the past, as must commonly be the case in the humanities, is now regarded as stultifying and irrelevant, rather than as a possible source of understanding. The academic community lives in the shadow of this enormous modern change in the popular notion of what is intellectually important, and the shadow is lengthened by the academics' curious predicament of remaining the only profession that hasn't made money its primary consideration (perhaps only because it hasn't figured out how to). As a result, it is not conditioned to ordinary American standards of success and is looked down on with all the contempt that entrepreneurial private enterprisers reserve for the passively salaried—contempt that is sometimes deserved. Even many talented persons within the academic fold can sometimes find time to be contemptuous of the lack of talent and energy around them, and to spend their research hours not researching but looking for other lines of work. To lose the talented ones is what we can least afford.

Yet the miserable state of academic affairs could have a silver lining. There remains a large reserve of moral rectitude in the academic breast, and it may well break out soon in anger against the old but now much aggravated dog-eat-dog mess that surrounds us. The country clearly needs another good pinch from *some* radical group, and I like to imagine that this time not the students but the professors, in their misery, will do the pinching. □

Myth:

Trucks move most efficiently on public highways.



Fact:

Railroads move trucks up to four times more efficiently.

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BANKERS' CASINO

Gambling in the $900 billion Euromarket

by L. J. Davis

ON NOVEMBER 14, 1979, the U.S. government froze all Iranian assets in American banks. On November 21, a banking syndicate led by Chase Manhattan declared Iran in default on a $500 million loan and moved to seize Iranian deposits; Iran was a week late with an interest payment. Still later in the month, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company took steps to attach Iran's interest in two companies—Krupp and the engineering firm of Deutsche Babcock. It looked, in short, like a bad month for the wicked Ayatollah and his red-handed fanatics. Then the Europeans started hollering.

It was a little hard to understand why the Europeans were so upset, but the chairman of the second largest bank in West Germany predicted an "avalanche" of claims and a crisis far worse than the one following the collapse of Cologne's Herstatt Bank in 1974. Another European banker said that any further declarations of Iranian default would be horrifying. Credit Suisse accused American banks of violating the unwritten code of international banking.

These men were talking about the Euromarket. They were running scared and with excellent reason. If other countries, less impressed than frightened by the bold punitive strokes of the American financial institutions, began calling home their deposits, a terrible thing might happen. It might become clear that there is very little hard currency in even the most reputable banks; if enough people should take it into their head to withdraw their deposits, then the international monetary system might suffer something akin to a bank panic.

L. J. Davis is a novelist, critic, and investigative reporter. His most recent novel is Walking Small *(Braziller).*

THE SEIZURE of the Iranian deposits is commonly misunderstood. For one thing, the Chase consortium didn't seize money; it seized some numbers on a computer tape, and the great fear of the Europeans was that, thanks to the abrupt American action, many skittish depositors would start urging that similar numbers in other locations be transformed into real cash. For another thing, the relevant numbers were not safely locked up here in America. Instead, they were under electronic arrest in the Euromarket, which takes its being from the impulses shuttling from the nerve center in London out to Paris and Frankfurt and Rome and Osaka, pausing for a nanosecond on the way to cloak themselves in tax advantages in the so-called brass-plate banks (often little more than a room, a chair, a desk, a computer terminal, and a name on the door) in Luxembourg, Grand Cayman, the Bahamas, Bahrain, and Singapore. It is in many respects a wonderful system. Bankers wax lyrical on the subject, stressing its speed, its efficiency, its trillion-dollar dimensions, its blissful freedom from the meddling of bureaucrats and other public servants. Just as Citicorp's advertising slogans have it, the Citi never sleeps, nor does any international bank. The sun is always coming up somewhere, and the bazaar is always open, taking in deposits and making loans and moving numbers around. It's all very thrilling, to say nothing of hypnotic—which may help explain why the Eurobankers appear to have overlooked two basic rules, one of which they ought to have learned in college economics and the other of which any ten-year-old boy could tell them. The faster a banker moves money, even in the form of numbers, the more inflation he causes; in effect, he devalues the currency, penalizes his depositors, gives his borrowers a windfall, and makes a mockery of the profit structure of his own bank. As for the other rule, the one that any ten-year-old knows, it is this: People entrusted with other people's money are wise to keep some cash lying around, because someday they might need it.

The reader will notice that almost none of the sources used in the following pages are cited by name, rank, and serial number. Normally I object to coyness about sources, but in this instance it is necessary to the writing. In the course of researching an article about Libyans, Idaho, and Sen. Frank Church last October, I came upon three documents put out by the Government Printing Office: the report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the Bretton Woods Agreements Amendments Act of 1977, the transcript of certain hearings before the larger committee's Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations (then chaired by Senator Church), and a Subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy staff report entitled "International Debt, the Banks, and U.S. Foreign Policy"—this last largely the work of a remarkable woman named Karin Lissakers. These documents resulted from the committee's attempt to come to grips with the petroleum crisis, and to understand petrodollar recycling and the vast, baffling, and unregulated money market. Since the evidence of these three volumes points to the alarming conclusion that the Euromarket unwittingly has come to bear an unhappy resemblance to a Ponzi scheme, I decided to undertake a study of my own. When you conduct such an investigation, you play by the investigatee's rules or you don't play; hence, the anonymity of my sources. No banker wants to be identified with an incautious phrase indicating that banks play with economic nitroglycerin and, as an inevitable side effect, cause inflation. Most bankers exhibit great cheer and invincible optimism whenever the Euromarket or any of its works are mentioned; only a few do not.

The bankers extended to me the same courtesy they accorded Senator Church when he held his hearings: they gave me a heap of data, all of it jiggered to make it seem that the Euromarket is less enormous and more soundly based than it is. This jiggering is usually effected by aggregating superficially similar but incompatible statistics—plumping down the gross national product of India, for example, in the middle of a table that is supposed to reflect the private debt exposure of the richer less-developed countries, or lumping Libya with Algeria and Nigeria in a discussion of the capital exposure of Arab countries. Fortunately, I also had access to the less confusing statistics produced by the Federal Reserve and the World Debt Tables compiled by the World Bank—imperfect tools, but not without their uses—and I also had something few U.S. Senators possess in any abundance: time to sit on my parlor floor surrounded by drifts of paper, slowly disaggregating the figures and casting out the junk.

The result you hold in your hands.

The Fed to the rescue

MY NAMELESS BANKERS agreed with one another about most matters, but on one thing they were unanimous: if the unthinkable should happen and a giant multinational bank ever began to topple, the Federal Reserve would come riding to the rescue like Lochinvar out of the West. So mighty is the Fed perceived to be that a number of the bankers point the naive observer in the direction of the Franklin National Bank, the activities of the Fed on its behalf, and its ultimate collapse. Only a blind man would use such an example.

The Franklin National Bank of New York went broke on October 8, 1974, partly as a result of huge losses in foreign-exchange trading and partly, it now seems, as a result of the manipulations of Michele Sindona, the Italian financier and recent kidnap victim. The Franklin was the twentieth largest bank in the country, and its failure was the largest in U.S. history. It failed despite the Fed's injection of $1.7 billion in low-interest loans, and it would have collapsed even sooner if the Fed hadn't also been obliged to protect the dollar on the international market by assuming the Franklin's foreign-exchange position. Only then was it possible for the European-American Bank to purchase the Franklin's assets and assume its remaining liabilities, and the Franklin National was allowed to pass quietly out of existence. As the anonymous bankers point out, Franklin's depositors didn't lose a cent—and, indeed, the whole adventure looks very tidy. A bank was tried and found wanting; the Fed intervened; the dollar and the public were protected; and a smooth transition was arranged. My point is that the Fed had a little trouble doing it. The invincibility of the Fed is central to the myths bankers live by, but doling out almost $2 billion to a foundering middle-rank bank placed it under some strain. The central bank of the most powerful country on earth flexed its muscles and felt a twinge.

In the late 1960s, the pampered U.S. national economy was falling into a slump from which it has yet to recover. It was not generating surplus capital—in fact, if the classical model had held true it should have been desperate for a massive capital infusion as it retooled, rebuilt, and stepped up its research-and-development activities to meet competition from a recovered Europe and a developed postwar Japan. But instead of seeking new capital for the domestic economy, the American response had been to export as much of its business as possible and set up shop abroad (e.g., manufacturing baseballs in Haiti). Lyndon Johnson's Administration misread the situation and applied classical remedies that made matters worse. Noting that the continuing export of U.S. investment money was creating a deficit in the national capital account that was no longer being made up by a surplus in the export of goods and services, the government implemented a number of regulations designed to lessen the outward flow. Chief among these were the Interest Equalization Tax on foreign stocks acquired and foreign debts incurred by U.S. individuals and corporations, and the Voluntary Credit Restraint Program (VCRP), which put a ceiling on the amount of money that banks physically located in the United States could lend abroad.

Lands of Opportunity

ON PAPER the regulations produced the desired effect. The Interest Equalization Tax and related measures effectively discouraged the growing multinationals from repatriating their foreign earnings, and the VCRP clamped down on the export of capital from the home offices of U.S. banks to foreign individuals and entities. Between 1960 and 1964, parent-bank lending to non-U.S. residents grew at an average annual rate of 22.8 percent; between 1964 (the year of the imposition of the VCRP) and 1972, the annual rate of growth was only 4.5 percent.

Thanks to three amazing oversights, the remedies imposed in the Johnson years and continued under Nixon worsened the problems they were attempting to alleviate—and, in fact, did much to create a new game for which no effective rules have been devised.

The first oversight was to miss the obvious fact that if the growing multinationals no longer found it worthwhile to repatriate their funds, they would put them elsewhere. That threatened the home offices of U.S. banks with a big loss of business. And so, like Willie Sutton, they went where the money was. In 1960, only eight U.S. banks had foreign branches, and their assets totaled $3.5 billion.

In 1965, responding to the changed circumstances, the number of banks with foreign branches had expanded to 113. (Although their aggregate assets abroad amounted to only $9 billion, it was still early in the game.)

By the end of 1972, the total assets of the 627 foreign branch offices had grown to $90 billion. But by June of 1976, the branches' foreign assets reached $181 billion, a sum equal to 26 percent of the total assets of all U.S. banks. By the end of 1978, the foreign assets had again more than doubled, to $306 billion. The growth rate is all the more phenomenal because the VCRP and other credit restraints were allowed to expire in 1974, thus presumably ending the pretext for retaining such vast sums abroad. Nor are assets the complete picture. Between 1970 and 1975, the international earnings of the thirteen largest multinational banks rose from $177 million to $836 million, while domestic earnings rose from $884 million to $918 million. Fully 95 percent of the total increase in earnings posted by the thirteen largest multinational banks over a five-year period came from foreign operations.

With U.S. domestic banking stagnating along with domestic industry, the competitive advantage seized by a handful of multinational banks was immense—and, as we shall see, increasingly perilous. Moreover, some interesting questions arose as to just how American this handful of banks had become. In 1972, the Bank of America earned $189 million, 21 percent of which resulted from international operations; in 1976, earnings reached $336 million, and the international share represented 40 percent of the total. Citicorp earned $209 million in 1972, 54 percent of it in international transactions; in 1976 it earned $405 million, and the foreign share had risen to 72 percent. The international earnings of Chase Manhattan rose from 34 percent to 78 percent; of Manufacturers Hanover from 29 percent to 65 percent; of Morgan Guaranty from 35 percent to 53 percent; of Bankers Trust from 31 percent to 64 percent; and of Chemical from 14 percent to 44 percent.

A couple of things should be kept in mind at this point. First, a bank's earnings are an imperfect mirror of the scale of its operations: they accurately reflect only the profitability of an operation, not its size, and—physically at least—the large multinational banks remain American only because most of the actual banking plant remains in America, as do the head offices. For another, money deposited in a bank is not an asset. It is a liability. The money only becomes an asset (and earns profits) when it leaves the premises in the form of an interest-bearing loan. The startling rise in the international profits of the banks, therefore, says almost as much about the relative stasis of the domestic economy as it does about the dynamism of the international money market, and the enormous increase in the assets of the foreign branches reflects money being lent and not money on hand.

Between 1964 and 1974, a significant portion of the growth in banks' foreign assets was the result of the second great oversight of the regulators. The VCRP placed a ceiling on foreign lending by U.S. banks located in the United States, but it specifically exempted lending by their foreign branches and subsidiaries. In practice, therefore, the VCRP was ineffective. Once the foreign branches were in place and the subsidiaries established or purchased, it took but a stroke of the pen (or the punch of a programmer's finger) to move the overseas transactions out of the home office while keeping them within the bank—and the business boomed on. A compelling argument has been advanced that much of the capital starvation that has afflicted domestic business and local government since the early 1970s resulted from this continuing shift of funds, transactions, and profits from the home market to abroad—the condition of Newark and Cleveland and Youngstown Steel being cited as pertinent examples. It is also true that the federal government intervenes more and more with loans to complete the capital requirements of projects (a luxury hotel in Key West, a department store in Brooklyn) that would have had little trouble raising money only a decade ago. Something very odd is going on when the government finds itself lending money to a luxury hotel.

Still, an enormous amount of money remains unaccounted for, even when the VCRP loophole is combined with the deposits of the multinational corporations. Only a hundred of some 14,000 U.S. banks entered this lucrative international market. Of these, just a dozen transact the bulk of the business. And this business is, in turn, overwhelmingly dominated by six or seven banks, all but one or two of them with head offices in New York. Half of the business of this half-dozen is concentrated in two institutions, the California-based Bank of America and New York's Citicorp. These banks continue to receive, respectively, 50 percent and 70 percent of their earnings from abroad, and the assets of each are

approaching $100 billion. That two banks could become so wealthy has come to pass in large part because of the third and gravest oversight committed by the regulators. The regulators had forgotten about the Eurocurrency market.

Money on the loose

EUROCURRENCY consists of dollars, marks, yen, francs, sterling, and other currencies deposited in banks outside the country of origin and used by those banks as they use any other deposit, i.e., as a potential source of revenue. If the currency is ever repatriated in the form of, say, a sterling loan to the home office of a British company by the Paris branch of a German bank, the money ceases to function as Eurocurrency. Conversely, if dollars on deposit in the London branch of an American bank are loaned to an entity in Brazil (and quite a lot of them have been), they remain Eurodollars. It is basically very simple: Eurocurrency remains Eurocurrency so long as it doesn't go home to its natal banking system. It is also magical—bankers love it. It is largely free from the meddling of bureaucrats, it is very profitable, and it grows and grows and grows.

The Eurocurrency market was founded in its present form by the Russians during the Cold War in the 1950s, when they placed quantities of their dollar holdings in London to ensure that they could not be frozen or otherwise restricted by the United States. This prudent action created a haven for dollars the Treasury was obliged to honor but which neither it nor the Federal Reserve could control. The Russian deposit was presently joined by other dollars deposited by sources that had reason to keep them outside the United States, but the market possibilities of the money did not become fully apparent until 1957, when the British government prohibited the use of sterling as the financing medium of trade between other countries. British banks were naturally anxious to keep this business, and they offered their dollars as a natural substitute. As other European countries placed similar restraints on their currencies during the 1950s and 1960s, the Eurocurrency market was born.

Nobody has any idea how much money is actually in the Eurocurrency market, including the bankers themselves. As one high bank official put it, the best estimate is "an approximation based on an assumption." The most reliable tables are published by the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, but the figures are subject to many disconcerting qualifications. The computations are based on three primary sources: the World Bank's Debtor Reporting System, the reports of the banks to their regulatory authorities, and advertisements in the newspapers. Unfortunately, only countries that have borrowed from the World Bank are required to report their debts, which leaves South Africa and most of Eastern Europe out of the picture. The World Bank excludes from its data debts of less than one year's maturity and debts not guaranteed by the borrower's government, thus excluding all short-term government borrowing, all short-term government-guaranteed borrowing, and the entire nonguaranteed international debt of the private sector. What's more, the reporting government may have no idea how much money it actually has borrowed. This pertains especially to the quasi-socialist, military-dominated countries where state-controlled enterprises have the ability to enter the Euromarket on their own, sometimes reporting their debts to the central government and sometimes not.

As for the reports to the regulatory authorities, many banks are involved, with many different forms of auditing practices, interior controls, and methods of data collection.

The World Bank attempts to verify the data it receives by referring to loan announcements, called "tombstones," in the financial press. But not all international loans are thus boasted of.

Bearing in mind, then, that the Eurocurrency loan picture is underestimated by untold billions of dollars, the gross size of the market —as estimated by Morgan Guaranty Trust— was $890 billion at the end of 1978, 74 percent of it in U.S. dollars. After liabilities (deposits) are deducted from the figure, the market's estimated net size works out to $475 billion, but because accounting practices vary from country to country, bankers prefer to make a further reduction in the total by subtracting loans to central banks and to banks outside the market area and by deducting all Eurofunds known to have returned to their domestic markets. This legerdemain then yields a revised net figure of $235 billion.

Bankers are sanguine men. They exude confidence and common sense. Accordingly, some of them like to point out that in terms of

"real" money—money denominated in constant, pre-inflationary terms based on its value in, say, 1967—the true net value of the Euromarket is only about $100 billion, a trifling sum. It is, of course, in the interest of these bankers to minimize the Euromarket. And what all the self-serving deductions tend to obscure is that close to a trillion dollars has escaped the direct control of anybody but bankers. The combined domestic money supply of the seven largest industrial countries is, by comparison, $2.7 trillion. In other words, an enormous hunk of the world's available money—perhaps as much as a third of it—happens to be floating around loose, subject to the conflicting, competitive, secretive policies of a handful of the world's largest banks.

Interestingly, the bankers' assertions of the triviality of the sums held in Eurocurrency may in a sense be correct, but not for reasons the bankers assert. The truth is that there may be almost no actual money there at all. Much of the total may be just figures in a computer —fairy gold.

According to one line of thinking, a major source of Eurofunds is to be found in the deficit in the U.S. balance of payments, but the line is wrong.* As Milton Friedman has pointed out, although the net Euromarket figure in 1969 was a relatively modest $30 billion, U.S. deficits over the previous five years had totaled less than $9 billion. Foreign central banks could have contributed an additional $5 billion from their dollar holdings, leaving at least $16 billion unaccounted for. Even when leakage through the loophole in the VCRP and the dollar holdings of individuals and private companies are added in and the various Euroyen, Eurofrancs, Euromarks, and so forth are subtracted, there exists no reasonable external source for these funds, much less for the net of $475 billion that stood on the books at the end of 1978. In fact, it is possible that there is not that much actual, available cash in the entire world, even with the post-1973 petrodollar deposits of the Arabs taken into consideration.

Admittedly, it is a poser. When questioned about the money, an official of the Federal Reserve in New York gave an untypically direct answer: "I don't know where it came from." Still, we are dealing with a mystery in the gross vicinity of a trillion dollars, and concealing a trillion dollars is like covering a bull with a napkin.

A partial explanation of the phenomenal growth of the Euromarket may lie in the electronic nature of modern money and the peculiar nature of a bank asset. Thanks to modern telecommunications, it is possible for the Paris branch of an American bank to loan the London branch of the same bank any sum of money, and to do so within seconds. The money then appears on the books of the London branch as a deposit—a liability that the borrowing bank will immediately seek to convert to an asset in the form of a loan. When this has been done, the money will be duly registered on the books of the second borrower's bank, where it again becomes a liability and the cycle is repeated. The second borrower gets his money, of course, but almost invariably in reasonable installments that can be covered by the cash reserve banks maintain for the purpose. Although not a cent has moved an inch, a magical growth has occurred in the Euromarket's money supply, which will grow yet further as the loans are repaid up the chain, creating fresh deposit liabilities that will in turn have to be loaned. What has moved is a series of electronic impulses, and yet the assets of three separate banks have been increased. To those who believe that numbers are cash, this is a miracle of spontaneous generation.

There is not much danger in this so long as the world's business perks along and certain safeguards are observed. All well-run banks have safeguards. For instance, they maintain a reserve of actual cash on hand so that depositors won't get a nasty surprise when they come to the counter for their money. Also, there is the loan-loss reserve—additional money held as security against bad debts. Finally, in the United States, there is Regulation D.

Ds and Qs



WHEN THE GOVERNMENT created the Federal Reserve in response to the bank failures early in this century, it also established some admirable rules. One of these, Regulation D, requires that all national banks hold between

* People who make the argument must be looking at the balance of merchandise trade, where there has been a chronic deficit, rather than at the balance of current account, which includes such intangibles as services. The balance historically (if not recently) has been in the black.

10 percent and 22 percent of their funds in reserve against domestic liabilities. This is real money in the sense that it just sits there, immobile. It earns no interest and it doesn't go anywhere. The reserve requirement is a way of controlling the domestic money supply and limiting the number of times the same deposit can be reloaned. It constitutes an effective withdrawal of capital from the bank's books. From the lender's point of view, the money has ceased to exist, though, paradoxically, it is as real as the money in your pocket.

The Euromarket is not immune to national monetary policies: because it competes with national capital markets, its interest rates (pegged to LIBOR, the London Interbank Offering Rate) rise and fall in tandem with the more traditional international moneys, although money held by LIBOR is invariably cheaper. Nor is it entirely unregulated; although England and the other host countries do little but tax the income of the branches (and the bank havens, such as Grand Cayman, the Bahamas, and Singapore, don't even do that), the Federal Reserve, the Treasury, and the New York State Banking Department have their men on hand in London.

Although foreign branches of U.S. banks are part of a corporate entity based in the United States, Regulation D does not apply to them, and the bankers' argument that imposing it would impair their competitive position is quite right. In the absence of Regulation D, the foreign branches have many more numbers on their books to lend and re-lend, and the velocity with which this electronically impelled money passes in and out of the Eurosystem is increased.

The speed with which money moves is as important as the amount of money in circulation. An increase in the velocity—combined with the loaning and reloaning of money down the chain—from bank to borrower to bank is equivalent to an increase in the money supply. Money that sits in one place, drawing no interest and doing nothing, is in effect no money at all. Increasing the money supply is one of the simpler ways by which inflation is caused; the more money there is, the less the money is worth.

It should therefore come as no great surprise that the years 1972–79, which witnessed a 500 percent increase in the size of the Eurocurrency market and a concomitant increase in its uncontrollable velocity, have also been the years of double-digit inflation in the West. The Euromarket is not the sole villain, but it is one.

(National governments have occasionally tried to intervene. Seven European countries temporarily imposed reserve requirements on the external liabilities of the foreign branches within their borders following the devaluation of the dollar and the abortive currency float of the mid-Seventies. The Federal Reserve, which hardly bothered to pay attention to the Euromarket until the hearings of Senator Church's Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, recently imposed an 8 percent reserve requirement on repatriated Eurofunds. Considering the unhappy precedent of the Interest Equalization Tax and related measures, this move seems misguided. In any event, all Western countries are sensitive about the relative competitive positions of their banks vis-à-vis those of their allies, and in the continuing absence of a new international banking convention, any such regulations are likely to remain hesitant, piecemeal, and feeble.)

There are, however, certain limits to spontaneous generation. While a good many of the Euromarket's trillion bucks consist of money-on-the-books rather than money-in-the-pocket, the Eurobankers had to start with some hard cash—in this case the spoils of OPEC. For the American branches, the nonapplicability of Regulation Q was essential.

Regulation Q, like Regulation D, is another of the estimable restraints placed on the velocity of domestic money by a watchful Fed. It forbids the payment of interest on domestic deposits held less than thirty days, thus placing an effective restraint on money where it moves fastest, in the most mobile deposits. Regulation Q does not apply to the foreign branches of U.S. banks. That suits them fine: short-term, interest-bearing accounts were precisely what the OPEC countries were looking for when the $68 billion oil windfall came their way in 1974.*

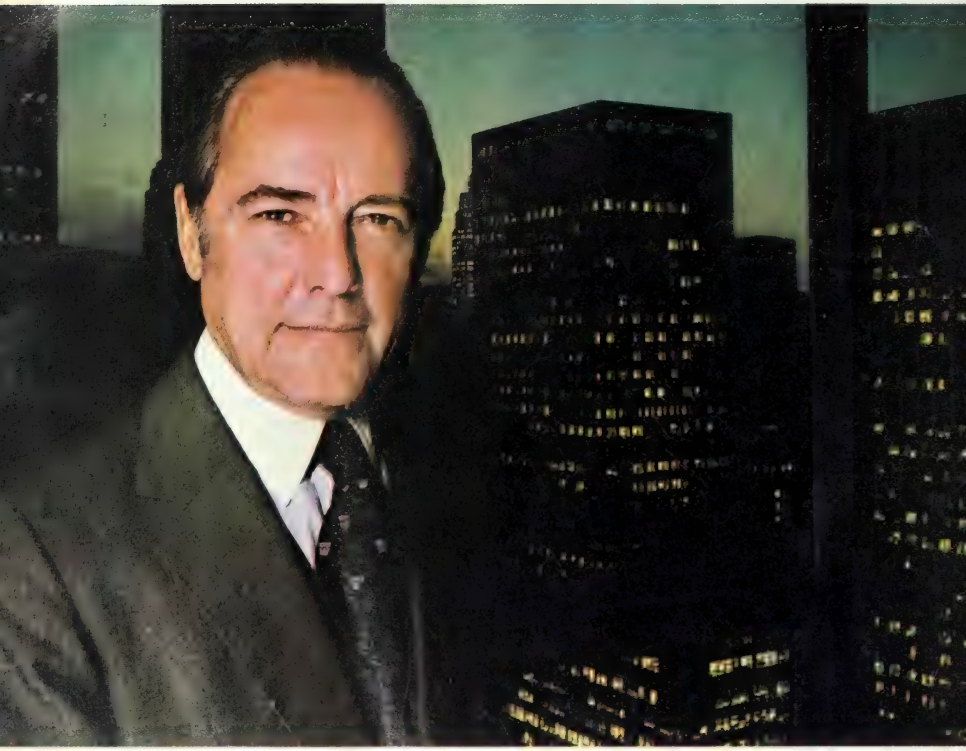
Arabs' disposable income



Between 1974 and 1978, the gross underestimated size of the Euromarket grew by $515 billion. It is tempting to say that the engine driving this enormous increase was OPEC oil money, especially the oil money of the Arabs, and indeed a persuasive case can be made by reasoning solely along those lines.

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At the same time it is important again to bear in mind the curious nature of bank liabilities and assets. A deposit must be loaned, and while most loans are stable in that they are paid back over a period of time, many of the Arab deposits are far more volatile. To be sure, the Arabs have placed a great deal of their money in the Euromarket, much of it through the medium of the American Big Six, and most of that in Bank of America, Citicorp, and Chase. But they haven't kept most of it there for long.

Between 1974 and the end of 1978, the OPEC governments collectively received close to $600 billion in oil revenues. And they spent it. How they spent it is a subject of confusion. But contrary to popular belief, the Arabs are not buying up the United States. The Kuwaiti purchase of Kiawah Island off the Carolina coast notwithstanding, they have exhibited no great keenness for real estate. The British own more on Manhattan Island than the Arabs own in the whole country. Most OPEC members do not have any money to invest in the first place; most of what they have goes for national development and, to a much lesser extent, military hardware. The majority of OPEC members are simply too poor to export capital, and for all practical purposes, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the United Arab Emirates are the only potential investors on a world scale. But even here, very little has occurred. Official Arab investments have traditionally been dominated by the goals of low risk, high return, and minimum exposure. These criteria can be met by the purchase of Treasury bonds and notes, and Arabs have indeed been buying into the U.S. currency. As of August 31, 1979, the total federal debt stood at $826.5 billion. Of this, $124.5 billion was owed to foreigners, including governments, and the total OPEC share (including that of Venezuela) was $13.3 billion. In other words, OPEC owned 11 percent of the total foreign indebtedness of the U.S. Treasury and 1.6 percent of the total national debt—in other words, not much.

Actually, the Saudis don't have all that much extra money. Neither do the Kuwaitis nor the UAE. While Abu Dhabi once had a ruler who kept his oil receipts in a box under his bed, those days are gone forever. Not only is $600 billion a highly impractical sum to stash away, but a compelling social need forced its almost immediate expenditure. Years of cheap oil had given Saudi Arabia a railroad and Libya a highway and an educational system, but it is not too much of an exaggeration to say that that was about it. Vast sums of money generate their own peculiar imperatives, if only because rulers want to retain their thrones. From the very beginning the path of the OPEC members has been remarkably clear: they had to buy as much of the infrastructure of a modern economy as they could afford.

The OPEC price increases created an enormous but highly specialized seller's market. The places where the OPEC members could buy themselves the infrastructure of a modern economy were remarkably few. They could buy it in Europe, in the U.S., or in Japan. So the West and Japan found themselves purchasing expensive oil rather than cheap oil and making up the difference by selling a fortune in new exports.

Money weaponry

ECONOMISTS AND BANKERS, like most of us, believe many things that are untrue, and although the return of the oil money was known to be inevitable, it was anticipated that the flow would be uneven. This line of thinking held that while most of the OPEC countries, with their large, poor populations, would purchase as many capital goods as they could afford, the handful of countries with the bulk of the world's oil would be unable to spend their money anywhere near as fast as they made it, turning them into net repositories of money. There were sound reasons for thinking so; Kuwait and the UAE were little more than large towns surrounded by oil derricks, while Saudi Arabia was afflicted with a tiny population, a lot of sand, and the world's largest oil pool. These circumstances seemed to suggest that the friendly Saudis could turn their oil flow up or down much as they wished, and that they were bound to end up with a vast reserve of unspendable cash. Neither assumption has been correct. The Iranian shortfall has pretty well put an end to the Saudis' discretionary powers, and as far as the money is concerned, the Saud family seems deter-

*As I write, the banks have all but persuaded the Senate to abolish Regulation Q. The ostensible reason is to allow banks to reward their checking-account customers with interest. Banks like to cast themselves as public benefactors. In actuality, the abolition of Regulation Q is part of an attempt to make the domestic banking system function like the Euromarket.

mined to prove that monarchs, like Republicans, are as good at spending as leftist dictators and Democrats. Between 1974 and 1978, the OPEC members spent about $500 billion for imports, or approximately 75 percent of their export earnings, and these imports grew at an average annual rate of 38 percent. Saudi Arabia's imports, however, grew at an annual rate of 56 percent. By 1978, with only 7 million people, it accounted for 23 percent of all OPEC imports and was the cartel's biggest spender.

Despite much anguished howling in the capitals of the industrial nations and particularly from Washington, oil prices rose by only about 17 percent during this period, and thanks to a combination of slump (everywhere) and conservation (except in the United States), OPEC's world oil sales grew by a negligible 1.2 percent a year. Moreover, inflation and price pressures work two ways: petrodollars were worth 19 percent less in 1978 than they were in 1973, and the Western exporters, like merchants everywhere, simply tacked the extra cost of the oil onto the price of their goods.

Inflation, the price squeeze, and the unexpected Saudi expenditures had a profound effect on the overall liquidity of the cartel. In 1973, OPEC ran a surplus in its collective current accounts of $6.3 billion; in 1974, this sum rose to an alarming $68 billion. But by 1978, the surplus was back down to $12 billion before official transfers and $5 billion afterwards. OPEC's net external assets amounted to less than $170 billion, most of it concentrated in the Euromarket.

Still, $170 billion is a considerable bankroll, and its concentration in a few banks in the Euromarket has prompted some observers to speculate that a potent money weapon might one day join the oil weapon in the Arabs' bag of tricks. Not only is the money concentrated in a few depositories, but by far the largest part of it is in Muslim hands. It would seem a simple matter, then, for the Arabs to work their will on the West during some future crisis involving Israel by either threatening a massive withdrawal or attempting such, thus causing a major and perhaps catastrophic disruption in the Western—and, specifically, American—banking system.

There are a couple of things wrong with this argument. First, it assumes that the Arab deposits would either disappear or move slowly. Fortunately, it is hard to make money disappear. The Arabs could take their money and burn it—that, indeed, would cause it to vanish—or they could convert it to gold and build pyramids of it. But in the latter event the Arabs' money would become the property of the former owners of the bullion. To do either the Arabs would have to be crazy, and they aren't crazy.

There remains the option of moving the money somewhere else within the world monetary system, but doing that would not result in major damage to the bereft depository. Modern banking transfers travel over telephone wires instantaneously, and they are processed by computers. Money abhors a vacuum. If a vast hole were suddenly to appear in the foreign accounts of, say, Citibank, Citibank would naturally (and instantly) be in the market for money, and because it would offer an attractive price, the prudential instincts of its competitors—particularly those competitors who find themselves blessed with a new liability in the form of the Arab deposit—would ensure that its needs were met. The result would be a disruption lasting for, perhaps, hours, a further increase in the velocity and price of money, and a hollow victory. The effect of the Arab blow would further be diluted by the fact that the aggregate sums at their disposal constitute less than one-twentieth of the gross size of the Euromarket, and the blow itself would be struck at the liability rather than the asset side of the ledger.

For these events to occur, the Arabs would have to be able to lay their hands on all or most of their money at once. While the Arabs have traditionally favored overnight and two-day deposits—in effect, immediate money—and have continued to do so, significant deposits have found their way into longer-term three- and six-month accounts. In the Euromarket, the banks retain certain interesting discretionary powers concerning such moneys. If a favored depositor wishes to lay his hands on them before the time is up, the bank reserves the right to sell them on the open market. If interest rates have gone up since the deposit was made, the bank makes a profit, returns the money to the client, and pockets the difference. If interest rates have gone down, the client still gets the money, but with the penalty. If the client is demonstrably unfriendly—if, for instance, he has just told the world that he proposes to topple the international financial system—the bank can tell him to wait until his account reaches maturity. Citibank, in any event, could either retain the cash or get it back instantly, and so the Arab undertaking would be quite futile.

All of this assumes, of course, that the Arabs

will be constrained by the common prudence of everyday business, wherein money is central and the profit motive paramount. To date, the bankers' confidence has been justified by Arab practice. But the common prudence of everyday business cuts two ways. Missing from the bankers' tidy scenario is their own imprudence when it comes to lending money to certain of the richer less-developed countries, and it totally ignores the problem of Israel.

THERE ARE definite circumstances under which the money weapon could cause a big uproar. Once again: to a bank, a deposit is a liability, a loan is an asset, and because of the lack of effective restraints on the Euromarket, money placed there grows at a remarkable rate. In 1973, the Euromarket's assets were underestimated at $160 billion. By 1978, they had grown to an underestimated $475 billion. Perhaps as much as $93 billion represented loans to the less-developed countries, or LDCs.

The OPEC price increases of 1973 and afterwards have created a permanent, structural deficit in the foreign accounts of the LDCs. In 1973 their aggregated balance on current account was $8.6 billion in the red. In 1974, the deficit rose abruptly to $28 billion. It reached $36.6 billion in 1975, fell to $22 billion in 1977, rose again to $27.5 billion in 1978, and may top $40 billion in 1979. Not all of this increase can be laid at the door of OPEC and the price of oil, but most of it can. In 1973–74 the LDCs experienced a commodities boom: the boom collapsed in 1975, causing an inevitable deterioration in the terms of trade, and they have not recovered since. Boom and bust in international markets are familiar phenomena, and tools exist to cope with their consequences—not very good tools, it is true, but with a certain limited effectiveness. A country can usually ride out slack times, all other things remaining equal, and prosperity generally returns to supplier countries shortly after it begins to return to the consuming ones.

Oil imports are far less susceptible to traditional methods of restraint, and for a full seven years oil prices have been in an upward spiral. The 1973 increase alone added an estimated $42 billion to the LDCs' annual oil-import costs and an additional $25 billion, in the form of oil-related increases, to the cost of other imports. While the countries in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development as a whole managed to absorb the price increases and even make money in the process, the LDCs have been saddled with a permanent annual debt of more than $25 billion, the price of a fair-sized endless war.

For the poorest LDCs—those with an annual per capita income of less than $200—the situation is extremely grim. Few of them participated in the commodities boom, and their growth has been negligible since 1973. Furthermore, they are not creditworthy. The poorest LDCs continue to rely, as they always have, on the concessionary aid of the developed countries, and this aid has not increased and is not about to.

The situation is different in the handful of LDCs with relatively large, sophisticated, and growing modern economies—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Mexico, Peru, the Philippines, South Korea, Taiwan, and Thailand. These nations have only a quarter of the billion population of the LDCs but produce more than half of their combined gross national product. All have large private and public sectors, energetic commercial banking systems, and a growing middle class. Moreover, they are good credit risks. They can borrow money on the open market, particularly in the Euromarket. And thereby hangs a tale.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s most of these countries found ready access to private credit, as did a few poorer but seemingly attractive prospects as Indonesia, Zaire, Zambia, and Turkey. For a while the news was very good. Thanks to the infusion of private funds, their economies grew, and the faster their economies grew, the more they were able to borrow. Credit became ever more abundant, old debts got paid off, and there seemed to be no reason it couldn't go on indefinitely. But bankers ought to know better. They deal in a peculiar kind of money, money that is almost never the tangible asset that on the books it appears to be: it is mostly nonexistent, especially in the reserve-free Euromarket. The failure of a bank, unlike the failure of a steel company, is total and final, not merely because there isn't much property to sell off under the sheriff's gavel, but because the money it was supposed to contain really does vanish unless the bank's obligations are assumed by an outside entity.

Bank failure is unthinkable. Bankers and others of us discount the possibility of it because central banks and central govern-

ments can step in with auditors, economists, legal remedies, and—most important of all—awesome sums of money to save the day. This brave rescue is predicated on the assumption that the central bank and the central government will, in fact, be able to afford the heroics. Because bankers treat loans as assets, they tend to be blasé about how much money they have loaned; it is all supposed to come back someday, at a profit. Also, the Eurobankers tend to forget who owns about 20 percent of their deposits, and what the single great political goal of those depositors is.

An S.O.S. from the LDCs

NOTHING GOES ON forever, and sooner or later something like 1973 happens to spoil the fun. That year the creditworthy LDCs found themselves in pretty much the same boat as their less-fortunate brethren: without oil of their own (except for Mexico and Malaysia), without significant access to the new export market enjoyed by the OECD (except for Brazil), and without available funds to meet the deficit in current account. While the richer LDCs were soon moving forward again, the OPEC price increase did not go away, nor was it rendered trivial by the convenient miracle of ongoing economic growth. The richer LDCs may be better off than the poorer ones and their economies may be more sophisticated, but compared to the OECD they are still basic economies. Their dynamism depends on raw materials, commodities, commodity processing, and labor-intensive cheap manufactures such as textiles. There is no way economies so based can swallow a massive increase in the price of oil, unless some external means is found to pay the petrobill. These funds could only come in the form of a massive new infusion of credit, which could only come from the Euromarket.

In the past, when a reasonably well-off country found itself falling into deficit, its traditional source of corrective funds was the International Monetary Fund, which had been established for that purpose. As a member state—and virtually all reasonably well-off, non-Communist countries are member states—it could draw on the sums it had on deposit, and under certain specific circumstances it could also overdraw its account. But while the IMF had satisfied the purposes of its designers under normal, pre-1973 conditions, it was not up to dealing with the OPEC rise. It didn't have enough money, and it imposed conditions on loans that the LDCs could not meet. As far as the LDCs were concerned, the IMF might just as well have been broke.

Fortunately, there remained the Euromarket, and the Euromarket had a lot of money. The Arabs were running enormous sums through the market in short-term deposits, and short-term deposits were still liabilities to be disposed of somewhere. The banks had already loaned the richer LDCs a good deal of money, and they reacted to potential default by loaning the richer LDCs even more so they could pay their oil bills.

This is called petrodollar recycling, though it is nothing of the sort. The Arabs are doing very nicely at recycling their own petrodollars, primarily by spending them in the OECD. The Eurobankers only rent them for a while in the form of deposits, multiply them in the form of loans, and pass them on. All in all, the system appears to work well. The Arabs retain the use of most of their money, the OECD reaps the export dividend and wipes out its oil deficit, growth surges in the richer LDCs, and the banks get rich. Unfortunately, it doesn't really work quite that way.

Since a loan is an asset, a bank making a lot of loans has a way of looking terrific—as have those few banks in the Euromarket where the annual $20 billion of loans to the LDCs are concentrated. The countries in question are demonstrably solvent—their economies are growing at a rate twice that of the United States, their productivity is rising, and their foreign reserves are abuilding. The only thing wrong with this picture is that it happens to be a Ponzi scheme using borrowed money.

The richer LDCs have increased their foreign reserves with borrowed money. The borrowed money increases the assets of the relevant lending institutions. It also strengthens the international posture of the borrowing countries. The illusion is almost perfect, until you recall that the money has to be paid back. Until it returns to its point of origin, it isn't money. Till then the banks are out on a limb.

Take the case of Zaire, which somehow was able to obtain more than $400 million in private international loans. Zaire is rich in copper and other precious minerals. It is also hardly a country at all and becoming less so by the day. Although Zaire's actual condition could have been ascertained by means of a few well-placed telephone calls, the wizards of finance

weren't interested until the time came for the $400 million to be repaid, and Zaire told its creditors to go to hell. Precisely because Zaire is a shambles, there was little the bankers could do except to continue to carry the loan.

Another troubling example of fiduciary bungling is afforded by the Pertamina crisis in Indonesia between 1972 and 1976. Indonesia is a strong-man state more typical of the richer LDCs and OPEC: it is presumably creditworthy, and it is presumably under control. Pertamina, the national oil company, had money. It also had a chief in the person of a medical doctor and major-general named Ibnu Sutowo. Because General Ibnu commanded both the income of a large corporation and the confidence of President Suharto, he was assigned additional development projects, which he brought under Pertamina's umbrella. Because General Ibnu did not, however, have enough money, he began to borrow some, particularly from smaller U.S. banks. And since Pertamina obviously generated capital, the banks were happy to oblige. They obliged and obliged, piling up assets for themselves, until it became apparent in 1972 that the total was dangerously large. Nevertheless, General Ibnu continued to enjoy the confidence of the president, who was presumed to know what General Ibnu was doing. Ibnu kept wanting to borrow money, and the banks gave it to him, until Pertamina's debt amounted to $6.5 billion. At that point, Pertamina ran out of money, and the U.S. Embassy began a frantic effort to prevent a "cross-default" that would rock Indonesia's economy, and possibly have serious political consequences for friendly President Suharto, who was at the time defying the Arab embargo and supplying 12 percent of U.S. oil imports.

A cross-default occurs when, because a company has defaulted on a loan to one creditor, its other creditors also declare their loans in default. Thanks to the heroic efforts of the U.S. embassy and the Indonesian finance ministry, the banks were persuaded to sit tight and the story had the usual happy ending, with General Ibnu out on his ear, the debts rescheduled, and the friendly president secure on his throne. Nobody but the banks denies that it was a very close call.

The Pertamina crisis suggests that the confidence of the international bankers in the richer LDCs may in cases be misplaced. The Zaire fiasco indicates that Citibank and the other large multinational lenders are capable of flagrant stupidity. It was these same guys who loaned Turkey $1 billion. Turkey is broke.



WHEN CONFRONTED with these and other lending fiascos—e.g., the go-go days in Iran—international bankers say they are "sadder and wiser men," steeped in the wisdom distilled from their several billion dollars' worth of childish mistakes.

The Philippine situation closely resembles that of Indonesia, but without a Pertamina, since the Philippines have no oil. They do, however, have a permanent Muslim insurrection, renewed Communist guerrilla activity, and a flagrantly corrupt ruling family. Nevertheless, the sadder and wiser men have deemed the Philippines sufficiently creditworthy to support a debt of $3.2 billion to U.S. banks alone. The assassinated president of South Korea increased his country's U.S. bank debt to about $4 billion. In Chile, President Pinochet has been faithfully following policies of repression and laissez-faire that usually bring about a bank-hating leftist resurgence sooner or later, but the U.S. multinationals have nevertheless loaned his junta $1.7 billion. Peru, which narrowly escaped default in 1976, owes the U.S. multinationals $1.6 billion.

Relatively speaking, these sums are peanuts. In March, 1979, Brazil's indebtedness to U.S. banks, the vast majority of it raised in the Euromarket, stood at $14.6 billion. The figure for Mexico was $10.9 billion. Because it sits atop an enormous oil pool, Mexico will escape most if not all of the consequences of this monstrous burden of debt, although it will be interesting to see what happens when the country discovers that a big hunk of its new wealth belongs to a handful of rich banks in New York: oil does strange things to the national psychology. As for Brazil, it is a dry hole. Its loan rollovers have grown larger year by year. Close to half of its export earnings are in hock to the banks.

The situation is very fragile. The LDCs owe the Euromarket about $25 billion, and by the end of this year they will owe it much more. By far the greatest proportion of this sum is owed by a few relatively prosperous dictatorships in Asia and Latin America, and over three-quarters of *that* money is owed by just two countries, Mexico and Brazil, the latter of which is skidding ever closer to default. The

money is being lent by a handful of banks in the Euromarket, about half of them American, who only sometimes seem to know what they're doing. This group of banks also happens to be the preferred place of deposit by the Arab oil states, and of the American banks, two of them—Bank of America and Citicorp—do the lion's share of the business. Because there is no reserve requirement in the Euromarket, the money trafficked in by these banks is even more unreal than money in a national banking system. It is also very profitable, accounting for more than half of the total earnings of the six largest U.S. banks. The banks have found the courage to build up the paper side of the market until its gross size stands in the vicinity of a trillion dollars. Although the Arab deposits are by no means as huge as fantasy would have them, they are significant, and although their dread money weapon is virtually useless under normal conditions, it isn't at all too hard to imagine catastrophe, given Arab mischief, panic caused by a Brazilian default, or a wave of defaults elsewhere in the LDCs caused by huge new increases in the price of oil. It took only a day for the stock market to crash in 1929.

The bankers remain characteristically sanguine about this possibility, protected, as they think they are, by the dubious safety net of the Federal Reserve.

The Ponzi analogue

THAT THE Federal Reserve is not omnipotent has not occurred to them. When reminded of the Pertamina crisis, their answer is that the Indonesian government fixed things. When questioned about the dangers of the lack of a reserve requirement in the Euromarket, they recommend that the reserve requirement be abandoned everywhere. When reminded that the Euromarket increases the velocity of money in an already dangerously inflationary situation, they reply that it does so because it's efficient. What we actually have here is a Ponzi scheme on a global scale. Nobody planned it that way, and the analogy to the Ponzi scheme cannot be said to imply an organized swindle. In the same way that water seeks its own level, money seeks freedom. As the Western governments evolved currency controls in the 1960s and 1970s, so also there evolved a mechanism by which money could escape those controls.

To be successful, a Ponzi scheme relies on a single prime condition: the mobility of money as expressed by the concentration of capital and the dispersal of debt. An individual persuades a great many people to give him a good deal of money. A few are repaid handsomely to inspire confidence; the rest are paid in dribs and drabs to hint of future earnings. As practiced by a bank, it consists of accepting deposits, lending them to qualified borrowers, and then relending the same money to other qualified borrowers, increasing the principal and interest payments while decreasing the amount of real money in the system. As long as the system continues to expand, everything works. The charlatan attracts a few more suckers, skims off his take, and makes a few more payouts; the bank attracts fresh deposits, expands its portfolio with more loans and reloans, and reaps a profit in the form of interest.

Charlatans and banking systems are subject to two threats, both of them fatal: panic and the concentration of debt. Usually the one leads to the other, with concentration of debt coming first; either too much money is extracted from a single sucker, or too much money is lent to a potential deadbeat. The end is always the same: flight or jail for the crook, curtains for the bank.

The Euromarket's capital is concentrated; a few banks do the lion's share of the business. The debt is dispersed throughout the industrial world, the richer LDCs, and a few properties like Turkey and Zaire. Since the rise in the price of oil in 1973, however, certain debts have exhibited an increasingly unhealthy tendency toward concentration. The richer LDCs have developed a rolling debt of $20-or-so billion, a figure that may rise to $40 billion by the end of 1980. Of this debt, by far the greatest part was further concentrated in two countries, one of them with no oil. A further concentration of debt occurred on the liability side of the ledger, in the form of short-term OPEC deposits, particularly the short-term deposits of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the UAE. These deposits, combined with the OPEC-related deposits of the industrial multinationals, have provided much of the essential fuel that funds the rolling debt. Add to this that dictatorships are prone to dramatic changes in the personae and policies of their governments, that Brazil appears to be approaching a moment of truth in its international accounts, and that the Federal Reserve is not Superman, and one has a prescription for big trouble. □

WORDS ARE DEEDS

A short story

by Paul Thero

ON ENTERING the restaurant in Corte, Professor Sheldrick saw the woman standing near the bar. He decided then that he would take her away with him, perhaps marry her. When she offered him a menu and he realized she was a waitress he was more certain she would accompany him that very day to the hotel, where he had a reservation, on the coast at Ile-Rousse. Not even the suspicion that it was her husband behind the counter—he had a drooping black moustache and was older than she—deterred him as he planned his moves. The man looked like a brute, in any case; and Sheldrick was prepared to offer that woman everything he had.

His wife had left him in Marseilles. She said she wanted to live her own life. She was almost forty and she explained that if she waited any longer no man would look twice at her. She refused to argue or be drawn; her mind was made up. It was Sheldrick who did all the imploring, but it did no good.

He said, "What did I do?"

"It's what you said."

Words are deeds: he knew that was what she meant. And not one but an accumulation of them over a dozen years. The marriage, he knew, had been ruined long before. He was content to live in those ruins and he had believed she needed him. But there in Marseilles she declared she was leaving him. The words she said with such simple directness weakened him; he ached, as if in speaking to him th way she had trampled him. He agreed to her have the house and a certain amount money every month.

He said, "I'll suffer."

"You deserve to suffer."

Her manner was girlish and hopeful, almost elderly. She went home; but when it w time for him to return home he could see point to it, nor any reason to work. He wa professor of French literature at a college Connecticut: the semester was starting. from the day his wife left him, Sheldrick swered no letters and made no plans and not think about the future. What was point? He did nothing, because nothing m tered. He had set out on this trip feeling luc if a bit burdened by his wife. Now the su mer was over, his wife had left him, and began to believe that she had taken the wo with her.

He no longer recognized the importance anything he had ever done before, but his fe ing of failure was so complete he felt he not exist except as a polite and harmless cr ture who, all his defenses removed, faced tinction. His wife had pushed their boul aside and left him exposed, like a soft bli worm.

In this mood, one of uselessness, he entirely without obligation. The world illusion—he had invented a marriage and existence, and it had all vanished. He wa

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ctim twitching in air, with a small voice. 'hat he had mistaken for concreteness was ıpor. Only lovers had faith. But he didn't ant his wife back; he wanted nothing.

His surprise was that he could enter a range restaurant in a remote Corsican town ıd see a woman and want to marry her. He ondered if defeat had made him bold. This land, the first landscape he had seen as ·wly single man, had a wild shipwrecked ok to it that suited his recklessness. He ould ask that woman to leave with him.

He was bewitched by her peculiar beauty, hich was the beauty of certain trees he had een admiring all afternoon during the drive om the stinks of Cateraggio. She was slim, xe those trees, and unlike any woman he had en on this island. He knew then that he ould not leave Corte without her. She was e embodiment of everything he loved in orsica. The idea that he would take her with m was definite. There was no doubt in his ind; it was rash and necessary. And while he und a seat and ordered a drink and then ıose at random from the menu, he had al-ady decided on his course of action. It re-ained only for him to begin.

His French was fluent. Indeed, he affected slight French accent, a stutter in his throat ıd the trace of a lisp, when he spoke English. ıt language was the least of it. She had ıall shoulders and almost no breasts, and ender legs, and her hair was cut short. He ıoke to her about the food, but only to detain r, so he could be near her. She smelled of ies. She brought the wine; his meal; the ·ssert, fruit; coffee, which her husband—most certainly her husband—made on the achine. And each time, he said something ore, trying to grow intimate, to make her e him. He had no clear plan. He would not ave the town without her. He was due in e-Rousse that night. She wore a finely spun veater. She was not dressed for a restaurant: ıe was no waitress. Her husband owned the ace—he forced her to help him run it. Shel-rick guessed at these things, and by degrees understood that though he had only hap-ened upon her, she was waiting for him.

She approached him with the bill folded on saucer. He invited her to look at it, and hen she bent close to him, peering at the ll, he said, "Please—come with me."

He feared she might be startled: for seconds knew he had said something dangerous. ut she was looking at the bill. Was this retense? Was she stalling?

He said, "I have a car."

She was expressionless. She touched the bill ith a sharp red claw.

Trying to control his voice, Sheldrick said, "I love you and I want you to come with me."

She faced him, turning her green eyes on him, and he knew she was scrutinizing him, wondering if he was crazy. He smiled helplessly, and her gaze seemed to soften, a pale glitter pricking the green.

His hands trembled as he placed his money on the saucer.

She said, "I will bring you your change."

Then she was gone. Sheldrick forced himself to stare at the tablecloth, so as not to betray his passion to the man he supposed was her husband.

She did not return immediately. Was she telling her husband what he had said? He could hardly blame her. What he had asked her in a pleading whisper was so insane an impulse that he knew he must have frightened her. And yet he did not regret it. He knew he had had to say it or he would not have forgiven himself and would have suffered for the rest of his life. After five minutes he assumed she had gone to the police; he imagined that now many people knew the mad request he had made to this woman.

In the same stately way that she had approached before, she crossed the restaurant with the saucer, and with some formality, bowing slightly as she did so, placed it before him. She went away, back to the bar where he had first seen her.

There was nothing more. She had not replied; she had not said a word. So, without a word, there was no blame; and it had all passed, like a spell of fever. Now it could remain a secret. She had been kind enough to let him go without making a jackass of himself.

He plucked at his change, keenly aware of the charade he was performing in leaving her a tip. But gathering the coins, he saw the folded bill at the bottom of the saucer, and the sentence written on it. The scribbled words made him breathless and stupid, the fresh ink made him flush like an illiterate. He labored to read it, but it was simple. It said: *I will be at the statue of Paoli after we close.*

He put the bill into his pocket and left her ten francs, and not looking at her again he hurried out of the restaurant. He walked, turning corners, on rising streets that became steps, and climbed a stone staircase on the ramparts that towered over Corte. Alone here, he read the sentence again and was joyful on these ruined battlements and thrilled by the wind in the flag above him. Beneath him in the rocky valleys and on hillsides were the trees he had come to love.



Patty Dryden

Paul Theroux

WORDS ARE DEEDS



HE GAVE HER an hour. At five, in brilliant twilight, he found his car, which was parked near the restaurant. The steel shutters of the restaurant were across the windows and padlocked. It was Sunday; the cobblestone streets of this hilltop town were deserted, and he could imagine that he was the only person alive in Corte. Not wishing to be conspicuous, he decided that it was better to drive slowly through the Place Paoli than to walk.

He found it easily, an irregular plaza of sloping cobbles, and rounding the statue he saw her, wearing a short jacket, carrying a handbag, her white face fixed on him. He stopped. Before he could speak she was beside him in the car.

"Quickly," she said. "Don't stop."

Her decisiveness stunned him, his feet and hands were numb, he was slow.

"Do you hear me?" she said. "Drive—drive!"

He remembered how to drive, and skidded out of the town, making it topple in his rear-view mirror. She looked back; she was afraid, then excited, her face shining. She looked at him with curiosity and said, "Where are we going?"

"Île-Rousse," he said. "I have a room at the Hôtel Bonaparte."

"And after that?"

"I don't know. Maybe Porto."

"Porto is disgusting."

This disconcerted him: his wife had often spoken of Porto. One of her regrets when she left him, perhaps her only regret—though she had not put it this way—was that they would not be able to visit Porto, as they had planned.

The woman said. "It is all Germans and Americans."

"I am an American."

"But the other kind."

"We're all the same."

She said. "I would like to visit America."

"I hope I never see the place again as long as I live," he said.

She stared at Sheldrick but said nothing.

"You are very beautiful."

"Thank you. You are kind."

"Beautiful," he said. "like Corsica."

She said, "I hate Corsica. These people are savages."

"You're not a savage."

"I am not a Corsican," she said. "My husband is one." She glanced through the rear window. "But that is finished now."

It had all happened quickly, the courtship back in the restaurant, and she had greeted him at the statue like an old busy friend ("Do you hear me?"). This was something else, another phase; so he dared the question. "Wh did you come with me?"

She said, "I wanted to. I have been plan ning to leave for a year. But something alway goes wrong. You worried me a little. I though you were a policeman—why do you drive s slow?"

"I'm not used to these roads."

"André—my husband—he drives like maniac."

Sheldrick said, "I'm a university profe sor," and at once hated himself for saying i

The road was tortuous. He could not imag ine anyone going fast on these curves, but th woman (What was her name? When could h ask her?) repeated that her husband races hi car here. Sheldrick was aware of how the ca was toiling in second gear, of his damp palm slipping on the steering wheel. He said, "I you're not Corsican, what are you?"

"I am French," she said. Then, "Whe André sees that I have left him, he will try t kill me. All Corsicans are like that—blood thirsty. And jealous. He will want to kill you too."

Sheldrick said, "Funny. I hadn't thought o that."

She said, "They all have guns. André hunt wild boar in the mountains. Those mountains He's a wonderful shot. Those were our onl happy times—hunting, in the first years."

"I hate guns," said Sheldrick.

"All Americans like guns."

"Not this American," he said. She sighed i a deliberate, almost actressy way. He was try ing, but already he could see she disliked hi a little—and with no reason. He had rescue her! On a straight road he would have leane back and sped to the hotel in silence. But thes hills, and the slowness of the car, made hi impatient. He could think of nothing to say and she was no help. She sat silently in he velvet jacket.

Finally, he said, "Do you have any chi dren?"

"What do you take me for?" she said. He shriek jarred him. "Do you think if I had chi dren I would just abandon them like a slut i the afternoon and go off with a complet stranger? Do you?"

"I'm sorry."

"You're not sorry," she said. "You did tak me for a slut."

He began again to apologize.

"Drive," she said, interrupting him. Sh was staring at him again. "Your suit," sh said. "Surely, it is rather shabby even for university professor?"

"I hadn't noticed," he said coldly.

She said, "I hate your tie."

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Independent Woman

The Independent Woman had not exactly been a ravishing coquette when she was in her teens, and her mother kept urging her to learn a skill. "Something to fall back on," she would say. After all, secretaries, librarians, dental hygienists, double-entry bookkeepers, and reading-disability therapists didn't starve . . . .

But the Independent Woman wasn't buying any of that. In college she stuck to courses like "Painting and Sculpture in the Age of Reason" and "Romanticism and the Lake Poets."

Just as her mother had feared, no law or medical student from Harvard or even Penn was swept away by the Independent Woman's charms. After college she had to take a job as an editorial assistant on a magazine, editorial assistant being the title given to girls who couldn't type, take dictation, or keep double-entry books, and who were, in fact, glorified office girls. The men referred to them as cupcakes and lamb chops.

But the Independent Woman wasn't buying any of that. She became one of the leaders of the movement within the office to end sexual stereotyping. Henceforth, female workers would be allowed to wear pants and shirts and other non-girlish gear in order to cease being sex objects. As for herself, the Independent Woman favored roomy corduroys, oversized sweaters, and crepe-soled shoes.

Soon she realized that she looked not so much independent as dowdy, even in the eyes of the other women. So, by and by, now that she was pushing thirty, the Independent Woman decided to cease being a sex object in the same way the other women in the office were ceasing: i.e., by wearing jeans or Cacherel slacks that cleaved the declivities fore and aft and turtleneck jerseys two sizes too small that brought her out in high relief.

The Independent Woman was married to the assistant comptroller. He kept telling her she had "a terrific body," one of several things she despised him for. Whenever he called her after nightfall from Minneapolis or Kansas City or wherever to say that this or that office manager wanted him to stay over for dinner—meaning that he wouldn't be able to catch a plane back until the morning—and that she, by herself, would have to eat the dinner she had just spent three hours fixing —to the accompaniment of their daughter's whines—he would ask her if she had washed his socks and boxer shorts, had the fuel line on the Torino wagon fixed, or done anything about the bagworms in the cedar bushes. The only person he ever talked to as a social or spiritual equal was the daughter, who had only to force a laugh or two in order to put him in Male Ego Heaven.

The Independent Woman wasn't buying any of that. She had already read a lot of Doris Lessing and Simone de Beauvoir when Millet, Greer, Friedan, and the rest came along, and all of them were marching to her drummer. One day she told her husband she had lived the past ten years completely on his terms, as his laundress, seamstress, station-wagon hacker, gardener, nurse, nanny, and sometime household sex aid. She intended to live the next ten years on her own terms. Whereupon she walked out.

The next few months were exhilarating for the Independent Woman. She joined the EXSTASI organization (Ex-Slaves' Therapy and Socialization Institute), where she was the star of more than one marathon encounter session with her stories of the comptroller and his Rutgers, '52, assumptions about marriage.

Soon enough, however, there was nothing more to tell. Everybody at EXSTASI was much more interested in a new member who was married to a famous semiotic philosopher who insisted that she wear angora-trimmed peekaboo lingerie—which he obtained by mail order under a false name—and put on high heels and jump up and down on a pillow on the floor while he stretched out on the bed in a woman's housecoat he had shoplifted from a local church's Slightly Soiled Shop.

But the Independent Woman wasn't about to buy the likes of that. She said sayonara, you all, to EXSTASI and went off on her own and took stock of things. She was now forty, an unemployed editorial assistant, with no husband, living in a one-room apartment built to motel specifications, meaning that the kitchen was a converted closet and the bathroom was a plaster-board box inserted into the living-room space. She began to ponder the old saying, "It's no use being more than ten minutes ahead of the times." □

STANDARDS OF VALUE

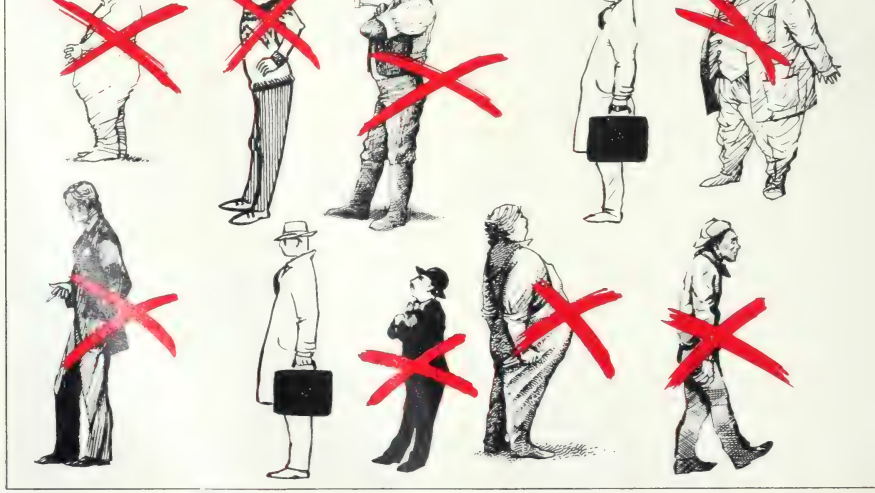
Screws and nuts

by Samuel C. Florma

IN WASHINGTON hearing rooms, as I have seen them on television, dramatic events unfold before tense audiences. But one morning in late September, when I entered the third-floor hearing room in the Federal Trade Commission Building, the participants in the proceedings then under way seemed overcome by torpor, and no audience at all was there to witness the end of long hearings on a proposed trade-regulation rule covering "product standards and certification." For twelve weeks, starting in San Fra cisco and concluding in Washington, a sm group of specialists had been arguing abo certain arcana of our industrial society—t procedures by which volunteer experts esta lish thousands of technical standards for n terials and manufactured products.

During much of the morning only sev persons, besides me, were in the room: t FTC-appointed presiding officer, a witn from the Institute of Electrical and Electron

Samuel C. Florman is a contributing editor of Harper's.



ıgineers, his lawyer, a stenographer, and, to amine the witness, one representative each ɔm the FTC, the National Consumers League, d the American National Standards Insti- te (ANSI), the umbrella organization for ost of the standards-setters in the nation.

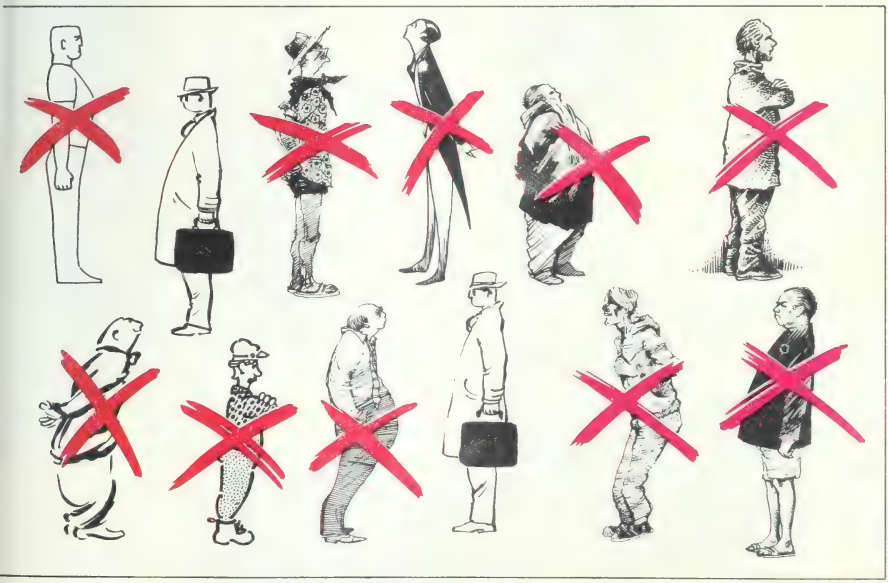
Despite the hush, and the evident boredom, felt that I was present at an occasion of some ıportance. I sensed that I was witnessing a ucial defeat for the forces of government gulation in the United States. Like a anger coming across an advance platoon of apoleon's army before the gates of Moscow, thought, "The cause is lost; they have chosen e wrong enemy and come too far, recklessly; e great retreat starts here."

I first learned about the proposed FTC rule the pages of engineering journals. "VOLUN- ıRY STANDARDS UNDER ATTACK," read a eadline in the December, 1978, issue of the *SCE News*, a publication of the American ociety of Civil Engineers. "FEDERAL TRADE OMMISSION REACHES FOR REGULATORY INPUT O EVERY SEGMENT OF STANDARDS-SETTING PERATION," announced a feature in *Profes- ional Engineer*. "ANOTHER INCURSION INTO RIVATE ENTERPRISE," sputtered the editors of *onsulting Engineer*.

I found it hard to believe what I was read- ıg. Who would dare to attack the voluntary standards-setters of America? Who could be foolish enough to challenge the 300,000 individuals who volunteer some of their time, under the auspices of trade, technical, and professional organizations, to writing the industrial standards of the nation? One might sooner launch an assault on the League of Women Voters. I could only conclude that someone at the FTC had gone mad.

My sense of alarm did not arise out of any personal animus toward government regulation. On the contrary, I am convinced that a complex technological society requires an abundance of regulation, and that the current big-business campaign to discredit the regulatory function is a danger to the commonweal. I become disturbed when I see an illustration in *Exxon USA* portraying the Statue of Liberty enveloped in red tape, or advertisements from the Amway Corporation showing an ugly "Federal Nanny" hovering overhead or a "regulatory" branch choking the other branches of the tree of liberty. If regulations are often imperfect, or even absurd, that is because regulators are as fallible as the bankers and department-store executives who regularly foul up our personal accounts. Regulations need to be rationalized, of course, but not disparaged and weakened to the point that the innate avarice of business-

"The number of mattress sizes was reduced from seventy-eight to four, varieties of milk bottles from forty-nine to nine."



Marilin Avilez

men is given free play. Bureaucracy is the price we pay for technological complexity and creative greed. The Statue of Liberty is not tied up in red tape, dear Exxon—she is held together by red tape.

It was out of concern for the beleaguered cause of regulation that I deplored the move against the standards-setters. I even fancied that the public-relations department of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce had planted a double agent within the FTC whose mission was to launch an assault on a placid yet powerful community whose history is one of the triumphs of American democracy.

Round pegs, round holes

ALTHOUGH STANDARDS are as old as civilization (in 1266, for example, England's Henry III decreed that a penny was to weigh the equivalent of 32 grains of wheat "taken from the middle of the ear"), the modern age of standards began in the nineteenth century with the development of mass production. If manufactured parts were to fit together and be interchangeable, and if parts made in one factory were to be assembled in another, then there had to be agreement on dimensions and quality of materials—that is, there had to be standards. Such simple and ubiquitous items as the nut and bolt were being made haphazardly in thousands of sizes, shapes, and screw-thread configurations, a situation that an emerging industrial society could not tolerate. Wherever men of science and industry gathered, the need for standardization was discussed. At a meeting of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1864, a Mr. William Sellers proposed a system for standardizing screw threads that within a few years gained wide acceptance. The American Society of Civil Engineers established a committee to develop a standard steel rail; the American Society of Mechanical Engineers set to work on a code for steam boilers. In 1898, a newly formed nonprofit organization called the American Society for Testing and Materials started to codify standard sizes, strengths, and other characteristics for the burgeoning steel industry. Intercompany standards associations were sponsored by several industries, notably the railroads, which required prototypical equipment such as safety couplings and air brakes, to say nothing of a standard track gauge to replace the thirty-three different dimensions that were in use at one time.

As the need for standards outstripped the facilities to provide them, the National Academy of Sciences pressed Congress to establish a national standardizing laboratory. In 19 the National Bureau of Standards w founded, modeled after Germany's Imper Physical-Technical Institute (organized 1887) and England's National Physical La oratory (established in 1900). In addition taking over and expanding the Treasury D partment's Office of Weights and Measur the NBS was given the responsibility of ma ing tests to guide the purchases for fede departments, and thus became a technical source for both industry and government, searching, testing, and setting standards f myriad materials and products—cement, lig bulbs, paper, twine, resins, varnishes, and forth. By 1911 the bureau was conducti some 80,000 tests annually, and sending spectors into every state to examine the sca of shopkeepers (most of whom were found be shortchanging their customers). Howev industry did not want all standards to beco the province of a federal agency, and ev NBS officials agreed that such an assignme would swamp them in petty details and subj them to unwanted political pressures. So t idea of making all standards a responsibil of the federal government, although advocat by some, was not implemented.

As dozens of corporations, trade assoc tions, and professional societies increased th standardizing activities, overlapping and co flict inevitably occurred. Thus, in 1916, professional societies of the civil, electric mechanical, and mining engineers, along w the American Society for Testing and Mate als, met to discuss the coordination of st dards on a national level. After two years conferences, these five societies established American Engineering Standards Committ The purpose of this organization was not create standards but to review and coordina those being developed elsewhere. The depa ments of Commerce, War, and the Navy cepted invitations to become founding me bers. Soon other government agencies, a then many trade associations, joined, and 1928 the committee reorganized and chang its name to the American Standards Assoc tion. (In 1948, when the association incor rated under the laws of New York State, f eral agencies withdrew from formal memb ship, although their personnel remained act on technical committees. The present name, American National Standards Institute, da from 1969.)

Although the standards movement was oc sioned by mass production, it made its w into many areas of American life. Insuran companies, concerned about fire losses a electric shock hazards, founded Underwrit

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9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report, May '

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Laboratories in 1894 and, two years later, the National Fire Protection Association. A growing sensitivity to the rights of workers was expressed in a drive for industrial-safety codes, launched in 1919 at a meeting that standards experts had with representatives of labor, industry, and government. Building codes were developed, and standards adopted for pharmaceuticals and agricultural products. The consumer movement was created in the late 1920s not by activist lawyers but by standards professionals. During Herbert Hoover's term as Secretary of Commerce (1921–28) a "Crusade for Standardization" became very popular. The number of mattress sizes was reduced from seventy-eight to four, varieties of milk bottles from forty-nine to nine. Satirists predicted that eventually standardization would reach ladies' hats.

TODAY THERE ARE more than 400 private organizations—trade, technical, professional, consumer, and labor—that have written or sponsored the approximately 20,000 current commercial standards. Most of the larger of these organizations are members of ANSI, which defines itself as "the coordinating organization for America's federated national standards system."

By far the most prolific member of this community is the eighty-one-year-old American Society for Testing and Materials. Almost 30,000 individuals serve without pay on the ASTM's 135 standards committees. The ASTM standards are usually developed at the request of an industrial trade association or a government agency, and they come in many varieties: a specification for stainless steel bar and wire for surgical implants; a recommended practice for rating water-emulsion floor polishes; a method of making and curing concrete test specimens in the field; a classification system for carbon blocks used in rubber products; a method of testing tires for wet traction in straight-ahead braking, using conventional highway vehicles.

To assure committee balance, the ASTM requires that neither the chairman nor more than half the members may be "producers." Draft documents prepared by task groups are reviewed by a mail-balloting procedure and, finally, by the entire ASTM membership. At each point along the way, negative ballots accompanied by written comments must be considered; dissatisfied voters can appeal to the board of directors committee that grants final approval. The ASTM standard is usually submitted to ANSI for endorsement as an American National Standard, and another routine begins, one that in recent years has give particular attention to the interests of sma business and consumers. Many published sta dards find their way into government speci cations.

Other leading developers of standards the ANSI system are the Society of Autom tive Engineers, the American Society of M chanical Engineers, the Institute of Electric and Electronics Engineers, Underwriters La oratories, the American Petroleum Institut the Electronic Industries Association, and t National Fire Protection Association. A though not all of these organizations follo the full-consensus procedures of the ASTM, n seek the participation of nontechnical peop their members all do view themselves as co scientious professionals.

Anyone who reviews the history of volu tary standardization in the United States ca not help being impressed by the benefits th arise from the activities of this unique soci institution. And anyone who reads in the lite ature of the standards-setters themselves ca not help noting how proud they are of wh they do. This is the community that the FT staff now proposes to subject to stringer wide-ranging, and unprecedented regulato control.

Conspiracy theori

DURING MOST of the morning sessi I attended, the witness was Ivan Easton, the consulting director standards for the Institute of Ele trical and Electronics Engineers, whose cal monotone did not conceal his annoyance. "W are dealing with high technology," he sai speaking of the IEEE's standards-making a tivities. There is no need for a new FTC ru he argued, one that would only open the do to trivial challenge and harassment from pe ple whose main interests lie outside the sta dards field. Instead of being pestered by l bureaucrats, Mr. Easton implied, he and h colleagues should be thanked and encourag to continue their constructive work.

The young FTC lawyer who was doing t questioning, however, saw Mr. Easton in different light. "Aren't the people on yo committees sponsored by their employers" he asked. "And is this totally altruistic?" T implication that the IEEE's standards co mittees are controlled by the large corpor tions is wildly ironic, particularly in light the fact that the 160,000-member organizati has long been considered the most radical the engineering societies, implacably oppos

domination by business interests. It went so r as to resign in protest from the Engineers int Council when that organization in 1967 cided to accept corporate members.

After the lunchtime break, in the hope of scovering the rationale for what increasingly peared to me to be a lunatic proceeding, I ught out the responsible members of the TC staff, and was directed to the office of bert J. Schroeder, project manager. I yield no one in deploring prejudice against the ung, but I found it unsettling to learn that r. Schroeder, five years out of the University Michigan Law School, and four other young en of approximately the same experience nstitute the entire legal staff of the FTC's ureau of Consumer Protection, the body that w proposes to reform one of the nation's nerable technical institutions.

It all began in 1974, Mr. Schroeder exained, with the case involving foamed-plasis insulation. Manufacturers had been marting plastic insulation as "nonburning" or self-extinguishing," using as justification an STM test that exposed a small piece of plastic an open flame. However, when buildings rned, plastic insulation burned along with em, giving off a poisonous smoke. After a umber of deaths were attributed to the flamability of foamed plastics, the FTC issued mplaints against twenty-five manufacturers nd their trade association, and named the STM as "the means and instrumentality" invlved. Under a consent order, the manufacturrs and their association agreed to stop making ne unwarranted claims, to notify past purhasers of the danger, and to conduct a $5 milon research program. The ASTM, maintaing that its test results had been misused by thers, did not participate in the consent order, nd when the FTC did not persist, declared itelf vindicated. However, the FTC asserted that ne plastics industry had "captured" the ASTM ommittee, and used it to issue a self-serving tandard. It is because of this, Mr. Schroeder aid, that the FTC commissioners recomended a general investigation of the standards field.

Four years of study convinced the FTC staff nat a rule-making procedure was justified. tandards are called "voluntary," Mr. chroeder explained, but once they are dopted for use they are likely to become manatory, and are often given the force of law. herein lies a potential for abuse. This is recgnized by the standards-setting organizations, hich strive to avoid it by balancing their comittees and establishing other democratic rocedures. "But we have seen injury to conumers and to competitors," Mr. Schroeder insisted. "It's okay to say that the system works, but just read some of the instances that we have uncovered."

ON MY RETURN HOME I did read through the FTC staff's 572-page report, and found about thirty instances of purported abuse of the standards process. There were several examples of what the report calls "buyer misreliance," of which the most prominent was the flammable-plastics case. A few of the others:

—Aluminum electrical wire, after being approved by the Underwriters Laboratories in the 1960s, was implicated as a fire hazard and found to require special connecting devices. The UL, it is claimed, was slow to modify its standards and approval practices.
—The American Plywood Association's "exterior grade" plywood has been found susceptible to damage by birds and insects.
—Lighting-level standards developed by the Illuminating Engineering Society were steadily increased over the years. With the coming of the energy crisis, they were deemed to be wastefully high and were belatedly decreased. (This has been a special grievance of Ralph Nader.)
—An ASTM standard for brick has been criticized for failing to state a minimum initial rate of absorption (of water from fresh mortar) that might affect the ultimate strength of a brick wall.

More numerous than "buyer misreliance" complaints were instances of purported "product exclusion." For example:

—Plastic pipe was kept out of plumbing codes long after it was found suitable for certain uses. Presumably this happened because of pressure from plumbers' organizations, which preferred the more labor-intensive cast-iron pipe.
—It took ANSI six years to develop a standard that permitted toughened glass as an alternative to porcelain for use in high-voltage electrical insulators.
—A manufacturer of loose-fill powder insulation for underground pipe complained that his material was unfairly excluded from a standard developed by the Building Research Advisory Board of the National Academy of Sciences.
—When the Railroad Uniform Freight Classification Committee approved the use of foamed-plastic packaging, the manufacturers of traditional cellulose packaging protested that their material outperformed the new product.

Other complaints were filed by manufac-

"In this catchall of complaints, it is difficult to determine which values the FTC staff means to espouse."

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turers of boiler low-water cutoff devices, relief valves for hot-water heaters, screw-thread gauges, safety spectacles, inexpensive sprinkler systems (not approved by the National Fire Protection Agency), butt-welded intermediate metallic conduit (banned by Underwriters Laboratories), thin ceramic tile, water system backflow prevention devices, automatic vent dampers for gas furnaces, burglar alarms, bathtubs, and wine bottles.

In this catchall of complaints, it is difficult to determine which values the FTC staff means to espouse. It opposes hasty approval of new materials, and also too much deliberation or foot-dragging. It deplores economy at the expense of safety, and safety at the expense of economy. It condemns practical compromise (noting with disapproval that "decisions are susceptible to being based more on political give-and-take among various factions than on sound technical/evidentiary grounds"). It also condemns the "mistaken assumption" that there are any "unbiased experts." It is, of course, against errors and in favor of perfection. In reading the report I could only wonder at the complexity of the issues with which the standards-setters contend, and marvel at the way in which so many interests seem to be accommodated. The processing of more than 20,000 standards has resulted in fewer than 100 dissatisfied parties (including those who were heard during the course of the hearings), and many of these are soreheads who in no way discredit the people they criticize. What other institution, I wondered, public or private, has done as well?

The report admits that there are means of recourse for those who feel aggrieved by the standards system—first making use of ANSI procedures, then appealing to the media or Congressional committees, and finally filing private antitrust and products-liability actions. (Only thirty formal complaints have been filed with ANSI in the past ten years, and all of these have been resolved without litigation.) The report concedes that in the past the FTC has dealt with standards problems by issuing industry guides and advisory opinions (in 1970, in response to a request from ANSI itself). It admits that the standards organizations have taken steps to update and improve their procedures. One looks through the report in vain for a clue to how society might benefit from the mind-numbing regulatory document that has been produced.

The Proposed Trade Regulation Rule for Standards and Certification covers sixteen pages of tightly packed type. ("This isn't all bad," an ANSI official confided to me. "The standards organizations' lawyers love it.") The rule requires that "notice" be given to the public at three different stages of a standard development; it requires that all persons (including environmental groups and energy conservation groups) have equal opportunity to participate in all phases of standards proceedings; it contains a provision for "duty to act" in response to any legitimate challenge and a definition of "appropriate action" (withdraw the standard, revise, or cease to distribute). There are sections on "required disclosures," and "record-keeping and access," followed by a section on "appeals" (each standards-setter would have to establish an independent appeal board). Finally, there are sections dealing with the special responsibilities of certifiers and marketers (the information required to be included on labels would sometimes make the label larger than the product).

While ANSI does not quarrel with the rule's main objective—a fair representation of all interests in the standards process—it contends that the new regulations would mean substantial added administrative cost for the larger standards organizations, and would probably drive smaller standards-setters out of the business altogether. Obstructionists would have a field day, and the existing cadre of talented volunteers would become dispirited. And to what end? "Opponents of the FTC rule," says ANSI's official statement, "are being forced to defend a fantastically productive and effective standards system, which is the envy of the world."

Moreover, ANSI's lawyers maintain that the proposed rule imposes "prior restraint" on ANSI's right to publish standards, and so constitutes a violation of First Amendment rights. They claim further that the FTC does not have authority to implement the rule, since ANSI, as a nonprofit corporation, is not subject to the FTC's jurisdiction.

Finally, the standards organizations point out that existing laws are adequate to remedy flaws in the system. The FTC is *already* empowered to prevent "unfair methods of competition . . . and unfair or deceptive acts or practices." The Sherman Act is enforceable by the Justice Department, the Consumer Product Safety Act by the Consumer Product Safety Commission.

The FTC lawyers say that they are merely trying to clarify laws that already exist, to better define what is "unfair" and what is not. ANSI's reply is that if the law is to be modified, then it is up to Congress to do it, and that the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, after holding hearings in 1975, 1976, and 1977 on purported standard

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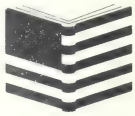
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abuses, decided that no new legislation was warranted.

A cut for Nader's lieutenants

THE HEARINGS ENDED the day after my visit. Ralph Nader, who had been scheduled to testify, canceled his appearance, a good indication that the proposed rule is considered by its advocates to be a lost cause. ("We knew that he wouldn't show," chuckled ANSI's counsel, William Rockwell.) I have not encountered a single informed participant on either side who predicts that the rule will succeed. There is a move in the Senate to cut off the funds for this rule-making effort. Even if that does not happen, given the failure of the FTC staff to make a convincing case, and considering the outraged hostility of the scientific and business communities, it is rather difficult to conceive of the FTC commissioners deciding to proceed.

It will be late 1980 before the commissioners get around to considering the matter (after a period for written rebuttals, a new staff report, and a time for public comment), and by then the adversaries will probably have begun to negotiate. ANSI has repeatedly expressed its willingness to modify its procedures so long as it can be done *voluntarily*. When I asked Mr. Schroeder whether the FTC is willing to talk, he responded, "I would hope that there is room for discussion."

ANSI, although it could probably stand fast and claim total victory, may end up paying ransom, in the form of financial support for consumer groups. The FTC rule, as originally drafted, included just such a funding provision, but it was stricken by the commissioners. Matthew Finucane of Ralph Nader's Center for Auto Safety, whom I met at the hearing, told me that even if the standards process is made more open, consumer groups cannot afford to participate without subsidy. The ASTM already spends close to $100,000 annually to subsidize lay review, and ANSI doubtless is willing to do the same. One might speculate that the entire proceeding has been a form of genteel extortion.

No matter what face-saving settlement is reached, the FTC, in failing to enact the rule, will have suffered a defeat, one that the regulators cannot afford. It is all very well for the FTC to be seen badgering used-car dealers and funeral-home directors, but quite another thing to assail the volunteer standards community, only to fall back before a ground swell of righteous indignation.

WHY, THEN, did the FTC investigators embark on this ill-conceived venture? Some people think that bureaucrats lust insatiably for power, but I do not see that as supportable argument. Perhaps some regulators believe that it is their role to extend their influence as far as possible on the assumption that unrelenting enemies of regulation are doing as much themselves. Such an unfocused aggressiveness, however, does not adequately explain the actions of the FTC staff.

It appears to me that Mr. Schroeder and his colleagues have a consuming impulse to codify the future. Clearly they have no interest in solving immediate problems. Those individuals who claim to have been wronged by the standards establishment are being turned into witnesses in support of some obscure future good. The Bureau of Consumer Protection is so busy making rules that the present needs of consumers go unattended.

To formulate redundant statutes instead of doing the day's work is a perversion of the regulatory function. The few complaints that arise out of the development of standards should be addressed, on a case-by-case basis by diligent, competent investigation. But complex technological problems will not yield to another sixteen pages of legalistic prose.

Legalistic is the operative word. It is less significant that the FTC staff is young, bureaucratic, and (let us assume) idealistic, than that they are lawyers, and thus imbued with an excessive esteem for words. Instead of using the authority they already have, they create new definitions of authority. Our shelves grow heavy with law books, and our problems go unresolved.

American society is not overregulated. It is overlegislated and undermanned, overwritten and underaccomplished. It is overlawyered and underengineered.

Engineers tend to concentrate on the job that needs doing, and they implicitly place their faith in the ingenuity and good sense of future generations. Lawyers, accustomed to drafting contracts and executing wills, try to command posterity with the sorcery of clever phrases. The conflict over the proposed FTC rule on standards is, philosophically and literally, a battle between the two professions.

Engineers have learned in recent years that misplaced highways and parking lots can blight the very lives they are intended to enhance. Let us hope that regulatory lawyers will learn, with equal grace, that the fertile fields of creativity are to be tended, and occasionally weeded, but not paved over with rules.

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The Seven O'Clock News by Hans-Georg Rauch



THE FAMOUS BREAD LOAF WRITERS' SCHOOL

ookchat in the Vermont woods

by Gene Lyons

ALONG WITH literally hundreds of new, academically sponsored "little magazines" and the decision by many univer:y presses to publish original poems, ort stories, and novels, the creative-riting boom—the only growth area ese days in the humanities—has led the great expansion of writers' con-rences. The May, 1979, edition of *he Writer* magazine listed 137 held in ne, July, and August of that year one. Twenty-two were convened in alifornia, among them "Women's oices: A Creative Writing Work-op" at Santa Cruz, "Children's Lit-rature and the Human Dimension" at avis, "The Black Writers' Workshop" . Los Angeles, and the "Forest Home chool of Christian Writing" at Forest alls. New Yorkers could choose among venty conferences, Texas had four, nd there were three writers' confer-nces each in Connecticut, Maine, Vir-inia, Kentucky, Minnesota, Arkansas, ndiana, Utah, North Carolina, and lassachusetts. Colorado had seven, lichigan five, Nebraska, New Hamp-hire, and New Mexico two each, Kan-as, Iowa, Nebraska, Tennessee, and lew Jersey one apiece. The Second nnual Crossroads Writers' Confer-nce convened last September in the anal Zone, at just about the time the zone became Panamanian property.

In promoting writers' conferences, as in saving souls, celebrities are the big draw. What Oral Roberts and Billy Graham are to the ambitious evangelist, the Johns Gardner, Irving, and Updike are to the conference director. Messrs. Irving and Gardner put in appearances this summer at Bennington in July and Bread Loaf in August; Mr. Updike showed up at the Eastern Writers' Conference at Salem State in Massachusetts. E. L. Doctorow was at St. Lawrence; Joseph Heller, Irwin Shaw, Betty Friedan, Edward Albee, and Peter Maas testified at Hofstra; and Bernard Malamud, Grace Paley, Seymour Krim, John Leonard, John Ashbery, Charles Simic, and W. D. Snodgrass were all at Bennington with Messrs. Gardner and Irving (giving that gathering a heavy lead in the celebrity sweepstakes). But there are too few celebrities to go around. Novelists and poets who earn little or nothing from the sale of their work can nevertheless make the 40 percent bracket by teaching and hitting the reading and conference circuit. Just a few years of this business, one realizes, and almost every respectable author who rides the circuit will know all of the others. If one is impressed by the derivative nature of much of our national literature and by the relentless overpraising of bad and mediocre books as if they were effusions of pure genius, only half the answer is to be found in the economics of corporate publishing. For the rest one must inquire at camp meetings like Bread Loaf, which is both the oldest and best-known of them all.



THE BREAD LOAF Writers' Conference began in 1926, during perhaps the most fruitful period ever in American letters. Among the books published in 1925 alone were Dos Passos's *Manhattan Transfer*, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, and volumes of poetry by Pound, Eliot, and MacLeish. The 1926 Pulitzer Prize for fiction went to Sinclair Lewis for *Arrowsmith;* he refused it. Langston Hughes, busing tables in Washington, D.C., was unable to get into the segregated theater where Vachel Lindsay was reading, and so he left three of his own poems beside Lindsay's plate as a tribute. Lindsay began his performance by reading them, and reporters greeted Hughes in the hotel kitchen the next morning.

In 1926, first novels by Hemingway (*The Sun Also Rises*) and Faulkner (*Soldier's Pay*) were published, and outside the United States books by D. H. Lawrence, Ford Madox Ford, Aldous Huxley, Kipling, Kafka, Yeats, Isaac Babel, Freud, Gide, Nabokov, T. E. Lawrence, and I. A. Richards. Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* provoked a riot in Dublin.

Neither in the United States nor anywhere else was it possible to earn an undergraduate or a graduate degree in creative writing. Hemingway did not attend college at all; Faulkner lasted a few months as a "special student" at

Gene Lyons is an associate editor of Texas Monthly.

the University of Mississippi before dropping out.

Sponsored by Middlebury College on its Bread Loaf campus (consisting of a former inn, several guest houses, and outbuildings sixteen miles from Middlebury, Vermont, in the Green Mountain National Forest), the Writers' Conference did not in 1926, and does not now, offer academic credit. Many other conferences do, including Bread Loaf's downstate rival at Bennington College, where graduate credit may be earned toward the Master of Fine Arts, accepted as the terminal degree for the purposes of becoming a tenured faculty member. Its first brochure stressed "professional criticism that should result in marketable writing"; the 1979 edition emphasizes "writing as a skill (a crafty art), and writing as a trade or profession," a construction whose cuteness may betray an intent to compromise between the worlds of commerce and art. In his history of the conference's first thirty years, former director Theodore Morrison says flatly that writing cannot be taught, although as a skill it can surely be learned. Instruction, he holds, may be as wasted on people of great talent as it is useless to people with none at all. "Talents of a middle order, from humble to truly distinguished," he says, "may well profit."

Through the Depression and the war years, Bread Loaf sometimes had to struggle to find enough students to survive, gaining eminence gradually, and chiefly, Mr. Morrison makes clear, through the continued association of Robert Frost. Others associated with the conference over the years—Bernard DeVoto, John Fischer (both former *Harper's* editors), Louis Untermeyer, William Sloane, John Farrar, George P. Elliott, and John Ciardi—have all been men of letters in the fullest sense: poet, novelist, essayist, critic, anthologist, editor, publisher, columnist, short-story writer, translator, historian, and teacher.

But not all literary talents are nourished by two weeks of "bookchat" in the Vermont woods; a list of people who visited just once is as revealing as would be a list of writers who never came. Sinclair Lewis and James T. Farrell—whose death in Chicago during this year's conference was scarcely mentioned—got famously and obstreperously drunk on brief visits. W. H. Auden, Saul Bellow, William Carlos Williams, and Richard Wright also did not see fit to return. As early as 1930, however, Bread Loaf was already attracting sufficient notice for Frost to write Untermeyer complaining: "I am left out of the Two Week Manuscript Sales Fair." At present, Bread Loaf rests on its reputation as the most serious and selective of all the writers' conferences held in the United States. Last August it drew as staff members John Gardner, Gail Godwin, John Irving, Donald Justice, David Madden, Howard Nemerov, Tim O'Brien, Robert Pack, Linda Pastan, Stanley Plumly, Lore Segal, Nancy Willard, Geoffrey Wolff, and Stanley Bates to tutor more than 200 writers and aspiring writers. For two weeks, television and radio were outlawed, and newspapers were eschewed in favor of forty-three fiction and poetry readings, scheduled (and more impromptu) workshop sessions, student-teacher conferences, and endless talk.

Instruction at Bread Loaf has always been more practical than abstract. These days, the bias of the staff, in keeping with the participation of John Gardner, is Aristotelian, according to conference director Robert Pack, and deliberate: toward narrative forms possessed of a beginning, middle, and end, in poetry as well as in fiction. "Plot," poet Stanley Plumly told his students, "is what is so damned important for establishing the poem's ability to be believed." Mr. Plumly spoke as one heartily sick, as well he might be, of what Brendan Galvin in *Ploughshares* recently called "*angst* by blueprint . . . , the Mumbling Poem [that] substitutes odd imagery for direct statement, and a maundering tone for real feeling, and . . . patronizes the reader by *telling* him how to feel rather than *showing* him coherent particulars and letting him judge for himself."

Fiction-writing classes at Bread Loaf are devoted to matters of technique: characterization, point of view, plot, and openings. The first paragraphs of a fictive work, John Irving told one workshop on beginnings, compose a promise by the author that he has a *story* to tell, a promise he or she must be prepared from the outset to keep. "It is hard if not impossible," Irving allowed, "to begin a story without knowing the end. If you don't know where you are going, you cannot begin with any authority—unless you a good at faking authority, which in t long run you have to be able to do well. The best beginning is the o that makes you want to go on a which has no evidence of a single competency. That's the best reason stop reading—an incompetency." E tors overwhelmed with manuscripts, said, citing a remark by former *quire* fiction editor Gordon Lish, a looking for a reason not to go on rea ing. When they find one they quit.

All the classes I attended but o were like that: solid, practical advi Even the limits of craftsmanship we discussed with unusual candor. Af spending an hour and a half deline ing and giving examples of eve means of characterization he cou think of, Tim O'Brien scratched head and confessed ruefully: "If I tri to think of all this stuff while I w writing, I'd never get anything don I had been warned by a novelist frie that "the more stars, the less seri the conference." Bread Loaf's "star however, have been attending years; they are paid only $1,500 two weeks' work and take their pe gogical responsibilities seriously. H is no "Famous Writers' School" su as Jessica Mitford exposed.

YET BREAD LOAF is a sch taught by famous writers, a suffers for that both in t workshops and at ease. F example, in one class Geoffrey W told his charges, by way of accounti for problems in an amateurish s dent story, that first-person narrati was almost always to be avoided. P haps he meant to say that the fi person mode often leads the begin into autobiography, pointless digr sion, or both. In any event, the cl received this information solemnly, though a young man sitting next to joined me in quietly writing a list American novels one would use way of refuting Mr. Wolff's conte tion: *Moby Dick, Huckleberry Fi Lolita, Invisible Man, All the Kin Men, The Great Gatsby, A Farew to Arms.* . . . It was when the class on its collective hands that I began conceive serious doubts.

Many of the staff members and sistants were grumbling privately abo the level of talent and sophisticati

ıong the paying guests. Perhaps those ıer 136 conferences last summer had nned the talent pool. Could it be at Mr. Wolff's auditors had not read ough books to dispute him? Not ely. A roomful of junior English ijors would be prepared to cite at ist *Huckleberry Finn*. No, the silence Mr. Wolff's class was a matter not ignorance but of politesse. At Bread af, public disagreement of any kind ts rare. The idealism of both teachers d taught was matched by an inert verence that I have witnessed before ly in the most socially prominent urches. Mr. Wolff was not taken to sk, because at Bread Loaf simply *ing a writer*—that is, having one's ume on the spine of a book or in a dline—is *mana. What* one writes is at st secondary. In the holy penumbra authorship, even the most common-ace matters are mystified or ignored: ho reviews whom, for example.

Art is by definition ethical, so any-ıing goes in its appreciation. When ook reviews are assigned to friends nd colleagues of the author, the result a form of consumer fraud that not nly deceives the public but also cheats oung authors with no taste for or ccess to the circuit.

Geoffrey Wolff's name was known o me before I arrived at Bread Loaf hiefly as a book reviewer for *Newsweek*, *Esquire*, and the *Washington Post*. For years, in short, his occupation has been the making and unmaking of literary reputations. The naive might wonder whether it is entirely appropriate for a critic to appear at such a gathering. But Wolff also writes novels, although I had not read any of them. I knew they had not been successful with reviewers or readers. I also knew he had just this summer published a biography of his father, *The Duke of Deception*, and that it had been prominently and kindly reviewed on the cover of the *New York Times Book Review* just prior to the convening of this year's conference. The reviewer was John Irving, a Bread Loaf colleague of Mr. Wolff's for several years. The lead review in the *New York Times Book Review* is not unimpressive; because of the low state of reviewing for many years in most of the country, it has assumed outsize visibility and authority everywhere. Most bookstores use the *Book Review* as a guide for ordering. The decision about what goes up front belongs to the editors; reviewers know roughly how important the editors think the book is by how long a piece they are asked for. It is simply the way of the world that a member in good standing of publishing circles such as Mr. Wolff will receive consideration from editors, as an unknown first novelist writing from Minot, North Dakota, will not: considerations of merit aside, I think most would say he has earned it. But the *lead* review, written by a friend who had not only known him for years but had heard portions of the book read aloud at Bread Loaf, and who, moreover, was about to spend two weeks with him face to face there?

I have no reason to doubt that Mr. Irving's review was sincere, but nonetheless, I was mildly shocked by this nexus of interests, the most egregious example I had noticed since Kurt Vonnegut's review of his friend Joseph Heller's *Something Happened* occupied the same space. On my first day at Bread Loaf I made the mistake of mentioning my misgivings to the editor of a quarterly published in a location quite as far off the map as my home in Texas. "I suppose John thinks Geoffrey hasn't had enough commercial success," she sniffed as coolly as a Newport dowager whose formal dinner has been invaded by a cousin of the butler.



Not that I shouldn't have grown accustomed to it by then. As a journalist, my only experience comparable to Bread Loaf was in a small Texas town whose sons had shamed their elders by organizing a strike against their high-school football coach, who had led the team just the year before to a state championship. The reception accorded me as an outsider who had come to observe and take notes was very like my reception at Bread Loaf. Representing *Harper's*, in whose pages some hard things have been said recently about contemporary literature, I was all but frisked for my hatchet.

"If I were paying for this myself," one young woman told me early in the week, "I'd have left the second day. Bread Loaf has nothing to do with writing or with life. It has to do with drinking, sex, and hustling for influence."

Inasmuch as all professional conventions, whether of wildcat oilmen in Dallas or of *littérateurs* in a mountain fastness, have much to do with these sins, I tried without success on later occasions to draw her out about why she thought she wasn't learning anything. Apparently she had concluded that it was best she keep mum and avoid my company. Later in the week, a woman with whom I had enjoyed pleasant conversation about children and her husband's book demanded from a mutual friend to know whether I could be "trusted."

Trusted with what? I wondered at the time, but when I recalled the awed silence of Mr. Wolff's class, I understood. What the lady wished me to do was to become, in the conference argot, "a Bread Loafer," which is to say, a member of the club. The club is exclusive; members, furthermore, must

be reliable not to notice the contradictions in the charter. In the immortal dualism first made prominent by George Babbit, a member of the club is a Booster, not a Knocker.

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S novel satirizes the American provinces of fifty years past; clearly the quality-literature business has nothing whatever to do with double-knit suits, joy buzzers, or adhesive-backed labels that read: "HI! I'M John Irving, NOVELIST (Bread Loaf Group, Inc.)." Neither has it very often to do with the grosser forms of chicanery and self-deception familiar in, say, politics or commercial banking. But it does have to do with the care and feeding of serious writers in this country and with the propagation and dissemination of attitudes and opinions among consumers of their work. Like many another summer camp, Bread Loaf operates on the buddy system; because the camp activity is art, however, nobody is supposed to notice the teamwork.

Gone are the days when the dust jacket of a first novel summarized the author's history like this: "Bob Quinn has been a bartender, a professional gambler, a district attorney, a short-order cook, and a concert pianist." Now the dust jacket will say: "Robert Quinn is the recipient of fellowships from the Guggenheim and Rockefeller Foundations and the National Endowment for the Arts. The holder of an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Massachusetts, he has taught at Ohio State, the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Columbia University, Amherst College, and Stanford. His short stories have appeared in *Kenyon Review*, *Sewanee Review*, and numerous other periodicals." The literary artist, in short, has signed on with the bureaucracy, and has a health and life insurance package quite as good as anybody else's.

I don't begrudge his security, for that matter. But what the Booster is not supposed to notice or inquire about is that in signing the contract, the author has made choices—about how he will live, what he will do, and the audience he seeks—almost as important as a decision to write in Spanish or French.

How delimiting this choice can be I did not entirely realize until I talked at Bread Loaf with the wife of a poet who had recently accepted a teaching position at a large public university known for its football. Acquaintances, she said, were muttering that he had "sold out." As his previous career had been not unlike that of the imaginary first novelist above, it took me several minutes to realize that what she meant was that his salary was high and the institution unfashionable. Whatever would those acquaintances say, I wonder, to an insurance executive like Wallace Stevens, a physician like William Carlos Williams, or a bank teller like the young T. S. Eliot, not to mention a Poe, Melville, or Thoreau? It is either a cheap irony or a significant one that while poets in much of the world are jailed because their governments fear them, in America they earn large salaries but are read, if at all, only by their fellows.

BREAD LOAF has a formal hierarchy not unlike that of academe or the Great Chain of Being. Occupying the unofficial point of the pyramid are those staff members held most in awe by the customers. This year it was occupied by Messrs. Gardner and Irving, and, just below, O'Brien and Wolff. Mr. Irving had a best seller, Mr. Gardner a considerable academic following as well as a recent cover of the *New York Times Magazine* in connection with his assaults on everyone but Tolstoy, Mr. O'Brien a surprise National Book Award (he had been a staff assistant until 1978), and Mr. Wolff the rec front-page review. None appeared qu comfortable in the role of guru cept possibly Mr. Gardner, who mitiedly cultivates a vatic air.



Just off that eminence stand the r of the staff. I did hear it said th Howard Nemerov was the *real* hero Bread Loaf, but it was a flat asserti by a person who meant that by rig he should be. As nobody cared differ in class with a *writer*, so nobo I heard talked about books written staffers except in the most oblique a general ways.

Just below the staff in the Bread Lo hierarchy are the staff assistants, le well-known and generally younger wr ers of promise—assistant professors a kind. Then come the teaching ass tants, or Fellows, who are nominat by the publishers of their first boo their agents, or other literary prof sionals. (Fellowships to Bread Lo are underwritten by CBS Educatio Publishing [parent company to Ho Rinehart and Winston, which pu lished Frost], by Houghton Mifflin and by Time, Inc.) Below them a officially excluded from Treman C tage—the scene of after-hours con viality as well as lunchtime Bloody M rys—come the waiters and waitress who labor in exchange for conferen scholarships. The base of the pyram is composed of Contributors, who m submit manuscripts to the staff, and Auditors, who may not. The rest, i cluding myself, attend as Guests a have Treman Cottage privileges. Livi quarters are similarly arranged so th Bread Loafers commune primarily wi others of their station. This arran ment is as venerable as the conferen itself, and a perennial disappointme to the more innocent contributors a auditors, many of whom imagine th their $450 or so will buy them in macy with the staff. I am told that was former director John Ciardi's d fense of the hierarchy—staffers, st assistants, and Fellows used to ha tables set aside in the dining roo where all participants take their mea and Treman Cottage was firmly limits to paying guests—that was factor in his replacement during t egalitarian early Seventies. Somewh paradoxically, the Middlebury Colle trustees are also said to have been d turbed by Mr. Ciardi's indifference individual manners, aside from t

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rules concerning who consorts with whom. As elsewhere, Bread Loaf became rather wanton in the late Sixties.

I think I would have preferred the old days. Now that *being a writer* is sacrosanct, the question of who ranks where in the hierarchy is suffused with a furtiveness that quite prevents honest discussion not only of how, in the simplest practical sense, a writer manages his business affairs, but of what one writes *about*. For example, David R. Godine, representing the publishing industry, told an assembly not to bother about finding a literary agent. Fellow Sanford Smoller objected, and sensibly so. Like selling your house without a realtor or playing the stock market without a broker, setting up to make a living writing books without an agent is something only the shrewd can afford. In the debate that followed, Mr. Smoller was made to feel like someone who has come to the Harvard Club in a leisure suit.

As for substance, I realized I was not alone in my bewilderment when I talked with staff assistant Larry Heinemann, a Chicagoan whose first novel, *Close Quarters*, is one of the most scarifying and detailed first-person accounts of Vietnam yet published. "What I keep hearing here is that you begin a book with a critical idea. That's not how it is, not for me anyway. The way I write, you begin with a story, a strong story. For me it's the Vietnam war—it won't go away . . . just won't go away." Reading Larry Heinemann, listening to him read, talking to him, you know right away that if his books do not meet with success it will not be for an excess of abstraction or a want of feeling.

What was most dispiriting about Bread Loaf was finally just that: its passionlessness. One found in place of passion an abundance of anxiety, the anxiety of people worried about where they fit and whether they are clever enough on their feet to engage their betters in conversation without embarrassment. I am told that in private —and among equals—very intense friendships, love affairs, entire cycles of human relationships are there compressed into a space of days. But I saw little of that. I find I must deal in negatives. There were no blacks, Hispanics, or members of other visible minorities at Bread Loaf. I heard no earnest arguments about anything that matters other than books—very little discussion of the world beyond the horizon. And as for literary concerns, the authors whose work did not merit discussion—whose names, indeed, hardly passed anybody's lips in all that "bookchat"—were: William Styron, Philip Roth, Saul Bellow, John Barth, Graham Greene, Anthony Powell, Thomas Pynchon, Patrick White, Walker Percy, E. L. Doctorow, Joyce Carol Oates, Joan Didion, Jerzy Kosinski, Bernard Malamud, Mary Gordon, Paul Theroux, Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, Richard Yates, James Baldwin. . . . Why go on? At Bread Loaf, the universe of accomplished writers is small indeed. Mention of Newton Thornburg, Richard Rhodes, Mark Smith, Charles Portis, Don DeLillo, Ella Leffland, Frederick Buechner, of any author notches below Very Famous, inspired no interest in most. I found that odd; most practicing writers I know read a lot. I wondered how many of the contributors, auditors, waiters, and waitresses on hand were getting any real idea of how difficult it is to earn anything like one's keep writing fiction these days (it is almost impossible to do so writing poetry) or of how many talented people cannot make a go of it.

When it came his turn to give a reading late in the second week of the affair, Michael Angellela, a young nonfiction writer, took note of his genteel audience and hesitated to read the chapter he had chosen from his forthcoming book, *Trail of Blood*. *Trail of Blood* is the story of Albert Fish, a psychopathic murderer in the early part of this century, and of his capture by an obsessed New York detective. The chapter Mr. Angellela was persuaded by friends to read described Fish's capture and confession in words partly taken direct from a police deposition describing the madman leading officers to the body of a little girl. It was strong stuff. Not so strong as the pawnbroker's murder in *Crime and Punishment*, perhaps, no more graphic than the murders in the opening chapters of *Native Son*, no worse than the raid on the farmhouse in *In Cold Blood*, certainly no more upsetting, to come right to the point, than various of the mutilations and grotesque deaths in *The World A cording to Garp*, but strong.

As Mr. Angellela read, the disco fort in the room grew. One or two pe ple got up and left, then more. After time, staffer Gail Godwin walked o signaling a more general exodus. M Angellela was understandably ups particularly later on when he hea that the word *sellout* had been bruit about. and that some of those who l had said they simply had to "make statement." Mr. Angellela had his d fenders after the fact, conference d rector Robert Pack among them. think it's far superior to Capot book," he told me, having read the g leys prior to making Angellela a F low. "Capote somewhat romanticiz those killers of his. The shock in *Tr of Blood* comes from the world—fro reality. If anything the book is unde stated." The only people who wou talk to me about why they left said th had been inadequately warned, or th Mr. Angellela had read with a disma ingly sinister glee. Most refused co ment.

Larry Heinemann, however, h plenty to say. "The ones who left," said, "are people who are never goi to write anything worth a nickel. Th want a certain kind of nice little sto something to go to bed on. Micha said, 'This is the psychopath agai which all others are measured.' Wh did they expect, a story about a pup dog? Then there are the ones w walked out because they found som thing inside themselves that they ca handle. The kind who are really f cinated by the carnage of somethi like *The Deer Hunter*.

"They come here to learn to be wr ers, and what they want is a formu and that's what a conference like t pretends it can give them. But there no formula. You have to start with passionate idea. Darwin had only o idea. But it was powerful."

I cannot here settle an argume over the merits of a book not, as write, available. It is an argument t in any event was not pursued beyo the theatrical moment, though it shou have been. But in the word *sellout* w hidden the whole complex of questio about subject matter, audience, me od, and, yes, money that every asp of Bread Loaf seems organized at on to exploit and to keep hidden.

FREE BEES

essons from the hive

by Fred Hapgood

NTIL FAIRLY RECENTLY, biologists ordered the various species as though each were an experiment in Nature's ruggle to produce Man (specifically, ore often than not, a French or German man). The fewer traits a creature ared with humans, the less successl the experiment and the "lower" or ore "primitive" the organism. Thus imals were more advanced than ants, because plants lack movement; Aristotle said, they are without appetes. Vertebrates were ranked higher an invertebrates, a warm-blooded reature was superior to a cold-blooded ne, and so on. All the animals joined gether in a "great chain of being" at led, link by link, to biology's sureme achievement—*Homo*.

Many people still conceive of the anial kingdom in terms of the great ain, but among biologists it now lies ruins. Scientists explain an animal's aits not in terms of evolutionary proress toward an ideal, but as efficient esponses to various environments. For xample, creatures are cold-blooded not ecause they have failed to develop, ut because they live in habitats in hich energy must be conserved.

Once adaptation to the environment judged the measure of success, it becomes possible to discover "advanced" traits in species that would be ranked in the great chain as comparatively primitive. Sociobiologists have made one such discovery after another, such as invertebrates whose behavior imitates human altruism, parent/offspring conflict, slavery, caste systems, and the "cultural" transmission of environmental information. A subspecialty in modern botany is called "plant behavior," in which—in defiance of Aristotle—botanists discern appetites in plants and how they are satisfied. Under the right conditions, one of these botanists wrote recently in a professional journal, plants will "perform courtship displays, rape, promiscuity, and fickleness, just as do animals." Male pigeons suckle their young with a secretion they make in their esophagus. Chimps and apes seem to be able to understand language and to generate new expressions in it. Tool-using occurs in a wide variety of species. And why not? After all, the gene lines represented by all the organisms now alive trace back 3 billion years to a common origin; in that sense everything living has evolved for the same length of time and no single species should be more advanced—more evolved—than any other.

A representative example of one of these discoveries was made by a young biologist, Bernd Heinrich, in the early 1970s. What Heinrich found was that bumblebees are homeotherms: they can maintain a steady body temperature regardless of the temperature of the air around them. This was a surprise for a number of reasons. First, homeothermy is an "advanced" trait: only birds and mammals were thought to have evolved it. Second, homeothermy seems simpler to manage in large animals, whose high body mass holds heat and resists radical fluctuations. Some people believe, for instance, that dinosaurs grew large in order to achieve the advantages of homeothermy without having to develop the physiological equivalent of a thermostat. A little creature like a bumblebee could not be a homeotherm unless its physiology demonstrates a mastery of thermodynamics that is an order of magnitude more sophisticated than anything that we have in our own bodies. (In fact, bumblebees can choose between letting the environment control their temperature and doing it themselves. This bespeaks a control system much more sophisticated and flexible than ours.)

Bernd Heinrich grasped this implication and pursued it. Now Heinrich has published his findings in a book, *Bumblebee Economics**, in which he sketches the accomplishments and social nature of his favorite animal.

red Hapgood's book Why Males Exist: n Inquiry Into the Evolution of Sex *was ublished by William Morrow in November.*

* Published by Harvard University Press; 248 pages, illustrated; $17.50.



Diagram of a bumblebee colony cycle, from the queen emerging from hibernation (left) to new queens (lightly stippled) emerging from cocoons, mating, and hibernating. Eggs, in specific brood packets, become larvae, pupae, and adults, and empty cocoons are used for storing honey or pollen. (from Bumblebee Economics*).*

BUMBLEBEES HAVE SUFFERED in this century by comparison with the honeybee, whose spectacular powers of information-handling and social management have constituted some of the major discoveries in ethology. Bumblebees, by contrast, live nowhere near as corporate an existence. Their hierarchies are much less rigid; the queens and workers do not look very different from each other, and even among what differences do exist there is a wide range of individual variation. In honeybees the castes are more distinct and there are no intermediate forms. Bumblebees do not pool information about new food sources, or recruit helpers as honeybees do. Adults rarely regurgitate food for other adults or try to groom them, and social relations are generally more volatile. Bumblebee queens hold their rank by physically harassing competitors, those bees with developing ovaries. When bumblebee colonies grow larger than a few hundred members the queen loses control of the hive and the workers begin to eat her eggs and to lay eggs of their own, which she in turn tries to eat. Honeybee queens control nests of up to 40,000 members with powerful, behavior-modifying drugs that keep the workers tranquilized and docile.

Most biologists betray the unconscious assumption that a complicated social organization is an achievement, and that bumblebees, in comparatively simple colonies, have somehow failed. Heinrich is more ambivalent. Whatever its virtues, he says, an elaborate social order makes for a garrison state in perpetual energy crisis. Large societies in a fixed location tend to deplete the neighborhood of whatever resources the society needs, so that the environment is at least intermittently impoverished. One way of dealing with the prospect of depleted energy is to stockpile resources when they become available, building huge reserves. The reserves in turn attract predators, which make an expensive defense establishment necessary, which increases the drain on local resources, and so on.

From this perspective, the bumble bees are a great success. They have achieved a modest social order without committing themselves to the costly business of supporting a large standing army. They have managed this by learning how to forage successfully in weather that keeps most other species of bees in the hive. Bumblebees evolved in the Arctic, and there they acquired the two traits that have freed them from a rigid social discipline: the knack of foraging among widely scattered and minute food sources, and a profound control over the generation and loss of body heat. They work hard, foraging for longer hours during the day than honeybees and visiting two to three times as many flowers in a given period. Thus they have a steady income, and are not obliged to accumulate surpluses as protection against future shortage, which would attract skunks and foxes. Honeybees did not evolve this flexibility because they arose in tropical Asia. They adapted to capitalizing quickly on the discovery of major finds, such as large flowering trees, and are thus committed to a corporate, garrison existence.

Heinrich is fascinated by the bumblebees' adaptations, and describes them within a frame of reference that seems to me unique in ethology. He represents them as skills perfected for the pursuit of private profit by individual bees, which benefit the whole colony only incidentally, just as Adam Smith's "invisible hand" rewards society with inadvertent dividends from private financial success. This is radically different from either the popular or professional view of any bee society. The popular view is that beehives are communistic societies, in which every individual is primarily devoted to the common good; it takes quite a shift of thinking to see them instead as independent entrepreneurs, or small businessmen. Most biologists would understand all bee behavior in Darwin's terms, in which the "motive" is reproduction. Few would feel comfortable with an interpretation of bumblebee behavior that casts them as individuals chasing after their own profit: not more bees in the next generation, but more energy in this one, measured in net calories. (Heinrich accepts Darwin, of course; he just has a unique perspective on the theory.)

THE POWER and advantages of Heinrich's economic metaphor in explaining bumblebee behavior are evident in his account of foraging. One begins by looking at bees from the point of view of plants, for whom the bees serve flying penises. They ferry around plants' sperm, or pollen. Any sex organism, given dependence on flyi penises, would want to organize or chestrate the pollinators' behavior the following fashion: the males wo try to increase the odds that a visiti pollinator would next visit a female their kind; the females would try to sure that the pollinator had last visi a male. (There are botanists who lieve that the story is not so simp but here it is sophisticated enough our purposes.)

How can the flowers manage th One step is brand-name advertisi Flowers have evolved a variety forms, colors, and patterns in order establish a distinctive and attract identity in the minds of the pollinato The second step is to give pollinat a positive incentive to confine the selves to the flowers of one speci Paradoxically, this is accomplished building an access barrier in front the nectar/pollen wages. This barr might be physical, in the sense of constricted access tube, or it might temporal, in that the plant will p duce nectar only during a short peri say between two and four in the aft noon. At first the barrier will reb the pollinator's visits, but as the flo er's nectar stores increase and as n tar in the neighboring blossoms other species decreases, the pollinat will be forced to learn how to navig the barrier. Once a pollinator has t skill—once she (and most of the p linators are female) knows how jimmy the blossom, or when to vi it—she will enjoy an advantage w that species of flower over rival fo gers and will tend to pursue it.

Finally, the flower species must to guide pollinators so that they alt nate visits between sexes. Some flo ers do this by changing the sex of th blossoms. Delphinium flowers are instance: they arrange their blosso on a vertical stalk that grows from t top, so that the oldest, largest bl soms are always toward the botto The blossoms are born male; as th grow older and richer in nectar, th become female. A visiting bee will n urally first harvest from the lar female blossoms and then work her w up the stalk, retrieving less and l from the increasingly smaller ma flowers, until it becomes worthwhile

to the next flower stalk, where she
l start foraging in the female blos-
ns.
So the relationship between a pol-
ator and a species of flowering plant
quite complicated; the pollinator has
ot to learn before she can work at
most productive. Further, over the
e- or six-month lifetime of a bum-
bee colony a great many species of
wers come into blossom, each one
h its own set of tricks. (The point
the access barriers is lost if any
en species does not pose a set of
allenges that are distinctly different
m those of a neighbor species.) How
n might a bee colony respond to this
mplexity? Three approaches are pos-
le. First, access skills might be hard-
red right into the genes so that each
e is born knowing exactly what to
. Some species of solitary bees, bees
at never form colonies, possess such
nate skills. Bumblebees do not, per-
ps because the amount of informa-
n that would have to be carried ge-
tically is just too great. Unlike soli-
ry bees, which are usually dedicated
a single species of flower, the bum-
ebees of a given colony forage in
zens of species of flowers. Although
specific individual might specialize
one flower, a colony will be com-
sed of many different specialists.
Another way for a colony to forage
ficiently is to establish a central col-
ctive that makes the foraging deci-
ons, as honeybees do. Honeybee col-
ies send out scouts, which hunt up
od sources, return to the hive, and
nounce the direction of and dis-
nce to the flower patch, as well as its
uality and general description. Ap-
rently considerable emphasis is
aced in these colonies on a consen-
s. A hive is likely to be surrounded
a great many food sources within
e three-mile foraging range of worker
es, and no fewer than five interact-
g levels of social control exist to
sure that the energies of the hive are
nanneled to only a few flower patches:
ose the hive has, as a whole, decided
e best. While there are advantages
falling upon a resource in such
mbers, there also appear to be two
dden inefficiencies. A single honey-
e might be faced with a different
nd of flower and have to figure out a
fferent access problem several times
er its life span. This might prevent
s skills from ever achieving the polish
of a true professional's. Further, many honeybee workers spend a great deal of time waiting to be told what to do.

The foraging strategy chosen by the bumblebee is quite different, and Heinrich has been largely responsible for discovering it. When a young bumblebee worker flies out of the hive on her first mission, she carries with her no instructions from the group and no genetic rulebook. She is completely on her own and a study in incompetence: flying aimlessly around, sticking her tongue into anything that looks like a flower (and some things, like pussy willows, that take a lot of imagination to see as one), and fumbling fruitlessly with access barriers. Yet something is going on. Somehow the worker is learning from her mistakes and figuring out how to go at the flowers more skillfully, because, as Heinrich found, after only two to six foraging trips the young bee has become an expert. The period of random experimentation has ended with the bee a specialist in a rich, if not the richest, nectar source. She is handling the access barriers faultlessly. And highly efficient, minimum routes among a number of flower patches have been figured out. She traces and retraces them, working from dawn until shortly after dark, visiting flowers at a sustained rate of twenty to forty a minute, loading up, making a "beeline" back for the hive, unloading in two to four minutes, and then flying back out over her route again.

"The [bumble]bees of a colony have a division of labor," Heinrich writes,

> *in that they divide up the foraging from the different sources that require different skills. However, the division of labor is not based on any plan. . . . The flower that yields the most net profits will attract the most bees, while another flower offering lesser profits will have fewer bees utilizing it. A group work pattern results, but it is made up of the interactions of the individual patterns. Even though the bees are free agents, an order ensues out of their combined actions, as if each individual were led by an invisible hand.*

READING THIS extraordinary book, I am struck by what a profound liberation attends the collapse of the great chain for both scientists and laymen. "*Even though the bees are free agents. . . .*" What scientist twenty years ago could have even conceived of writing such a sentence? The whole force of the great chain and the idea of evolutionary progress was to assert an absolute difference between humans and all other animals, and of all the differences proposed, the one clung to most fiercely was that we were free agents, while they were little machines. To hold otherwise—to treat animals as though they had goals and followed strategies to achieve them—was to commit the deadly sins of anthropomorphism and theology. This was never anything other than an article of faith, and so scientists showed little tolerance for its violation.

Being a machine or having free will are not measurable physical attributes like metabolic rate. They are each equally metaphors, and each is appropriate to a given interest. The machine metaphor works well when one wishes to concentrate on physiology; the free-will metaphor works when one looks up from the lab table and ponders the animal's relation to a changing environment. The scientists' rigorous disdain for the free-will metaphor over the past hundred years or so has been an intellectual blinder, closing as many doors as the machine metaphor has opened. (Solly Zuckerman, the great primate anatomist, once defined "female" as "that which elicits certain characteristic sociosexual responses from the male." A man who thinks that way is likely to overlook some important issues.)

Yet the implications of work such as Heinrich's seem to me more resonant than the promise of a rich harvest of new research. From the point of view of a layman, the great chain, having defined animals as qualitatively different from us, has kept them at a distance. The scientists in Zuckerman's tradition did good research, but it has not been interesting to the lay public because it has been perceived as research into a realm at once "lower" and alien.

The defeat of the idea of evolutionary progress reveals to us a world full of species that confront precisely the same issues that humans do—sexual politics, social organization, generational conflict, energy crises—and do so with as much intelligence as we (that being as little as it is). □

DEATH AND LOVE

Novels that pierce the mystery

by Frances Taliafer

Rounds, by Frederick Busch. 244 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95. **The Transit of Venus,** by Shirley Hazzard. 352 pages. Viking, $11.95.

VERY FEW great novels are being written this year or any year—or any decade. In the fatness of these pursy times, the novels we hear about most are the nine-day wonders; inured to the glad tidings of the media, which offer us one "extraordinary" book after another, we can no longer distinguish among the pretenders. A revulsion sets in, a determination to read nothing that has blasted onto the best-seller list, nothing displayed in glossy pyramids at the book supermarket. Beware of false prophets! They prefer merchandising to literature.

We are, of course, entertaining great novels unawares, and of course we don't know which ones they are. Greatness is a prize awarded in retrospect, at the expense of all the oafs and philistines who could not recognize it in its own time, and all the ninnies who attributed it falsely. In other words, ourselves. Well, if "greatness" is beyond our poor powers of identification, then let us concentrate on more reasonable satisfactions. Let us honor craftsmanship, honesty, and the writer's knowledge of the human heart.

FREDERICK BUSCH has written seven considerable works of fiction since 1971. The glossy merchandisers, who prefer excess to economy in style and subject, have given him little notice. His subject is that bare, forked animal, unaccommodated man, in his domestic particulars: the dark night of the soul, as we all know, is quite likely to happen while you're fixing the flashing on the porch roof. Busch vigorously accepts the incongruity of domestic tragedy and under-writes it, requiring his reader to pay attention and notice the small signs of human experience.

In *Rounds,* Busch takes a little swipe at a professor of contemporary literature who produces articles with titles like "The Book Review as Cultural Artifact." So much for paraliterary pomposity and high self-consciousness; they have no part in Busch's world. His particular landscape is "upper New York State, not all that distant from New England and yet a place somehow more exhausted, a countryside of oxbow rivers and Indian mounds, more scabrous than New England, with its dull shimmer of what has failed." In a phrase that gave the title to a recent collection of Busch's short stories, it is "hardwater country" where the flow of emotion leaves its mineral deposits. If *Rounds* has a central character it is Eli Silver, a pediatrician whose own child died in an automobile accident. The obbligato of Silver's days is the constant remembrance of those diseases and heartaches that waste children. He is a good doctor and a fallible man: tarnishable Silver.

Phil Sorenson has come to nearby Bailey College to teach English to the "Reading Disadvantaged" so that they may legitimately stay on the football team. Phil's wife, Annie, after two miscarriages, longs desperately for a baby. Lizzie Bean, the college psychologist, spunky and unstable, is pregnant by one of Phil Sorenson's colleagues, who takes no responsibility for her. Eli Silver, the pediatrician, separated from his wife, loves Lizzie Bean and wants her unborn child to belong to a family; he arranges for the Sorensons to ado the child. The "real" father, growi unbalanced and obsessed, kidnaps baby, but a series of fortunate co nections restores the child to the Sor sons. Life goes on.

Rounds is full of quick, sure p traits, many of them funny, the b of them etched in acid: the young a spacy, the dying, the newborn, loving and the merely horny, middle-aged who muddle through a the emotionally illiterate of all ag Busch, a wise, humorous, and perfec unsententious writer, obviously enj his sorties into social portraiture, his true subject is a moral landsca Its boundaries are formed by cries help, some of them uttered and so of them inarticulate gestures of eve day pain. Most practically, "rounds" of the title are Eli Silve visits to his patients. As it turns o in the round of human acquaintan every character is both patient a agent of illness, and sometimes phy cian as well. This fine, earthy, en getic novel faithfully records and co brates the way we hurt and heal ea other in "our briefly mutual lives."

SHIRLEY HAZZARD, another s soned novelist, works in a t dition that can most briefly called "civilized." *The Tra of Venus* assumes a physical world order and privilege, country hou and Milton quoted (hilariously) at breakfast table. It also assumes a mo world of choice, where men and wom are "fellow survivors: well-dissembl of their woes, who, with few signals

Frances Taliaferro writes the "In Pri column in monthly alternation with Jef Burke.

ef, [have] contained, assimilated, or
: to use their own destruction."
nat distinguishes this novel is its
de and pattern. For a lesser writer,
se settings and situations might
ve turned into drawing-room drama;
irley Hazzard brings us to the edge
tragedy, as we look beyond the care-
garden to the ungovernable stars.

Love is Hazzard's subject, its para-
gm that astronomical "transit of
nus" that occurred in the eighteenth
ntury, the planet Venus crossing
: face of the sun. It was an event
perfectly understood. "The calcula-
ns were hopelessly out. . . . Calcu-
ions about Venus often are," ob-
ves Ted Tice, a young astronomer.
s own incalculable love, unrequited
d indestructible, lasts his life. It is
ot a youthful adventure, fresh and
ntative, but a gauge of all effort, joy,
d suffering known or imagined."
d loves Caroline Bell—Caro, more
an flesh, who is beauty, principle,
telligence, whose most commonplace
ovements are "rehearsals for life and
ath." Caro is a figure from the
rthenon frieze or a painting by
orgione. Caro is Venus without the
responsibility; she too loves and suf-
rs, and her "transit" is her slow
ansformation from imperfect to full
mprehension of love.

How somber that sounds!—how un-
ir to this wonderful novel, which is
st of all an intricate and fully ab-
rbing family narrative, worked out
er three decades. Caroline and her
ster Grace are young Australians who
me to London with the impossible
ora, their half-sister and grudging
enna. Grace quickly marries Chris-
an Thrale, the archetypal civil ser-
nt. ("Those peering into the oven
his career would report, 'Christian
rising,' as if he were a cake or a
af of bread.") Caro, apt for a darker
stiny, falls in love with brilliant,
uel Paul Ivory, whose profession of
aywright signals his passion for the
anipulation of other people's lives.
nable to tolerate Caro's ascendancy
er him, he coldly marries into the
istocracy, pleased to violate Caro's
tegrity and pride. The full enormity
Paul's erotic choices is not revealed
til many years later. Caro, rejected,
es to the world and is resurrected by
ving Adam Vail, a rich American of
eat authority. Lesser loves ramify:
race and Christian, well married to each other, look briefly elsewhere. Christian sputters his objections to the demands of love: "It was absurd, really, if one could not have a little true love without lifelong consequences." Grace knows better. A quarter-century or more from their first meeting, Ted and Caro are ready at last for their own conjunction: Venus has made her transit. But these wise lovers are star-crossed, and the novel ends in pain.

It is hard to read *The Transit of Venus* and not think of Greek tragedy. Plot is the soul of this novel, and its turnings should not be revealed, except to say that choice brings retribution, coincidence bespeaks the working of a larger pattern, and one thinks of Sophocles' great ode to "her who mocks us—merciless Aphrodite." But the severity of Hazzard's structure is mitigated by her love of quirky digressions and her joy in detail. Observant and deeply literate, she produces great breadth of characterization. Caro, Ted, and Paul are admirably complex. Satisfying in quite a different way are dozens of smaller "characters" in the Theophrastian sense: quick little biopsies whose cross sections yield the entire person. ("Love for the Georgian poets [was] the remnant of Sefton Thrale's best self, which in turn derived, like his best work, from an earlier period." Tertia "handled objects or pushed doors with punitive abruptness, seeing no reason to indulge an uncompliant world. The occasional anger felt against inanimate things that tumble or resist was in her case perpetual.")

Shirley Hazzard is a worldly writer with a sense of humor: at one twist of her skewer, the trendy and the shoddy are impaled. *The Transit of Venus* is an old-fashioned novel of plainest elegance.

THESE TWO splendid books are as different from each other as human variety allows. Perhaps one of them will last into the next century to become the subject of some academic's "cultural artifact." Perhaps not: novels are for the living. Very good novels, like these two, are "counter, original, spare, strange," reminding us of the mystery at the heart of our own condition. □

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FAMILIES, HAPPILY, ARE ALL ALIKE

A composition

by Suzanne Mant

"IT IS PERHAPS NECESSARY to give a brief description of my parents at this juncture, simply because nothing can be understood from now on without at least an appreciation of my prejudices in their regard. I do not pretend to tell the truth about them, simply because I am probably the last person in the world qualified to do so. After all, I lived with them, in the most oppressive proximity. In any case, I believe they were utterly different when they were alone, without my presence."

"Mother was lovely to look at and to be with. She was small but she stood very straight and had a beautiful figure so that if she was standing alone she looked tall. When she was close to Father, where she liked to be, Mother came up to the height of his handkerchief pocket. Her eyes were big and dark brown and her hair black. She wore it mostly at the back to show her ears, which were very pretty. S loved hats with big bows and fea ers. She liked veils, too, and tight l collars. She was beautiful."

"Despite all the discipline, I ne once doubted her love. A stout, l boned woman with an attractive fa she was the most selfless person I h ever known. Because she made ot people's problems *her* problems, had thousands of friends. The Gr Episcopal Church Guild, the Gra Rapids Garden Club, the Daughters the American Revolution—she was gaged in one church or civic activ after another. And when she wasn't tending meetings, she was busy bak bread or sewing clothes for needy fa ilies. Having the family together major holidays like Thanksgiving Christmas would fill her with joy she wasn't shy about expressing And if a relative or neighbor suffe in any way, she would be reduced tears."

"She was an attractive woman, M Her red hair was the truest titian, iridescent tint, and in the sunligh could see brilliant yellows and purp and bright reds in it. In all my lif have never seen anyone with such h and it went a foot below her waist I may say so, it was a glory. Li wonder she attracted my Dad."

"My father—I called him Pap was a tall, broad-shouldered man w lively blue eyes, a keen mind, an kind, straightforward nature. My m er—Mama—had large, lustrous e and handsome, expressive featu Her carriage was almost regal, and

Suzanne Mantell is executive editor of Harper's.



Anita Siegel

ence and sense of humor were al-
t inexhaustible. My parents were
deally balanced couple and devoted
ach other. Theirs had been a part-
hip in every equal-sharing, two-
sense of the word ever since they
and married while still attending
ege, where they studied for teach-
degrees. Indeed, after my father
ame a schoolteacher, it was with
mother's encouragement and fi-
cial assistance that he was able to
and go through law school."

My mother was a marvel because
could be so gentle and yet so
gh. At the time I sometimes thought
was the best parts of a man and a
nan, with none of the bad parts of
er, and that these qualities were so
inside her that she might bust
n. She was rich, tender, and strong
at once. If I'd run into a king or
en, I would have been proud to
w my mother off to them."

Mama was something to look at,
I've always thought she was as
-looking outside as she was good
de."

She was a beautiful woman pos-
ed of splendid posture, an endear-
smile, china blue eyes, and prema-
ely gray hair. She had a gift of
micry, which may have had some-
ng to do with her linguistic talents
he spoke English, Yiddish, Russian,
ish, German, and some Hungarian.
would imitate the different hand-
kes used by the butcher (crushing),
ladies' tailor (limp), the henpeck
st fingers), the politician (two-
ided), and the voices, gruff, tinny,
eezy, orotund, or mincing."

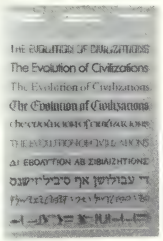
"I was lucky in my parents. My
ther was beautiful and petite. Her
tures were refined. She was artistic,
letic, and with a sweet disposition,
, when roused, could be a tigress. I
nember her earliest as the chate-
ne of Kim Lin, in a garden luxuri-
with the beautiful flowers of the
ribbean as well as roses imported
m England and the United States.
mmingbirds, so familiar in Trini-
d, were busy there."

"Her name was Eleanor and some-
w she looked just like an Eleanor.
e was one of your genuine dark-
ired, black-eyed Irish beauties. And
en she turned those eyes on you,
atever she wanted she got. That must
ve been how she got my father,
ose resistance to feminine charm
was like butter to a warm knife."

"My mother was the valedictorian of her high-school class and also the captain of the girls' basketball team. In fact, when I was a kid, she used to let me wear her letter sweater when I behaved myself. After finishing high school, my mother earned a teaching license and then taught in a one-room schoolhouse for a couple of years. When she was in her early twenties she found religion and decided to attend a seminary in Winnipeg, Canada. There she met my father."

"MEMORIES of Mother and Father together are few. I do remember waking up one night to see them standing over my bed. They were evidently going to a party. Mother was in red satin with a long train, Father in a dark suit. They looked so beautiful that the image has not entirely faded from my memory even now. Father was gay and lively; he loved people and gatherings. Mother, with her taste and beauty, charmed everyone who met her. I believe they were happy then."

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The Evolution of Civilizations
An Introduction to Historical Analysis

By Carroll Quigley

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"He looms up in my memory full-blown, wearing a red tie on May Day and silencing the room with his presence when he entered. Whenever I try to describe him, I give the impression of a lovable eccentric, certainly bigger than life. Actually, he was of average height, blond with a dimple in one cheek. He had gray, almond-shaped eyes, high cheekbones, and a slight flatness at the back of his head, characteristic of his Slavic background."

"She was a small woman, about four feet, ten inches in height. My father was five feet, nine inches in height —average height, you see, though when I was young, I thought he was a tall man, and when the time came that I discovered he was not six feet tall, I was rather crushed."

"My young mother was a devout, a dedicated praying Christian. My father was a good man, but the church was not for him. Even now I remember him sitting on the front porch, his legs crossed, looking into the distance, often with a book in hand I could not read or understand. Sometimes I would crawl under the porch and lie on my back so that I could see his face without his seeing me. I wanted to see if he ever batted his eyes."

"We've got some pictures of Daddy, and he's usually got this straight face on him, not much emotion. Mountain people are like that. It's hard to read 'em if you don't know 'em. He was real shy, not like people from the coal camps who are used to talking with each other. But Butcher Holler was his kind of world. There, he was the greatest man you ever saw. He could fix anything with those wiry arms of his. He could hammer up a well box, or a fence for the hog, or a new outhouse. You had to do things for yourself in the hollers or you'd die."

"He despised black leather, said black shoes reminded him of black attaché cases, of bankers, lawyers, look-before-you-leapers anxious not to offend their clients. He owned nothing black except his dinner jacket and his umbrella. His umbrella doubled as a shooting-stick, and one afternoon at a polo match at Brandywine he was sitting on it when a man asked him what he would do if it rained, sit wet or stand dry? I laughed. My father laughed also, but tightly, and he did not reply; nor did he ever again use this quixotic contraption. He took things, *things*, seriously."

"He was a missionary with a sense of humor, and undoubtedly he was a romantic. When his friends would josh him about his talk about the good society, and education, and about his politics, he would say, 'Before the fact is the dream.' "

"What were my father's influences on me, assuming that nothing is inherited? It is hard to say. Perhaps the greatest were the sense of honesty, integrity, modesty, tolerance, and the love of music, learning, literature, and life."

"He never quit trying to learn more. When most of the people in our town had an extra dollar they bought a drink; when my father had an extra dollar he took a course or bought a book. The result was that eventually we had a library of three thousand volumes crowded against the walls of our small house. Later, when Dad had an opportunity to travel, he spent endless hours visiting the museums and galleries of the world and came to know not only where the great treasures of art and science were exhibited but in what room and along which wall."

"My father had an Irish quickness both to anger and to mirth. It was his temper that impressed me most as a small child. He had tempestuous arguments with my brothers, Harold and Don, and their shouting could be heard all through the neighborhood. He was a strict and stern disciplinarian, and I tried to follow my mother's example of not crossing him when he was in a bad mood. Perhaps my own aversion to personal confrontations dates back to these early recollections."

"My father was not as formidable as he appeared in some later family photographs, taken after he had retired and become very clothes-conscious and dapper. My mother, too, gave the impression of being formidable, but truly was not."

"I was an only child, and overprotected. I never had a cat because a little neighbor had her eye put out by hers. I never was allowed a pair of roller skates because one of my mother's cousins fractured his skull on the edge of a sidewalk in Arles in 1911. But I had canaries and goldfish. When they died, the fact would be hidden from me, and they would be replaced the same night by ones, which were not always the s size or color."

"Such were my parents. And o the gifts with which Heaven endo them, they left me but one, a sens heart. It had been the making of t happiness, but for me it has been cause of all the misfortunes in life."

Thanks to the following for fragm of their respective lives: Peter Ust *(Dear Me,* Little, Brown in associa with Atlantic Monthly Press, 197 Raymond Massey *(A Hundred Diffe Lives: An Autobiography,* Little, Br 1979); Gerald R. Ford *(A Time Heal: The Autobiography of Gerald Ford,* Harper & Row, 1979); Ja Cagney *(Cagney by Cagney,* Double 1976); J. Paul Getty *(As I See The Autobiography of J. Paul G* Prentice-Hall, 1976); Bill Russell Taylor Branch: *Second Wind: The M oirs of an Opinionated Man,* Ran House, 1979); Cab Calloway (and ant Rollins: *Of Minnie the Mooche Me,* T. Y. Crowell, 1976); Dore Sch *(Heyday: An Autobiography,* Li Brown, 1980); Percy Chen *(C Called Me: My Life Inside the Chi Revolution,* Little, Brown, 1979); McMahon (and Carroll Carroll: *He Ed,* Putnam, 1976); Phil Jackson Charles Rosen: *Maverick: More T a Game,* Playboy Press, 1975); Lil Gish (and Ann Pinchot: *The Mo Mr. Griffith & Me,* Prentice-Hall, 19 Anne Jackson *(Early Stages,* Li Brown, 1979); Isaac Asimov *(In M ory Yet Green, The Autobiography Isaac Asimov 1920–1954,* Double 1979); Howard Thurman *(With H and Heart, The Autobiography of H ard Thurman,* Harcourt Brace Jov vich, 1979); Loretta Lynn *(Coal l er's Daughter,* Regnery, 1976); Geo Wolff *(The Duke of Deception,* Ran House, 1979); Hubert H. Hump *(The Education of a Public Man: Life in Politics,* Doubleday, 1976); liam L. Shirer *(20th Century Jour A Memoir of a Life and the Ti* Simon and Schuster, 1976); Lo Thomas *(Good Evening Everyb From Cripple Creek to Samarkand,* liam Morrow, 1976); Richard N *(RN: The Memoirs of Richard Ni Volume I,* Grosset & Dunlap, 197 Helen M. Strauss *(A Talent for L* Random House, 1979); Simone Sign *(Nostalgia Isn't What It Used to* Harper & Row, 1978); and Jean-Jac Rousseau *(The Confessions,* transl by J. M. Cohen, Penguin, 1954).

ACTING OUT

therapeutic memoir

by John S. Peterson

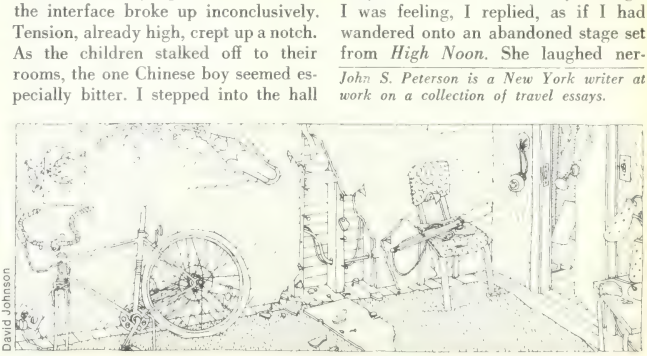
[T WAS MY FIRST "group" meeting, my first night on the job. We had gathered in the living room of a big dwelling in the Richmond District, one of six children's "residential eatment" centers maintained by a ng-established San Francisco juvele agency. Our group that evening nsisted of the social-worker-in-arge, the three child-care workers 10 would live in rotating shifts with e children, and the children themlves—six young men aged fourteen eighteen. Unable to be with their rents for various painful reasons, ese boys had been assigned a social orker and been placed in the more urturing" setting of a group home. was the most recent addition to the aff, having answered a child-care adrtisement in the *Chronicle* the week fore. Since I had been selected for ie of two available positions from venty-eight applicants, I was, on this ght at least, happy to be part of the reatment team."

As the meeting began, the social orker and child-care workers hunked down on the floor, the better to nterface" with the sullen children aring down at them from surrounding couches. At my introduction the wheaded sixteen-year-old who had cently gone berserk and smashed e staff-room door voiced the hope at I would be a more caring person an the insensitive counselor who had id to hold him down and call the olice. I would be as gentle, I replied, I could.

This exchange was the zenith of the ening's interface. From there it degenerated into an ugly debate over who had called the meeting in the first place. In the absence of an agenda, the children noisily supposed that the staff had convened merely to bug them. We were the people Alice Cooper had warned them about. If we had the authority to make them sit together on a couch, then why couldn't we come right out and admit it? Why did we have to be such mealymouthed sneaks about everything? Good questions both, but not ones that the staff felt comfortable with. Being therapeutically "orientated," we preferred to insist that there were a lot of very "inappropriate" feelings emanating from the couches and that we should uncross our legs and sit less defensively and deal with our feeling and "discuss out" the authority issue after we had gotten our "shit" better together.

It wasn't good. Within an hour the inappropriate feelers had worn the evasive authority figures to a nub and the interface broke up inconclusively. Tension, already high, crept up a notch. As the children stalked off to their rooms, the one Chinese boy seemed especially bitter. I stepped into the hall for a moment, first to let my head clear and then to ponder the implications of a plastered-over hole in the wall. Returning to the living room, I asked my colleagues about allowances, curfew, and other matters pertinent to the care of children. Oddly, there seemed to be as many versions of allowance and curfew as there were adolescents and workers. Did the mixed signals originate with the creatively individualized, unwritten treatment plans kept at the office, I wondered, or was there another source? One child-care worker, a self-deprecating, ex–Telegraph Avenue folk singer, advised me to stay mellow. "It may seem chaotic around here," he went on, "and we all may look like yo-yos, but that's because Dorothy is on vacation. All the stuff you're asking, Dorothy knows. Dorothy knows everything, you'll see." At the door the social-worker-in-charge grimaced apologetically and asked me about my feelings. I was feeling, I replied, as if I had wandered onto an abandoned stage set from *High Noon*. She laughed ner-

John S. Peterson is a New York writer at work on a collection of travel essays.



David Johnson

vously. "You have a sense of humor; that's very important in this business."

My meeting with Dorothy the next week was both a relief and a delight. Although she was not, in the view of the social-work staff, "a very therapeutic person," she had survived eleven years as a child-care worker and knew the juvenile counseling business inside out. A small, slender pixie in her late fifties, she sized me up as if I were one of the racehorses she trained on her ranch up in Petaluma. "Well, you're a little older than most of the psychological trainees they send over, and that's good. They say you were a navy lieutenant, too. Is that true?" Yes, it was true. "That's even better. I think maybe we'll keep this house afloat, you and me. Just promise me one thing. Promise me you'll never meditate on the pool table."

I THEN BEGAN the job in earnest, settling into the weekend routine of group-home counselors everywhere—dispensing allowances, supervising meals and chores, hauling station-wagon-loads of children to bowling alleys and beaches, shopping for pork chops, arbitrating disputes, folding laundry, and keeping an eye on the premises. It sounds easy, I know, but it wasn't, not at $3.82 an hour, and not in that house. Within six weeks, the bell chimes were dismantled and the wall developed another hole in need of plaster. The thermostat was smashed and the garage doors were sprung. A skillet was broken in half and a bottle of catsup was thrown into an open refrigerator. Comic-book collections vanished, as did transistor radios and Peter Frampton albums. Drawers were rifled and twenty-dollar bills disappeared from the staff room cashbox with the regularity of a metronome. Wheels from the bicycles of smaller boys materialized on the bicycles of bigger boys who tended to slap, pinch, and threaten their victims with worse if they didn't keep their mouths shut. Throughout the turmoil the staff, taking its cues from the social-worker-in-charge, gently (but with little success) admonished the children to be nicer to each other and to us. Shrieks and whimpers reached the decibel level of Kiss. The Chinese boy was becoming viciously abusive, and a "creative confrontation" with him only advanced the trend. The phone rang in the night with voices asking when the next shipment of acid was due.

Frantic appeals to the social-worker-in-charge had, in Everett Dirksen's phrase, all the impact of a snowflake on the bosom of the Potomac. Her indifference to the developing ugliness baffled me, and only by attending staff meetings was I able to gain a sense of where she and the agency were "coming from." Take, for example, a "case review." At regular intervals the consulting staff psychiatrist would slip into a fresh turquoise necklace, slide behind the wheel of his Porsche, and drive down from Marin to meet with the assistant director, the social-worker-in-charge, and, of course, the child-care staff. These visits gave him a chance to reacquaint himself with the dossier of the case (child) under review, get "input" from the front-line troops, and then "share," on a relaxed, first-name basis, his latest diagnoses—and a prognosis if there was time.

For me, these case reviews represented my first authentic trip through the sloughs of modern psychiatric despond. I guess I had always known the stuff was there—the traumas, I mean, and all those ghastly syndromes. I had seen plenty of it on Rolling Stones album jackets over the years but had preferred to think that Mick Jagger was having fun with us. Not so, evidently. For the child incapable of becoming an All-American therapeutic kid, there seemed to be, according to our consultant, three possible destinies: a) a Texas Tower assassin, b) a male prostitute on Castro Street, or c) a generalized, roll-his-own schizophrenic. Of course, in making our prognoses we had to guard against "stereotyping" and remember that our lads had every right to become something different. (And just might. Since the agency had never conducted statistical studies of its graduates, no one really knew what became of them or how effective the "therapy" had been.) To the psychiatrist's sentiments the assistant director would usually add her own invigorating bit. We should remember, too, that life was a "process," and not merely a process, but a "learning experience." Unfortunately, there were no easy answers. Did anyone have all the answers? She certainly didn't. Sigh. We were just a bunch of fallible human beings doing a terrific job helping children cope and f better about themselves. We wo just, well . . . carry on and go fr there.

Hear, hear. And yet, as comfort as it was to know how fallibly terr we were, the knowledge was of limi use in the group home. The place being reduced to kindling. Finally, desperation, Dorothy and I laid facts before an agency-wide staff m ing. The facts failed to register. deed, an "experiential" moment at hand. I was at last discovering w other child-care workers had kno for years—namely, that when the peutically orientated administrat say "I hear you, I hear you," t don't hear a thing if the subject violence among the children. The s ject makes them uncomfortable, unl of course, the phrase *acting out* can substituted for violence and vandali Once the switch has been made, therapeutic mind feels better. So w we had on our hands, then, were so angry, traumatized youngsters were bound to do a lot of very in propriate acting out. That was wh it was at. Really.

And, in the social-worker scheme things, the only appropriate respo was for the child-care workers to main compassionate throughout, g the children as much "space" as t needed, and hope that through logueing, interfacing, and appropri role-modeling we could induce them get their acts together. If compass found itself up a tree, we could exp ment with "behavior modification." behavior mod failed, we could sched a session with the consulting psych trist and run another battery of te After that, we could prescribe dru Hyperactive acter-outers could be into neutral with thorazine. Under circumstances, however, should child-care worker overreact "scapegoat" some poor, obstreper youngster by sending him to juve hall for burglary, arson, or assault. do so would be punitive and disgra fully untherapeutic, a confession t "residential treatment" had fai Worse yet, it would mean an em bed, and too many empty beds in agency would mean the loss of certa crucial funding. Gone the fundi gone some jobs and consulting fees a "bottom line" needed mentioni then there it was.

THE SUNDAY after Thanksgiving I cracked, in best Scotland Yard fashion, the case of the latest wandering twenty. eemed that James, a fourteen-year- hyper acter-outer, had emerged n a thorazine fog long enough to teriously come by $20. Since Bill. house newsboy, had lost $20 from collection box at about the same : that James received a $20 "gift" n his father, a Holmesian hypoth- began to form, which I tested with ione call. The gift was nonexistent. :e it was. there was little to do but e James to Market Street and let spend the "gift" on a jazzy cas- : tape player. Outside the store he wed me to count his money to :e sure he had enough. He did, $20. I pocketed the bills. We didn't e time for shopping, I told him. had to put Bill's money back and ı call James's father to discuss this . "Awwwwww mannn!!" Needless ay, it was a mopey James on the back up Geary Boulevard. Damn! ıad been a *baaad* tape player too! the time we pulled into the drive, ıgh, he was grinning and his mood cooled to a kind of Zen acceptance. ell, I guess you guys got me this e." Yup, it was one for our side. "time out" for thorazine and a e orange juice.

The calm ended with Sunday's eve- g meal. The older boys returned n Thanksgiving visits to friends relatives and we had, once again, ull house. Leaving them for the ment. I went downstairs to the base- it pool table. A previous child-care ker had meditated there. It was his of escaping the children, the house eo, and round-the-clock Lynyrd nyrd. The guy had lasted a month, rothy said. I used the table that ht not for spiritual purposes but folding laundry. As I surveyed the sh and splintered Ping Pong pad- s, I suddenly heard a loud, ominous ump, followed by a shriek and then nce. Dropping a pillowcase, I hur- d the laundry basket and ran up the irs. The noise had come from the chen, but before I could arrive I s diverted by a second shriek from lownstairs bedroom. There I found nes crying and sputtering with rage. ots, table lamp, piggy bank, and led socks whizzed past my nose. hat was wrong? What had happened in the kitchen? "You people . . . don't . . . do shit!" he screamed, gulping for his words. "Don't protect . . . no one . . . I can't live . . . aw, fuck you, man, just fuck you!" And he was gone, out the front door.

A sense of humor, they say, is very important in the child-care business. But only until you stand helpless in the presence of a child so livid he can barely speak. Although I didn't know what had happened to James, I knew full well who had done it. For weeks the Chinese boy had made a game of baiting two younger boys. The sadistic bullying had produced more than one bruise. Going up the stairs I could hear James yelling and showering the front windows with pebbles from across the street. He would be back, I knew, because, like most of these kids, he had no place to go. At the same time, I also knew that something had to be done before a child got seriously hurt. James's tormentor, smirking in the kitchen, had been given every consideration, every chance to get his "shit" together. Another staff meeting was scheduled for the following day and his "acting out" needed a more thorough airing.

No one would volunteer what had happened to James—including James, who eventually sneaked back to his room.

Bedtime, eleven o'clock or so, found me lying in the staff room, drained. Browsing through the *Chronicle* help-wanted section, I mused about the child-care establishment and what made it think that child-care workers could stand perpetual bedlam at $3.82 an hour. A straight dish-washing job would be more relaxing. A door slammed. James again. I opened his door and found him crying, no histrionics this time, just quiet sobs. I pulled up a chair and told him that I couldn't help unless he told me what was going on. "But he'll kill me if I tell." Tell what? What did he have? Some kind of weapon? "Yes, and...." The story came out, corroborated by a boy who had witnessed the entire depressing sequence. James had been shot in the neck and the back with a pump gun, a B-B rifle. His assailant, who also had a B-B pistol, had been keeping the guns under his bed for a week. He had practiced with bottles on the patio but now, at bedtime, had gone after live game. The house was silent, it was past midnight when the story was through. To call the police at this point would be futile, I knew, because B-B gun incidents are a low priority with big-city desk sergeants. It would take them at least two hours to arrive and we had had enough trouble for one night. The sanest course seemed to be to wait until the boys had left for school the next day, then confiscate the guns and whatever else might be under the bed, and then proceed to the staff meeting.

When I got there, the meeting was already convened, abuzz with talk of who would bring cheese dip to a holiday party. I plopped the rifle in front of the assistant director and watched her face redden as I announced that a child had been shot, that the culprit had taken a B-B pistol to school, and that he should probably be intercepted there by the police or somebody. I plopped his stash of marijuana down alongside the rifle. Yes, yes, all right, she replied, bristling, but could I please take the gun from the table, because we had an agency staff meeting in session with agency-wide issues to discuss. We did. I leaned the rifle against the wall and sat back to listen to cheese dip.

Soon thereafter, in an upstairs conference room, I explained the incident to a table of gimlet-eyed administrators and social workers. They seemed to feel that yet another child-care worker had "overreacted" and was attempting to railroad some poor, misunderstood sharpshooter. The outrage was mutual. Finally, I blurted out that a child in their care had been shot, that they seemed oblivious to the fact, just as they had been oblivious to our warnings about the explosive nature of the boy who had done it. They seemed to have forgotten that the young man had bashed a thermostat and thrown a bottle of catsup, broken the door chimes and put a hole in the wall, stolen food from the freezer, and helped himself to bicycles and parts of bicycles. That he had cut a month of school and was keeping, in defiance of agency regulations, an unlicensed, uninsured motorbike, for which the agency was liable. That he had missed appointment after appointment with his "therapeutic" social worker, who, for some reason, hadn't bothered to insist that he keep them. That we had long suspected him of dealing and that

LUMIERE

by H. L. Van Brunt

The cathedral window was a cliché
she hardly noticed,
and what she saw
of the stairs for years
was the carpet wearing thin.

Light now
is the only visitor.
The nurse leaves the door ajar,
and the pillows propped up high
from morning till afternoon.

She watches first the leaded glass
begin to glow,
and then the whole
body of light
leans toward the right.

It seems to grip the balustrade—
as a waiter might, carrying a tray;
and so carefully and slowly climbs
the stairs, he takes all afternoon
bearing up the light.

IN TORNADO COUNTRY

by David Ray

In tornado country
the nudists are sitting
under the trees.
Their children are splashing.
Their trailers and tents
are cheap and elegant
in the lower winds
off bean fields, creeks.
And in the storm
they'll bellow out,
hold their own
while the clapboard
of farmers blows
away with rusty nails.
And I would like
to join them, with you.
Their women create
an alive museum
with their olive bodies
and seem more eternal
than stone,
even when they leap
into the pool, or smile.

the lid of dope under his bed, along with his perpetual bankroll and surreptitious phone calls, fed our suspicions. That he had led and influenced the older boys in physically abusing the younger ones, and had now, for Christ's sake, conducted this B-B gun shoot. Why the hell couldn't anyone admit that the boy's problems were too severe for a group home, and that our gooey treatment had made them worse? As for the other kids, was it fair or even legal to inflict this kind of "acting out" on them?

These were words that therapeutic administrators are not accustomed to hearing from child-care workers. I violated many a sensibility, I'm afraid, and stood revealed as not a very warm or caring person. Nor was that all. Somewhere in the midst of it I had the gall to suggest that the social-work profession "reorientate" its "act," preferably in the direction of common sense. As one might expect, the usual "dialogueing process" went by the boards. We did manage to resolve that the boy with the guns would be sent home and probably be transferred to another residence, but the meeting ended with blood in a number of eyes. Driving back to my own house in Noe Valley, I felt as numb and spent as I ever had at sea. If the administration decided to fire me for "acting out," I was too tired to care, I merely wanted to sleep for a week.

THE AGENCY didn't fire me, possibly because its group-home program was coming apart at the seams. The firings didn't really begin until the next spring. First it was another child-care worker whom the office felt hadn't worked out, then the assistant director whom the director removed in a highly arbitrary fashion, then it was the director himself, whom the board of directors placed on waivers to San Jose. A nebulous, wraithlike presence all along, this leader of ours became practically invisible when the axe fell. Was he off sulking aboard his ski boat, the "Super Ego," we wondered, or was he with his coven seeking absolution? Either way, some of us started wearing crucifixes and the house newsboy went on the Channel 5 news to complain that the agency was ruining his life.

In late spring the board of directo announced plans to close an indefin number of group homes on an equa indefinite schedule, bulletins and cou ter bulletins to follow. This bombsh affected all lives at ground level, h especially the children's. Many of the became restive, understandably w ried about what was going to happ to them, and when. The instabil caused great pain. Predictably, houses were closed and children a counselors were shuffled about, t incidence of "acting out" increas Despite the best offices of compassi and thorazine, one boy tried to smot another with a pillow. A $200 hou petty-cash fund disappeared. A b attempted to pay $5 to have anot child beat him with a belt. And so I began to wonder how long it wou be before some therapeutic administ tor was held accountable and charg with child abuse.

By July I had finally had enou To labor on in juvenile "resident treatment" was to risk burning o Unless one had a pension to prote or a ranch in Petaluma, there was tle incentive to remain a child-c worker. Compared with the strain, rewards were meager indeed. And like a number of others before me gave the agency a month's notice. D ing my last weeks in the group hor I studied the *Chronicle* want-ads a did what I could to help Dorothy a others keep the lid on. And talked w the kids, and played basketball a blues guitar. One Sunday night n the end, I sat watching a boy nam Paul mix up an eggnog. Of the pers who had assembled for my fi "group" meeting, he was one of two or three boys left, just as Doro was the sole surviving child-c worker. But of course, like me. P wasn't really a survivor; he was le ing the agency too, the price to be p for drugs and for trying to spike July Fourth picnic punch with LS A merry prankster, Paul was, a sev teen-year-old juvenile institutional ugee. He glanced over at me from blender. "You know I've watched y for a long time, man, and you're sm to get out 'cause this is some we shit. Know what you do now?" what? "Oh, c'mon, you deal, man, y deal! That's the only real way ou He began to laugh.

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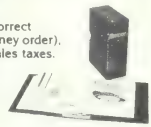
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olution to the January Puzzle

Notes for "Clubs for Clues"

Across: 1. Se(cretari)at; 4. sofa, hidden; 7. lobs(ter); 11. horseflies, anagram; 13. pink, wo meanings; 15. (s)harp; 16. C-Ron-y.; 17. co(a)t; 19. ca.-ndiers, anagram; 21. of-ish; 22. peace, homonym of "piece"; 24. tal-E, reversal; 27. trip-let; 28. lo(U)se, ana-ram; 30. (f)o(n)d(n)e(s)s; 33. arab, reversal; 35. war (reversal)-locks; 36. kin-d.; 37. underling, anagram; 38. stores, hidden; 39. do-does. *Down*: 1. s-oot, reversal; 2. ori(son)er; 3. runt, anagram; 4. star-ch; 5. f-lay; 6. ti(n.)t; 8. tsar, anagram; 9. boo(t)ers; 10. (c)over-shot; 12. suits, anagram; 14. b(last)ed; 15. half-cooked, ana-ram; 17. Capt.-i-(on)s; 18. sen(S)or; 20. daily, anagram; 23. choler, homonym of collar"; 25. Cu-e.(in)g.; 26. fr.-(d.)ance; 29. wait, homonym of "weight"; 31. doom, eversal; 32. S-aid; 34. beta, anagram.

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THEME AND VARIATIONS

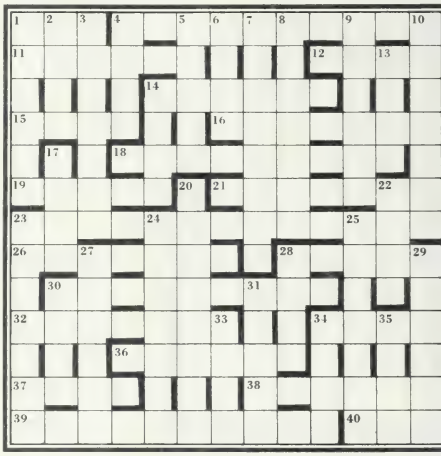
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Twelve entries in the diagram are unclued, comprising three related words (Theme Words A, B, and C) and three "Variations" on each of those Theme Words.

Clue answers include four proper names, one foreign word, and one variant spelling (27D). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. To start poetically is to start poetically but become loose (3)
4. Variation on Theme Word C (5, 5)
11. Planes landing without a right—it's competition (6)
12. Variation on Theme Word B (4)
14. Tablet liner, on the margins, runs over (6)
15. Variation on Theme Word C (4)
16. Engineer is after the most . . . just (7)
18. Variation on Theme Word C (4, 5)
19. Adversary position more to the east than to the north of me (5)
21. It's illuminating how internal changes save one (7)
23. Theme Word C (8, 5)
26. Calm as a gorilla eating vegetables (7)
28. Arlene, on TV, is lacking currency (5)
30. Skinny people lumber in the garden (9)
32. Variation on Theme Word A (7)
34. Live light band (4)
36. Rejoin a scientific vessel (6)
37. DAWDLER SHOT (4)
38. It's made of 29 cents by a Long Island company (6)
39. Variation on Theme Word A (10)
40. Retraction of negative weight (3)

DOWN

1. Variation on Theme Word B (6)
2. Theme Word A (4)
3. Constantly, Kennedy is upset (7)
4. One earlier villain (4)
5. Cap is off jelly (5)
6. Fail, deciphering Arab's first letter (4)
7. Variation on Theme Word A (8)
8. Outsider hemmed in by street signal (7)
9. Obscene coed holds back, relating to early age (6)
10. Write uplifting melody for part of "The Planets" (7
13. She's got a lot of hussy in her! (4)
14. Rock power (4)
17. Bit up trifles (4)
20. Dice-rolling place inside is oppressive (8)
22. Republican issue: to divide (4)
23. False as China's leader is, Mao initially can make highly autocratic system (7)
24. Old cavalry prancers left replacing pair (7)
25. Thin chip from cheese dish (7)
27. In hiding what's owing for each, first . . . (6)
28. . . . had the impression of being left out (4)
29. Variation on Theme Word B (6)
30. Theme Word B (4)
31. Carol tumbles for playwright (5)
33. The two sides of a Presidential assassin (4)
34. Nice aroma rising from master workshop (4)
35. Hardly cool! (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Theme and Variations, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 14. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "Code 13," are Leon F. Marzillier, Van Nuys, California; Daniel M. Buske, Lansing, Michigan; and Henry B. Hoover, Alexandria, Virginia.



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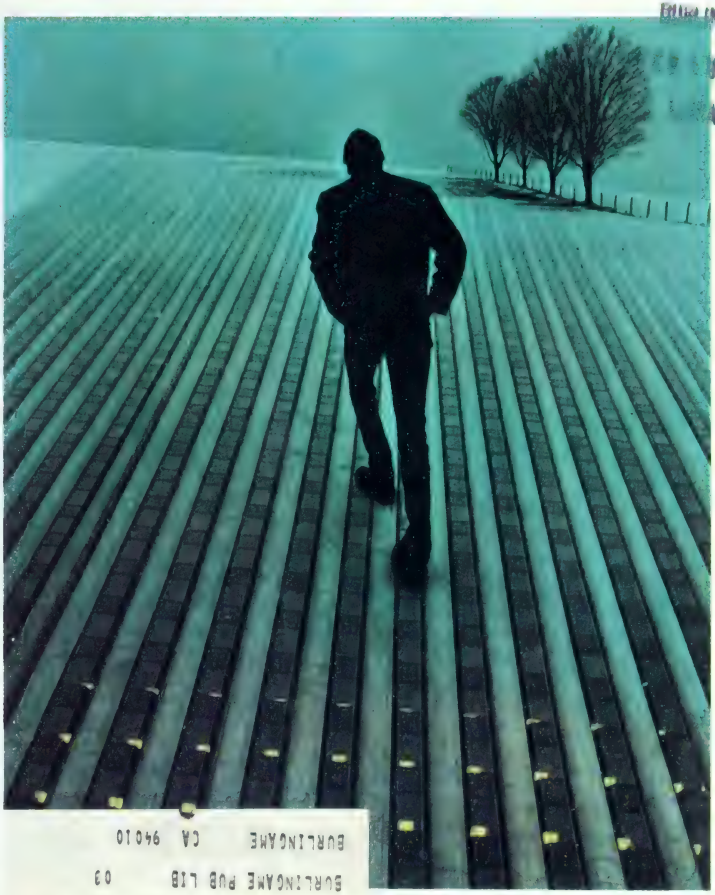
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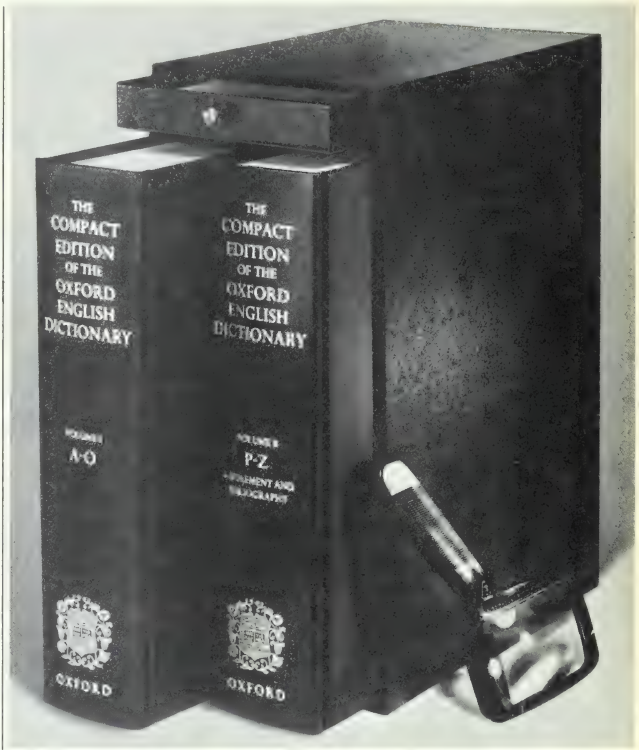
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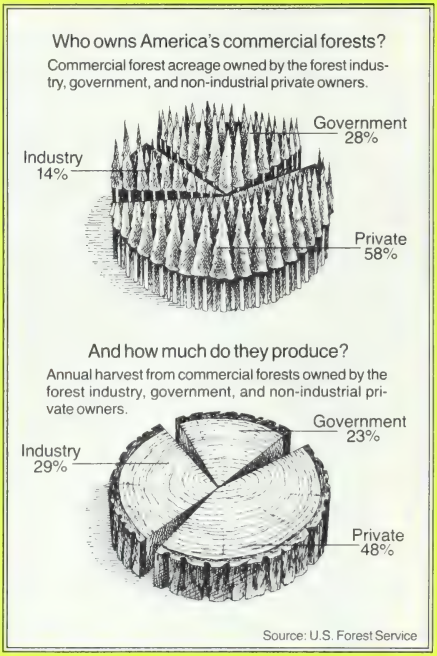
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On all commercial for estland, tree growth per acr averages only 61% of poter tial, which is not goo enough. The greatest roo for improvement, howeve is in National Forest where trees now grow a only 48% of potential.

Yet as the industry ha shown, the growth cycle ca be speeded by applying suc techniques as: encouragin natural regrowth, plantin superior seeds and seed lings, fertilizing, thinnin and protecting trees fro disease, insects and fire.

How soon can we start growing more trees?

Since we clearly have the know-how to grow mo and higher-quality trees, how soon can this nation ge on with the job of increasing productivity on *all* com mercial forestlands?

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Harper's

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LETTERS

Watergate reprise

Jim Hougan's contribution to a new theory on Watergate ["The McCord File," January] is especially welcome to me because I was, as he acknowledges, the first and, for a long time, the only writer to print and defend the thesis he now presents on a larger stage, namely, that Nixon's little black-bag team was "set up" at Watergate and that the principal agent of this dirtiest dirty trick of the entire sequence of dirty tricks was James McCord. I argued immediately after the publication of McCord's famously devastating letter to Judge Sirica that something was fishy. I headed my column in the April 3, 1973, *Boston Phoenix*, "THREE VERSIONS OF MCCORD." The lead was this: "The orthodox version of McCord is too superficial." The concluding summary paragraph read:

> *McCord is a double agent from the Yankee kingdom of the Northeast who infiltrated the Nixon Cowboy group at its highest level and arranged for it to undergo the disaster of the Watergate, a disaster which, if it continues to develop along currently indicated lines, will achieve its purposes (a) of driving the Cowboys out of power a decade after they seized it by assassination in Dallas in 1963, and (b) of ultimately restoring the Yankee dynasty under young Prince Ted.*

In succeeding weeks that month I enlarged on this notion from several angles, including the peculiarities of the actual arrest into which Hougan put his best investigative work. On April 17, 1973, my headline was, "DID MCCORD INFILTRATE NIXON'S CAMP?" and I c cluded that he did. On May 1, the he line was "WATERGATE: MCCORD'S RE ROLE," the main line of argument ing that McCord's marching ord were probably given by then-head the CIA, Richard Helms, and that mission was to develop and exploi means of destroying Nixon politica through exposure of his secret tea

I believe I even ventured beyo Hougan significantly in suggesting general and particular motive. T CIA and Helms were gripped in fierce contest with Nixon and J. Ed Hoover over the legal status of antiwar movement. Nixon and Hoo wanted to suppress it as a signal Hanoi that Nixon meant business w his various military threats agai North Vietnam. On two separate oc sions, however, once in 1969 and ag in 1971, special CIA study groups ported to Nixon that the antiwar mo ment was legitimate and could not legally suppressed. Nixon was man vering therefore to finesse the CIA of the national-security loop at the ti of his involvement in Watergate. T CIA acted in particular to protect position and in general out of its tipathy to the Nixon power group, antipathy born of the long-term str gle between competing factions, wh I identified as Yankees and Cowbo

CARL OGLES
Cambridge, Ma

If Jim Hougan's premise is corr and James McCord and Alfred Baldv were "double agents" who betrayed Watergate burglary to the police, t it follows that if McCord and Baldv had not played this duplicitous role burglars would have been safe and

urglary would have remained forever
ndetected. Presumably Hougan would
efer that the Watergate break-in had
cceeded.

Hougan's article is actually a rerun
the McCord-or-Baldwin-as-double-
gent theory. The theory was first
tched up by E. Howard Hunt in his
stimony before the Senate Watergate
ommittee. It was not taken seriously
en, nor should it be now. It was
erely Hunt's compulsively clumsy
ay of covering yet another of his pro-
ssional embarrassments.

THOMAS W. A. IMHOOF
Washington, D.C.

I noted the article by Jim Hougan
ith more than a passing interest. I
ound it intriguing, insightful, and yet,
aive.

McCord may have set up the bur-
lars to be caught; but he did not set
p the Nixon Administration by en-
apment. It was a policy of the Nixon
dministration to engage in illegal
urglaries and wiretapping for politi-
al purposes. If McCord induced any-
ning, it was simply that the Nixon
people might engage in a burglary in such a manner that they would get caught. If you read Mr. Hougan's article carefully, you will find that it does not contradict this assertion in the least.

In the end, it was the very character of Nixon's Administration, more than the work of any one spy or allegation, that resulted in his political demise.

We are inherently limited in the total amount of history we can understand. No one can ever truly know all the ins and outs and persons and motives in the simplest of events, much less in one of the most complicated and involved political scandals in this nation's history. It probably is true, however—and Mr. Hougan's essay adds to our account of Watergate—that we have heard more and understood more about this scandal than about any previous one. And that is not an insult to the press, either; it is a compliment.

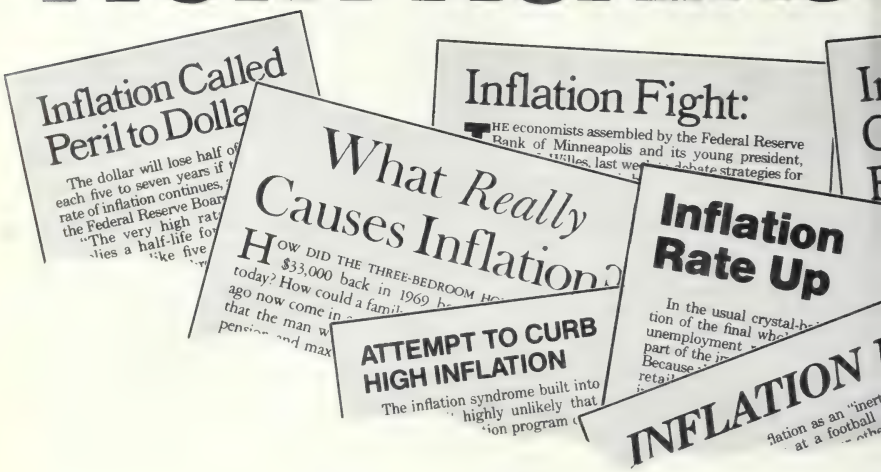
DONALD B. SLAUGHTER
Seattle, Wash.

JIM HOUGAN REPLIES:

That Mr. Imhoof's argument is a strange one is owing to the fact that the political conclusion he reaches in no way follows from the logical premises he attempts to establish. To reveal that Mr. McCord was a double agent at Watergate is hardly to have wished the burglars success. On the contrary, it is my belief that McCord and his principals had identified President Nixon and his aides as a "national security risk" of the highest order; accordingly, McCord *et al.* acted to eliminate the threat. For this we may be grateful, but we should also want to know the nature of that risk and the motives that informed those who acted behind the scenes. What is most disturbing about Mr. Imhoof's letter (and also in part Mr. Slaughter's) is the naive willingness to cede the public's right to know. Apparently, Mr. Imhoof is content to be deceived providing only that he is told that his ignorance is in the national interest. Had such gullibility prevailed during the Watergate affair, the White House cover-up would certainly have succeeded. My own belief has always been that the citizenry should be well-informed and that a fal-



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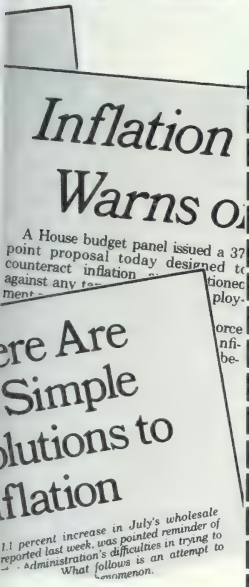
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sified, or secret, history is incompatible with the democratic process—as, indeed, is willful ignorance.

Passionless crimes

I congratulate you on Robert Stuart Nathan's "Coddled Criminals" [January]. Prior to the Fruehauf case, there had never been a criminal prosecution of a major corporation or its officers and directors in what could be called a pure income-tax enforcement case.

Before the conviction of top Fruehauf officials for evading corporate federal taxes, the prevailing feeling among revenue agents was: "You can't prosecute a corporation." The question was also raised as to what *motivation* a corporate officer would have to cheat on corporate taxes, since no direct benefit would be received by him. With Fruehauf there is a change in philosophy in criminal enforcement. The case demonstrates that corporate officers do commit tax crimes and can be convicted.

Nathan's article encourages compliance with the tax law by publicizing that criminal prosecutions can be undertaken against responsible corporate officers. I hope that the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Justice are able to continue with an even-handed enforcement of the criminal statutes by seeing that they are uniformly applied at all taxpayer levels.

Whether or not the Fruehauf defendants were appropriately sentenced and whether or not they were appropriately treated by the shareholders and directors of Fruehauf, I cannot say. On one hand, I am impressed that the convicted officials of Fruehauf, Messrs. Rowan and Grace, are exceedingly capable businessmen. If I owned shares in Fruehauf, I would be tempted to make use of their talents to continue the successful operation of that complex business enterprise. On the other hand, I question whether or not the shareholders and directors don't have a higher duty—that is, the duty to see that their corporate enterprise is operated in a lawful manner consistent with its responsibilities to society. The commission of a crime by a corporate enterprise, and the failure to appropriately redress that crime, on both the corporate and judicial level, obviously has exactly the opposite effect of deterrence—it encourages disrespect for the system and suggests that corporate officers have no higher duty than that of producing a profit for the shareholders.

CHARLES J. MULLER, III
San Antonio, Texas

The big stick

Seth Cropsey's recent article ["Too Few Good Men," December] calling for the reestablishment of the draft contradicts or ignores the Western world's liberal philosophy of this republic. The social-contract theory of government, as illustrated by the Mayflower Compact, and the notions of a liberal representative republic, as found in the various writings of Milton, Hobbes, Locke, Mill, and others, seem completely absent from his mind. Instead he takes for granted the world view of Von Clausewitz, and several other expositors of the so-called *realpolitik*.

It has apparently escaped the attention of Cropsey that those nations in which *realpolitik* was the governing philosophy have not survived the twentieth century, as contrasted to England, Canada, and the United States, in which a more liberal and pragmatic view has obtained.

Cropsey's notion that we have some automatic need to counteract the imprisoned armies of the Warsaw Pact is like the automatic reflex of the schoolboy who dares another schoolboy to knock the chip off his shoulder. He has apparently forgotten that Russia and the Russian people have historic reason to fear Germany, and to some degree, the United States. No Russian armies have ever invaded our soil. If they were to do so, fifty million men would immediately take up arms. We have, however, contrary to our best tradition—allowing other nations to determine their own destiny—sent American troops to fight in the Soviet Union at the end of World War I, and ringed that country with bases after World War II.

If we were to follow our own tradition—noninterference in other nations—and return to speaking softly while carrying a big stick, we might fare better. Instead we have brought on enmity to ourselves by interfering in Iran to overthrow Mossadegh; we established the Somoza family in Nicaragua; we maintained Batista in Cuba. We support a semifascist, anti-Semitic regi in Argentina and in several oth countries. We attempted to prev Vietnam from ending its colonial s tus; we overthrew Allende in Chile; interfered in the Dominican Republ

A major reason for refusing t draft is the belief of large numbers citizens that the ensuing army wou be used for foreign adventures in Ira or Taiwan, or somewhere else. the great majority of citizens, the seems no profit in drafting our you men to defend corporations that ta capital earned by American labor, a invest it in factories around the wor

LEE BURR
Stevens Point, W

SETH CROPSEY REPLIES:

That the writer of this letter, a p fessor of English, should be readi treatises of political thought is a freshing change from the narrowe academic disciplines impose. Unfor nately, his reading is too fast or t selective—or both. Hobbes wrote th the state possessed "the right of ma ing war and peace . . . that is to s of judging when it is for the pub good and how great forces are to assembled and armed for that end To illustrate the limited application *absolute* political power, Locke choos a state's authority over soldiers in army. "Preservation of the commo wealth," he writes, "requires an a solute obedience to the command every superior officer, and it is jus death to disobey or dispute the m dangerous or unreasonable of them.

Western liberal tradition, in fa holds armies and the authority to ra them for just causes as indispensa protections of freedom.

Professor Burress's real problem that he does not believe that this nati is fundamentally decent. If he wou read his Hobbes, Mill, and Locke mo thoughtfully, he might begin to app ciate the representative form of go ernment, individual rights, and di sion of power that this nation shar with the ideas of those men who thoughts surely do underlie our insti tions.

As for his own geopolitical arg ments on Russia and Eastern Euro he might profitably ask himself wh historic reason the Soviets have to fe Afghanistan.



Some people describe the editor of Harper's as 'brilliant,' 'irritating,' 'superb,' 'on target,' 'cantankerous,' 'mellifluous,' 'scurrilous,' 'iconoclastic,' 'grim,' 'revolting,' 'unique,' and 'the best reason for reading Harper's.'

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Mr. Lapham, the editor of Harper's, writes a regular column called "The Easy Chair." In it, he expresses his opinions on a variety of subjects:

On Capitalism—"Hardly anybody likes to admit that the highest achievements of the Western mind spring from the same lush soils that nourish the equally lush flowering of corruption and greed."

On Public-opinion Polls—"They perform the function of oracles and Catholic priests. Politicians depend on the polls in the same way that neurotic patients depend on their psychiatrists. The politician puts the question 'Did I do right? Am I a good boy?' Having been rigged by the politician's pollsters, the statistics offer justification and reassurance."

On the Future—"The rage against the future arises from the war between the generations for the privileges of childhood."

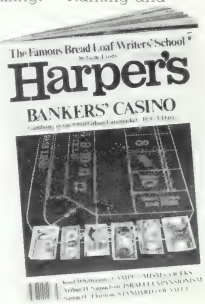
On Environmentalism—"Judging from the tone of letters received on this subject, I gather that a fair number of readers imagine that I go north every spring to bludgeon seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is not so. But in its decadent aspects, environmentalism allies itself with narcissism."

How do readers react?

They form their own opinions.

Here's what some of them have to say about Lewis Lapham:

"Excellent." "Impressive." "Polished and perceptive." "An insult to the reader." "Methinks Mr. Lapham goes too far." "Bravo." "Well put." "Absolutely dazzling." "Unrelieved negativism." "A pleasure to read." "Such a lot of miserable whining and complaining." "A much-needed debunking." "Wonderful." "Courageous." "Pretentious and unfair." "Penetrating honesty." "Gloom and doom denunciations." "Sparkling." "Ranting and



ravings." "Glorious." "Supreme self-righteousness and acidic cynicism." "Convincing."

As you can see, readers do not always agree with Mr. Lapham—or with each other. Harper's readers are like that, insistent on forming their own opinions.

Lewis Lapham writes: "Harper's does not align itself with any of the traditional political divisions, and this seems to offend people who want to think of it as either 'liberal' or 'conservative,' 'Left' or 'Right,' 'Democrat' or 'Republican.' The absence of dogma makes them uneasy and gives them a variety of reasons for objecting to what they perceive as the heresies implicit in the texts with which they disagree."

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KING FREDERICK'S MULES

In the weightless realm of images

by Lewis H. Lapha

Now that the Presidential campaign has begun in earnest, the candidates who appear in the shop windows of the media must display themselves in a manner appropriate to the season's merchandise. If they wish to court the public's favor, then they must conform to the specifications on the label, either smiling or grim as befits the station of their image in a society of images. They have as little choice in the matter as a box of cereal or a hat.

Unhappily for the nation's prospects in the November election, the public still expects its Presidential candidates to tell wholesome and clean-limbed lies and to present themselves as honest and good-natured fellows who know little or nothing of murder, ambition, lust, selfishness, cowardice, or greed. The more daring members of their troupe might go so far as to admit having read about such awful things in the newspapers, but, as they hastily concede if pressed for further news from the frontiers of the human condition, the events in question invariably have to do with a foreign country or with somebody belonging to another political party.

The pose of enforced innocence strikes me as remarkable in an age that prides itself on its toy cynicism and its pose of disillusion. In almost all other quarters of American conversation the passion for the contemporary commands obedience to the dogma that everything is corrupt. At dinner parties in New York, Washington, and Los Angeles, the guests overbid one another with fabulous tales of fraud and betrayal at the highest levels of art and government; by so doing they demonstrate not only the refinement of their conscience but also their close acquaintance with the people who count for something in the world, with the practitioners of *realpolitik* at Columbia Pictures or the Council on Foreign Relations. Nothing survives the withering breath of their sophistication. Let the conversation turn to the loans made by Chase Manhattan Bank, and a woman who reads *The Nation* tells a story about her father-in-law, who bribed an Arab and plotted with the International Monetary Fund to reduce the Third World to penury; let the conversation pass on to the hypocrisy of the media, and a young man with rosewater in his beard mentions an editor at the *Washington Post* who sold his scrap of the First Amendment for an invitation to dinner in Georgetown.

Why then the sudden shift of expectations when the talk alights on the Presidential campaign? People pleased to consider themselves enlightened attribute to everybody else in the cou try (successful authors as well as surance salesmen and auto mechanic nothing less than the worst of motiv and intentions, but from President candidates they expect the virtue high-school athletic directors. (T same exemption does not extend sitting Presidents; once having gain the prerogatives of office, the can dates no longer can be associated wi the romance of youth, and they cea to enjoy the privileges of adolescence As soon as somebody starts talki about the New Hampshire or Flori primary, the conversation disintegrat into the gabble of college sophomor elucidating the issues hidden within t abstractions of a political-science te

If Gov. John Connally could be lowed to say a few words about t way in which political alliances g made, his remarks might help to e plain the meaning of such phrases "the national consensus" or "a gover ment as good as its people." Not a pio or uplifting exegesis, perhaps, but c tainly more informative than the winc militant trash with which Govern

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harpe *A collection of his essays and articles, titled* Fortune's Child: A Portrait of t United States as Spendthrift Heir, *has j been published by Doubleday.*



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BY PETER BARRETT

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Wheatfields in August



The Colors of Autumn in October

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BY PETER BARRETT

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Connally revives the patriotic memory of Orange County. Similarly, if Sen. Edward Kennedy could discuss the art of the political vendetta as practiced by his brothers, or if Ronald Reagan could make a few remarks about the technique of embalming a political image, their observations undoubtedly would improve the common understanding of American politics.

But the public prefers not to be too well-informed. Its fashionable cynicism is as thin and sentimental as a Stephen Sondheim song. A good many people presumably suspect that the dealings between nation-states bear only a faint resemblance to the rules of civilized behavior, but they would rather not know how it comes to pass that a man who would not dream of speaking sharply to his gardener finds it not only expedient but also relatively easy to order the murder of a city. Political ends unfortunately cannot be achieved except by political means, but no American politician can afford to make so stark and terrible a statement. The public suspicion that political means require foul or unconscionable acts from otherwise upstanding citizens obliges the candidates to smother, repeatedly and convincingly, the lessons of their own experience. Like the respectable bourgeoisie in Louis Napoleon's Second Empire, who avoided inquiring too closely into the origins of their dinners or their political covenants, the public asks that its candidates conceal the nastiness of power in the linen of euphemism.

THE PRETENSE reduces the political debate to the level achieved by the *New York Times* in the early weeks of January. The paper published a series of interviews with the principal candidates, all of whom disguised their thought in the banality suitable to the occasion. Mr. George Bush earned the distinction of being the most fatuous. The headline didn't indicate whether the *Times* intended a deliberate cruelty or whether the editors merely were amusing themselves in the manner of small boys pulling the wings off flies. Mr. Bush, to whom the fates have otherwise been so generous, unfortunately lacks the gift of coherent speech, at least under the conditions offered him by the *Times*. The transcript of his remarks brought to mind the desperate chatter of a man trying to talk his way out of an arrest. It isn't possible in a short space to do justice to the surreal quality of Mr. Bush's thought, but a few sentences should give an impression of its disjointedness:

> "There is, in some cities, incidentally, a return to the cities."
>
> "We're going to have to take a—there's a charted course—stay with it, and be able to take the heat; somebody who's physically and mentally up to the 1980s."
>
> "So my view has been, you know, stress the credentials, tie it into philosophy on the main questions facing the country, and work hard, in a political sense."

Mr. Bush emphasized what he called "all these fantastic credentials" that he had accumulated over his many years of traveling around in the company of important people. Had it been asked of him, Mr. Bush no doubt would have shown the editors the slides of his most recent vacation in Europe or the Caribbean. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, the son of a well-to-do Episcopalian family, Mr. Bush attended Exeter and Yale, went to Texas in the 1950s, where he made a fortune in the oil business, served two terms as a Congressman from Houston, and then, under the Republican dispensation of the early 1970s, received successive appointments as representative to China and the United Nations, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

As director of the CIA, Mr. Bush presumably had occasion to reflect on the way in which the United States, as a nation among nations, comes to terms with the loss of human life and happiness made necessary by the national interest (in Chile, say, or Iran, or Cambodia); on this subject, at least, he might have something intelligent to say. A nation-state cannot avoid the choices forced on it by either the zeal, need, or stupidity of its enemies (to say nothing of its own zeal, need, and stupidity), and it would be interesting to know how a man of Mr. Bush's upbringing resolved the dilemmas of power. Perhaps he feels that such things shouldn't be discussed in front of the help, or that he has an obligation to keep up the national morale. Whatever Mr. Bush's thoughts on the matter, the subject obviously couldn't be discussed within the pious conventions of a Presidential campaign, and so Mr. Bush kept coming back to his stamp collection. He never claimed to have done anything worthy of mention, but he had all these wonderful pieces of paper, and it obviously wounded him to realize that they didn't impress the editors of the *New York Times* as much as they impressed him. His eagerness to please reminded me of a story I once heard about the brief appearance in the major leagues of a well-to-do ballplayer, also from a fine old Episcopalian family, named Charlie Devens. At Harvard in the 1930s Devens had shown great promise as a pitcher, and the New York Yankees invited him to spring training without requiring of him the intermediate season in the minor leagues. Devens arrived in the locker room with an expensive suitcase that he had carried on previous summers through the grand hotels of Europe. The stickers affixed to the suitcase bore the names of railroad stations in Cannes, Biarritz, Paris, and Baden-Baden. Several baseball players walked solemnly around the suitcase, pronouncing the foreign names with slow and exaggerated reverence, and then, after a dramatic silence, one of them said to Devens, "You ever been to Newark?"

What Mr. Bush said in praise of himself, Frederick the Great once said, albeit in a different context, of two mules who had attended him on their campaigns. The king was talking about the folly of promoting officers simply on the basis of their ability to survive French and Austrian cannon fire, and he observed that two of his mules, who had seen as much of Europe as his general staff, knew as little at the end of their service as they had known at the beginning. After touring the battlefields of the Rhine in the company of the Prussian nobility, the mules returned to Berlin with credentials as impressive as those collected by Mr. Bush. No doubt they had made observations of mournful subtlety. But they could neither speak nor write memoirs, and so their *pensées* on the vanity of human wishes have been lost to memory. If only Mr. Bush could speak I am sure that his views on American politics and statecraft would be of inestimable value to the Republic. But Mr.

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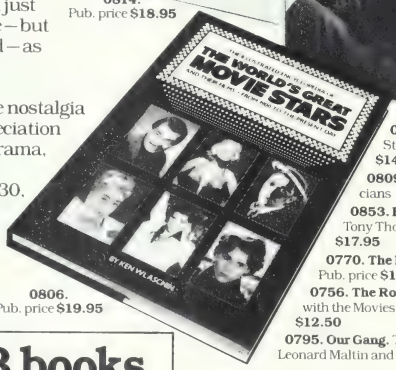
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Bush cannot speak, at least not in public, and not under the circumstances imposed on him by the national wish to be deceived. In the privacy of a squash court, or in the presence of friends who can be relied on not to leak his remarks to the press, Mr. Bush may speak with an eloquence that reminds his companions of William Jennings Bryan. Alas, the election takes place in a larger forum, and so, in concert with his fellow candidates, Mr. Bush can only bray.

Given the insistence that the Presidential candidates revert either to silence or to the fatuous infantilism that constitutes its moral equivalent, the political debate exists within the theater of symbolism. As President Carter has so ably demonstrated during the first three years of his Presidency, the confusion of realms leads to the calamitous belief that high-minded sermons can conquer the world.

Mr. Carter was elected to perform the rites of purification in a country that wished to think itself invulnerable. He had a talent for telling fairy stories and cautionary tales, and most people didn't expect him to do anything of much importance. By electing him President, the country thought it had declared a four-year holiday, saying in effect that after the trouble caused by Richard Nixon it might be nice not to have any President at all. It was enough that Mr. Carter merely existed, a passive and ceremonial figure, representing noble or democratic states of feeling, making occasional well-photographed gestures signifying his earnest and lifelong commitment to truth, liberty, justice, beauty, equality, and the flag. Disgruntled elements in the media and a few Washington lobbyists complained about Mr. Carter's indifference to politics, but the citizenry at large understood Mr. Carter as a symbol moving among symbols. He told people nothing they didn't already know, and few of them listened to his homilies any more seriously than they listened to the gossip on the Johnny Carson show. Their polite inattention caused considerable anguish for the advisers responsible for burnishing the Presidential image, and Gerald Rafshoon spent the better part of three years rummaging through the lists of "national issues" in search of ways of holding Mr. Carter's audience. Even Mr. Rafshoon understood that a President needs enemies of fierce and terrifying mien if he is to strike a convincing pose as the savior of a troubled nation. Who will follow him out of the wilderness or away from the glittering city of Sodom if he cannot locate, much less name, the Evil One?

Mr. Carter's agents looked everywhere—up and down Pennsylvania Avenue in the rain, around the campfires of the perfidious Arabs, in small American towns, in Cuba and South Africa, through the financial records of oil companies supposedly gathering up "obscene profits." Nothing worked. No matter how furiously Mr. Carter raged against the wickedness abroad in the world, he couldn't command anything but the perfunctory civility due the minister at a wedding reception. His substance in the opinion polls continued to fade and diminish until, in July of 1979, knowing that he had become all but invisible, he resorted to vilifying the sloth and self-indulgence of the American people on whose behalf he had sought the office of President. On the eve of his election Mr. Carter presented himself as a man of unruffled calm, a make-believe admiral at the helm of the ship of state, feeling sorry for the American people, who had been so treacherously abused by their previous captains; three years later his symbolism had regressed to the point where he was presenting himself as a dependent and outraged child, crying aloud for sympathy from the very people on whom he blamed all his misfortunes.

The summer sermon was received with as little enthusiasm as his discovery in the energy crisis of the moral equivalent of war. Even the press (which had created him as a character in the Bicentennial pageant) stopped listening to him, and it was being said that Mr. Carter had not the slightest chance of returning to the White House for a second term. His wife carried on the business of making Presidential speeches, usually in half-empty ballrooms, and the press drifted off to the campaign tents of Senator Kennedy. As late as last October, in a desperate effort to attract attention, Mr. Carter pushed his way into the dressing room of the Pittsburgh Pirates after the last game of the World Series, peering [illegible] the cameras over the shoulders of bal[illegible] players in the hope that somebod[illegible] might associate him with the tumu[illegible] of victory.

But in November God took pity o[illegible] His faithful servant. The mirac[illegible] wrought by the Ayatollah Khomei[illegible] caused the disembodied President [illegible] appear out of thin air, and for the fir[illegible] time since the inauguration a majorit[illegible] of the American people wondered wh[illegible] Mr. Carter might say or do.

At long last Mr. Carter had bee[illegible] provided with an enemy capable [illegible] conferring on him the Presidenti[illegible] stature for which his agents had [illegible] long and vainly sought. Unfortunatel[illegible] Mr. Carter hadn't been elected to ac[illegible] In 1976 it never had occurred to an[illegible] body that Mr. Carter might be calle[illegible] on to govern a country, much less [illegible] country that found itself besieged, an[illegible] so it was hard to know what Mr. Carte[illegible] meant by his feints and gestures in th[illegible] general direction of the Persian Gul[illegible] As was his custom, he responded wit[illegible] a bombardment of symbolism, prayin[illegible] for the deliverance of the hostages, r[illegible] fusing to light the Christmas tree o[illegible] the south lawn of the White Hous[illegible] submitting his petitions to the eccles[illegible] astical courts at The Hague and th[illegible] United Nations. For the sake of bol[illegible] appearance he made a few veile[illegible] threats of armed intervention som[illegible] where in the vicinity of Khark Islan[illegible]

But how was anybody to in[illegible] terpret these statements an[illegible] maneuvers? Were they to b[illegible] understood as yet anothe[illegible] moral equivalent of war, or did the[illegible] have something to do with the thin[illegible] itself? Perhaps by sending a nav[illegible] force into the Indian Ocean Mr. Carte[illegible] had in mind a gesture comparable t[illegible] his talking to a deckhand on a Missi[illegible] sippi steamboat about the wonders [illegible] détente. Nobody could answer th[illegible] questions with certainty.

Six weeks later the Russians invade[illegible] Afghanistan, and by so doing it[illegible] fused into Mr. Carter's colorless al[illegible] stractions the hint of blood. Again [illegible] was conceivable that the ghost migh[illegible] speak. But Mr. Carter had been electe[illegible] on the premise that a shift in mora[illegible] stances and attitudes was all that wa[illegible] needed to make the world safe fo[illegible] democracy. Everything was suppose[illegible]

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REAR VIEW MIRROR

When I stare in the mirror too long
The jagged edges of my reflected identity
Scratch the eyes, make them bleed;
The lids yellow like wilting orchids.

The strange face pasted to flat glass
Is a gross facsimile of a classroom doll
Cut from rough colored stock,
A Halloween mask, a shadow puppet,

A fractured Picasso with both eyes
On one side of the nose, and the moustache
Of a Guernica bull rising up
To puncture the skin containing its own image.

Although the portrait has neither signature
Nor date to show its provenance
And destination, I recognize it anyway
By the way it speaks in pantomime

The vocabulary of crow's-feet, double chin,
Ingrown stubble; the phonetics of old age
Say out my face in a silvery rectangular screen
The size of my confined lifetime,

And sustain the dialogue between my eyes
And insight the future casts from backlight
Dripping off the dying afternoon.
The past absorbs me in its lunatic gaze.

DEATH COMES TO THE SALESMAN

It happened so fast,
The sun slipping past the black gates
Into this hoary morning,
That I felt compelled to frisk the mist
Lifting from roadside hills and valleys
To allay my anxiety that sunlight,
Not the ochreous body of death,
Had thrown its shadows
Over my future with so little notice.

Yet when I sent out my eyes
To scrutinize its vapors, they were gone,
And in their place, everywhere,
Vision was a painfully blinding haze
Clawing across a tender sky.
In defense I drew the visor down,
Limiting sight to the pavement on fire,
A bubbling river Styx,
Until I was no longer the driver,

But a victim drowning
In mid stream in a nether world,
Ferried to the earth's furnace.
By the time I finally arrived for my meeting
I'd completely forgotten the reason
For leaving home so early, or even
In whose body I'd slept last evening
Before dying with such abruptness
On this perfectly normal Saturday morning.

by Louis Daniel Brodsky

to be easy. Once again Mr. Carter
sponded with a show of force on t
symbolic levels of meaning. He
clared an embargo on the grain tra
repudiated his belief in SALT, ma
overtures to the Chinese, confessed
lifelong ignorance of Russian histo
(presumably the result of a tragic ov
sight on the part of his teachers at t
U.S. Naval Academy), called on t
nations of the world to condemn t
Soviet Union for its effrontery a
pride, and went so far as to sugg
that the United States might withdr
from the Olympic Games in Moscow

Once again nobody knew what
make of the American stage effects.
the London market, the price of g
reached heights proportionate to t
fear and confusion in the minds of p
ple who couldn't decide whether t
Carter Administration was speaki
the language of nation-states or t
language of a Bible class. It is conce
able that Mr. Carter's ripostes cons
tute a policy of masterful passivi
What, after all, can the United Sta
do about the Soviet troops in Kabu
The contradictory advice offered
the Pentagon and the State Depa
ment, as well as by the financial a
intellectual communities, suggests t
either the weapons cannot be suppli
to the right people in the right pla
or that nobody knows what to do w
them once they arrive in Karachi
Oman. Even if the Administration
cided to do something brave and w
like, would the American people w
ingly accept the necessary casualties

It is also possible that Mr. Carte
passivity indicates the panic of a m
accustomed to living in a weightl
realm of images in which actions
not have consequences. If this is
then Mr. Carter must be seen as
politician overwhelmed by the para
sis that Dorothy Parker once ascrib
in a friend to "delusions of a
quacy." Under these circumstances
fair-minded man would take pity
President Carter. Having been elec
by a public that insists on lying to
self because it wishes to believe t
the storm of the world can be met
symbolic pieties, Mr. Carter has b
doing what he was asked to do. So w
all the other politicians now being s
in the media stores if the public c
tinues to expect of them the her
silence of King Frederick's mules.

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NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS

Redeeming America's promises

by Richard J. Whal

WHAT IS MONEY? Paper or gold? And with gold above $800 an ounce, who is the greater fool —the buyer or the seller?

These are philosophical questions. The men who handle money professionally are not philosophers, of course. Bankers are dealers in a commodity who buy dollars wholesale, repackage them, and lend them retail.

Here is an authoritative judgment from Walter B. Wriston, chairman of Citicorp, one of the world's leading money dealers. In a speech last May he said: "As a piece of paper in your pocket, money has no intrinsic value —it is worthless. Its only value consists in what it represents, which is a claim on a share of the world's goods and services."

Mr. Wriston is only half right. True enough, paper currency can seem worthless if anxious holders want to get rid of it because they have lost confidence in the issuing government. The recent frenzy in the gold markets illustrates precisely such a collapse of confidence. Gold, which has intrinsic value, is the only transnational currency. It is universally acceptable because it belongs to no nation or government. Its value does not depend on the wisdom and honesty of politicians. It is prized partly because it is scarce and basically indestructible. It is everything that paper is not.

Where Mr. Wriston errs, it seems to me, is in depicting paper money as though it were an *economic* instrument. This, of course, is the foundation of error on which the modern profession of economics sits, wearing a permanently puzzled expression. Taken as a group, economists trained in conventional neo-Keynesian dogma seem incapable of understanding the central problem of our time—the source of the ever-rising self-destructive inflation ravaging the industrial democracies. They, too, mis-identify paper money as Mr. Wriston does, treating it as an economic phenomenon and its value as a function of the marketplace.

In truth, paper money is created by politics—it is an instrument in domestic and international politics, and its value is determined by the political process. It is an organized and regularized illusion—fakery on the grandest scale.

Gold, in contrast, is real money. It has the requisite classical characteristics: it is a unit of account, a medium of exchange, and—most important—a dependable store of value that resists the erosion of inflation. Paper money temporarily may be able to perform the first two functions well enough, but it cannot long satisfy the crucial th requirement unless the piece of pa is freely convertible into someth scarce and therefore intrinsically v uable, such as gold. Inconvertible pa money represents only a *political* cla on the marketplace, one that gove ment may or may not validate by actions. That is why gold enthusia contemptuously call paper curre *fiat* money, its value dictated by whim of the political authorities.

OVER THE PAST two generati we Americans have tal one way and behaved anot While preaching "free en prise" we have more or less abs mindedly converted our economy fr one centered on the private mar place to one centered on the so-ca public sector, on the federal gove ment and its money-printing pres We have changed the basis of econo activities from the play of mar forces to the manipulation of politi legal, and regulatory forces in Wa ington. As a result, our costs, wag rents, prices, and profits are now rectly and indirectly set by the position of political power on the m ket. And, of course, politics determi the value of the dollar in terms of p chasing power.

The rate at which our money lo value is not set by chance or wicked extortions of OPEC. Inflat is not a mysterious plague sent into land by greedy Arabs and foreign sp ulators or a malign Providence. ways and everywhere, down throu history to the present day, inflation a deliberate political act, committed the issuer of money against those w

Richard J. Whalen is a Washington-based writer, an international business consultant, and coauthor, with Ben J. Wattenberg, of The Wealth Weapon: U.S. Foreign Policy and Multinational Corporations.



Christiane Stalland

re forced to use it. Endless confusion f cause and effect springs from the ross ignorance of politicians and the ews media when they confront the conomic consequences of the political ecision for inflation. Inflation is an t of fraud. It is a crime against creders on behalf of debtors. In the United tates, inflationary fraud is routinely ommitted by the Federal Reserve Sysm on behalf of the Treasury in order float away otherwise unsupportable ebt, represented by the chronic fedal budget deficit. As by far the largest ebtor in a mass society of debtors, the .S. government is engaged in the sysmatic though unadmitted devaluation the dollar through inflation as a eans of reducing the deflationary rden of potentially crushing private d public debts on the economy as a hole.

Forty-five years ago, when America's ntastic debt spiral was just beginng, we took reassurance from the ib assertion that "we owe it to ourelves." If we kept the official fraud in ie family, so to speak, it was deemed ot only clever politics but even sound ublic finance. Now, of course, we ve it not only to ourselves but to the st of the world as well. Whether at ome or overseas, a dollar, after all, a claim, an IOU against the U.S. overnment. And these claims have ounted beyond imagining.

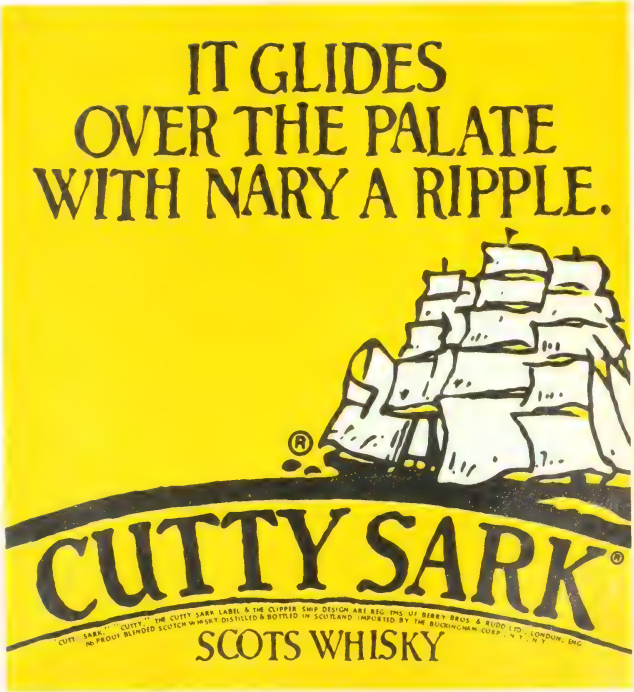
How many dollars exist today? No ne has the remotest idea. There are ome $375 billion in the United States' djusted domestic monetary base. here are perhaps *twice* as many dolrs (no one knows) in circulation ithin the international banking sysm outside the United States in the uromarket. According to a Citibank stimate, the total yearly turnover of ollars in the world's foreign-exchange arkets is a mind-boggling $50 trilon. If this estimate is even remotely ccurate, the annual trading volume f dollars is about twenty-five times reater than the current market value f the total output of U.S. goods and ervices.

This vast sea of dollar-denominated iquidity is ceaselessly swept by specuative storms and turbulence. Its hyerinflationary potential is so enorous that it quite literally threatens o destroy not only the dollar but evry other paper currency as well. This elf-destructive potential exists as the direct consequence of America's decision to pursue inflationary fiscal and monetary policies, especially since 1973–74 and the revolutionary emergence of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries as the center of world financial power.

I emphasize that the decision for inflation was deliberate, though unadmitted. In the winter of 1973–74, after OPEC's initial stunning 400 percent price increase, I recall privately asking a high-ranking Treasury official how America and the other oil-consuming nations could possibly pay the seemingly ruinous new prices. He replied with a smile: "We can print dollars faster than the Arabs can pump petroleum." And so we did.

That remark was at once arrogant and, for a time, quite accurate. It summed up the American habit in the postwar era of giving orders and expecting to have them heeded, the corrupting habit of having our way too often, too easily. We assumed our fraud would go unpunished even if it could not go undetected. We assumed too much. If Vietnam marked the end of American military predominance, then the rise of OPEC marked the beginning of the end of American financial, and therefore political, autonomy.

WHAT HAPPENED in the later 1970s, quite openly but with little public or government comprehension, was the loss of American control over the fate of the dollar and, potentially, of our economy and our nation. As scores of billions of surplus dollars spilled into the world economy, a new international monetary system based on the Eurodollar markets came into existence. The collaborators in creating this system were the apparently antagonistic but actually complementary members of OPEC, the major oil companies, and the leading multinational banks. With its stupendous reserves—greater than those of the United States, West Germany, and Japan combined—the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency became the world's



de facto central bank. It functioned, however, with this reverse twist: *not* as the "lender of last resort." but as the short-term depositor of first instance. The Saudis and other big-surplus members in OPEC gave their money for months, even weeks, to the bankers, who were pleased to lend it for years to oil consumers. As these financial intermediaries "recycled" petrodollars, they built larger and shakier pyramids of debt, an ever-increasing part of which would never be repaid because it could not be.

After scarcely five years of such "recycling," the bankers are still full of self-congratulation based on the ease with which they made these tens of billions of dollars of uncollectible loans to the poor oil-consuming nations. But they are also filled with mounting apprehension, which they insistently share with the rest of us. It is time, they say, for international lending agencies to put up more of the money the desperate developing countries need.

The principal source of the bankers' apprehension lies in these stark figures: in 1980, the oil-consuming nations must pay OPEC some $250 billion, of which about $70 billion will not be spent by OPEC and therefore must be "recycled" or otherwise invested; at least $50 billion will have to be borrowed by the poor oil-consuming nations to finance their payments deficits. Will OPEC's richest-surplus nations, such as Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the United Arab Emirates, assume the risky responsibility of financing their hard-up, least credit-worthy customers? Of course not.

But the principal effect of inflating and recycling is not the readily predictable, and perhaps imminent, economic and financial crisis. Rather, it is the generally unforeseen shift in the balance of political power. Now we Americans take orders. Now we are forced to shape our policies to the dictates of others who have too many of our dollars and who demand other, more painful forms of payment. As an influential member of Saudi Arabia's royal family told a reporter for the *New York Times*: "We no longer think of oil in terms of money alone."

In the language of power, the Saudi prince was saying: "The transfer of dollars alone can no longer purchase Arabian oil in the volumes you require. Your government's bargaining position and credibility are too weak for that. We shall export oil only against payment in the form of the gradual surrender of your political-economic autonomy and acceptance of our desires."

Saudi Arabia has once again extended for a single quarter, through the spring of 1980, its production of an "extra" one million barrels per day, for a total daily output of 9.5 million barrels, on these explicit conditions: the United States must halt strategic stockpiling of oil, support the dollar, and, most important, push Israel toward direct negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Thus whatever the dollar price of OPEC oil, the actual price is much higher, and the decisive transactions are made in terms of power. Year by year in the 1980s, the political submission of Europe, Japan, and especially the United States will be the final price of Persian Gulf oil. And if the Soviet Union succeeds in gaining its long-sought dominance over the region, the price will be nothing less than surrender.

SINCE EARLY 1979 the unprecedented surge in gold prices has reflected growing fears that World War III is coming and, alternatively, that the leaderless West will submit without firing a shot. The root fear is psychological and political. Beyond it lies the realistic economic fear that the dollar and other major currencies will self-destruct. Official Washington has been shocked into at least limited understanding of the linkage behind worldwide inflation: an uncontrollable oil price reflects, and contributes to, a soaring gold price. For many years the price of oil and the price of gold remained in a fairly stable relationship: an ounce of gold was worth about fifteen barrels of oil. Indeed, these commodities have become direct media of exchange in barter deals. Early in 1979, two Arab oil producers, said to be Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, sold large single cargoes of crude oil to the U.S.S.R. and South Africa for gold, reportedly at about twelve barrels an ounce.

According to some calculations, if the price of oil and the price of gold are adjusted for the effects of inflation since 1973, then $250 an ounce seems a more "reasonable" price for go than $800. But thin bullion mark exposed to primal fears, monopolis greed, and tidal waves of restless sp ulative liquidity are inherently unr sonable. Applying the traditional "r of fifteen" yardstick, the rise of go almost straight up from $300 an our confirms the permanence of oil pri above $30 a barrel and probably abo $40 a barrel by 1981, despite the cession.

Official U.S. intervention to supp the shaky dollar in foreign-exchan markets is irrelevant in these circu stances. The dollar is weak because t world correctly perceives that Washir ton is irresolute. The focus of oil p ducer-consumer relations is shifti from economic and financial to over political maneuvers. Europe and Jap are making separate competitive de with the Persian Gulf producers at t expense of the United States. Mea while, the self-defeating American tempt to defend familiar standards consumption through inflation has be defeated in the gold and foreign-e change markets, although we do n yet recognize our defeat.

On November 1, 1978, when Pre dent Carter took belated but dras steps to rescue the dollar, the U economy became subject to a new inf ence that most Americans—even ma in high places in Washington—do n yet comprehend. The United States in virtual receivership. As the *Financ Times* of London explained after t November, 1978, crisis:

> *The dollar is now as dependent upon the state of international opinion as any other currency. As a consequence, the economic policies of the U.S. Administration must satisfy foreign, as well as domestic, opinion.*

A year later, with the dollar aga on the brink of collapse, Federal R serve Chairman Paul Volcker react to intense pressure from abroad a took a series of unprecedented ste to restore confidence, bolster the d lar, and reverse the domestic inf tionary trend. For the first time, t Fed announced it would attempt control the expansion of the moneta base, which is the source of money a credit, and would allow short-term i terest rates to fluctuate freely. As privately admitted, Volcker is gambli that these measures, dictated by urge

ernational considerations, will not reversed by even more compelling mestic political considerations.

VOLCKER'S GAMBLE may be foredoomed. Americans are bound to resist the necessity to adjust domestic economic licies to international requirements. fairly broad consensus, including ost of the business and financial com- mity, favors inflationary ("expan- mary") fiscal and monetary policies. e reason is as plain as the statistical idence. As a nation of debtors—pri- te, corporate, and public—we greatly efer cheap money and ample credit order to keep the leverage game go- g as long as possible. We fear reces- n and the prospect of reduced or in- rupted cash flow much more than inflationary blowoff. The organized litical interests favoring "moderate" lation are also vastly more self- are and politically powerful than ose opposing it, because the former, o include pensioners and govern- ent workers, are protected by various rms of "indexing."

From Congress to Main Street, nericans still mentally inhabit a se- rely dollar-oriented world. In his ok *The Public and American For- gn Policy 1918–1978*, Prof. Ralph B. vering predicts:

If the next series of international crises centers on economic issues, the American people may be almost as ill-prepared to deal with these crises intelligently as they were to judge the merits of escalating the Vietnam war in 1965.

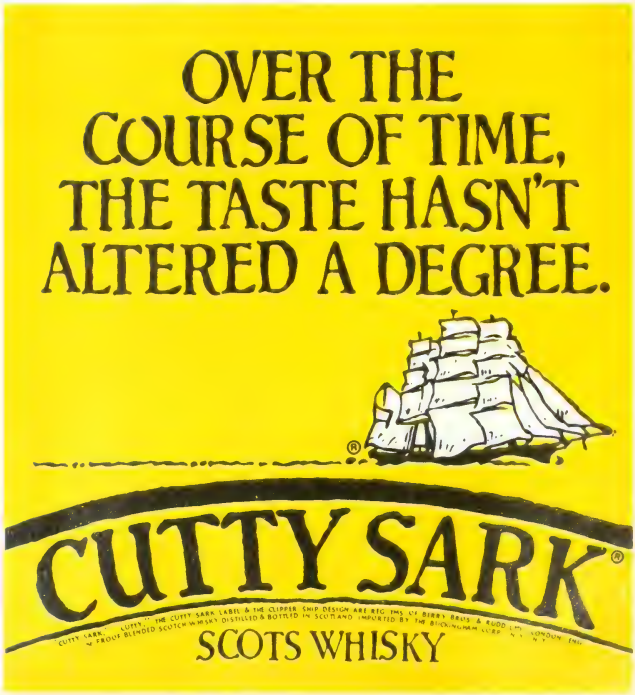
Essentially, in our form of cash-and- rry democratic society, it is possible t only to want and demand more an we have produced, but also to in- nidate craven politicians into appear- g to deliver these undeserved rewards rough inflation. As Chairman Vol- er realizes, the Fed can't fight the vill of the people" head on and pre- rve its institutional semi-indepen- nce against Congressional displea- re.

There is a basic incompatibility be- een unconstrained democracy and sponsible monetary policy, a conflict at in the long run must jeopardize th. For honest self-government is im- ssible without honest money.

Economic forces alone will not de- termine the future course of the U.S. political economy, the health of the dollar, or the stability of the interna- tional payments system based on it. In the end, this battered system rests on certain assumptions about the charac- ter and behavior of the political lead- ership of the United States. For se- mantic convenience, these assumptions are commonly bundled together in a single word—*confidence*. If confidence overseas weakens beyond a peril-point that cannot be predicted, but one that may not be far away, the system built on and around the American dollar will continue to be vulnerable to panic, violent shifts of liquidity, and sudden collapse.

The weakness of the dollar reveals increasing doubts abroad not only about the immediate value of our cur- rency and the near-term prospects for the U.S. economy, but also about the long-term validity of the underlying political assumptions. To foreigners the most important assumption is that, at the level of national policy, the United States can be depended on to act from a rational and intelligible estimate of self-interest. In calculating their risks and making decisions that must be translated into buying and selling dol- lars, foreigners may disagree with Washington's views, but they must be able to *understand* them, to see how they reflect *American* calculations and how they serve *American* objectives. Throughout Jimmy Carter's Presidency this has been impossible.

If we Americans seem to know where we are going and why, foreign- ers are better able to decide, for their own reasons, what course to pursue. It is an aimless, politically irrational, and morally self-indulgent America that alarms and frightens them. They flee our fool's paper and false promises and take refuge in gold. There is little point in joining the stampede. Unless we somehow redeem our promises, es- pecially those made to ourselves, there soon will be no place to run. America will be entombed in billions upon bil- lions of pieces of paper. And gold will not resurrect it. □



THE NO-ACCOUNT CENSUS

Attempting the impossible

by Andrew Hack

WASHINGTON has called on Madison Avenue to help it sell the Census. The campaign will open with endorsements from 112 professional football players. The Boy Scouts have been persuaded to hang circulars on 30 million doorknobs. The Advertising Council has prepared a glossy public-service spot ("We're Counting on You") with Kirk Douglas and Mickey Mouse among its star performers. The Census Bureau has guides in thirty-four languages on filling out its questionnaires, including Japanese and Yiddish. (All the forms that will be distributed are in English. However, in Hispanic neighborhoods, slips will be attached giving a number to call for those who want a Spanish version.)

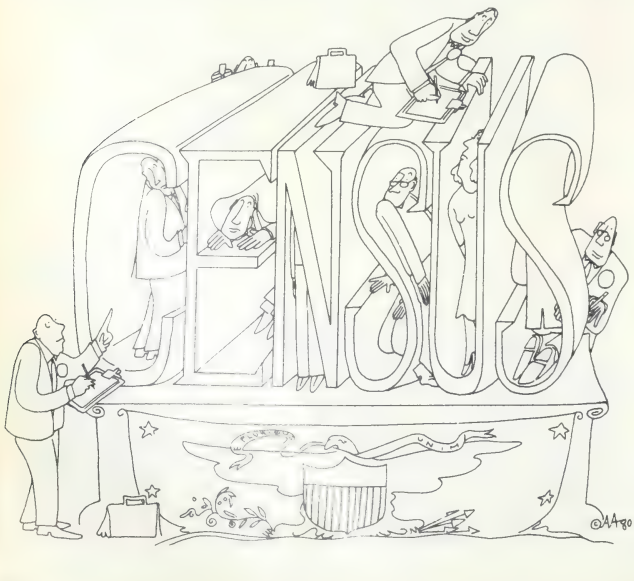
But the major effort will be to reach people outside the usual Census ambit. It is this, more than anything, that has inflated the cost of the Census. While its $1 billion budget averages $4 per person, tracking down people on the margin costs considerably more. The Minority Statistics Program is asking black and Hispanic disc jockeys to put in Census plugs. Requests have gone to the networks to weave Census episodes into television shows with minority orientations. The Bureau's message is that poorer neighborhoods will get more money if they muster their true numbers.

A big push will come on April 8, designated "M-Night," when enumerators will descend on jails, flophouses, and missions (hence "M"), as well as bus stations and all-night movies. After that will come a three-week "Casual Count," in which the same intrepid enumerators are to visit welfare centers and food-stamp offices, pool halls and street corners, where they will fill out forms for people who have been counted earlier. The Census Bureau confesses it got "poor cooperation" on Indian reservations in 19 in part because native Americans rather mobile and no one is ever s where they are. So it has commissio aerial photographs to find those ex families and will send in enumerato perhaps by parachute.

IN 1980, the Census is fran running scared. For the first ti in its 190-year history it faces r resistance—indeed, enough n cooperation to jeopardize the fi count. This is a pretty depressing pr pect for the decennial roll call that g under way in April.

What happens this year may de mine whether the Census can be p served in its present form. Under current system, everyone residing the country must be personally c tacted, the only time this ever happe For 1980, nine out of ten household will receive their forms by mail, w a request to send them back. The r are to be visited by enumerators, w will ask the questions face to face. there are signs that increasing nu bers of Americans are no longer i mood to give out information ab themselves. To make matters wo the Census coincides with another ficial solicitation: the ubiquitous 1 from the Internal Revenue Service.

Given its comprehensive charter, Census aims for complete accura Accordingly it reported that its 19 count came to exactly 203,211,9 with no rounding off. Needless to s it knew better. In a subsequent stu it admitted it may have missed ab 5 million people. But even this is ne



Andrea Albahae

Andrew Hacker teaches political scienc Queens College in New York City. He is author of Congressional Districting *and* New Yorkers.

ible: an undercount of only 2.5 per-
ent. There is a sharp class differential
ere. The black population was under-
ounted by almost 8 percent. And
mong black men between twenty-five
nd thirty-four, approximately 20 per-
ent were never recorded. In fact, the
ensus is addressed to the middle class
—to those of us who learned to fill in
ie appropriate boxes on achievement
sts in school—and this is not the best
eginning if you want to reach every-
ie.

The last time around, almost every
ty complained that the Census missed
any of its residents. Estimates of
ew York's undercount have ranged
om 180,000 to four times that figure.
he cause for concern is twofold. The
rst is loss of inner-city representation,
t only in Congress but at state cap-
ols as well. The suburbs are doing
ell enough already without an extra
onus. In addition, more than 100
deral programs use Census fig-
es as a basis for distributing an an-
ual $50 billion. Congressman Robert
arcia, chairman of the Subcommittee
n the Census, estimates that for each
verlooked person a community will
eceive $150 to $200 less from Wash-
ington per year.

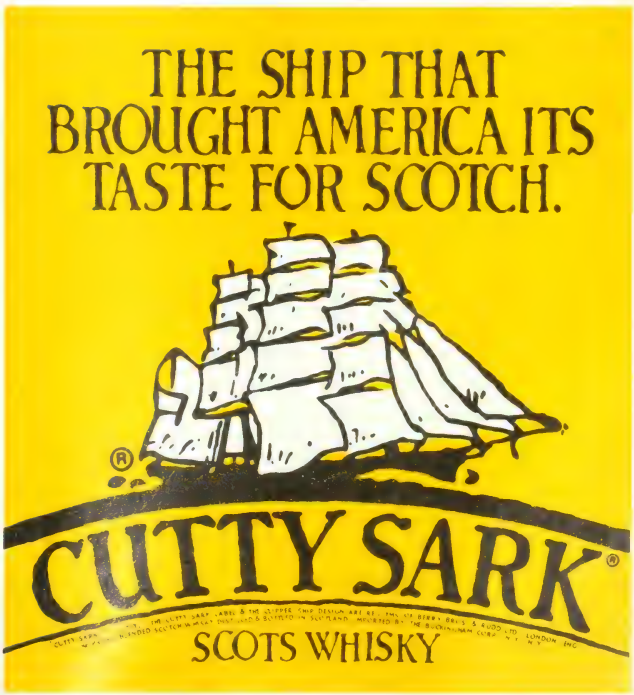
The Census Bureau tends to be de-
nsive about charges of undercount-
g. When people say they were never
ntacted, the reply is that they could
ave been recorded by someone else in
ieir household. Still, its claim to 97.5
ercent coverage has provoked a few
ised eyebrows. Occasionally the Bu-
au admits the errors of its ways.
aterson, New Jersey, for example,
iscovered that many of its apartments
ere not on the Census address list
ecause they were illegal conversions
nd had never been recorded. So Pater-
on declared an amnesty on fines and
rosecutions, and found a further
5,000 persons in a survey of its own.
n the end, the Bureau accepted this
evision. But it doesn't like to be cor-
ected, not least when it could require
edrawing legislative districts.

The prospects for a correct total are
ven dimmer for the 1980 count. The
ureau conducted several trial runs
st year to test out its procedures.
ichmond, Virginia, was one sample
ty: 79 percent of the households that
eceived forms returned them as re-
uested. The Bureau regards Richmond
s a qualified success, saying people will be more diligent when the "real thing" arrives. However, the Bureau prefers not to say too much about its test in lower Manhattan, running from illegal lofts in Soho to the winding streets of Chinatown. There the response rate was 42 percent. And that covers only addresses the Bureau had on file.

In the end, the drive will depend on the diligence of its $3.60-an-hour enumerators, who are expected not only to enter pool halls and flophouses, but also to ask all the questions on the official questionnaires. A test in Austin, Texas, found the Casual Count counters somewhat less than eager to venture far afield. By the end of the test period they had found only 367 extra persons, one-tenth of one percent of the trial Austin count. While many of the 1980 interviewers will come from the same background as the people to whom they are assigned, for most this will be their first experience in polling of any kind. Moreover, their supervisors (on whom more later) will be novices as well.

THE BUREAU is doing its best to stress its confidentiality. Vincent Barabba, its director, confesses his concern about "the depth of mistrust of government" and "public resentment against federal snooping." Hence his fear of refusals to respond, or forms with incorrect answers. The Bureau notes that its records are explicitly exempted from the Freedom of Information Act, and any Bureau employee who discloses personal data risks five years in prison. Moreover, questionnaires do not ask for Social Security numbers, which means they cannot be keyed to income tax files or other official folders. The Bureau points out that during World War II it rebuffed White House requests for lists of Japanese-Americans. (By the same token, it would rather not recall that during the first world war it provided age information on men accused of draft evasion.)

Unfortunately, public confidence is unlikely to be soothed by the questionnaire itself. To begin with, it asks many intimate questions, ranging from



the sources of one's income to how many children a woman has had. (Truthful answers here could threaten many marriages. And men, it might be added, are not asked a parallel question.) Equally disquieting is the instruction that respondents write their names at the top of each page of the form. Moreover, names stay on all through the processing and remain when the form is finally stored.

The query often arises why forms can't be returned anonymously. The Bureau has several replies, some more convincing than others. Forms are sent care of the "householder" at specific addresses like 36 Oak Lane, or to Apt. 5D at 103 East 55th Street. (The Bureau has compiled a national file of addresses, but without the names of the actual residents.) If the Smiths and the Joneses share a two-family house where the apartments are not numbered, then the Bureau would not know that there is another family it has to remind if only one form is sent back. Moreover, the Smiths' daughter, who is away at college, may have filled out a form of her own, while her parents included her on theirs. In such instances the Bureau likes to check for double counting. Finally, all forms are stored at a warehouse in Kansas, where for a fee anyone may request his or her copy to help in establishing proof of age or birthplace or family relationships for legal purposes. The Bureau handles 250,000 such applications a year. They claim each one is given careful scrutiny before a copy is sent, on the chance of fraud.

Even so, writing one's name on a form that already has your address, and sending it back to a government agency, is not something all Americans are eager to do. The country has plenty of missing husbands and nonsupporting fathers, not to mention persons evading creditors or warrants for court appearances. And then there is, of course, the issue of illegal aliens.

The Census is expected to find everyone who happens to be in the United States during April of 1980. (Americans abroad are also counted, by several different procedures.) The count is not confined to citizens. The Constitution clearly speaks of "persons," and that has been construed as including aliens who have been here long enough to establish an address. Given its goal of a complete and accurate count, the Bureau says it will try to find all aliens, whether they are here legally or not. This obviously presents problems. Needless to say, not many illegal aliens are eager to write their names on what will become a government record. Assurances that the Census has no ties with Immigration and Naturalization are only so effective. Someone named Luis Gonzalez knows it is not beyond officialdom to put two and two together. From his age and occupation and date of arrival in this country—all questions on the form—he just might be paid a visit.

The long form asks whether the respondent is a citizen, although not for the legality of that status. In 1970 the Census computed that there were 3,541,550 aliens in the country, of whom 482,874 were from Mexico and 403,568 from elsewhere in Latin America apart from Cuba. Even if all 886,442 were here illegally, which was certainly not the case, this was obviously under the true count. But no one knows what the total is—guesses have run as high as 8 million. What is plain is that the Census will come under attack no matter what it does. If, as seems likely, it will miss most illegal aliens, there will be outcries from many cities. Not only New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, but Hartford and San Antonio will claim they have bodies that warrant further federal funding for needed social services. Hence there will be pressure to adjust their statistics upward by some estimated quotient. If the Census does reach illegal aliens in large numbers—not a likely prospect—the issue will be whether they should be tallied with citizens when Congressional seats are allocated. At least one lawsuit has been filed asking that the Census be delayed until this question is resolved.

All in all, there is growing agreement that the coverage of many groups of people will be fractional at best. Indeed, the decennial Census is weakest in reporting on America's underclasses, a larger part of our population than official figures would suggest. Our image of a "middle-class society" is abetted by enumeration methods favoring the middle class.

Equally troublesome are indications that many model citizens will treat the Census cavalierly. What the Bureau calls "respondent burden" may be at a breaking point. That is, the questionnaire is now of such length and complexity as to lead people to wonder why they must go to all this trouble. The long form requires upwards of 320 answers from a family of four, including more than 30 that must be written in (such as the "activities and duties" associated with your occupation).* Indeed, to do the job properly requires rummaging among the household papers to find the amount of last year's fire insurance premiums and how much interest each family member received.

To be sure, filling in a Census form is one of the smaller duties of citizenship—certainly less burdensome than two weeks of jury duty or extended military service. Still, must we really look up our water bills, or reveal that we share our shower with a neighbor? The Bureau says that the government needs these answers "to meet successfully the many national and local challenges we face." Of course, government should have information, even if much of the data that is collected simply keeps bureaucrats busy. The question is whether attempting total coverage is the best way to attain it.

WHAT WE NOW HAVE is a far cry from the "enumeration" mentioned in the Constitution, whose purpose was to decide each state's delegation in the House of Representatives. The first Census asked only six questions, involving age, race, and gender, with a special category for slaves, each of whom counted three-fifths in a state's representation. With each successive decade new questions have been appended.

* In fact, the "long form" will go only to about a quarter of all households: every other home in rural areas, and every sixth one elsewhere. Most families will receive a shorter version, with seven personal questions and ten on housing. Even so, the Census relies heavily on having the long form filled out properly. For example, its 1970 figure of 16,601,792 American homes that use septic tanks or cesspools actually means that 4,150,448 residences reported this fact on the long form, and the number was then multiplied by four. Indeed, most statistics from the decennial Census stem from the long form. Yet the very complexity of that questionnaire makes it the most vulnerable link in the Census chain.

Data from the Census also play a tatutory role. Increasingly, Congress as been allocating funds on the basis f demography. At last count, 107 fedral programs funneled money to the tates according not only to populaion but also to factors like per capita ncome, degree of urbanization, and ven age of housing. Thus Career Eduation Incentive Grants are geared to ow many youngsters between five and eventeen a state happens to have. unding for Community Development lock Grants uses an abstruse "average f ratios" combining incidence of overrowding, age of housing, and several ther variables. The Coastal Zone Mangement Development Program ascerains the proportion of each state's opulation within a set distance from he shoreline. Indeed, the Bureau has ut together a pamphlet linking its uestions to the relevant statutes. Acording to this compilation, no fewer han eight Acts of Congress need to now how many bedrooms each of us as.

Yet further inquiry shows that hardy any funding programs stick with he decennial Census data. To begin ith, the 1980 figures will take from wo to three years to be reported, by hich time they will be sadly out of late. The Bureau is well aware of this, o it prepares estimates each year, reising not only population figures but hose for income and other items. A ecent report by the Office of Mangement and Budget reveals that 95 ercent of all programs now rely on ntercensal estimates.

The people at the Bureau admit that hey do not need the decennial Census s a basis for reliable estimates. They ave a shelfload of sources to draw n, ranging from school enrollment ecords and vital-statistics reports to ostal-route traffic and public-assistance pplications. They can judge not only otal populations of states and cities, ut how many teenagers there are in given rural county. It is also possible o provide trustworthy data for small racts of territory to serve as jigsaw uzzle pieces when legislative districts re drawn.

Indeed, the decennial Census can be n obstacle to accuracy. If the comrehensive count misses a substantial umber of people, difficulties arise in eleasing later estimates that seem to hallenge the original figures. Thus the Bureau finds itself having to defend a count that it knows to be inaccurate. The time has come to admit that a complete count is now beyond our capacities. All the more so because this task is in the hands of amateurs.

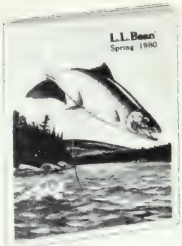
Despite its professional demeanor, the Census carries on one old-fashioned tradition. The majority of its supervisors are patronage appointees. Of the 409 district managers, 322 have been named by the White House from recommendations turned in by House and Senate Democrats. Given that this is an election year, a show of support for the President cannot harm an applicant. These district managers will supervise staffs of up to 600 persons and receive salaries calculated at $20,000 on an annual basis. And they will have a relatively free hand in hiring people for the lower-level jobs.

Still, it would be wrong to make too much of the Census's being a patronage bonanza. Even the managers' jobs are rather limited plums. They will be on the public payroll for considerably less than a year, so it is really fill-in work at $400 a week. Many of the appointees are individuals in their thirties, currently between jobs, and looking for a challenging assignment. One thirty-seven-year-old woman ran a project for the Ford Foundation in Egypt. A man of thirty served a term in the Arizona legislature representing a Hispanic district. A somewhat older man was twenty years with the Florida Highway Patrol. The real question is whether they can recruit, train, and supervise staffs totaling 275,000 people on an extremely tight timetable, paid at the less-than-princely wage of $3.60 an hour. These are the troops on whom the Bureau is relying to go that extra mile to find reluctant respondents. There must be a better way. And in fact there is.

I HAVE BEEN one of the Bureau's most loyal fans. I have written two books and numerous articles based on Census materials, for which I will be forever grateful. Not only that, I find that its reports make splendid bedtime reading.

Where else would one learn that among the 3,712 marriages between Americans of Chinese and Japanese descent, twice as many (2,418) have a Japanese wife and a Chinese husband

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as the other way around (1,294)? Or that the country has 64 seamstresses between the ages of 25 and 34 who spent four years at college and earn between $3,000 and $5,999? The Census also tells us that a divorced woman in her twenties with three children has a better chance (72 percent) of remarrying than a woman in her thirties with no children (60 percent). Among its reports one will find, if one searches, that while only 18 percent of the nation's physicians have wives who work, for restaurant and tavern owners the figure is 44 percent. In between are lawyers and welders (of whom 22 percent have working wives) and architects and truck drivers (both 28 percent). My only regret is that the Census fails to give similar data on the husbands of working women. Surely they don't all work.

So my wish is to defend the Census, if necessary from itself, because it is a model of what a government agency ought to be. The Bureau is located along a dreary highway about a half-hour's drive from Washington. You know you are drawing near when you pass a Gino's drive-in, a Goodyear tire store, and a row of Chinese restaurants, all suburban-style. But across the road in a complex of barrackslike buildings are some of the country's finest geographers, cartographers, demographers, programmers, and statisticians. And, significantly, they show what they do best in the years between the Censuses.

Each month the Bureau conducts what it calls its Current Population Survey (CPS). Here it has 1,820 full-time interviewers (who are paid at least $5 an hour) who contact a carefully selected and changing sample of 56,000 American households.* Their first task is to ask questions from which the Bureau of Labor Statistics computes the monthly unemployment rate. In addition, the CPS appends supplementary questions on a variety of topics. For a study of fertility, it asked the women in the sample how many children they expected to have. (From this it found the anticipated fertility rate had fallen to 1.8, below the replacement level.) Another study, on divorce, asked unmarried women with children how much in support payments they actually received. (The depressing answer was that only 25 percent received checks regularly.) A survey on health discovered the incidence of emphysema and asthma, while another uncovered the number of people who have been victims of crimes.

The CPS enumerators are carefully monitored by Bureau professionals: they stick sedulously to their samples, which include pool hall patrons and illegal aliens. As a testimony to its reliability, a new mid-decade "Census" authorized by Congress for 1985 will in fact be a national sampling along the lines of the Current Population Survey. So why not consider this arrangement for 1990 as well? Its virtue is its accuracy, which stems not only from scrupulous sampling but also from the enumerators' experience in gaining the confidence of the people they interview directly. And instead of one overpowering long form, the CPS spaces its questions and subjects over a series of months.

BUT THERE IS a problem with professionalism. Experts tend to remove themselves from the ordinary men and women on whom they finally depend. The Bureau has failed to cultivate the very people whose taxes pay its bills and provide answers to its questions. Few Americans feel it is *their* Census in the way that they do about, say, the national parks.

For example, the Bureau has never prepared a brief booklet, for popular distribution, saying "Here Are Some of the Things You Told Us About Yourself." While it prints elaborate books of figures (200,000 pages' worth for 1970), it now records most of its data on computer tape, which it sells to well-heeled clients. For 1980 it figures that 90 percent of its sales will be on tapes, requiring at least 1,500 reels at a total cost of more than $120,000 for the set. Many of its customers consider this a bargain. More than half of the questions on this year's form involve physical amenities, su as whether a well is drilled or dug, a how many vans and trucks one ke for household use. The form loo more like a market-research surv with queries on cesspools and pipel furnaces and central air conditioni That the Census has come to serve t purpose is far from accidental.

There now exist companies th make substantial profits by processi this public data. The firms have f turistic names: Data Resources, E gional Data Associates, National De sions Systems, Datamap Incorporate Integrated Software Systems. Most the country's largest companies n use Census materials in their mark ing strategies. With demographic mo els a corporation can decide where locate a bakery for a new, high-pric bread, or what the best sales ter tories are for marketing wallpap and floor tiles.

Hence the spectacle of 220 milli Americans—an estimate will do—fr ly giving information about their ba rooms that will then be used by co panies that want to sell them tiles. P haps this is the American way. Ev so, the overhead costs of the Cens including its advanced statistical s tems, are paid for by the taxpay "Since the Bureau can't copyright computer programs it develops," o official pointed out, "private data co panies can buy and resell them with putting all that development money front." From this has grown an ind trial-demographic complex, compl with subsidies.

It is time to admit that getting for to—and from—everyone is a goal yond our reach, despite the best effo of the Boy Scouts and a plug fr Mickey Mouse. The Census can ful its constitutional mandate by oth means. It can provide such figures Congress needs by a series of samp surveys; and other statistics are ava able for drawing legislative distric The Current Population Survey p duces quite enough data to keep sch ars and others happy. Still, if we m conduct a comprehensive Census, would be well to recall that 1990 w be its bicentennial year. So why n honor that anniversary by reverting its six original questions? Indeed, wi slavery now abolished, we can redu the list to five.

* A national sample of 56,000 is considered more than sufficiently generous for statistical reliability. In circumstances where complete counts can be made (say, the number of automobiles currently registered), they bear out earlier samplings less than a fraction of one percent. Moreover, the CPS constantly changes the actual families in its sample, to reflect new contours in the population and to maintain the spontaneity of replies.

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"RIGHT CONDUCT" FOR A "FREE PRESS"

The containment of secrets

by Michael Macdonald Mooney

LESS THAN forty-eight hours before the incident began in the core of the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island, the Department of Justice obtained an injunction in the Federal District Court in Milwaukee to enjoin by "prior restraint" *The Progressive* magazine from publishing an article by free-lance journalist Howard Morland entitled "The H-Bomb Secret." The preliminary injunction issued March 26 was the judicial result of a temporary restraining order issued Friday, March 9, by Judge Robert W. Warren. My curiosity about the *Progressive* case began the next morning, Saturday. Starting at ten o'clock and continuing until six that night a "First Amendment Survival Seminar" was conducted at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. Teams of lawyers were brought on to brief some 300 members of the press on the journalistic procedures currently necessary as a result of recent court decisions. I learned that in the end I should be prepared to go to jail; that I should routinely destroy all my notes; that I should never express my opinion in writing without consulting a lawyer first. While this nonsense about right conduct for a "free press" was in progress, news of Judge Warren's order gagging *The Progressive* arrived in the National Press Club Ballroom. Television cameras were set up to hear from the distinguished members of the bar present. Not one would comment.

The television crews packed their lights and left. Until the facts of the matter could be studied, counsel had nothing to say. They represented the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Association of American Publishers, Scripps-Howard Newspapers, United Press International, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, the *Washington Post,* Newhouse Newspapers, the Society of Professional Journalists–Sigma Delta Chi, the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* the Radio-Television News Directors Association, the *Washington Star,* and sixteen other sponsoring organizations. Eventually many newspapers would carry editorials supporting *The Progressive* and condemning Judge Warren's order; but many would not because *The Progressive,* in their opinion, had not brought a "clean case." As Benjamin C. Bradlee, the executive editor of the *Washington Post,* put it, he could only support *The Progressive* reluctantly, "with about as much enthusiasm as I would Larry Flynt and *Hustler,*" because he thought the passion Morland brought to the subject of atomic energy was extraneous and confused, and had blinded the editors of *The Progressive* "to the fact that there are some secrets."

What amazed me was that both editors and lawyers seemed to presume that the First Amendment protected nice clean cases, but not awkward disputes; that Ben Bradlee couldn't tell the difference between a virgin and a dynamo; that lawyers would not comment on the meaning of law without studying the facts for their auguries.

The legalities of *The United States of America* vs. *The Progressive, Inc., Erwin Knoll, Samuel Day, Jr., and Howard Morland* were

Michael Macdonald Mooney is a contributing editor of Harper's *and the author of a forthcoming book entitled* The Ministry of Culture *(Wyndham Books) from which this article is adapted.*

Michael Macdonald Mooney

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astonishing enough in themselves; the concomitant ethical, political, and cultural implications were astounding. Before March, 1979, no gag order, no prior restraint, no censorship prior to publication had ever been upheld in the history of American law, either in peace or in war, to halt publication of a single word.

At the outset of the *Progressive* case, the legal arguments advanced by the Department of Justice appeared to be merely bizarre, certainly contradictory, often mendacious, and largely nonsense. Because the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit would apparently decline to play the fool for the sake of Justice's extraordinary claims, Justice was forced at last to abandon its prosecution of *The Progressive,* declaring the issue moot. As censors always do, Justice first appeared to prosecute *The Progressive* as the red-eyed zealot of overriding national interests, then retreated from its declarations of higher moral authority into a sullen lethargy. Whereupon Howard Morland's article about the nonexistence of any H-bomb secret was published in the November issue of *The Progressive.*

The substance and the details of Mr. Morland's article were, as he said, that anyone who takes the trouble can understand the technology of hydrogen bombs from the storehouse of public knowledge, *and therefore* that anyone can become competent to question the national policies that oversee the bomb's manufacture. What Mr. Morland demonstrates is that there are no secrets at all in the principles of H-bomb construction, but nearly total secrecy about the ministries of nuclear weapons and nuclear energy.

Since there are no secrets in Mr. Morland's article, its publication by *The Progressive* left national safety undisturbed, the proliferation of nuclear weapons undiminished, and national defense as secure and unaffected as it was before *The Progressive* was gagged. None of these considerations had ever depended on what Howard Morland knew, or how he learned it. Despite what the Departments of Energy and Justice swore in federal courts, none of these concerns for national security was the proximate cause for prosecution by Justice of *The Progressive*—which explains why Justice was untroubled by any inconsistencies in its legal arguments, no matter how bizarre. What Justice meant to demonstrate was the power to quash any debate of nuclear policies. When Justice had to quit prosecution of *The Progressive* to avoid embarrassment, it announced it had been only "temporarily thwarted." Since then, Justice has proceeded to expand the powers of censorship it had claimed—regardless of law, precedent, or any other limitation.

The sovereignties claimed by Justice in *T Progressive* case appeared at first to be mere silly: inadvertencies by inept, dim-witted, ignorant government lawyers. Chief Justi Warren Burger had previously explained careful and lucid language that prior restrai —the so-called gag order—was "presumptiv ly unconstitutional." Yet after the incide provided by Howard Morland's article, t Justice Department announced its continuir defiance of the Supreme Court's opinion ar every other U.S. law, custom, or traditio relevant to the case. Moreover, while Justi maneuvered for six months in federal court demanding at the same time that the mane vers themselves be secret, a de facto gag ord on *The Progressive*'s presumed right to fr speech was in effect for the first time in we over 200 years. In itself, the incident was u usual, but there was more to it than that: publish Mr. Morland's article at all, the edito of *The Progressive* had to risk continuance the magazine itself, and they were required raise more than $200,000 in legal fees ar expenses; whereas the funds for prosecutio by Justice were spent without keeping recor of the time used by dozens of governme lawyers, and spent from the tax moneys in t public treasury. Thereafter, to make clear i radical position, Justice announced that it wa prepared to prosecute any case that it alor determined might be similar to that of *T Progressive,* if such an opportunity arose. Ju tice wanted all those who held independe opinions to know that they might be require to match the public bankroll to defray t legal expenses attendant to private belief— regardless of precedent, law, or fact.

Ministries of cultur

TO THESE EXTRAORDINARY ideologica powers without limit, not unlike tho claimed in Berlin as necessities f public order after the Reichstag fi in 1933, the apparatus of national cultur agencies maintained a determined silenc Throughout the prosecution of *The Progre sive,* and throughout the revelations provide by national authorities on the incident Three Mile Island, the White House ministr of culture and its constituent subministries— the National Science Foundation, the Endow ments for the Arts and the Humanities, t Smithsonian Institution, the General Servic Administration, the National Park Service, t Department of Education, and so forth—wit out exception were examples of quietis

This series of drawings, which incurred the wrath of Justice when published alongside the once-forbidden article by Howard Morland in The Progressive, *crudely illustrates the trigger mechanism of a hydrogen bomb. The government has steadfastly denied the public information on how such a bomb is detonated, even though, as Morland proved with his article, the information was available to anyone—including tyrants with expansionist dreams—with an inquiring mind and access to documents as exotic as eighth-grade encyclopedias.*



Passive acceptance was also the rule of all the cooperating foundations and corporations, all the coordinated and cooperating advisory councils, systems of peer-review panels, experts, and consultants. Not one peep was officially heard from a single agency devoted to the advancement of the sciences, arts, or humanities. A search through the records and minutes of these agencies' assemblies will show those meetings entirely silent on the topics of Three Mile Island or the *Progressive* case; it was as if Fort Sumter and the Dred Scott case had occurred in the same week, but were somehow considered irrelevant to public debate. Perhaps the agencies of national culture were dumbfounded; perhaps they were indicating by their determined silence that their enlightened enterprises could not include contradicting the Department of Justice or the Secretary of Energy under any circumstances.

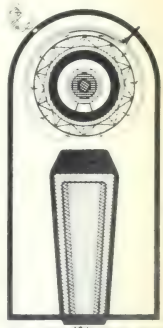
It is marvelous how much *The Progressive* differs from those foundlings of which the various cultural ministries are so fond. To begin with, the ministries of culture frequently express their goodwill toward what they characterize as "alternate media." *The Progressive* is almost exactly the opposite of an "alternative" publication. The magazine is an honored tradition in American letters and can claim a considerable history. Founded in 1909 by Robert N. LaFollette, Sr., *The Progressive* and "Fighting Bob" were for seventy years unrelenting opponents of corporate monopolies, big business, and political bossism. As a continuously published expression of LaFollette's evergreen optimism, *The Progressive* was a stalwart of popular democracy in the traditions of the Grange, the Knights of Labor, and the Populists in all their great variety. Always in the mainstream of community values rather than fleeting national party interests, *The Progressive* helped to achieve many of the great reforms, those hopeful tinkerings of democratic machinery now accepted as commonplaces: for example, direct election of Senators, voting rights for women, referendum and recall, and primary elections for direct expression of party preferences rather than secret nominations by oligarchs in smoke-filled rooms.

In 1979 *The Progressive* continued its optimism, continued to believe in independent thought, in change by tinkering for the sake of community continuities against the claims made by national authorities; and it is precisely this independent tradition that earned *The Progressive* the enmity of the new order of federal overseers. The magazine maintains its offices in Madison, Wisconsin, far from the centers of social connections and personal patronage located in either New York or Washington. For its opinions, *The Progressive* owes little to anyone except its editors and authors; for its influence, the magazine depends on what it has to say rather than who says it; and for its circulation, it enlists those interested in well-argued, well-written, idiosyncratic, and sometimes wrongheaded opinions. Such modesty results in a circulation of no more than 40,000, few and infrequent advertisers, slim finances, and no government subsidies. The article by Howard Morland on the nonsecret principles underlying the construction of H-bombs was begun in what *The Progressive* believed was the public interest for the magnificent sum of $500.

To the extent that *The Progressive* can be characterized as a small but influential journal of informed opinion in the American tradition, the publications endowed by the government's cultural agencies are radical opposites. They are published on tax moneys. They are rich, not poor. Their expressions of national goodwill are expensive. The National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) awards grants, for example, for literary fellowships in amounts of $10,000 each to annual totals of $4 million, without any interest in whether there will eventually be any publishable result. In addition, the NEA supports hundreds of small magazines and publications, provided, of course, that they have rocked no boats. The National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) awards research fellowships to scholars in amounts of $20,000 each, whether or not publishable results appear; and by various devices, if there happen to be publishable results from these scholarly efforts, the amounts may be matched or exceeded by royalties from university or commercial publishers.

As opposed to *The Progressive*'s contentious habits, the opinions published by the national agencies of culture are inevitably syncretic—reconciliations of differences for the sake of national goodwill, modulations of accepted themes to provide the appearance of consensus. Proof of influence is adduced by producing numbers testifying how many have attended or heard or read whatever it is some project has been busy doing in the name of education. *Accessibility* and *reach* are the accepted buzzwords to demonstrate effectiveness. If 500,000 citizens pass through the turnstiles of a museum show advertised as "The Art of Greece," it makes no difference that the art displayed is not Greek; what is important is the number—500,000. In contrast, to the extent *The Progressive* has any "reach," the magazine attains its influence by being passed

". . . it was as if Fort Sumter and the Dred Scott case had occurred in the same week, but somehow were considered irrelevant to public debate."



Michael Macdonald Mooney

"RIGHT CONDUCT" FOR A "FREE PRESS"

from hand to hand. During the course of its opposition to the government's attempt to censor its publication, *The Progressive* lost circulation because the magazine was required to budget its funds for legal defenses instead of direct-mail solicitations for readers.

Every agency of national culture seeks out the gigantic corporations for joint funding of programs of goodwill, much as the magazines they fund look to the large corporate advertisers for support. Not one advertisement for Cadillac, General Electric, Glenlivet Scotch, Steuben Glass, Chrysler, Pan Am, Campari, The Edison Electric Institute, or Gulf Oil, however, decorates the pages of *The Progressive* as they do the pages of the government's *Smithsonian*. Never during the course of events after Three Mile Island or *The Progressive*'s gag order could it be said that the "critical choices" had been studied by *The Progressive*'s editors thanks to a grant from the Exxon Corporation. No editor at *The Progressive* can claim tenure to his office, nor are any of the magazine's authors protected by faculty senates for their opinions in the name of academic freedom.

To suggest how unwelcome Morland is in the plush offices of the government's cultural ministers, it is useful to recount what happened in early May, when Morland toured Washington. He appeared before audiences in the House, paid calls to newspaper editors to explain what he believed was at issue. Despite the court's gag orders, the Administration was always ahead of him. The Secretaries of State, Energy, and Defense had called their editorial contacts to explain how secret the materials really were that *The Progressive* had intended to publish. The *Washington Post* editorial on the case had concluded: "As a press-versus-Government First Amendment contest, this, as far as we can tell, is John Mitchell's dream case—the one the Nixon Administration was never lucky enough to get: a real First Amendment loser."

But as Morland was being interviewed by Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post*, Cohen apparently concluded that what Morland was telling the *Post* was remarkably different from what the *Post* had been told by their top-level sources. Cohen asked Morland to wait for just a moment while Cohen went to get the *Post*'s executive editor, Ben Bradlee. Within a few minutes, Bradlee stood on the newsroom floor, staring through the glass of Cohen's office at Morland. Bradlee actually did look much like Jason Robards in *All the President's Men*. After Bradlee had stared at Morland for awhile, he turned and left. Cohen explained that Bradlee was too busy to talk.

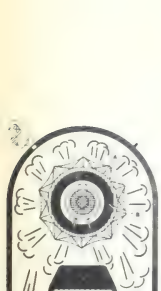


Figure 2. High expression in the primary...

As the author of an article that made him the central actor in an extraordinary historical drama, Howard Morland seems at first to have been ill-cast for the part of an enemy of the people. He would have made an equally poor candidate for a federal grant from the National Science Foundation or the National Endowment for the Humanities: his academic credentials are too skimpy. The independent research he pursued as a result of his own curiosity would be an unlikely proposal to win the necessary approval from the appropriate consultants, peer review panels, and national councils.

Mr. Morland was thirty-six when he appeared on the evening news as the object of federal fury. He grew up in Chattanooga, Tennessee. After high school, he attended Emory University in Atlanta, where he studied physics. Later, while he was gagged by an order of a federal court, he would recall in *The Progressive* the delights he had found in physics: the aesthetic appeal of Newton's laws of motion, of Einstein's extension of those laws into the relativity of phenomena. As a freshman, Morland said, he had been thrilled by the grace of Clerk Maxwell's four equations of electromagnetism: they explained, Morland believed, electricity, magnetism, heat, and light all at once. "I was dumbfounded for a day when I discovered them."

As a freshman, Mr. Morland underlined his physics text, noting those lessons he believed were significant, those that appealed to his aesthetics, and those that had dumbfounded him by their beauty, and he saved his old physics book. Eighteen years later, in its prosecution of *The Progressive*, the Justice Department declared that his old physics book had become a national secret; that before the freshman text could be declared no longer secret, whatever it was that Mr. Morland believed to be significant, graceful, or appealing must be erased of its underlinings; that arguments about whether an old physics text actually contained any secrets were arguments that could only be conducted in secret. Whatever was secret became secret as soon as Justice said it was secret: whether secrets were actually secret was secret; and arguments over what was secret were secret not only from the community at large, but also from the editors of *The Progressive* and from Mr. Morland.

Howard Morland's moral concerns for disarmament are exactly the same as the ethical and political choices frequently faced by popes, presidents, ministers, ambassadors, study groups, and officially approved publications. With respect to SALT, the neutron bomb, and proliferation treaties, Mr. Mor

land's questions are exactly the same as those funded at exorbitant expense for conferences initiated by many federal agencies, but Mr. Morland earned the enmity of the cultural ministers because he set off *on his own initiative* to discover who makes nuclear bombs, where they are made, why they are made, and how the whole system fits into the social fabric of American life. "I wanted to know why we are so afraid of this subject."

The federal powers were terrified as much by Mr. Morland's questions as by his answers. Four hundred hydrogen bombs would obliterate half the population of the Soviet Union in an afternoon. In any practical sense, 400 H-bombs would send to certain oblivion whatever could be defined by history or by geography or by any other analysis as Russia. What seemed odd to Mr. Morland was that the United States had an inventory of about 30,000 H-bombs—an excess of some 29,600—and was continuing to produce another doomsday machine every three hours of every working day. Not only did there appear to be a surplus in the manufacture of the devices, the entire procedure was shrouded in secrecy from any public debate about its reasons. Both the strange surplus and its secrecy made community discussion of national administration unintelligible with respect to SALT, or any other life-and-death nuclear question.

Mr. Morland in his inquiry didn't have to look far to discover the secret of the H-bomb—it seemed to be common knowledge. He had prepared a lecture with 134 slides that ran forty minutes, suitable for high-school and college audiences. His topic was "Atomic Power and the Arms Race," and he traced the historical connection between military technology for the nuclear industry and the applications of the same technical information by domestic universities and corporations. The fuel used essentially as a means to boil water is the same fuel used to make the bombs; the cycle by which the fuel is mined, manufactured, used, and stored is operated by the same national and corporate organizations. According to Mr. Morland, his lecture in January, 1978, was strong on atomic power, but weak on the details of weapons proliferation. Toward the end of his slide show in a dormitory at the University of Alabama, he asked whether anyone knew the secret of how the H-bomb works. He explained to his audience that he needed to understand the industry's product in order to understand the industry. To his astonishment, a student raised his hand and gave Morland a straightforward explanation.

The mousetrap bomb

"Whatever was secret became secret as soon as Justice said it was secret."

DESPITE ASSERTIONS to the contrary by the Justice Department, the straightforward explanation of how the H-bomb works is not a secret to a student in a dormitory at the University of Alabama, or anywhere else. Since 1939 it has not been a secret to anyone. The hydrogen bomb required the industrial capacity of at least a medium-sized government, vast quantities of electricity, carloads of blueprints and computer printouts, and something on the order of $1 billion worth of technological equipment. No one could make an H-bomb with a chemistry set in his basement; but the principles of how it works have never been secrets. To begin with, a hydrogen bomb requires an atomic bomb as its trigger. Before the first atomic bomb was ever tested, Prof. Henry D. Smyth of Princeton University described in "The Smyth Report" how the Manhattan Project, under the command of Gen. Leslie Groves, had designed the atomic bomb, tested its possibilities in Chicago, built its factories, and then built the bomb itself. "The Smyth Report" described in detail what the atomic factories did, who ran them, and how the wartime physicists solved each problem that had confronted them. One week after Hiroshima, the U.S. Army published Dr. Smyth's report.

By 1948, any Princeton freshman who attended Dr. Smyth's Physics 201 could not only understand the atomic bomb from Dr. Smyth's syllabus, but could also be hugely entertained by Dr. Smyth's imaginative lectures. His assistants prepared in advance the entire back wall of the lecture hall with about fifty vertical feet of mousetraps. For the finale of his justly famous lecture, Dr. Smyth touched the electric switch to spring the first mousetrap located up near the ceiling. The first trap sprung two more; those two in turn sprung four; those fired eight, and so on, in a sequential clatter illustrating nuclear fission. Then, with courtly bows, the historian of the Manhattan Project acknowledged the whistles, cheers, and standing applause from nearly 1,000 students. Those registered in Physics 201 spent their afternoon laboratory hours recording the half-life of twenty-five-cent pieces turned radioactive in Princeton's tiny cyclotron, but Dr. Smyth's lectures were attended not only by students of physics. Students of history, politics, and literature also audited his course. He told all who would listen what he had concluded in the official "Smyth Report":

Here is a new tool for mankind, a tool of



Figure 3. The fissile core is squeezed to more than double its normal density, greatly increasing the probability that neutrons released by fission will cause further fissions. Neutrons fired from a high-voltage vacuum tube start a chain reaction in the fissile material. The chain reaction is then stopped by the tamper, which reflects neutrons back into the core. (See p. 219 ff.)

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unimaginable destructive power. Its development raises many questions that must be answered in the near future. These questions are not technical questions; they are political and social questions, and the answers given to them may affect all mankind for generations. In a free country like ours, such questions should be debated by the people.

In 1947, another resident of the School for Advanced Studies at Princeton, Dr. Albert Einstein, signed an appeal for support. He wrote that the facts of atomic energy were simple; that scientists had an inescapable responsibility to explain those facts to their fellow citizens; that atomic energy could not be fitted into outmoded perceptions of narrow nationalism: "For there is no secret and there is no defense; there is no possibility of control except through the aroused understanding and insistence of the peoples of the world."

Mindful of the responsibilities identified by Dr. Einstein, Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American*, went to press in April, 1950, with an article by Dr. Hans A. Bethe, a professor of physics at Cornell University, about how thermonuclear fusion—the energies of the hydrogen bomb—works. At the time, the question being debated among scientists was whether to attempt to make the H-bomb. Many scientists opposed making Faust's bargain with fusion. The energies of fusion were the same energies that emanated from the sun and the stars. They had been reproduced in the laboratory in 1932; connected by publication of Dr. Bethe's theory in 1938 to stellar energy; discussed by Austrian physicist Hans Thirring in a book published in 1946 as an argument for building the bomb. Because of the wartime concentration necessary to produce the atomic bomb (explosion by fission), development of the H-bomb (explosion by fusion) had been postponed. Yet the materials to be used, and the way to use an atomic bomb as a trigger, were widely known and understood. Only an effective design was missing.

Because the Cold War was also then in progress, the new Atomic Energy Commission arrived at the offices of *Scientific American* while its April, 1950, issue was on press. The AEC ordered the presses stopped, destroyed about 3,000 copies of the magazine and the plates that included Dr. Bethe's article, and insisted that *Scientific American* delete four specific concepts from Dr. Bethe's explanation because the AEC had declared them to be secret. Torn between the prospect of no information with which to form the substance for public debate about testing the H-bomb, and at least some theory from the authoritative article by Dr. Bethe, publisher Gerard Piel consented to the AEC's demanded deletions. What was most obnoxious about the AEC's censorship was that three of the deletions were materials published previously by *Scientific American*, and long since in the public domain; the fourth concept was a deliberately false piece of technical information included to slow Russian development of the bomb. The AEC also deleted what was false. Because the bomb had not yet been tested, Gerard Piel charged the AEC with suppressing exactly the information the American people needed in order to make intelligent judgments. Twenty-nine years later, when one of the AEC's successor agencies, the Department of Energy, through the Department of Justice, moved to gag *The Progressive*'s publication, Gerard Piel wrote the *New York Times* immediately: "In the thirty years since America lost its imagined monopoly on the atomic secret, we should have learned that there never was a secret that could keep another country from making a bomb."

Mr. Piel pointed out that it was not secrets that stopped the manufacture of bombs, but the lack of industrial and technological materials, finances, and personnel—the carload of computer printouts, the shiploads of materials, the nuclear-fuel-processing facilities with which to proceed. All the technical information needed to make atomic and hydrogen bombs was "in the public domain of the world community of physics in 1939."

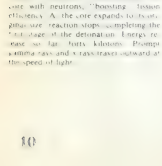


Figure 4. The chain reaction spreads to slow-lessening Uranium-235 (D). Uranium fuel at the center of the sure shows the core with neutrons, "boosting" fission efficiency. As the core expands to its original size reaction stops, completing the "first stage" of the detonation. Energies released are fast bursts (photons). Prompt neutrons rays and x-rays travel outward at the speed of light.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, however, was never concerned about what was actually in the public domain. To prove its intentions and demonstrate its unlimited powers, Justice solicited an affidavit in the *Progressive* case from the same Dr. Bethe who was the author of the censored article in *Scientific American* in 1950. Dr. Bethe had declined to comment on the AEC's censorship in 1950, and he had continued to serve the AEC and its successor the Department of Energy, as a consultant. In 1979 he read Mr. Morland's manuscript after it was supplied to him by the Justice Department. Although others might not read Morland's article without a "Q" clearance, Dr. Bethe was cleared to keep the nation's secrets.

Dr. Bethe swore by affidavit that there were sizable portions of Morland's text that, in his judgment, should be classified as Restricted Data, "because the processes described in the manuscript, despite a number of technical errors, correctly describe the essential design and operation of thermonuclear weapons." Dr. Bethe's affidavit went on to establish how ex

ert his testimony was: he said that he was amiliar with the publicly available literature; iat he had attended many meetings and con-erences of those scientists who were knowl-dgeable in physics and thermonuclear design; iat based on his experience, familiarity with ie subject, and his review of the Morland ianuscript, "the design and operational con-epts described in the manuscript are not ex-ressed in the public literature nor do I elieve they are known to scientists not asso-iated with the government's weapons rograms."

Unfortunately, there were a number of od-ities to Dr. Bethe's sworn expert testimony s introduced by Justice Department lawyers, ıcluding its characterizations of all those ıorant scientists not associated with the overnment's weapons programs. Far more ignificant, however, is that Dr. Bethe is the uthor of an article in the *Merit Student's 'ncyclopedia,* published by Macmillan and romoted to the school and library markets s suitable for junior high-school and grade-chool libraries. Dr. Bethe's article in an ighth-grade encyclopedia, along with its ac-ompanying diagram, is one of the sources in ie public domain that Howard Morland used ɔ understand the "secret" of the principles of ie bomb that Dr. Bethe subsequently swore re known only to those with "Q" clearances. Ioreover, Dr. Bethe's article proposed that tudents consult "books for further study," ıcluding the *Scientific American Reader,* ublished by Simon and Schuster in 1953, ı which the student could read Dr. Bethe's wn ten-page article censored by the AEC in 950.

By comparing Mr. Morland's manuscript ith Dr. Bethe's encyclopedia article, differ-nces between the two on the H-bomb secret re readily apparent. Mr. Morland is more pecific than Dr. Bethe about how the trigger ıechanism works and about the effects of adiation pressure on the shield and pencil-haped container for the hydrogen isotopes.)n the other hand, with formulas Dr. Bethe nakes clear even to eighth-grade students how he chemistry and physics of the reaction work —not much of which appears in Morland's ırticle.

What is revealing in Justice's prosecution ɔf *The Progressive* is that Justice declared Mr. Morland's article secret, but also declared Dr. Bethe's article in the eighth-grade encyclo-ɔedia retroactively secret. When lawyers for *The Progressive* introduced the Bethe ency-clopedia article by affidavit, Justice also de-clared the affidavit showing the evidence in he public domain to be secret. Justice insisted that any arguments over whether an encyclopedia in the public domain is actually secret are arguments that may be conducted only in secret. These arguments about what was in the public domain were so secret that the editors of *The Progressive* who wished to publish Mr. Morland's article could not hear them, so that they could not know even *after* they had published the article what secrets were in either article; nor could they learn whether the secrets they had published were the same as the secrets introduced by secret affidavit and argued in secret over the Bethe article. In connection with these bizarre arguments, Justice asserted after Morland's article was published in *The Progressive* that anyone who communicates the same secret secrets, either Morland's or those in the eighth-grade encyclopedia, by speech or by writing, would be "acting in concert" with Mr. Morland and *The Progressive,* and thereby violating the *in camera* "protective orders" of the Federal Court, subjecting the violators to criminal prosecution. Since the affidavits are secret, and the judge's decision is secret too, there is no way to know which secrets are secret, or what secrets make up a criminal violation of secrecy. Two bright eighth-graders arguing over the mechanism of a hydrogen bomb and reproducing Dr. Bethe's diagram with a stick in the dirt might be criminals. *Any* discussion of nuclear physics, according to Justice, might constitute a criminal violation. *All* "technical information," according to Justice, is exempt from the guarantees provided by the First Amendment. Any intuition about either the workings of the hydrogen bomb or the nuclear-fuel cycle in a power plant are understandings "classified at birth," according to Justice—"Restricted Data requiring a 'Q' clearance for continuance within a knowing mind." Any communication of what the community knows within the public domain might constitute a criminal violation, in any federal district, at any time at all, retroactively or by prior restraint, whenever the Department of Justice or the Department of Energy deemed it appropriate.

"The federal powers were terrified as much by Mr. Morland's questions as by his answers."

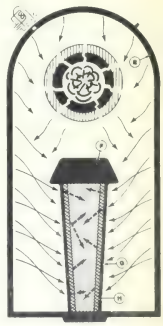


Figure 5. The weapon casing (E) reflects radiation pressure around the thick radiation shield (F) and onto the sides of the fusion tamper (G), collapsing the tamper inward. Heat and pressure of the impact start fusion in the related portion (H) of the fusion fuel "pencil." The precise location of the tritium within the pencil depends on where the designer intends the fusion reaction to begin. Neutrons from this fusion actually breed tritium throughout the pencil.

Keepers of the flame

THE CENSORS of energy are, of course, acting as patriots. Having ignored the community's certain knowledge that there is no H-bomb secret and never has been, the lawyers representing the Departments of Energy and Justice embarked on a series of deliberate frauds to prosecute *The Progressive.* Having declared Howard Mor-

Michael Macdonald Mooney

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land's old physics text secret, and an article in an eighth-grade encyclopedia also secret, the Justice Department and its abettors at the Department of Energy, which passed judgment on details in question, were required also to declare secret articles submitted by affidavit from an encyclopedia describing the energies of the sun and the stars. Since those energies are the same as those released by an H-bomb's fusion, the logic of the Department of Energy's classification as Restricted Data of common knowledge about the sun and the stars is an example of impeccable perversity: those heavenly bodies emit energy, therefore the Department of Energy claims sole jurisdiction; the moon, of course, only reflects energy and is presumably exempt from the authority vested in the Department's Secretary, James R. Schlesinger, Jr. All arguments over whether the sun and the stars could be classified under the provisions of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 were secret arguments, according to Justice, and any violation of the court's protective orders with respect to the arguments, or the affidavits on the sun and the stars, would be a criminal violation.

Along with encyclopedia articles by Dr. Bethe on the H-bomb and those on the sun and the stars, *The Progressive* in its defense introduced by affidavit more than thirty other articles published in the public domain by scientific and technical journals to demonstrate that there was no secret. All these articles, their affidavits, briefs relating to their introduction, and arguments over their evidence were secrets, Justice said. Howard Morland introduced by affidavit an article from the *Encyclopedia Americana*, along with its diagram, by Dr. Edward Teller, often characterized as the father of the H-bomb. Both Dr. Teller's article and the accompanying diagram bore a remarkable resemblance to the article by Dr. Bethe in the *Merit Student's Encyclopedia*, and to the article and diagram eventually published by *The Progressive*. Presumably Dr. Teller's explanation would be an authoritative one, because Dr. Teller and Dr. Stanislaw M. Ulam were generally credited with solving the bomb's mathematical design problems.

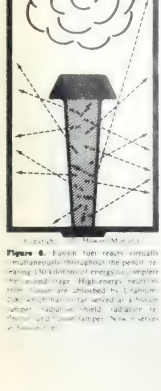


Figure 6. Fusion fuel reacts virtually instantaneously throughout the pellet releasing 150 kilotons of energy to complete the second stage. High-energy neutrons [illegible] are absorbed by a [illegible] jacket and [illegible] are reflected by a [illegible] tamper. Radiation shield [illegible] tamper and [illegible] tamper. [illegible]

Justice declared that Dr. Teller's article in the *Encyclopedia Americana* was secret, the affidavits by which it was introduced were secret, arguments over whether it was secret were secret, and the court's opinion about these secrets was secret. Moreover, the Restricted Data declared secret in the *Encyclopedia Americana* and *The Merit Student's Encyclopedia* were retroactively secret, even if those secrets were available in the public domain on approximately 63,000 community school and library bookshelves. Although th diagrams published by the encyclopedias an *The Progressive* were remarkably similar they were all secrets, because Justice claime that Mr. Morland had identified in his articl three concepts of hydrogen bombs never pub lished before anywhere else. These three con cepts understood by Mr. Morland were de clared to be Restricted Data even as the resided in Morland's head, even if they wer the same three concepts censored from *Scien tific American* in 1950 but previously pub lished by the same magazine. The three con cepts were so secret that the editors of *Th Progressive* were not allowed to hear argu ments over whether the three concepts wer secret without security clearance. Since th editors refused security clearance after the had published Morland's article, they still di not know which were the three secrets, no whether those secrets actually appeared in th encyclopedia articles or *Scientific American* Only the Department of Energy, Justice said could determine when secrets were secret Mr. Schlesinger swore: "Based upon my re view of all affidavits submitted by the govern ment and my review of the manuscript an information supplied to me by my advisers I have concluded that publication, commun cation, or disclosure of the Secret Restricte Data portions of the Morland manuscrip would irreparably impair the national securit of the United States by making available t foreign nations Secret Restricted Data pe taining to the design and operational cha acteristics of a thermonuclear weapon. Suc information would materially aid foreign na tions by enabling them to develop such weap ons in a shorter period of time than otherwis would be possible."

Secretary Schlesinger cited the nonproli eration policy of the United States, includin the Treaty on Nonproliferation of Nuclea Weapons. Secretary of State Cyrus Vanc made many of the same points by sworn aff davit. If the Morland article were published Mr. Vance said, "it would undermine ou nonproliferation policy, irreparably impa the national security of the United States, an pose a grave threat to the peace and securit of the world." The advice examined by thes two distinguished authorities to enable ther to make these conclusions was so secret tha the names of the experts who provided th advice continued to be secret, according t Justice, after the publication of the Morlan article.

To understand the technical implication of fusion production, Howard Morland toure

the facilities of Union Carbide's Y-12 plant near Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He interviewed Union Carbide's plant manager. His tours and his interviews were arranged for him by Department of Energy officials. Although the same information might be exported to South Korea, Britain, or Brazil, although the same technical principles might be available in the public domain, whatever Mr. Morland saw or heard was retroactively declared secret by Justice to the extent that Mr. Morland understood it. Similarly, Mr. Morland visited libraries and museums, one maintained by the Department of Energy in Los Alamos, and others in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Livermore, California, and Washington, D.C. He collected a stack of unclassified brochures and books six feet high. In Washington, D.C., he saw replicas on display, or actual casings, for nuclear weapons—displayed for the education of tourists by the Smithsonian. All that Mr. Morland saw and all that he read was declared secret, to the extent that he understood it. An *in camera* document he read in one library was retroactively declared secret. The document was removed from the library; the card catalogue index materials listing the document were removed; and the library was then closed to the public. All such materials in the public domain became secrets; arguments before the courts about whether materials in the public domain were secret were secret arguments; and any discussion that the same technical information was regularly exported by the Department of Energy was also secret. These assertions are identical to those imagined by George Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-four:* even to understand the term *doublethink* involved the use of doublethink; as soon as the party could thrust its hand into the past and say of an event, it never happened—"that, surely, was more terrifying than mere torture and death."

"Reality Control" consisted of an unending series of victories over the community's memory, Orwell said. There were never any H-bomb secrets at issue in the *Progressive* case. What was at stake was the government's "visible means of control."

The hydrogen sweepstakes

WHILE THE Department of Energy was censoring *The Progressive*'s affidavits haphazardly, affidavits from four physicists at the Argonne National Laboratory about what was in the public domain were censored, but other references helpful to followers of the case slipped through. The article by Dr. Teller in the *Encyclopedia Americana* slipped into the court's open records. An affidavit submitted by a government witness, Jack Rosengren, a nuclear weapons design specialist, indicated that Mr. Morland's explanation in *The Progressive* described the most efficient H-Bomb in the U.S. stockpile. Since Justice failed to declare its own affidavit secret, the Rosengren affidavit slipped into the public domain. Examining the contradictions in the government's case against *The Progressive*, and noting that Justice had introduced into the public domain materials that *The Progressive* had not, the four Argonne physicists wrote an angry letter to Sen. John Glenn of Ohio. Within a month, Energy responded by declaring *the letter* secret.

"There were never any H-bomb secrets at issue in the *Progressive* case."

Following these astounding events by newspaper in California, another amateur in nuclear matters, Charles Hansen, decided to join the case. Hansen was a computer programmer whose only physics-related education consisted of two years of college-level engineering. Using clues supplied by *Fusion* magazine, others from the government's own affidavits and from the references uncensored by Energy, and clues contained in a copy of the letter sent to Senator Glenn by the four Argonne physicists, Mr. Hansen sponsored an H-bomb contest: the first H-bomb design to be declared secret by the Department of Energy would be the winner. He mailed copies of "the Argonne letter" around the country. The *Daily Californian* at Berkeley printed the letter, and six other college newspapers followed suit.

Mr. Hansen then wrote an eighteen-page single-spaced letter to Sen. Charles H. Percy of Illinois. The letter, he said, was based on the affidavits introduced in the *Progressive* case, particularly a brief of the Fusion Foundation, on copies of *Fusion* magazine, articles in encyclopedias, history books on nuclear weapons available in public libraries, and "pure intuitive reasoning." The Hansen letter included a diagram drawn with the aid of a tuna fish can, and circles traced from tops of jars. Mr. Hansen explained the principles of H-bomb design, saying that if anyone should be charged with revealing the H-bomb "secret" it was the government's own weapons experts: Dr. Edward Teller, Dr. George Rathjens of M.I.T., and Dr. Theodore Taylor of Princeton. In addition to mailing his letter to Senator Percy, Mr. Hansen mailed a copy to the Department of Energy. Agents of public conscience appeared in Senator Percy's suite in the Dirksen Building to demand that Hansen's letter be surrendered. It had been declared secret.

Mr. Hansen also sent copies of his letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Oakland Tribune*, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*,



Figure 7. Uranium-235 explosive adding another (N) kilotonnes energy to the explosion and generating enough neutron products to kill everyone within 150 square miles with radiation. This is one end of the third stage. A fireball begins to develop.

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the *San Jose Mercury News*, and the *Daily Californian*, among others, and to his hometown paper in Palo Alto, the *Peninsula Times-Tribune*. As a result, the officers of national security were sent on a merry chase. They demanded that the *Wall Street Journal* surrender Hansen's "secret" letter. The *Wall Street Journal* refused. The *Peninsula Times-Tribune* published a portion of Hansen's explanations, along with what the newspaper's editors described as a diagram so crude that it was little more than a cartoon. Justice announced that it was considering filing criminal charges against the newspaper. At the *Daily Californian*, the editors were considering whether to publish Mr. Hansen's letter or a combination of the letter with the same materials the paper had published from "the Argonne letter" three months earlier when they were informed by Justice that both the Argonne letter they had already published and the Hansen letter were now "Secret/Restricted Data," and that publication would result in criminal charges.

Although declared secret, Mr. Hansen's intuitions were characterized as largely mistaken by scientists at the Livermore Laboratory in California, by others at the Argonne National Laboratory in Illinois, and by others at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico. Their published comments characterized Hansen's explanations as "a lot of misinformation or poorly understood information, a hodgepodge of material, and much of it inaccurate." Because of the "security regulations" claimed by the Departments of Energy and Justice, however, the same scientists could not declare whether Mr. Hansen's "hodgepodge" was largely true or false. The "technical information" Justice had retroactively declared secret was all-inclusive: all private intuitions were secret with respect to atomic energy, including those that were mistaken. To such nonsense, and in defiance of Justice, the *Madison Press Connection* published Mr. Hansen's letter anyway, on September 16, 1979. The prestigious *Chicago Tribune* declared its plan to publish, unless taken to court. On Monday, September 17, Justice announced it was abandoning its case against *The Progressive* because the publication of the Hansen letter rendered the case moot, but the reasons Justice gave were not even remotely true.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT withdrew from the *Progressive* case after the magazine's appeal had been heard by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. By withdrawing before the case could be judged on its merits, the government preserved its powers of censorship, as the *Chicago Tribune* explained it, "when the facts don't interfere so much with its efforts." By backing down when it did, without a court ruling that a prior restraint that stood for six months was unconstitutional, no ruling was made on the government's radical claim that "technical information" is excluded from the guarantees of the First Amendment.

On the day after the Justice Department withdrew its case, Nat Hentoff, a writer for the *Village Voice*, queried the department on what many were describing as *The Progressive*'s victory for a free society. "Everything is exactly as it was—except for this particular case," an official in the Justice Department answered. "The secrecy provisions of the Atomic Energy Act are intact. And I include that section of the act which empowers us to go after prior restraint of publication that, in our judgment, violate those secrecy provisions. Nor are we inhibited in any way from engaging in criminal prosecutions after publication of those who have printed such information without our first knowing about it."

Although the laws, customs, manners, and traditions of the community could be searched in vain for any such precedents, the regulations of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 were announced to be sufficient to the government's purposes. The regulations state that anyone who possesses Restricted Data, whether that person obtained the data from the government or by their own private initiatives from nongovernment sources—including the results of study, wonder, or intuition—cannot "communicate" the Restricted Data to anyone else by publication or by talking to his neighbor across the backyard fence. Restricted Data included all information—whether true or false—concerning: "(1) design, manufacture, or utilization of atomic weapons; (2) the production of special nuclear material; or (3) the use of special nuclear material in the production of energy."

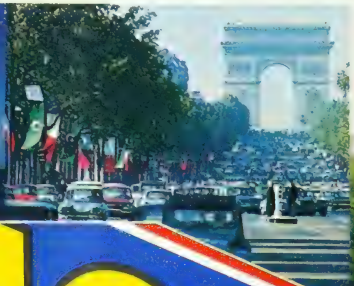
The government's radical and extraordinary powers are asserted over *all* nuclear information—weapons, fuels, and the production of energy; and the basis for these powers, according to Justice, is that *all* "technical information" is exempt from the guarantees of the First Amendment. Such claims, of course, cannot be supported by either law or precedent because there are no such laws and no such precedents. Instead, these are claims for social and political powers to determine the character of the national culture regardless of how the meaning of the word *culture* is defined. □

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In and out of the office

scenes from corporate life

by Earl Shorris



THE FORMER director of the section telephones less frequently. Sometimes the messages he leaves are not answered the same day. He remembers the yellow message slips, his frequent consciousness of their anonymity: they did not carry the name of the firm, they were unlike every other piece of paper he touched in the course of a day.

When his telephone calls are answered, he speaks in the voice he used before he left the company. The earnestness with which he shared secrets lacks content now. Once they had been the secrets of loyalty, and then the secrets of dissent, and finally only the slow, deeply sounded words, the voice that could shout moderated by intimacy to a rumble.

He is a short, thick man who gives the impression of a herbivore: heavy bones, slow to anger, parental, capable of rages that cannot be terminated except in exhaustion. The most subtle ideas attract him, as if he were distressed by his very thickness and wished his life to be counterpoint or even denial.

Some people in the company had called him saintly, knowing that he was honorable in all things. Others had feared his devotion to his own conceptions of perfection. And others had simply thought him stubborn, an inflexible moralist, recalcitrant, like the vegetarian species.

He was fired. A good worker, the management said, but not a manager. The action had not come as a surprise to him. Long before the announcement, the content of the shared secrets had changed.

His friend was thin and quick, streamlined, stylish. He puffed at cigarettes, he laughed at other men's failings, he drank gin. Secretly, he scoffed at the former director's devotion and pitied him for his loyalty. The friend was grateful to the former director for his generosity and for the confidence he expressed in his abilities; he enjoyed praise. However, he was certain of his own ability to perform better in the director's job.

On several occasions the director had said. You could do this job better than I can. The friend had given the same answer on every occasion: I don't have enough experience. And to be honest about it, I don't care enough about the company.

After the former director was fired, his friend was promoted to director of the section. He proved to be more capable. The section grew, subdirectors were appointed. The new director is careful never to speak ill of his predecessor. He intimates that the company made an error in firing the former director. The management does not speak of the former director, so he does not have to lie. He remembers how well the former director spoke of him when he was in the company of the executive vice-president.

In the course of the telephone conversation they speak of each other's children. They have difficulty remembering the names of each other's wives. The former director says the name of his wife to spare the friend any embarrassment.

Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's. *These narratives are part of a work in progress entitled* The Oppressed Middle, *which Doubleday/Anchor will publish early next year. A novel based on the life of Pancho Villa and entitled* Under the Fifth Sun *will be published in the fall by Delacorte Press.*

The former director speaks of the problems of his new job, leading into implied criticism of the company where his friend is now the director of the section. The friend listens without answering. He remembers the former director's house: the workshop in the garage, the long dining-room table, the silences of awkwardness that ended in bursts of laughter, the steak tartare that was too warm, the Christmas parties, the former director's children in their pajamas passing trays of tiny sandwiches and bowls of potato chips, the beautifully wrapped presents. He remembers liking the former director's wife, approving of her neurotic delicacy and her distaste for business.

The friend answers that the company has changed, improved, become more generous, more successful. He makes a joke of his loyalty.

They no longer have enemies in common, and they are unable to find a mutually convenient date for lunch.

The former director promises to call again.



THE ONE THING he knew about the management of the company was that they valued him. They had told him so, he had told her so. Whenever he felt unhappy with his job, whenever they felt the pinch of inflation at home, she reminded him of how he was valued by the company. It saw them through a bank loan to consolidate and stretch out their other loans. It saw them through their children attending public schools instead of the country day school they had planned on. It saw them through the flea bites and itchings of their lives.

They were not unhappy. She said he watched too much television on weekends. He wondered aloud if it was healthy for her to watch television in the afternoons. A week before their fifteenth wedding anniversary he bought a sex manual, but he had second thoughts about it—she might consider it a criticism of her performance in bed—and he left the manual on the seat of the bus.

On Sundays they went to church. She collected money for the United Fund, he did his best to hire minorities and women in his section, they despised Richard Nixon after Watergate. The evening of the day the car broke down he said to her that life was not easy for decent middle-class people anymore.

But we haven't lost our values, she answered.

His hair was thinning, she had developed a varicose vein in her left leg. One night while they were in bed, he said, Time is passing.

It's not so bad, she said.

I don't know, Honey. I think the Joneses have passed us up.

You have a good job, and it'll get better. You provide for us.

He kissed her. She wiped the cream from her hands before she touched him.

He was not an easy man to work for. Mistakes irritated him; he did not hesitate to point them out to those who erred. He believed people were happier when they did their best, and he told them so. Everyone was equal in his eyes: male and female, black and white. No one escaped criticism for an error, even if it came in the form of a long coffee break or an unexcused morning lateness. Some people said he was grumpy, an old woman rather than a middle-aged man. Neither was he an easy man to supervise: his ways were set, he knew what was best for the company, and he did not hesitate to say so. He did not deviate from the rules: there were no shortcuts, he abhorred cheating in any form, the thought of stealing a paper clip or a moment was odious to him. When he refused to reconsider scrapping a thousand gross of journey crosses because an indeterminate number had been forged with one side three-hundredths of an inch too short, the vice-president congratulated him, taking responsibility for the error as his own.

His dismissal was the greatest surprise of his life. What did I do? he asked.

You didn't *do* anything, the vice-president said. You're simply not promotable in the job. God almighty, you must know that by now, man.

I like my job. I do it well. You told me I do it well. You told me how valuable I am to the company.

It's policy. We don't want any first-line supervisors who can't be promoted. It's policy. I can't do anything about it.

But I haven't done anything. I don't steal, not even a paper clip, not even a piece of notepaper. I never let down on quality. I gave it all I had.

You can't argue your way back into the job. Make it easy on yourself. The vice-president offered his hand. While they shook hands, the vice-president took an envelope from his pocket. He said it was a check for fifteen weeks' severance and four weeks' vacation pay.

When he left the vice-president's office, he went to the men's room to wash his face with cold water, especially his eyes, which were burning and itching, as if he'd been touched by some industrial pollutant. He looked at himself in the mirror above the sink. It was an honest face. The thinning hair, the eye-

glasses, the fold of flesh above his shirt collar, the beard so blue-gray and steely on his white skin, the manly pores of the skin on his nose, everything about him was forthright, decent. He was an ordinary, hard-working American, a veteran, a taxpayer, a father, a Rockefeller Republican—and he had been fired!

He cleaned out his desk and took the pictures off the wall behind him, sorting out what was his from what was theirs. He had three tins of aspirin. Was that wasteful, he wondered, or had the headaches been so bad?

Everything fit into his attaché case, the present his wife and children had given him the Christmas after his promotion. The case was scarred, one lock was broken, and he had put a piece of adhesive tape on the handle where the leather had come loose. The tape was gray now. He paused to consider it for a moment. The time was all there on the piece of tape, every morning, every evening, all the work he had taken home to do on the kitchen table. He slammed the case shut, closed the one lock that still worked, and left his office. He said goodbye to no one. He had been a severe man, an honest man, one who gave no quarter. That had been his value to the company. Even now, he wasted no one's time in farewells.

On the way home he tried to make a plan, knowing that a man couldn't go about looking for a job in a haphazard manner. Discipline was important. He would get up at the same time, he would shower and shave and catch the same train he always caught. He would not spend time in bars, he would not go to the ballgames in the afternoons; he knew all the failings of weak men.

She kept coming to mind, more than the job-hunting, more than the children. What would she do? What would she say? She would cry, she would think of the bills, she would hug the children. When they went to bed, she would not put cream on her hands, saying they could no longer afford it. Late at night, after he had gone to sleep, she would permit herself to cry; he would know by the redness around her eyes in the morning.

At the station there was a woman selling orange and gold and rusty-brown autumn flowers. He bought a bunch from her. They were only a dollar and they would look so good, so cheery on the dining-room table. They were just right for the green vase.

He opened the front door and called out to her, Hi, Honey! It was like every other evening. He smelled the food cooking in the kitchen, a chicken roasting; he hoped she had basted it with orange juice.

She came hurrying out of the kitchen, through the dining room, wiping her hands on her apron. Her hair was so neat, the same bangs she had always worn, the gray not spoiling it at all; her face was so sweet, made sweeter by the weight she had gained in the past few years. He held the flowers out to her.

It's an occasion, she said. She blushed, running the last few steps, embracing him, dancing him half a turn. It's an occasion! She leaned her head back to watch his face.

You know how valuable they say I am.



THERE WERE many secrets he did not know. There were many secrets he only imagined. He could not distinguish between real secrets and imagined secrets; it was logically impossible so long as both remained secret. Like an ambitious man, like a fearful man, like an ordinary man, he gave much of his time to wondering about secrets of both classes. He liked to think, however, that he gave the most time to the real secrets—not that he knew, but it pleased him to think so.

When at last he was made a senior officer of the company in charge of administration, many of the secrets became available to him. He did not pursue them immediately, preferring to wait a decent amount of time before prying. Some secrets came to him as a matter of course in his new position: the perquisites he had imagined were, in fact, real; the forward-looking research projects he had suspected were best kept secret, for there were none; the facilitating payments to agents of foreign governments were greater in number and smaller in amount than he had suspected; and so on.

No secret interested him more than his own personnel file, part of which was open to his inspection and part of which was available only to senior executives. It included the results of a security check by the Department of Defense, personal letters from other executives, health records, performance data, and various criticisms that had been accumulated over his years of service.

He asked the director of personnel, who now reported to him, to bring him the files of all the senior executives for his review. Half an hour later, the files, in correct alphabetical order, were on his desk. All were marked *Confidential.* He pulled his own file from the stack, opened it, and began reading. There were no surprises. The secrets he had

imagined were only imagined.

He began to wonder about himself. Was he a dull man? A drudge? A bore?

If there were no secrets in his file, why was the file a secret? What is the purpose of secrets? He considered declaring all the files open, ending the secrecy. But he did not, for he knew, in an automatic way, that without real secrets there could be no imagined secrets. He sent the files back, keeping the secret.



THE PIRANHA had been very close to death. He had been bleeding for days, perhaps a week, losing his strength, watching the color of himself pale away. Finally, he could not move and the light did not come with the morning. His wife was only three feet away in the other bed, but he could neither see nor hear her. He knew she was there. He knew it was summer. The early light would awaken her. He waited, praying, Hail, Mary, full of grace. . . .

His sight came back in spots and streaks. He heard a low hissing in his ears before he heard a true sound. He felt pains in his joints before he felt the pain of the needle in his left arm. Doctors and nurses stood by the side of his bed. His wife was somewhere in the farther part of the room; he heard her voice.

You've had a close call, the doctor told him after his blood pressure was near to normal again. What you have to do now is get that sore in your gut completely healed and then make sure it doesn't happen again. Diet will help, but you can't solve the whole problem with a bland diet; you're going to have to change your life-style. The problem you have is caused by stress.

I'm not under stress, the Piranha said. I cause stress for other people. That's what senior management is supposed to do. I tell my managers they've come to work for a Piranha, that if they don't perform I'll eat 'em up alive.

Is that effective?

They perform, the Piranha answered. No vice-president of our company gets more out of his people than I do. I drive them, and they perform, and they love it. My guys are happy because they're winners.

You could have died, the doctor said.

Country boys are tough, Doc.

The doctor nodded. He seemed weary, as if he were also bleeding. He said he would come back in the late afternoon.

The Piranha's wife came to stand at his bedside. She took his hand in hers and squeezed it, not speaking, looking down at her pale husband. Everything was white: his skin, the hospital gown, the sheets, his thick, wavy hair. I was so frightened, she said. You were hardly breathing.

Don't worry about me. I'll be back at work in a week.

She shook her head: The doctor said it would be a long time.

A business doesn't manage itself, Honey. If I stay out for a long time, they'll have to find someone else to manage my people. It's not that I'm worried about my job, nothing like that. But there's work to be done, the company has to keep moving. We're on the verge of breaking a billion dollars in sales. Think of it! A billion dollars. That's a milestone, like the Hall of Fame or the Academy Award or something. A billion dollars. We made something out of nothing, we put a lot of people to work. It isn't just making money, business is how people live. What do you think would happen to people without business? We'd all starve, that's what. We'd go back to living in caves. This world works on the power of business. We eat because we work, and we can work because we have businesses, structures that give us the opportunity. So we can't just slough off, coast along, you know what I mean. You've got to drive. Work, create goods, sell goods, make more, work harder. That's life, that's what we were put on earth for. The Garden of Eden is closed for the duration: men earn the good life by their own sweat. And that's what's right with the world. A guy can grow up in a hick town on the Canadian border and move himself from there to this office, to this view, the comforts of home and a fat paycheck, too. Can you beat that? Can you match it anywhere else on earth? This is the best time in the best country and you're working for the best, fastest growing, most aggressive company in American industry. You're with the doers, the makers, that's why you can be a winner. This is your chance. Take it.



SOME MEN are pleased to give orders and some men are pleased to take orders. There are a few men, however, who

wish neither to give orders nor to take them, but to live in the between of the world, where the pleasure is in knowing the orders. Such men ordinarily become scholars or journalists, the true detectives of this world; and a very few live in corporations, in the role of confidant, advisor, and ghost speaker. They are the intellectual beadles of business, those who know.

Like many beadles, he smoked a pipe, dressed in severe suits and white shirts, walked about in vest and shirtsleeves whenever he was deep in thought, lacked the composure to speak in public or even to large groups of employees, and strove hard to appear wise, for he was ruthlessly self-aware, and he knew that the appearance of wisdom gave him power.

When he was a young man, working in one of the subsidiary companies, he had learned that wisdom was a form of magic, of foreknowledge. Wise men, he had written in one of the notebooks he kept in his youth, truly wise men are in danger of appearing foolish in an irrational world. He determined therefore to limit his wisdom to what he knew with certainty of the future. Gossip, eavesdropping, reading upside down, and artfully phrased questions were his early methods. As he became more subtle in his understanding of the company, he learned to read between the lines of memoranda and the company newspaper. He even gleaned information from press releases and executive speeches.

He did not rise to a high position quickly, as some technologists and financial experts do; he moved slowly from job to job within the company, always using the inside understanding of the newest job to demonstrate his capacity to perform in the next. He predicted, he knew before others at his level, he even knew before the man directly above him, he was always the wisest man at his level in the corporation.

People came to him for advice, and he used what he learned in one discussion to give him greater insight for the next. He became encyclopedic. The rumor of his brilliance rose to the executive floor.

Public relations, personnel, planning, government relations, siting, and study groups were the jobs he was given. He avoided production and marketing jobs, in which the restrictions of numerical evaluation were, in his opinion, too limiting for a man of his special talents. In the main, he was a kind of conduit, a confidential man who described himself as a catalyst. His description of himself was curious, for his true function was to slow the movements of the corporation, to keep actions under control. Whatever happened quickly upset him, for he liked his predictions to be dramatic, long-range views.

In time, he came to be part of the inner circles of management, not the innermost circle, perhaps, but very close. He separated himself from other employees by his knowledge of secrets. He was slightly aloof, as if his emotional distance were a necessary device for the protection of secrets. He enjoyed the position, describing himself to his wife and children as one of the few men who did not suffer executive loneliness.

When they asked him to explain the phrase *executive loneliness* he said it was something no one outside business could understand, that it had to do with one's distance from the chairman, who was the only true and useful friend one could have in the corporation.

His family did not understand. They did not like his business. They were interested in expensive schools and expensive stores. Their favorite hotel was the Gritti Palace. They flew tourist class because they were annoyed by the attentions of the cabin attendants in first class. They rode horses and knew the vintage years of a remarkable number of wines. His wife was beautiful, his children were charming. They tolerated him and his business. He did not spend a great deal of time with them.

He harbored fantastic ambitions, aspirations to the presidency, the chairmanship, some special designation within the corporation, or a government position, perhaps as head of some commission to study a certain social or political problem; but he understood his fantasies for what they were. He was an inside man. Publicity would destroy his usefulness within the corporation.

Contentment did not become him, he said. He liked to fret. He held up the chewed stem of his pipe to demonstrate his tendency to worry. Nevertheless, at the age of fifty-six he considered himself a man still on the rise, albeit with rather clouded goals.

It amused him when the vice-president for labor relations and personnel asked if he was going to write the president's farewell address. He laughed: Only newspapers and angels write obituaries in advance. The vice-president looked puzzled, but he said no more.

Later in the day, following an administrative committee meeting that he attended as an ex-officio member, he walked down the hall with the president. There's a rumor that you're resigning, he said to the president; I don't think that's good.

It's not a rumor.

No one told me.

I'm sorry, the president said. May I have your permission?

He had a dozen questions: Who? Why? When? It was vital to know the name of his successor. But they had arrived at the door to the president's office, and he turned in without another word.

Left alone in the hallway, he began to think that they might have excluded him for a specific reason: he was the choice. They were polling other members of the executive committee and the board before coming to him. He should have known, he should have known all along. The chairman was gregarious, a good speaker, a first-rate financial man; the vice-chairman was a brilliant operating man, a thinker; a wise man was needed to complete the picture. Wasn't the outgoing president Phi Beta Kappa, holder of three advanced degrees, the most educated man who had ever held a senior management position in the corporation?

He went to his office, nodded to his secretary, then closed the door to his inner office to permit himself to sit in the quiet of the wood and leather, to fill and light his pipe, to think. In that room, where subtleties floated in the air like the airborne seeds of autumn awaiting the grasp of his willing hand, the fantasy failed. It was not him. It could never be him. They knew the histrionic quality of his wisdom. They were the makers of secrets; his power lay with the receivers. No. It was not him. They only used him. It was not him, it would never be him.

He filled his pipe, packed the tobacco with his tar-stained thumb. The odor of the tobacco was familiar, there was no more excitement in the blend. He lit a match and held it over the bowl of the pipe, drawing the flame down into the tobacco. The smoke was bitter, it irritated the tip of his tongue. Perhaps the bowl of the pipe was burnt out. His hands were trembling. He felt a knot of constriction in the left side of his chest. He could not guess who would be the next president.



THE VICE-PRESIDENT of human relations said that the change of chief executive officers had deeply affected his life: Fifteen years ago I was vice-president of personnel, five years ago I was vice-president of industrial relations, a year ago I became vice-president of human relations. I sit at the same desk and do the same job. If I last through one more chairman, I'm sure I'll become vice-president of human interactions.

When the chairman was a Protestant, the Protestants were disappointed; when the chairman was a Catholic, the Catholics were disappointed. If we ever have a woman as chairman, the women will be disappointed. So you see, it does matter who sits at the top.

It wasn't the chairman who failed the company, it was the oil crisis that failed the chairman.

Yes, it is foolish not to have names or even numbers on the doors to the executives' offices, the chairman said. It is also pretentious, confusing, and wasteful of people's time. But there have never been names or numbers on the doors.

I get paid $326,000 a year to avoid precipitous change, the chairman said. As long as I do the inevitable, I'm the right man at the right time in the right job.

You're a powerful man, the interviewer said to the chairman.

In what way?

You have power over people. You could fire anyone in this company.

There are 85,000 people in this company, the chairman said. Half of them are not giving us a day's work for a day's pay. If I fire 10 percent, it will decimate the company. What would you call it if I fired 50 percent?



SHE DID NOT want to cry. She refused to cry. A woman with an MBA who earned $22,000 a year and supervised a staff of professionals should not cry, did not cry. He was wrong. He was the director. He was intelligent, experienced, a good judge of people, a fair-minded man in most instances, but every now and then he was wrong.

A month before he had been so decent, avuncular, even fatherly in confronting what she considered not only her failure but the failure of all the analysts. Then he had praised her effort, now he criticized her success. She listened to his words again, seeking some clue: Too slow, too much manpower on the project wasn't worth it. In the time it took your group to complete the project, the entire category lost its salience.

She closed the door to her office, went back to her desk, took the tiny mirror out of her makeup bag, and carefully checked her mascara. With a piece of Kleenex, she dabbed at a spot under her right eye. It didn't come off. She wet the tip of the Kleenex on her tongue and rubbed lightly. There was nothing more to do. She put the makeup kit back in her purse.

There were no telephone messages, she had dealt with the morning mail. No one was waiting to see her. It was still an hour before lunch. She looked at the pile of clips on her credenza. The article on the top was from *Iron Age*. She would read it later, after dinner, in the quiet of her own apartment.

Had she made an error? Why hadn't he spoken to her earlier, if he thought she was spending too much time on the project? He had seen her project report, he had initialed the memo.

When her group had misread the effect of the upward valuation of the yen on the electronics market, he hadn't been angry. He had said that no one could get inside the Japanese government to predict that they would have chosen not to dump on the U.S. market. You can't be faulted for that, he had said; they aren't called inscrutable for nothing.

Now, when she demonstrated that big steel was cutting prices while demanding protection, he criticized her. He hadn't even noticed their success in getting the transaction prices. Mercurial, that was the only possible description of the man's behavior. Maybe it was his time of the month. She laughed to herself. A bad joke. A good way to get into trouble. She felt a slight chill. The outline of her spine was sharp against her skin.

She turned on the dictaphone and addressed a memo to him. Then she shut off the machine. It would be better to talk to him in person. He knew things. He had connections, old friends in the business, he heard rumors. If she was going to continue with the parts-manufacturing project, it would be best to stay close to him about it, to ask his advice, to be there when he changed his mind, if he changed his mind. As the Japanese said, she would read his stomach. She was pleased; she had learned how to handle him.



HE READ the file carefully, glancing up at the man across the desk as he came to the end of each page. The face above the gray suit and careful tie was unreadable, a mixture of responses thickened and disguised with middle age. The eyes were hurt, the mouth was angry, but overall there was a smugness, an unaccountable satisfaction in the whole of the face that faced him. He noted that the man had a Connecticut nose, an American perfection.

The file was thick. It had not been culled for outdated material. He was looking at a man from Princeton and Wharton, a man who had served as an officer in the Navy, played tennis on his college team, married at the right age, had children properly spaced. A Connecticut man sat opposite him, neither speaking nor smoking nor even moving uncomfortably in the awkwardness of the situation. He looked up at the man again. Not only was his nose perfect, his eyes were blue, his cheeks had the darkness of a man's beard and the underlying blush of good health, and his hair, dark blond, had begun to gray at the temples.

Was there no promise in the man? What did he lack? What had he lost? For a moment the president of the company considered asking personal questions, probing for the failing. He checked himself: he was an engineer, not a psychologist—he measured men by their performance.

The record defended the man. His performance was never described as less than satisfactory. He was praised for his articulateness, his manners, his education, his style, his sociability. He was a man of gracefulness. Either he was courageous or he was fearless. His calm in difficult moments was admirable. His staff admired him, and his immediate supervisor liked him. He worked within the allotted time.

He had been fired.

You were right, the president said, and I apologize for that. The evaluations weren't great, but they were all okay.

Then why have I been terminated?

The president looked down at the termination papers. He read the comment below the instructions on reasons for dismissal. The box next to the words *Would not rehire* had been checked. He read the comment aloud: *Lacks initiative. No imagination. Does not seem to really care about his work. No chance for promotion. He would do best to try and make a fresh start somewhere else.*

What caused the sudden change of heart? Could it be that I threatened him? There is, after all, a difference in our backgrounds, in what we bring to the party, so to speak.

What would you like me to do? Would you like me to reinstate you?

That would create an impossible situation.

Yes.

There was nothing more to say. The president looked down at the file on his desk. He touched the papers, neatened the stack, put them inside the folder with the man's name on the tab. He shrugged. You've been badly treated, he said. I'm sorry for that.

I was deceived.

I think that's possible.

To what purpose?

Maybe he wanted to be kind to you, maybe he wanted to give you a chance. It's very difficult to speak of a man's failings.

Of course, but he didn't hesitate in the termination paper.

Yes, I read it, the president said. He did not like the turn of the conversation. Why did the man want to put him in a corner? What had he done? Hadn't he consented to talk to the man after he had been fired? He stood up and extended his hand across the desk, terminating the interview.

Good luck, the president said. I'm sure you'll land somewhere and make a great success of your next job.

You do admit I was treated unfairly.

I admit nothing, the president said. A man tried to be too kind. It's no crime to be kind.

The man with the Connecticut nose mocked forgiveness with a smile. I hope no one is ever that kind to you, he said.

The interview was over. The man went out and the president sat down in his chair and put his feet up on the desk to think about what had happened. The intercom buzzed. He took calls. His secretary brought in the mail. He took more calls. A week later, while flying to London, he realized why the man with the Connecticut nose had irritated him: a man who reacted with such calm to being fired was admirable in many ways, but not suited to their style of doing business.



HE ARRIVED in New York in the late afternoon, a big man, going skinny in late middle age, bending like a stalk of wheat in a steady wind. His voice was thin and cracked. He spoke slowly, with an Ohio twang and an Indiana twang and a drawl befitting his demeanor. He liked to laugh and to drink good whiskey, and his fingernails were black from working with greased machinery even though he had been a plant superintendent for seventeen years. When describing himself to a reporter from the company newspaper, he said, I'm American, Protestant, Republican, and a damn good engineer out of Ohio State.

The taxi took him midtown to a hotel near the company headquarters building. He carried a large black portfolio containing a series of cardboard placards filled with numbers and drawings and a new unbreakable plastic suitcase packed with one complete change of clothes and fifteen copies of the placards reduced to regular sheets of paper and stapled into blue folders with the company name printed in raised letters on the front. He called it a mission; he intended to ask the company to spend $8.6 million to modernize the plant he had managed over the past seventeen years.

His chances of getting the money were good, he thought. Heat exchangers and a small computer to turn all the machinery off and on simultaneously would reduce the fuel bill; he projected a four-year payout at current gas and electricity prices. He would have more trouble because of the longer payout on an electric-induction furnace and an automatic laser device for hardening the valve seats in the gas-compressor pumps built in his plant; but they would come across if he was a good salesman. The rest of the changes he wanted to make were more or less optional: soundproofing, a new paint booth, devices to monitor grinding equipment, a numerically controlled milling machine to improve the deep dies.

He did not expect to get it all. The executive committee never gave anyone all that he asked; that was their job. He would be satisfied with 80 percent, 60 percent, if it was the right 60 percent. Sixty percent for a sixty-year-old superintendent, he told himself; that was the minimum. It would take almost five years to design the equipment and get it installed and working. When he retired, if they let him go to sixty-five, the plant would be up to date, sort of a model plant, if he said so himself.

The crowd at the registration desk surprised him. It looked like the shift change, everyone hurrying, carrying little packages. But these people were not factory workers. The women wore furs and many of the men wore expensive suits, although a few did not wear ties, but had their shirts open practically down to the belly button. He wouldn't let the men in the foundry do that, much as they liked to in summer; it was a safety hazard—a man could get a helluva burn that way.

He ate dinner in the coffee shop of the hotel: liver and bacon and spinach to give him strength and settle his nerves for the meeting the next day. Not that his nerves were bad, considering the im-



BECAUSE the cork is the guardian of the wine, the corksmith judges the quality choosing only the finest straight-grained Portuguese cork to protect our crisp French Colombard. Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

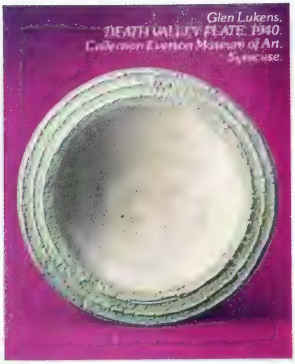
THE WINERY OF
ERNEST & JULIO
GALLO



French Colombard of Calif.
Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA

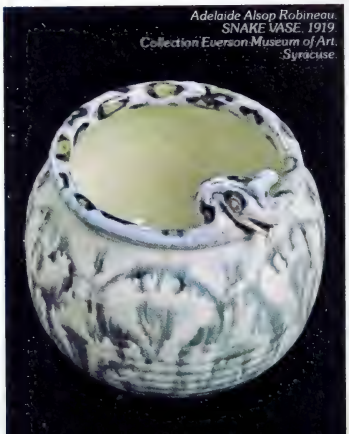
New vie


Jack Earl.
DOG WITH PINK SHOES.
1969. Collection
Robert and Jean Pfannebecker.


Glen Lukens.
DEATH VALLEY PLATE. 1940.
Collection Everson Museum of Art,
Syracuse.



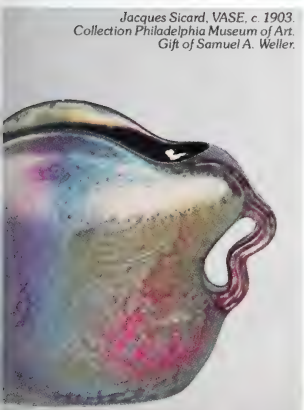

Mary Chase Perry. JAR. c. 2959.
Collection Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum,
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.


Adelaide Alsop Robineau.
SNAKE VASE. 1919.
Collection Everson Museum of Art,
Syracuse.

of earth.



Ka-Kwong Hui, CERAMIC FORM, 1967. Collection Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse.



Jacques Sicard, VASE, c. 1903. Collection Philadelphia Museum of Art. Gift of Samuel A. Weller.

These are pictures of objects which, close up, cry out to be touched, to be handled and felt. Their lure is elemental and ancient: they are made of earth, formed by hand, transformed by fire. They are part of a major and fascinating exhibition, "A Century of Ceramics in the United States, 1878-1978."

They give us a new view of a craft older by far than all recorded history and of its vital and vibrant present as an art form in the United States. Arranged decade by decade, they tell us, in the deceptively simple terms of pots and plates, forms and figures, of our own history over the past hundred years from horse-and-buggy to voyages in space. And they tell us, too, that our native artists, at least in this medium, have neither lost touch with our human heritage nor with their ever-fresh ability to create new responses to it.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition. In our business, as in yours, we need fresh and creative responses to old challenges. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"A Century of Ceramics in the United States, 1878-1978," organized by Everson Museum of Art Syracuse, N.Y. It appeared there from May 5 to September 23, 1979. Subsequent showings include the Renwick Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., November 8, 1979 to January 27, 1980; Cooper-Hewitt Museum, The Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, New York City, February 26, 1980 to May 25, 1980. Additional showings will be announced at a later date. This exhibition is made possible by grants from Philip Morris Incorporated and Miller Brewing Company as well as the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts.



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portance of the meeting. It was just that he didn't want to disappoint the people back at the plant. Of course, if he made a fool of himself, they might, just might, decide to retire him early, and he couldn't afford that. Ginny had come home after eleven years of marriage and four kids. Somebody had to care for those kids. Sure as hell her goddamn wop husband wasn't going to do it. Four kids. He estimated that it would cost him 400,000-plus in constant dollars to see them all through college.

After looking at the dinner check, $11.82, he thought about revising the estimate upward.

He went for a walk on Fifth Avenue after dinner, stopping in a bargain store to buy gifts for the grandchildren: two liquid-crystal watches, a camera, and a small telescope. The department stores were all closed, so he went into a bookstore and bought an art book for his daughter and a French cookbook for his wife. He gave a quarter to a blind man with a mangy dog and bought two pencils from a legless man who sat on the sidewalk stroking a pet rabbit.

It was only nine-thirty Indiana time when he went up to his room. He washed and put on his pajamas and watched television for a while before he put his partials in a glass of water to soak overnight, urinated, shined up his shoes with a chemically treated paper, and went to bed. It was quiet in the room, the bed was hard, the linen was fresh and only a little scratchy, but he could not sleep.

He got up, turned on the light, picked up one of the folders from his suitcase, and took it back to bed with him. All the pages were in order, all the typographical errors had been corrected. He studied the material. The numbers were right. His estimates were on the conservative side. Would they think he was too radical? Was he acting like a foolish old man? The plant was turning a profit, a good profit. It had been a money-maker since his second year as superintendent. Maybe they would think he was a fool to want to spend $8.6 million.

For a while he practiced the speech he had made up to go along with the charts. He always talked off the cuff, he liked to talk, people didn't frighten him. Maybe he would have done well to have written out his speech. He could get lost up there in front of the executive committee, forget his best points, repeat himself, just go blank. It wasn't unheard of for a man to go blank in front of the executive committee.

He closed the light and went back to bed, but he could not sleep. He thought of his wife, of Ginny and the children. Pictures of them came before his eyes in the dark. He smiled at them. An hour passed. Still he could not sleep. He felt warm. These New Yorkers always kept it too hot in their houses. He kicked the covers down and lay stretched out on the bed with his feet reaching almost to the edge. He began to perspire. His ears rang. He felt his heart pounding in his chest. His chest was like a great steel drum, amplifying the sound and the pounding. At first he thought it was a heart attack, but there was no pain. His chest tightened, he had difficulty taking in air, but still there was no pain.

He lay quietly on the bed, waiting to die, surely to die. His whole body clanged. His heart had no certain rhythm. Something had closed the valve to his lungs; he could pull no air into them. He tried to think of his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren, wanting to have them in his thoughts as he died, but he did not die. His sweat turned cold, his ears rang, the pounding of his heart shook his chest, but he did not die.

Never in his life had he been so filled with fear, not even in Belgium when the German artillery found the range of his squadron and he saw the tanks up ahead burning, exploding, throwing men and pieces of men into the fiery air. Now he was alone and old and the explosions were inside him. But he did not die.

He was not a cowardly man, nor was he unresourceful. He needed someone to help him: his wife, a doctor, someone. He lifted the telephone receiver from its cradle and dialed the operator.

After many rings, a voice said, Operator.

Help me, he said. His voice was only a whisper.

Operator.

Hello.

This is the operator, sir. May I help you?

Yes. Hold my hand. Please send up someone to hold my hand.



AS A MATTER of course, he advised his clients, when approached on the subject, to adopt a bonus system and to use it at all levels of management above first-line supervision. A CPA has no credentials for discussing management policy, he told them, let alone industrial psychology, but for what it's worth, I think the bonus system is a great motivator. The financial benefits to the company are easier to demonstrate. First, you keep the money during the year, earning interest on it. And that can amount to an appreciable sum. Second, you have the option in a poor year to withhold bonus payments, which may be sub-

stantial. In other words, your management salaries become much more on the variable rather than the fixed side. And finally, you need never pay your people more in salary and bonus than you would have paid them in salary. Give it some thought, keeping in mind that just fifty bonuses at $20,000 each amounts to $1 million; it really can make quite a difference.

Without fail, they asked if his company used the bonus system. To which he always answered, Yes, and very effectively. Despite my awareness of its utility to the company I never fail to feel enormous gratitude.

He did not tell them his dependence on the bonus system, how he planned on a certain amount each year, based on the profits in his office and the overall performance of the company. Nor did he tell them that he had been driven by family circumstances to achieve an ever larger bonus.

This year, for example, he might have said, there were two incidents that greatly increased his needs. His daughter had matriculated at a private college in the East, and while a spoiled freshman romance had ruined her first year academically, he held great hope that she would recover. The problem with his son was unexpected. The city's new busing program had brought a large number of blacks into his school, and it had been a disaster: the blacks had not performed at the level of middle-class whites, but the whites, including his son, had declined to the level of underprivileged ghetto students. Worse, his son had been mugged twice: once on the playground and once while walking home from school. He and his wife had decided to enroll the boy in a private day school.

Cleveland's best neighborhoods were declining, they had said to each other. Busing hadn't helped anyone. Fortunately, the bonus would enable them to pay $3,500 a year to the day school. It couldn't be helped if the boy got snobbish attitudes from attending a private school; his future was at stake. They had to do what was best for him.

Events seemed to have conspired to help him, he told her. The new savings-and-loan account they had just taken on was the biggest mess he had ever encountered. He was putting in hundred-hour weeks, like a New York investment banker, trying to straighten out the problem before either the state banking commission or the federal examiners went over the books. The savings and loan had obviously been red-lining, and at the same time, they had been misrepresenting the quality of the loans they were making.

It'll be a very profitable year for us, he said, if only because I don't get paid overtime. Fortunately, they'll make it up in my bonus. He expected $15,000. But sometimes at night, after his wife had gone to bed, he sat at the desk in the living room and calculated what he would have after taxes if the bonus came to seventeen-five or twenty or even twenty-five. Twenty-five wouldn't be out of line, considering the way things were going.

The recommendation for his bonus was made by the regional director, who sent it to the director of national operations, who made his comments and passed it on to the bonus committee. Three outside directors and two inside directors sat on the committee. None of them knew him, of course, although he had met the treasurer and the chairman of the board on several occasions, but it was not important, because they declared a bonus fund and then divided it up according to the recommendations.

On the day the regional director was to come to Cleveland (all bonuses were handed out personally, along with praise and promises for years to come), he asked his wife to meet him at the office. Let's have dinner out tonight, he said. We don't have to go to an expensive place.

It was a ritual they practiced. The bonus checks were always delivered at that time of year. He always led her to believe the bonus would be smaller than it actually was. She always pretended to be surprised. And they always went to a very good restaurant, the same one they went to on her birthday.

The regional director arrived in the office shortly after noon. He didn't have time for a fancy lunch, he said, because he wanted to get to the Detroit office before five, and then drive to Toledo to spend the night. He made the usual speech, then took a white envelope from his pocket and gave it to his office manager.

The check was for $7,500 less deductions for federal and state income tax and Social Security.

I think there's a mistake, the office manager said.

The district manager laughed. Do you think we need a good auditor?

It's the amount. I've had a hellish year here. We've made a lot of money, but it's cost me a lot. I'm tired. I've been working seven days a week for I don't know how long. You know what went on with that savings-and-loan problem.

We've all worked hard, the district manager said.

But this is the same as I got last year. I can't get along with this amount. I made plans. For God's sake, you know what I put in. Is this what you recommended?

I don't recommend the amount. You know how the system works. All I can do is tell them that you did a great job, a marvelous job. I couldn't ask more from a man. In fact, I'm embarrassed by how you worked.

I only took one week of vacation.

I'm sorry. Maybe this year will be a little more normal.

They must have made a mistake. I think I should ask them.

The district manager shrugged. If you like.

The manager rubbed his forehead in the palm of his hand. He said, speaking to himself, What can they do to me for asking? It could really be a clerical error, not a mistake in judgment.

Send a letter to the committee. It's your decision.

You're advising against it, the office manager said.

It's between you and the committee. I made my recommendation. That's all I do. I make a recommendation in writing. They consider it along with all the others. Look, I don't even know those people. I don't know how they would react, and that's the truth. Now, you do what you want.

Were you surprised by the size of my check?

No one ever gets as much as he hoped for.

Did you? the office manager wanted to ask. Did you get a fat bonus this year or did you get screwed, too? Instead he asked, Will they take it out on me next year?

I would hope not.

What should I do?

Keep up the good work. I mean that, it's not just a platitude. If you let your attitude go to hell over one bonus, you'll just suffer for it next year. Forget this year, think about next year. He looked at his watch. I've got a plane to catch, he said. Keep your pecker up, and you'll be all right.

When the office manager was alone, he put the check in the inside pocket of his suitcoat and went to stare out the window. To think. He looked at the city. It was the colorless time, before the lights and the neon signs began to come to life in contrast to the night sky. He heard an ambulance or a police car or a fire engine from somewhere below. He saw the bright tops of taxis. The streets were quiet, the city was sickly, failing socially, weakening economically, the streets were always quiet. He looked at the time and temperature sign. Snow was expected. His wife was coming to meet him in three hours and twenty-seven minutes.



HIS FIRST CONTACT with the product came on a visit to the labs. He was assistant product manager for the window cleaner, and he had gone to the chemistry building to talk about a possible change in the formulation of the product caused by the change from aerosol to manually operated pump dispensers. A young fellow who worked with synthetic waxes showed him what he called the most extraordinary breakthrough in wood-care products since bees began making wax. The chemist sprayed an unpleasant-smelling liquid onto a piece of dull wood and asked the assistant product manager to observe what happened. The drops of sprayed liquid spread across the surface of the wood, forming an even coat of whitish, translucent glaze. The glaze slowly lost its sheen as the liquid seemed to be absorbed by the wood. As the color of the wood returned to its previous state, the liquid seemed to have completely evaporated.

Touch the wood, the chemist said.

He did. It was dry to his touch and slightly warm.

The chemist put the piece of wood down on the work table and asked the assistant product manager to watch carefully for the next three full minutes.

As if by magic, the wood began to shine. The reflection became brighter and brighter until, after the full three minutes, the assistant product manager could clearly see his face reflected in the shining piece of wood. There was a red and black tie, a gray suit, a white shirt with maroon stripes. He bent closer to the wood to examine the color of his eyes in the reflection. On the surface of the brown wood were two black circles surrounded by blue.

Fantastic, he said. Absolutely fantastic.

The chemist nodded. It has problems, he said. It's too expensive, the stuff stinks, as you may have noticed, and the manufacturing process will be very difficult.

I think you've really got something there.

Actually, the chemist said, we're all pretty excited.

What's the next step?

We go to management, get a product manager, and take it to market.

I'll take it to market for you, the assistant product manager said. I've been looking for this kind of opportunity.

That's great, the chemist said.

A moment of laughter and camaraderie followed. The chemist who worked on the window cleaner confessed to the assistant product manager that they had been hoping he would have a positive reaction. They wanted a young man to handle the product, not one of the old farts who always moved so slowly that competitors beat them into the market. There were warm handshakes, arms round each other's shoulders, more laughter. They went out-

side the research center to have a lunch of celebration in a nearby German restaurant. They drank great steins of dark beer, covered their food with applesauce, and predicted a shining future for themselves and for all the wood floors of America and the world.

He went to the vice-president for marketing to ask for the assignment as product manager on the new magic wax. After all, he said, there was nothing but caretaker work left on the window cleaner. It had 97 percent distribution and a 66 percent share of market.

What about closing out the aerosols? the vice-president asked.

The formula stays the same, the product costs us almost six cents less, and it tests out at the same price as the aerosol.

And the use rate?

There's more product in the spray-pump container, but the delivery system is less efficient. It all depends on what's left in the bottom of the bottle. We're estimating that it will remain the same, plus or minus 2 percent.

Four percent is a helluva lot of bottles of window cleaner.

I don't think we can get closer until we go through a full repurchase cycle.

The vice-president smiled. The young man pleased him. You've got the wax, he said. Keep me informed on the development. I don't want quarterly reports, either. Let me know what's going on at every step. If I can help, I will. Don't be afraid to ask for help; that's what I'm here for.

It was a good time in the new product manager's life. His salary was raised, he moved his family into a new house, he was invited to join a country club, he and his wife spent their first vacation in Europe. He had a sense of well-being, he put money into a savings account, and he began to read the stock-market reports. His new office was elegantly furnished; for the first time, he was consulted on the colors and styles he preferred—he asked that a picture he did not like be removed from the wall and replaced with something more brightly colored and optimistic.

Development of the product moved quickly. The smell was changed by the addition of a masking lemon odor. A miniature manufacturing process was designed to produce the product in batches large enough to sustain a test market. Package design, market positioning, pricing studies, everything moved forward quickly. An advertising agency was appointed. He made trips to New York, where he ate in French restaurants and attended the theater. Everyone who came in contact with the new wax with the magical properties was excited by it.

He reported the results of the first test with consumers as phenomenal. The advertising tested equally well. A computer model of the market indicated a 40 percent share of market could be achieved in a year, given 75 percent distribution, heavy sampling, and only a modest advertising budget for media.

The first test market came that spring in Milwaukee. He went with the salesmen on their calls to buyers for supermarkets. The salesmen carried a sample piece of wood with them, but they preferred to demonstrate the wax on the buyer's desk or the floor of his office. Distribution exceeded 75 percent. The repurchase rate was astonishing. Women bought one bottle to try out the wax and came back to buy enough to wax every floor in the house.

He went home from Milwaukee to plan the national roll-out for that fall. There were packaging orders, sampling and advertising schedules to coordinate with sales and distribution, thousands of details to attend to, and there was the conversion of a plant to be watched, for the sales reports and computer modeling had convinced management to make the investment. Meanwhile, his salary had been raised again. Some people said he was a young genius for having recognized the potential of the new product. Nice words, congratulatory words were sent to him in memos. Promises were implied.

The national roll-out began in September. Sales were as expected at wholesale, and the product moved off the shelves even faster than predicted. He had been purposely conservative. He understood company politics, he had ambitions.

Suddenly, sales of the wax stopped. The repurchase rate dropped to zero in market after market throughout the Northeast and Midwest. The pipeline filled and then overflowed. Production at the new plant was slowed and then stopped. He sat in his office, day after day, staring at the walls, examining the brightly colored, optimistic picture he had requested. The nice memos no longer arrived in the mail. People he met in the halls and in the dining room had little to say to him. Something was wrong with the product, he was certain, but he did not know what. He took bottle after bottle off the shelf in his office, trying each one on various kinds of wood and wood finishes. In every case, the magic wax worked.

He took the family to his in-laws' house in Vermont for the Christmas holiday. It had promised to be a week of skiing and good times in the big A-frame house, but he had no spirit. The whole family felt his distress. The children fought and cried, his wife caught cold. To cheer him, his mother-in-law bought a bottle of the magic wax at the supermarket near the ski lodge. Immediately on

coming home with the groceries she went to the living room of the house and sprayed all of the wood floor that was not covered with rugs.

When he came into the room to accept congratulations for the magic that saved his mother-in-law from polishing the wood floors, he saw it. Near the fireplace the floor shone and near the front door it was covered with a white film, as if someone had laid a thin sheet of waxed paper over the wood. He knelt down near the door and touched the gray film. It felt as smooth as the rest of the floor. He tried to wipe it away with his fingers, then he tried to polish it away with his handkerchief. After a long time he was able to rub the wax away, leaving the floor dull and unpolished.

Something had gone wrong in the plant. The product needed heat to work. The exothermic reaction he had felt in the lab had been lost in the reformulation that had brought down the cost. He was standing on a disaster. All around the country there were floors turning gray as winter touched them. He stood there for a long time, looking down at the floor. He did not know what to do. He was glad the floor did not shine in the place where he looked, because he did not want to see his own face.



HE EXPECTED a promotion. No one had told him, there was nothing official; but he knew, he had a feeling, something like anxiety, lacking only the dread. The feeling came to him like an itch in an unreachable place; it could be salved, but not by him. If there was any pleasure in this expectation, it was lost in the helplessness of the situation. A man who expects a promotion, like the sufferer of unreachable itches, neither initiates nor completes the situation, he waits.

The signs of promotion were subtle: an invitation to join a new committee, questions about the competence of the people under him to take on greater responsibility, the sudden availability of information that had previously been kept secret from him, an unexpected salary increase, and a change in the way his supervisors spoke to him, an approving softness, an invitation in their voices. He felt he was being seduced, but he did not know exactly who was seducing him or for what purpose.

He was invited to lunch with the executive vice-president, but they spoke only of football teams and inflation. He was invited to lunch with the president, but they spoke only of football teams and taxes.

Although nothing of his situation was discussed at the lunches, he understood them as initiations. He felt himself part of management. Complaints from people on his staff annoyed him, he became easily angered by mistakes, he asked people to take work home to meet schedules. When an article criticizing the company appeared in a newsmagazine, he told his wife that the reporters were liars. She responded by asking him not to shout at her.

He waited. He thought about luck. Two months after his lunch with the president he began to dream of heroic acts.



THE AMOUNTS were intolerable. It was not a question of three-martini lunches or theater tickets; the man was spending more than $50,000 a year, more than the travel-and-entertainment budget for the entire regional office. And of course he had receipts for everything but coatroom tips. One issue that might be brought up was whether any of the expenses were legitimate: he entertained only federal officials, Senators and Congressmen, and they did virtually no direct business with the government through his division.

On the other hand, the man had been assistant to the Undersecretary of the Navy during a previous Administration. He knew his way around Washington, and the office-products division sold everything from paper clips to file cabinets to the government. But the man was assigned to him, and his division sold machinery to manufacturers and parts suppliers.

Fifty-one thousand dollars! He stared at the printout, awed by the number. No other salesman in the division, perhaps in the entire company, spent one-tenth of that amount. The man was exactly as the comptroller described him, The Thief of Sans Souci.

The comptroller had other news, as well. He had flagged the printout of T&E costs for the region at 173 percent of budget. There would be trouble. Profit for the division was adversely affected, production for the region was down. A management review was indicated. The comptroller had advised him to get started on his written report to the senior vice-president in charge of marketing.

It was nearly seven o'clock. He had been sitting at his desk with the dictaphone in his hand for nearly an hour. The office was empty but for him and the cleaning women who passed through the halls with their carts and dust rags. He stared at the square microphone in his hand, then moved his gaze over to the printout, and back to the microphone. He was afraid to speak.

Why had he not spoken to the man? The expense reports passed across his desk, he initialed them, every one. Hadn't he realized what was happening? Why did he permit a man to spend three, four, even six hundred dollars for dinner night after night? Was he out of his mind? Was he getting some sort of kick-back? Something was very wrong, perhaps illegal; certainly illegal.

He could hear their questions, he imagined their conclusions, for they were the same conclusions he would reach, given the evidence. He did not know what would happen to him if he did not explain, and he did not know what would happen to him if he did explain.

Fifteen months ago, when the man had first been moved into the Washington regional office, with responsibility for several major accounts in the Baltimore industrial area, he had spoken with him about the rules for expenses. And the man had replied: Yes, I understand that those rules apply in ordinary situations, but my situation is not quite ordinary. You see, I have a dotted-line reporting relationship with the vice-chairman. Government relations reports to him, but I don't report to him through them; I'm doing something directly for him. By the way, the sort of thing I'm doing doesn't come cheap. I'll be turning in some very large expense accounts. It's Washington, you know. You can't impress a U.S. Congressman or even his administrative assistant with a bowl of chili and a handful of crackers.

We set sales goals, you know. No matter what you do for the vice-chairman, you'll have to meet your sales goals.

That may be impossible, the new man said.

In this division we meet sales goals or I'll know the reason why.

You'll have to take that up with the vice-chairman.

If the vice-chairman's so interested in you, why aren't you on his staff? He could put you in public relations or finance or government relations. What the hell are you doing here?

The new man smiled indulgently. I guess he wants to be careful about his lobbying costs.

Well, maybe I ought to have something in writing from him on this.

The new man laughed aloud.

Now he wished he had let his naiveté save him. Now he had either to put the whole story in writing in a report that could be subpoenaed or take the blame himself. Should he have known how to handle the situation? Should he have fired the man? What if the man had been lying, if he didn't have any dotted-line relationship to the vice-chairman? Should he have known how to bury the expenses? Should he have brought the whole situation to light a year ago?

He turned the dictaphone on, but he said nothing. The vice-chairman could destroy him. He turned the dictaphone off. He did not know what to say. He had never been so afraid.



FOR SIX YEARS he had watched the man in the office across the hall. He did not deceive himself about his reasons for moving his desk to the left or having his telephone moved to the other side of the desk. He was spying.

Neither did he deceive himself about his motivation for spying on the man across the hall. It was self-defense, survival, important to his wife and children as well as to him. No one had asked him to spy, he reported his findings to no one, he kept no journal, dictated no reports. He was his own client.

He had worked in the company for twenty-one years before he was appointed manager of customer service and warranty administration. Only a year after his appointment to the position the market for small home appliances had exploded: food processors and blenders, popcorn poppers, coffee grinders, electric broilers, electric can-openers and knife-sharpeners, dehumidifiers, hamburger cookers, electric shoe-shiners had all found a place in the market at approximately the same time. His job was split, warranty administration was given to the man across the hall. They reported to the same vice-president, they each had two people in every district office. He had a small staff to write and revise instruction manuals that were supplied with the appliances. The man across the hall had a small staff to write warranties and warranty policies.

Neither of them hoped for the vice-president's job. It called for an engineering degree and manufacturing experience. They were destined to remain in their present positions until retirement. Equals.

But were they really equals? The question had

haunted him ever since the man across the hall had joined the company. Each had one wife and three children. Each had been an officer in the Army, serving in Europe but avoiding combat. Each had attended a state university on the GI Bill after the war. He was taller by an inch than the man across the hall. His wife was better looking, especially now that the bosom of the other man's wife had taken a dive. It was difficult to compare children. He had three sons, and the man across the hall had three daughters. Each had one in graduate school, one in college, and one in high school.

One of them, he suspected, earned more money than the other: the man across the hall. He had thought so from the beginning. New employees always came in at higher salaries. It was one of the rules of business. Didn't he do it? Didn't he have to hire at the going price? It made sense: you simply couldn't entice someone into taking a new job without offering more money. On the other hand, it had been a promotion for the man across the hall. The vice-president had said that everything was split right down the middle.

Of course, customer service was a bit more difficult. A manual was rather more complicated than a warranty. He had a staff artist, whereas the warranties were simply designed by the printer who won the bid. On the other hand, there was no denying that warranty administration consumed much more of the legal staff's time.

In six years, his salary had been raised eight times. Perhaps there had been adjustments to equalize them, even if the man across the hall had come in at a higher salary. What aroused his suspicions was the difference in certain material aspects of their lives. He drove a Pontiac. There was a Buick across the hall. He wore a London Fog trench coat. A Burberry hung on the coatrack across the hall. He had examined his subject's shoes and he was certain that they were Johnson & Murphy's finest. There was a difference between those shoes and Florsheim's best, which he had worn since graduating from college.

He also noticed attaché cases, umbrellas, mufflers, and shirts. Shirts were much more important than suits. Anyone could afford a few decent suits, and who cared about suits anyway? A good-quality suit could be in style even when it was out. There was something individualistic there. But shirts! He could swear the man went to Brooks Brothers and had shirts made to order. He had gone to the store on his lunch hour to study the colors and the cut of the collars. There could be no doubt: the man was paying $25 a shirt and buying them by the half-dozen!

In every comparison he found himself slightly behind. An eight-room house compared with a seven room house. A forty-five-minute commute compared with a fifty-two minute commute. His sons went to Penn and Haverford. The daughters across the hall went to Bennington and Sarah Lawrence. Bennington!!

Bennington was the clincher. A man who had three children, one of them in college and one in graduate school, and could send one to Bennington was earning more than forty-one-five. Or he was up to his ass in debt.

His wife's theory was that *she* had some money.

He smiled at the theory. Pollyannaism!

He resolved to find out for certain. He transferred his account to the same bank used by the man across the hall, and every month, on the first and the fifteenth, he waited for the man across the hall to put on his suitcoat and head for the bank in the lobby of the building. Then he threw his coat on and hurried after him. Sometimes he stood behind him in the line, sometimes he stood in the line next to him. He looked over his shoulder to see what was in his hand, hoping to read the numbers. He strained to hear some conversation with the teller. But the man across the hall was careful, obviously hiding his higher paycheck.

They had lunch together once or twice a week. At those meetings he always steered the conversation around to money, speaking of bills, college tuition, raises, inflation. But the man across the hall would give nothing away. There was no clue.

It was at lunch that he said his daughter was getting married.

Oh, that's good news, the manager of customer service said. A quiet wedding, I suppose.

Pretty quiet. We're going to hold it at the club. Dinner, a little dancing afterwards. But not her kind of music. If I'm paying, I want it to be something I can bear. What do you think?

The manager of customer service did not answer for several moments while he added up the cost of dinner for God-knew-how-many and a ten- or twelve-piece orchestra. Three to five thousand, he guessed. Maybe more. What do I think? he said. I hope you drop dead on the dance floor, you conniving son-of-a-bitch.



JOYFULLY he retired. Overwhelmed with gifts and good wishes, stuffed

with prime rib and awash in Scotch and champagne, he said goodbye, farewell, good luck, so long, and I've been waiting for this day since I was forty years old.

Goodbye to our treasurer, to a man who knew money intimately. We'll miss the guy who picked up $17 million on the float in a single year. So long, moneybags, may you enjoy some of your own.

He took away fishing rods, a television set, two pairs of waders, a rocking chair, subscriptions to magazines, three suitcases, and a set of *The Great Books* for a guy who really knows how to keep the books.

Keep in touch. I'll call you. Don't forget to write. Confidentially, for the next year or two, if you don't mind, we may need to call on you every now and then to help us with a little problem or just to give a bit of general advice.

He and his wife packed their belongings, directed the men in the white coveralls from the moving company to do the heavy work, and drove west and south to the place they had bought six years before in Scottsdale. In a month they were settled into their new house, members of the country club, suntanned southwesterners. There were no calls from Cleveland. There was no mail from Cleveland but the retirees' newsletter. He gardened. She gardened. In May, the Arizona summer arrived and everything in the garden turned brown and died.

They drove to Flagstaff to get away from the heat. She caught cold. He drove her home to Scottsdale. There was nothing in the mailbox but bills and magazines and an advertisement for life insurance for people over sixty-five.

He swam. She swam. He played golf. She played bridge. He swam. She swam.

No one held the door for him. There were no parades of people to say good morning. There were no parades of people to say good night. No one was afraid of him.

He developed a cough. Probably the damn Arizona dust, he said. He developed prostate trouble. Not enough sex, he told her. He treated the cough and the prostate trouble with vodka.

He telephoned Cleveland. A new voice answered. She said, And what is this in regard to, sir? He hung up the telephone.

In the restaurants they visited, no one knew his name. They had trouble pronouncing it when he told them. No table was his table. No one asked if he had any new pictures of his grandchildren.

At the country club he had little to say. He talked about the stock market, he complained about the Democrats, but he had no business. There were no events, no one wanted to know his secrets, no one wanted to buy anything from him or sell anything to him. The days were without distinction. The sales figures did not change, the interest rates did not concern him, he could not promote or reward or demote or dismiss anyone. He did nothing. His belly grew. He awakened, as he had for the past forty-one years, at six in the morning. Then he showered, shaved, ate breakfast, dressed, and went nowhere.

He developed shingles, an abcess in the lung, and the need for his prostate gland to be removed. When he was ready to leave the hospital a blood clot was found in a vein in his right leg. He remained in the hospital for six weeks. No calls and no mail came from Cleveland. It did not matter how long he stayed in the hospital. He had nowhere to go, no one missed him, nothing waited for him. In the year since his retirement, he noted, he had not signed a check worth more than a hundred dollars.

His recuperation was slow. After he came home from the hospital he did not leave the house. When his wife asked him why he could not go out, he said: I'm not properly dressed. Can't you see, I'm not wearing the right clothes?

She did not press him. He had been ill. The anesthetic had caused much of his hair to fall out. His face was baggy from loss of weight. He was pale and he trembled, like an old man.

He made two more telephone calls to Cleveland. Neither of the men he called was available to take his call: one was said to be in court, and the other was said to have left only the day before on his annual vacation. He told his wife that they were avoiding him, that they wished he was dead.

Don't be silly, she said. They're your friends, your co-workers. They only wish you the best.

Of course, dear, you're probably right. It's just a mistake. They don't want me to die. They know I'm dead. They must know it. They came to my funeral, didn't they?

The next morning he awakened at six o'clock as usual, showered and shaved, dressed himself in a suit, white shirt, and tie, and sat in the easy chair next to the bed. He did not go out to the kitchen to eat his breakfast.

His wife called to him from the kitchen: Hurry up, Dear, the coffee's getting cold.

I can't come out, he answered.

She ran to the bedroom, afraid that something might have happened to him. She was astonished to find him sitting fully clothed in the easy chair. Why won't you come out to breakfast? she asked.

I can't leave the bedroom, not this way, he said. It would be shameful to walk around the house this way.

Which way?

Naked, he said. □

Media wisdom from the mouth of Mr. Nautilus to the ears of William Esty.



(Ed Wolen, Co-owner, Nautilus Health Clubs in the Metropolitan Detroit area.)

"What, you may ask, does a muscular Adonis-type such as myself know about media buying?

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"When it does all that for very little money, it's a great buy.

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"So there we were—full page—in Esquire, Playboy, Sports Illustrated and Gentlemen's Quarterly.

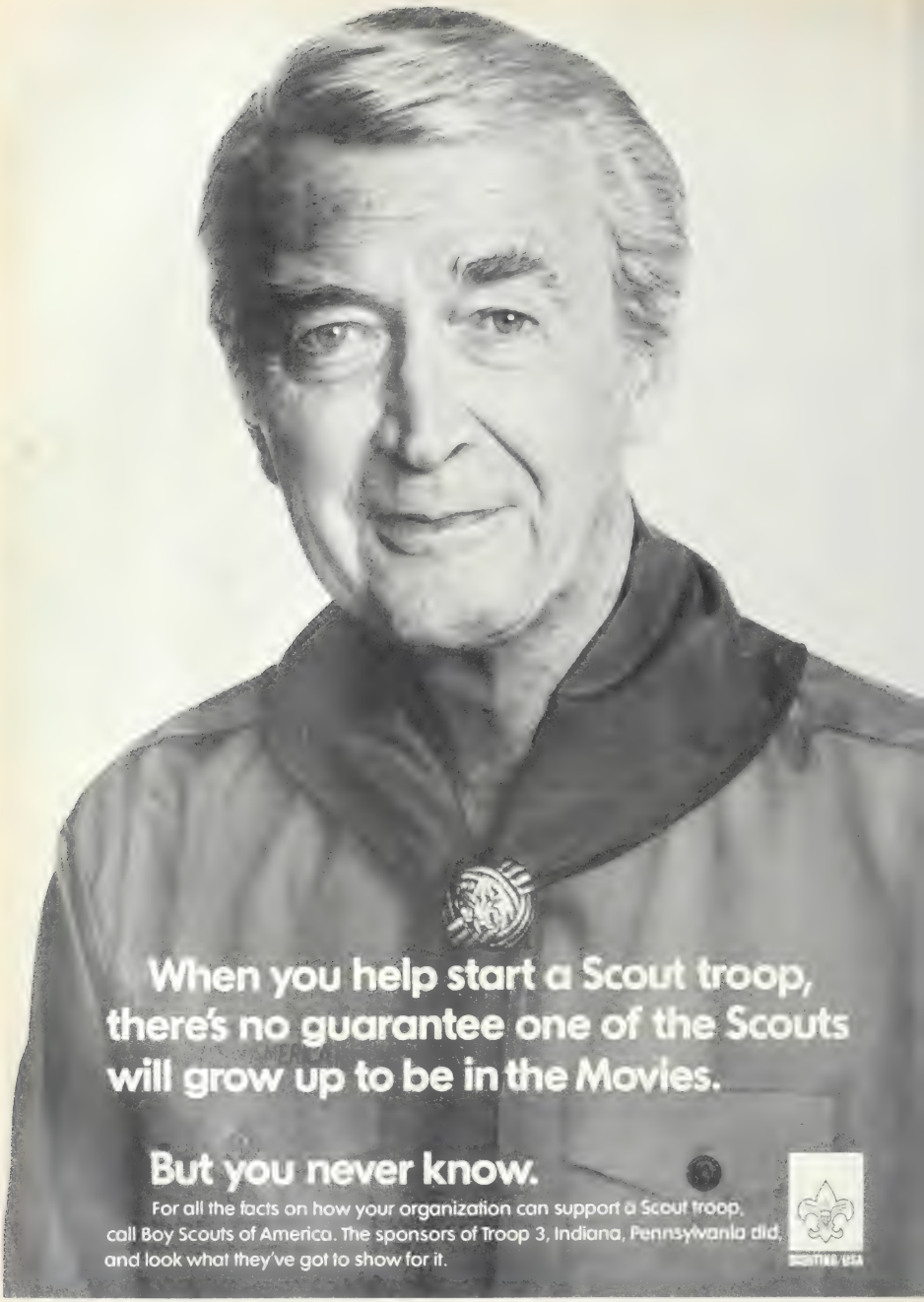
"And now, we have so much cellulite on our hands, we don't know where to put it."

(If you want to find out more about Magazine Networks and how it can be used for—you should pardon the expression—heavy-ups, test marketing or special promotions, call Bonnie Axthelm at (212) 661-4800.

There's a lesson to be learned from a man who buys media with his own money.

MNi

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When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to be in the Movies.
But you never know.
For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America. The sponsors of Troop 3, Indiana, Pennsylvania did, and look what they've got to show for it.

by Tom Wolfe

The Lower Classes



No. 1: The Down-filled People

They wear down-filled coats in public. Out on the ski slopes they look like hand grenades. They have "audio systems" in their homes and know the names of hit albums. They drive two-door cars with instrument panels like an F-16's. They like High-Tech furniture, track lighting, glass, and brass. They actually go to plays in New York and follow professional sports. The down-filled men wear turtleneck sweaters and Gucci belts and loafers and cover parts of their ears with their hair. The down-filled women still wear cowl-necked sweaters and carry Louis Vuitton handbags. The down-filled people strip wood and have interior walls removed. They put on old clothes before the workmen come over. In the summer they like cabins on fresh water and they go hiking. They regard "Saturday Night Live" and Steve Martin as funny. They say "I hear you," meaning "I understand what you're saying." When down-filled strangers are at a loss for words, they talk about real estate prices. □



If nobody plants the seeds, where is the corn going to come from?

Research and development is the "seed corn" for this nation's industrial sector. R&D spawns innovation, invention, and the technology that has made America the most productive nation on earth and, in the process, has created hundreds of thousands of new and better jobs.

For the United States to maintain its industrial leadership, significant continuing expenditures for research and development must be made. Instead, expenditures are declining. Less "seed corn" is being set aside.

The reason is that today's governmental and inflationary environment actually *discourages* innovation and new ideas. The result: delayed governmental approvals and arbitrary application of rules smother incentives for developing much vitally needed new technology related to energy. Regulatory indecision is currently hampering "full-speed-ahead" production of heavy crude oil, the gasification of coal, and the extraction of petroleum from shale deposits.

With arbitrary regulations and persistent inflation, business planners find it almost impossible to forecast accurately the total cost of developing a new product, bringing it on stream, and marketing it successfully. In the face of such uncertainty, it's no wonder that many American businessmen now refuse to risk funds in new programs and new ventures.

Investment in R&D by private U.S. industry dropped 32% as a percentage of G.N.P. from 1968 to 1978. Why? Because industry concentrates its "seed money" on low-risk, small-scale projects with quick payoffs. By way of contrast, R&D expenditures by the USSR, Japan and West Germany in the 1968-1978 period were up nearly 60% as a percent of G.N.P.

What's the solution? Chase believes it lies in taking the chains off the free market system:

- By reducing government overregulation.
- By placing time limits on agency approvals of new projects or products.
- By allowing tax credits for R&D that would stimulate business investment for basic research and new product development.
- By permitting a faster rate of depreciation of capital equipment.

R&D has produced the technology that makes this country the world's leading industrial nation. However, because a number of other countries are increasing their investment in R&D, competition gets tougher each year. To maintain our leadership, we must enhance the rewards for inventiveness and encourage greater R&D efforts more than ever.

Turning our research and development decisions over to regulators for whom the safe and easy answer is always "No" leads only to one end: Stagnation and Decline. Which is not our idea of what America's future should be.



CHASE

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A PRESENTATION OF WHALES

"This is history, dammit"

by Barry Lopez

ON THAT SECTION of the central Oregon coast, on the evening of June 16, 1979, gentle winds were blowing onshore from the southwest. It was 58 degrees, partly cloudy, and the seas were running with four-foot swells at eight-second intervals. Moderately rough. State police cadets Jim Clark and Steve Bennett stood at the precipitous edge of a foredune a few miles south of the town of Florence, straining to see into the dimness over the flat, gently sloping beach. Near the water's edge they could make out a line of dark shapes, but could not believe what they had heard. What they had thought was a practical joke, the exaggeration a few moments before of a man and a woman in a brown Dodge van with a broken headlight, now sank in for the truth.

Clark made a hasty, inaccurate count and plunged with Bennett down the back of the dune to their four-wheel-drive. Minutes before, they had heard the voice of Cpl. Terry Crawford over the radio; they knew he was patrolling in Florence. Rather than call him, they drove the six miles and parked across the street from where he was issuing a citation to someone for excessive noise. When Crawford had finished, Clark went over and told him what they had seen. Crawford drove straight to the Florence State Police office and phoned his superiors in Newport, forty-eight miles up the coast. At that point the news went out over police radios: thirty-six large whales, stranded and apparently still alive, were on the beach a mile south of the mouth of the Siuslaw River.

There were, in fact, forty-one whales—twenty-eight females and thirteen males, at least one of them dying or already dead. There had never been a stranding quite like it. It was first assumed that they were gray whales, common along the coast, but they were sperm whales: *Physeter catodon*. Deep-ocean dwellers. They ranged in age from ten to fifty-six and in length from thirty to thirty-eight feet. They were apparently headed north when they beached around 7:30 P.M. on an ebbing high tide.

It was more elemental information that whipped inland over electronic ganglia, over the Coast Range to the populous interior of Oregon—giant whales still alive on a beach adjacent to a paved road and a small town on a Saturday night. Radio announcers urged listeners to head for the coast to "save the whales." In Eugene and Portland, Greenpeace volunteers already alerted by the police were throwing sheets and blankets into their cars —to soak in the ocean. to cool the whales.

The news spread as quickly through private homes and taverns on the central Oregon coast, passed by people monitoring the police bands. In addition to Greenpeace—an international organization dedicated to protecting marine mammals—the police phoned the Oregon State University Marine Science Center in South Beach near Newport, and the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology in Charleston fifty-eight miles south of Florence. Bruce Mate, a marine mammalogist at the OSU Center, phoned members of the Northwest Regional [Stranding] Alert Network and people in Washington, D.C.

By midnight, the curious and the awed were crowded on the beach, cutting the night with flashlights. Drunks, ignoring the whales' sudden thrashing, were trying to walk up and down on their backs. A collie barked incessantly; flash cubes burst at the huge, dark forms. Two men inquired about reserving some of the teeth, for scrimshaw. A federal agent asked police to move people back—and the first mention of disease was in the air. Scientists arrived with specimen bags and rubber gloves and fishing knives. Greenpeace members, one dressed in a bright orange flight suit, came with a large banner. A man burdened with a television camera waded over the foredune after them. They wished to tie a

Barry Lopez is the author of Of Wolves and Men *(Scribners) and, most recently,* River Notes: The Dance of Herons *(Andrews and McMeel).*

ope to one whale's flukes, to drag it back into ie ocean. The police began to congregate ith the scientists, looking to control the cident.

In the intensifying confusion, as troopers oved onlookers (to "restrain the common erd of unqualified mankind," wrote one man ter in an angry letter-to-the-editor), the inking was that, somehow, the whales might e saved. Neal Langbehn, a federal protection fficer with the National Marine Fisheries Serice, denied permission to one scientist to bein removing teeth and taking blood samples. n his report later he would write: "It was my eling that the whales should be given their est chance to survive."

This hope was soon deemed futile, as it had ppeared to most of the scientists from the beinning—the animals were hemorrhaging uner the crushing weight of their own flesh and ere beginning to suffer irreversible damage om heat exhaustion. The scientific task beame one of securing as much data as possible.

As dawn bloomed along the eastern sky, eople who had driven recreational vehicles legally over the dunes and onto the beach ere issued citations and turned back. Troopers continued to warn people over bullhorns o please stand away from the whales. The Oregon Parks Department, whose responsibilty the beach was, wanted no part of the growng confusion. The U.S. Forest Service, with urisdiction over land in the Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area down to the foreune, was willing to help, but among all the gencies there was concern over limited budets; there were questions, gently essayed, bout the conflict of state and federal enforcement powers over the body parts of an endangered species. A belligerent few in the crowd shouted objections as the first syringes appeared, and yelled to scientists to produce permits that allowed them to interfere in the death of an endangered species.

Amid this chaos, the whales, sealed in their slick black neoprene skins, mewed and clicked. They slammed glistening flukes on the beach, jarring the muscles of human thighs like Jello at a distance of a hundred yards. They rolled their dark, purple-brown eyes at the scene and blinked.

They lay on the western shore of North America like forty-one derailed boxcars at dawn on a Sunday morning, and in the days that followed, the worst and the best of human behavior was shown among them.

"Why do you think these damn fools came up on the beach?"
—An observer

Mired in

THE SPERM WHALE, for many, is the most awesome creature of the open seas. Imagine a forty-five-year-old male fifty feet long, a slim, shiny black animal with a white jaw and marbled belly cutting the surface of green ocean water at twenty knots. Its flat forehead protects a sealed chamber of exceedingly fine oil; sunlight sparkles in rivulets running off folds in its corrugated back. At fifty tons it is the largest carnivore on earth. Its massive head, a third of its body length, is scarred with the beak, sucker, and claw marks of giant squid, snatched out of subterranean canyons a mile below, in a region without light, and brought writhing to the surface. Imagine a 400-pound heart the



Barry Lopez

A PRESENTATION OF WHALES

size of a chest of drawers driving five gallons of blood at a stroke through its aorta; a meal of forty salmon moving slowly down 1,200 feet of intestine; the blinding, acrid fragrance of a 200-pound wad of gray ambergris lodged somewhere along the way; producing sounds more shrill than we can hear—like children shouting on a distant playground—and able to sort a cacophony of noise: electric crackling of shrimp, groaning of undersea quakes, roar of upwellings, whining of porpoise, hum of oceanic cables. With skin as sensitive as the inside of your wrist.

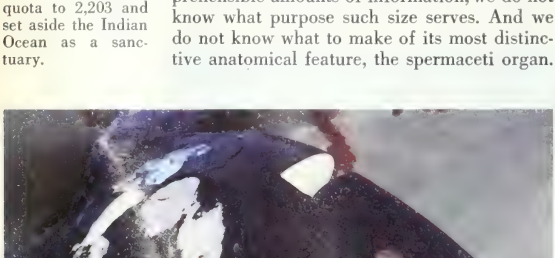
What makes them awesome is not so much these things, which are discoverable, but the mysteries that shroud them. They live at a remarkable distance from us and we have no *Pioneer 11* to penetrate their world. Virtually all we know of sperm whales we have learned on the slaughter decks of oceangoing whalers and on the ways at shore stations. We do not even know how many there are; in December, 1978, the Scientific Committee of the International Whaling Commission said it could not set a quota for a worldwide sperm-whale kill—so little was known that any number written down would be ridiculous.*

The sperm whale, in all its range of behaviors—from the enraged white bull called Mocha Dick that stove whaling ships off the coast of Peru in 1810, to a nameless female giving birth to a fourteen-foot, one-ton calf in equatorial waters in the Pacific—remains distant. The general mystery is enhanced by specific mysteries: the sperm whale's brain is larger than the brain of any other creature that ever lived. Beyond the storage of incomprehensible amounts of information, we do not know what purpose such size serves. And we do not know what to make of its most distinctive anatomical feature, the spermaceti organ. An article in *Scientific American,* publish several months before the stranding, sugge that the whale can control the density of spermaceti oil, thereby altering its speci gravity to assist it in diving. It is argued a that the huge organ, located in the head, ser as a means of generating and focusing sou but there is not yet any agreement on the speculations.

Of the many sperm whale strandings recorded history, only three have been larg than the one in Oregon. The most recent w of fifty-six on the eastern Baja coast ne Playa San Rafael on January 6, 1979. But t Florence stranding is perhaps the most markable. Trained scientists arrived alm immediately; the site was easily accessib with even an airstrip close by. It was with an hour's drive of two major West Coast m rine-science centers. And the stranding seem to be of a whole social unit. That the anim were still alive meant live blood specime could be taken. And by an uncanny coin dence, a convention of the American Soci of Mammalogists was scheduled to conve June 18 at Oregon State University in C vallis, less than a two-hour drive away. M rine experts from all over the country wou be there. (As it turned out, some of th would not bother to come over; others wou secure access to the beach only to take pho graphs; still others would show up in spo clothes—all they had—and plunge into t gore that by the afternoon of June 18 litter the beach.)

The state police calls to Greenpeace on t night of June 16 were attempts to reach formed people to direct a rescue. Micha Piper of Greenpeace, in Eugene, was the fi to arrive with a small group at about 1: A.M., just after a low tide at 12:59 A.M.

* A quota of 5,000 was nevertheless set. In June, 1979, within days of the Florence stranding but apparently unrelated to it, the IWC dropped the 1980 world sperm whale quota to 2,203 and set aside the Indian Ocean as a sanctuary.



"I RAN RIGHT OUT of my shoes," Piper sa The thought that they would still be ali —clicking and murmuring, their ey following human movement, lifting th flukes, whooshing warm air from their blo holes—had not penetrated. But as he ran in the surf to fill a bucket to splash water ov their heads, the proportions of the strandi and the impending tragedy overwhelmed hi

"I knew, almost from the beginning, th we were not going to get them out of the and that even if we did, their chances of su vival were a million to one," Piper said.

Just before dawn, a second contingent Greenpeace volunteers arrived from Portlan A Canadian, Michael Bailey, took charge a announced there was a chance with the inco

ng tide that one of the smaller animals could ıe floated off the beach and towed to sea weights ranged from an estimated three and . half tons to twenty-five). Bruce Mate, who vould become both scientific and press coor- linator on the beach (the latter to his regret), ıhoned the Port of Coos Bay to see if an ocean- going tug or fishing vessel would be available o anchor offshore and help—Bailey's crew vould ferry lines through the surf with a Zo- liac boat. No one in Coos Bay was interested. A commercial helicopter service with a Sky- crane capable of lifting nine tons also begged off. A call to the Coast Guard produced a heli- opter, but people there pronounced any at- empt to sky-tow a whale too dangerous.

The refusal of help combined with the ap- parent futility of the effort precipitated a gen- uinely compassionate gesture: Bailey strode resolutely into the freezing water and, with wenty-five or thirty others, amid flailing lukes, got a rope around the tail of an animal hat weighed perhaps three or four tons. The waves knocked them down and the whale yanked them over, but they came up sputter- ing, to pull again. With the buoyancy pro- vided by the incoming tide they moved the animal about thirty feet. The effort was heroic and ludicrous. As the rope began to cut into the whale's flesh, as television cameramen and National Geographic photographers crowded in, Michael Piper gave up his place on the rope in frustration and waded ashore. Later he would remark that, for some, the whale was only the means to a political end—a dramatization of the plight of whales as a species. The distinction between the suffering individual, its internal organs hemorrhaging, its flukes sliced by the rope, and the larger issue, to save the species, confounded Piper.

A photograph of the Greenpeace volunteers pulling the whale showed up nationally in newspapers the next day. A week later, a marine mammalogist wondered if any more damaging picture could have been circulated. It would convince people something could have been done, when in fact, he said, the whales were doomed as soon as they came ashore.

For many, transfixed on the beach by their own helplessness, the value of the gesture transcended the fact.

By mid-morning Piper was so disturbed, so embarrassed by the drunks and by people wrangling to get up on the whales or in front of photographers, that he left. As he drove off through the crowds (arriving now by the hundreds, many in campers and motor homes), gray whales were seen offshore, with several circling sperm whales. "The best thing we could have done," Piper said, alluding to this, "was offer our presence, to be with them while they were alive, to show some compassion."

Irritated by a callous (to him) press that seemed to have only one question—Why did they come ashore?—Piper had blurted out

"Mass suicide is not an animal solution. People see this because they want them to serve a human purpose."
—Deborah Duffield, geneticist



that the whales may have come ashore "because they were tired of running" from commercial whalers. Scientists scoffed at the remark, but Piper, recalling it a week later, would not take it back. He said it was as logical as any of the other explanations offered in those first few hours.

Motives and mayhem



One of the earliest divisions to appear on the beach was among those for whom the event was spiritual, those for whom it was principally a diversion, and those for whom it was a scientific opportunity. Though elements of all three surfaced in everybody, in a few—a drunk, a contemplative meditating in the hubbub, a brash scientist—only one emotion seemed evident. It created tension from the beginning, as when, for example, scientists used chain saws to cut the lower jaws off sperm whales that had died only a few feet from whales that were not yet dead; or when people roped out of the area ("This is history, dammit," one man screamed at a trooper, "and I want my kids to see it!") saw twenty reporters all claiming affiliation with the same weekly newspaper gain the admittance that had been denied them.

"The effect of all this," said Michael Gannon, director of a national group called Oregonians Cooperating to Protect Whales, "—of the police vehicles driving up and down chasing people away, the elitism that admitted certain people and turned others away, jeering at the scientists—was that it interfered with the spiritual and emotional ability of people to deal with the phenomenon. It was like being at a funeral where you were not allowed to mourn."

Bob Warren, a patrolman with the U.S. Forest Service, said he was nearly brought to tears by what faced him Sunday morning. "I had no conception of what a whale beaching would be like. I was apprehensive about it, about all the tourists and the law-enforcement atmosphere. When I drove up, the whole thing hit me in the stomach: I saw these *numbers*, these damn orange numbers—41, 40, 39—spray-painted on these dying animals. The media were coming on like the marines, in taxicabs, helicopters, low-flying aircraft. Biologists were saying, 'We've got to *euthanize* them.' It made me sick."

By this time Sunday morning, perhaps 500 people had gathered; the crowd would swell to more than 2,000 before evening, in spite of a drizzling rain. The state trooper who briefed Warren outlined the major problem traffic was backing up on the South Jet Road almost five miles to U.S. 101; the whale teeth were "as valuable as gold" and indivi uals with hammers and saws had been warn away already; people were sticking their han in the whales' mouths and were in danger being killed by the pounding flukes; and the was a public-health problem—the whal might have come ashore with a communicab disease. (According to several experts, t danger to public health was minor, but in t early confusion it served as an excuse keep the crowd back so scientists could wor Ironically, the threat would assume a life its own two days later and scientists wou find themselves working frantically ahead single-minded state burial crews.)

One of the first things Warren and othe did was to rope off the whales with oran ribbon and lath stakes, establishing a line b yond which the public was no longer pe mitted. Someone thoughtful among them r the ribbon close enough to one whale to allo people to peer into the dark eyes, to see sca left by struggling squid, lamprey eels, a sharp boulders on the ocean floor, the patch of diatoms growing on the skin, the marblin streaking back symmetrically from the ge tal slit, the startlingly gentle white mou ("What a really beautiful and chaste-lookin mouth!" Melville wrote. "From floor to ce ing lined, or rather papered with a glisteni white membrane, glossy as bridal satins" to see the teeth, gleaming in the long, most absurdly narrow jaw. In *The Year the Whale*, Victor Scheffer describes the too as "creamy white, a cylinder lightly curved, thing of art which fits delightfully in the pal of my hand."

The temptation to possess—a Polaroid oneself standing over a whale, a plug of fle removed with a penknife, a souvenir squ beak plucked deftly from an exposed intesti by a scientist—was almost palpable in the a

"From the beginning," Warren continue "I was operating on two levels: as a law-e forcement officer with a job, and as a person He escorted people away from the whal explaining as well as he could the threat disease, wishing himself to reach out wi them, to touch the animals. He recalls his ra watching people poke at a sensitive area u der the whales' eyes to make them react, a calmly directing people to step back, to l the animals die in peace. Nothing could l done, he would say. How do you know? th would ask. He didn't.

Warren was awed by the sudden, whoos ing breath that broke the silence around



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animal perhaps once every fifteen minutes, and saddened by the pitiable way some of them were mired with their asymmetrical blowhole sanded in, dead. Near those still breathing he drove in lath stakes with the word LIVE written on them. The hopelessness of it, he said, and the rarity of the event were rendered absurd by his having to yell into a bullhorn, by the blood on the beach, the whales' blinking, the taunters hoisting beer cans to the police.

One of the things about being human, Warren reflected, is learning to see beyond the vulgar. Along with the jocose in the crowd, he said, there were hundreds who whispered to each other, as if in a grove of enormous trees. And faces that looked as though they were awaiting word of relatives presumed dead in an air crash. He remembers in particular a man in his forties, "dressed in polyesters," who stood with his daughter in a tidal pool inside the barrier, splashing cool water on a whale. Warren asked them to please step back. "Why?" the man asked. Someone in the crowd yelled an obscenity at Warren. Warren thought to himself: Why is there no room for the decency of this gesture?

THE LEAST UNDERSTOOD and perhaps most disruptive incident on the beach on that first day was the attempt of veterinarians to kill the whales by injecting M-99, a morphine-base drug, then by ramming pipes into their pleural cavities to collapse their lungs, and finally by severing major arteries and letting them bleed to death. The techniques were crude, but no one knew enough sperm-whale anatomy or physiology to make a clean job of it, and no one wanted to try some of the alternatives—from curare to dynamite—that would have made the job quicker. The ineptitude of the veterinarians caused a private embarrassment to which they gave little public expression. Their frustration at their own inability to do anything to "help" the whales was exacerbated by nonscientists demanding from the sidelines that the animals be "put out of their misery." (The reasons for attempting euthanasia were poorly understood, philosophically and medically, and the issue nagged people long after the beach bore not a trace of the incident itself.)

As events unfolded on the beach, the first whale died shortly after the stranding, the last almost thirty-six hours later; suffocation and overheating were the primary causes. By waiting as long as they did to try to kill some of the animals and by allowing others to die in their own time, pathologists, toxicologists, parasitologists, geneticists, and others got ti sues of poor quality to work with.* The di appointment was all the deeper because neve had so many scientists been in a position t gather so much information. (Even with th loss and an initial lack of suitable equipmer —chemicals to preserve tissues, blood-analys kits, bone saws, flensing knives—the sma core of twenty or so scientists "increased hu man knowledge about sperm whales sever hundred percent," according to Mate.)

The fact that almost anything learned wi likely to be valuable was meager consolatio to scientists hurt by charges that they wer cold and brutal people, irreverently jerkir fetuses from the dead. Among these scientis were people who sat alone in silence, who d parted in anger, and who broke down an cried.

Specific mysteries

NO ONE KNOWS why whales strand. is almost always toothed whales th do, rather than baleen whales, mo commonly pilot whales, Atlant white-sided dolphins, false killer whales, an sperm whales—none of which are ordinari found close to shore. Frequently they stran on gently sloping beaches. Among the mo tenable explanations: 1) extreme social coh sion, where one sick animal is relentlessly fo lowed ashore by many healthy animals; 2 disease or parasitic infection that affects th animals' ability to navigate: 3) harassmer by predators and, deliberate or inadverter by humans; 4) a reversion to phylogenetica ly primitive escape behavior—get out of th water—precipitated by stress.

At a public meeting in Florence—arrange by the local librarian to explain to a publ kept off the beach what had happened, an to which invited scientists did not come—ot er explanations were offered. Someone ha noticed whales splashing in apparent conf sion near a river dredge and thought the sour of its engines might have driven the whal crazy. Local fishermen said there had been a unusual, near-shore warm current on June 1 with a concentration of plankton so thick the had trouble penetrating it with their dep finders. Another suggestion was that the whal might have been temporarily deranged b poisons in diatoms concentrated in fish the were eating.

The seventy-five or so people at the mee ing seemed irritated that there was no answe as did local reporters looking for an end the story. Had scientists been there it is u

*A subsequent report, presented at a marine-mammals conference in Seattle in October, 1979, made it clear that the whales began to suffer the effects of heat stress almost immediately. The breakdown of protein structures in their tissues made discovery of a cause of death difficult: from the beginning, edema, capillary dilation, and hemorrhaging made their recovery unlikely. Ice, seawater pumps, and tents for shade rather than Zodiac boats and towlines were suggested if useful tissue was to be salvaged in the future from large whales.

Where's the Gumption Gone?

Sometimes it seems to us — maybe to you, too — that there's an awful lot of negativism around. Wherever one turns, it's anti-this and down with that. Naysayers are loud in the land.

Their abhorrence of so many of society's institutions and structures is often unleavened by balance or constructiveness. Rarely do they offer practicable alternatives to whatever it is they're against.

They demonstrate in opposition to nuclear energy — but neglect to tell us where the country is supposed to get all the electricity it needs. They denounce defense spending — but fail to propose sensible strategy in the face of a military balance that is shifting away from the U.S. toward the Soviet Union. They hurl themselves against the tide of science and technology — but without suggesting the means they would bring to bear, with technology tuned down, on society's problems.

What's most troubling about all the negativism is that it seems to be symptomatic of an ebbing of can-do, a flagging of creativity, a diminution of imaginativeness. It reflects timidity, fearfulness, anxiety — an obsession with risk avoidance.

Henry Fairlie, the U.S.-based British journalist and author, has put it this way: "The once rambunctious American spirit of innovation and adventurousness is today being paralyzed by the desire to build a risk-free society." Such a desire, he says, "has always been a sign of decadence." It has meant that a nation has given up, no longer believes in its destiny, and has ceased to aspire to greatness.

Fairlie points to overreactions to the Three Mile Island nuclear accident and the DC-10 plane crash as examples of what he sees as the risk-free preoccupation running through the whole of American life, "draining the spirit from America's inventiveness and from its hope for the future."

Are we losing our fire, our drive, our initiative? Is daring giving way to faint-heartedness? Are we turning into milksops? Let's hope not. America didn't reach greatness by cowering at challenges and flouting progress. Earlier generations didn't — couldn't afford to — curl up in cocoons of self-indulgence and -delusion.

What the neo-negativists evidently aspire to is an all-protecting society, wholly without peril. Spare the risks. Reject growth, experimentation, innovation. Stand pat. Never mind that we're in deep trouble with energy; that U.S. economic leadership is being snatched away by competitors in Europe and Asia; that we're stumbling behind other industrialized nations in productivity growth; that our national defense isn't what it should be.

The stand-patters profess concern for the human condition. Yet the things they're against — forward movement, development, progress — are precisely what are needed if opportunities are to be opened up for the deprived among us, let alone future generations.

The negativists in our midst would serve better by turning their energies to productive pursuits and to rekindling vision and venturesomeness. And they'd do well to understand that a society totally free of risk is beyond attainment.

Henry Fairlie again: "Risk-free? Living is sweat, danger, and death. From those comes the laughter. And curiously, from those comes also the ease of heart."

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likely they could have suggested one. The beach was a gently sloping one, but the Florence whales showed no evidence of parasitism or disease, and modern research makes it clear that no single explanation will suffice. For those who would blame the machinations of modern man, scientists would have pointed out that strandings have been recorded since the time of Aristotle's *Historia animalium*.

The first marine biologist to arrive on the beach, at 3:30 A.M. Sunday, was Michael Graybill, a young instructor from the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology. He was not as perplexed as other scientists would be; a few months before he had dismantled the rotting carcass of a fifty-six-foot sperm whale that had washed ashore thirty miles south of Florence.

Graybill counted the animals, identified them as sperm whales, noted that, oddly, there were no nursing calves or obviously young animals, and that they all seemed "undersized." He examined their skin and eyes, smelled their breath, looked for signs of oral and anal discharge, and began the task of sexing and measuring the animals.

Driving to the site, Graybill worried most about someone "bashing their teeth out" before he got there. He wasn't worried about communicable disease; he was "willing to gamble" on that. He regarded efforts to save the whales, however, as unnatural interference in their death. Later, he cynically observed "how much 'science' took place at the heads of sperm whales" where people were removing teeth, and complained that if they really cared about the worldwide fate of whales, Greenpeace volunteers would have stayed to help scientists with post-mortems. (Some did. Others left because they could not stand to watch the animals die.)

Beginning Sunday morning, scientists had their first chance to draw blood from live, unwounded sperm whales (they used comparatively tiny one-and-a-half-inch, 18-gauge hypodermic needles stuck in vessels near the surface of the skin on the flukes). With the help of a blue, organic tracer they estimated blood volume at 500 gallons. In subsequent stages, blubber, eyes, teeth, testicles, ovaries, stomach contents, and specific tissues were removed —the teeth for aging, the eyes for corneal cells to discover genetic relationships within the group. Post-mortems were performed on ten females: three near-term fetuses were removed. An attempt was made to photograph the animals systematically.

The atmosphere on the beach shifted perceptibly over the next six days. On Sunday, a cool, cloudy day during which it rained, as many as 3,000 people may have been on t beach. Police finally closed the access ro to the area to discourage more from comin Attempts to euthanize the animals continue the jaws of the dead were being sawed o and, in the words of one observer, "there w a television crew with a backdrop of strand whales every twenty feet on the foredune."

By Monday the crowds were larger, but, the estimation of a Forest Service employe "of a higher quality. The type of people w show up at an automobile accident were gon these were people who really wanted to s the whales. It was a four-and-a-half-mile wa in from the highway, and I talked with a wo an who was seven months pregnant who ma it and a man in a business suit and dress sho who drove all the way down from Seattle."

Monday afternoon the crowds thinned. T beach had become a scene of post-mortem go sufficient to turn most people away. The o going tide had carried off gallons of blood a offal, drawing spiny dogfish sharks a smoothhound sharks into the breakers. As t animals died, scientists cut into them to r lieve gaseous pressure—the resultant expl sions could be heard a half-mile away. A fort pound chunk of liver whizzed by someone back-turned shoulders; sixty feet of pearl gray intestine unfurled with a snap again the sky. By evening the beach was cover with more than a hundred tons of intestine Having to open the abdominal cavities precipitously precluded, to the scientists' d may, any chance of an uncontaminated e amination.

By Tuesday the beach was closed to t public. The whale carcasses were being pr pared for burning and burial, a task th would take four days, and reporters had giv up asking why the stranding had happene to comment on the stench.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE for coordinatin scientific work at the stranding, thirt three-year-old Bruce Mate, is we regarded by his colleagues. Debora Duffield, a geneticist from Portland State Un versity, reiterated the feelings of several wh she said of him: "The most unusual thing w that he got all of us with our different, som times competing, interests to work togethe You can't comprehend what an extraordina achievement that is in a situation like this

On the beach Mate was also the princip source of information for the press. Thoug he was courteous to interviewers and caref not to criticize a sometimes impatient a proach, one suspected he was disturbed b

ne role and uncertain what, if anything, he wed the nonscientific community.

In his small, cramped office at the Marine cience Center in South Beach, Mate agreed nat everyone involved—scientists, environ- ientalists, the police, the state agencies, the ublic—took views that were occasionally in pposition and that these views were often roprietary. He thought it was the business f science to obtain data and physical speci- iens on the beach, thereby acquiring rights f "ownership," and yet he acknowledged mis- ivings about this because he and others in- olved are to some extent publicly funded cientists.

The task that faced him was deceptively imple: get as much information as possible ff the beach before the burning crews, ner- ous about a public-health hazard and eager o end the incident, destroyed the animals. lut what about the way science dominated he scene, getting the police, for example, to eep the crowd away so science could exer- ise its proprietary interest? "I don't know ow to cope with the public's desire to come nd see. Letting those few people onto the each would have precluded our getting that nuch more information to give to a much arger, national audience."

What about charges that science operated n a cold-blooded and, in the case of trying o collapse the whales' lungs, ignorant way? Coming among these whales, watching them lie and in some cases helping them to die— needless suffering is almost incomprehensible o me . . . " Mate paused, studied the papers on his desk, unsatisfied, it seemed, with his tack; ' . . . there are moral and ethical questions here. It's like dealing with terminal cancer."

No one, he seemed to suggest, liked how ast it had all happened.

Had he been worried about anything on he beach? "Yes! I was appalled at the way professional people were going about [post- nortems] without gloves. I was afraid for the Greenpeace people in a potentially life-threat- ning situation in the surf." He was also afraid that it would all get away from him, because of the unknowns. What, in fact, *did* one save when faced with such an enormous amount of bone and tissue? But he came away happy. "This was the greatest scientific shot anyone ever had with large whales." After a moment he added, "If it happened tomorrow, we would be four times better."

Sitting at his desk, nursing a pinched nerve in his back, surrounded by phone mes- sages from the press, he seemed seasoned.

Mate's twenty-seven-year-old graduate as- sistant, Jim Harvey, arrived on the beach at dawn on Sunday. At the first sight of the whales from the top of the dunes, strung out nose to flukes in a line five or six hundred yards long, the waves of a high tide breaking over them, Harvey simply sat down, awestruck at their size and number. He felt deeply sad, too, but as he drew near he felt "a rush of exhilaration, because there was so much information to be gathered." He could not get over the feeling, as he worked, of the size of them. (One afternoon a scientist stood confounded in a whale's abdomen, asking a colleague next to him, "Where's the liver?")

Deborah Duffield said of her experience on the beach: "It hurt me more than watching human beings die. I couldn't cope with the pain, the futility. . . . I just turned into myself. It brought out the scientist in me." Another scientist spoke of his hostility toward the sullen crowd, of directing that anger at himself, of becoming cold and going to work.

For Harvey and others, there was one incident that broke scientific concentration and brought with it a feeling of impropriety. Several people had started to strip blubber from a dead whale. Suddenly the whale next to it began pounding the beach with its flukes. The pounding continued for fifteen minutes—lifting and slamming the flukes to the left, lifting and slamming the flukes to the right.

When the animal quieted, they resumed work.

"Scientists rarely get a chance to express their feelings," Harvey said. "I was interested in other people's views, and I wanted to share mine, which are biological. I noticed some people who sat quietly for a long time behind the barriers in religious stances. I very much wanted to know their views. So many of the people who came down here were so sympathetic and full of concern—I wished I had the time to talk to them all." Harvey remembered something vividly. On the first day he put his face near the blowhole of one of the whales: a cylinder of clean, warm, humid air almost a foot in diameter blew back his hair.

The end of the incident

"MY VIEW ON IT," said Joe Davis of the Oregon Parks Department, "wasn't the scientific part. My thought on it now is how nice it would have been to have been somewhere else." His smile falls between wryness and regret.

When something remarkable happens and bureaucrats take it for only a nuisance, it is often stripped of whatever mystery it may

"It was all somewhere between an Allen Ginsberg poem and a Ferlinghetti poem."

—Michael Gannon, Oregonians Cooperating to Protect Whales

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hold. The awesome becomes common. Joe Davis, park manager at Honeyman Dunes State Park, adjacent to the stranding, was charged by the state with getting rid of the whales. He said he didn't take a moment to wonder at the mystery of it.

If ethical problems beset scientists, and mystical considerations occupied other onlookers, a set of concerns more prosaic confronted the police and the Oregon Parks Department. On Sunday night, June 17, police arrested a man in a camouflage suit caught breaking teeth out of a whale's jaw with a hammer and chisel. That night (and the next, and the next) people continued to play games with the police. The Parks Department, for its part, was faced with the disposal of 500 tons of whale flesh that county environmental and health authorities said they couldn't burn—the solution to the problem at Playa San Rafael—and scientists said couldn't be buried. If buried, the carcasses would become hard envelopes of rotting flesh, the internal organs would liquefy and leach out onto the beach, and winter storms would uncover the whole mess.

This controversy, the public-health question, what to do about excessive numbers of press people, and concern over who was going to pay the bill (the Forest Service had donated tools, vehicles, and labor, but two bulldozers had had to be hired, at $100 and $60 an hour) precipitated a meeting in Florence on Tuesday morning, June 19. A Forest Service employee, who asked not to be identified, thought the pressures that led to the meeting marked a difference between those who came to the beach out of compassion and genuine interest and those for whom it was "only a headache."

*On September 6, 1979, an eighty-five-foot female blue whale washed ashore in Northern California. Ensuing argument over responsibility for disposal prevented scientists from going near the whale until September 13, by which time it had been severely battered on the rocks and vandalized.



The principal issue, after an agreement w reached to burn the whales, then bury ther was who was going to pay. The state was r luctant; the scientists were impoverished. (would be months before Mate would begin recover $5,000 of his own money advanced pay for equipment, transportation, and bu dozer time. "No one wants to fund work that finished," Mate observed sardonically.) Cor mercial firms were averse to donating burnin materials, or even transportation for ther G.P. Excavating of Florence did reduce re tal fees on its bulldozers by about one-thir and "broke even" after paying its operator

The state finally took responsibility for th disposal and assumed the $25,000 cleanu bill, but it wanted to hear nothing about sc ence's wish to salvage skeletons—it wante the job finished.* Arrangements were mad to bring in a work crew of boys from th Young Adult Conservation Corps, and the Fo est Service, always pleasant, agreed to dona several barrels of Alumagel, a napalmlik substance.

It was further decided to ban the publ from the beach during the burning, for healt and safety reasons. Only the disposal crew scientists, police, and selected press would b admitted. The criterion for press admittanc was possession of "a legitimate press card

THE ROLE of the press at such even is somewhat predictable. They will r peatedly ask the same, obvious que tions; they will often know little of th science involved; occasionally they will intim date and harass in order to ascertain (or a sign) blame. An upper-level Forest Servi employee accused the press of asking "th most uninteresting and intimidating kinds questions." A State Parks employee felt th press fostered dissension over who was goi to pay for the disposal. He was also ang with newspaper people for ignoring "the h man side," the fact that many state poli troopers worked long hours of overtime, an that Forest Service employees performed number of menial tasks in an emotional charged environment of rotting flesh. "Aft a week of sixteen-hour days, your nerves a raw, you stink, you just want to get aw from these continual questions."

In the press's defense, the people who o jected most were those worried about criticis of their own performance and those deep frustrated by the trivialization of the ever The press—probing, perhaps inexpertly made people feel no more than their own m givings.

The publisher of the local *Siuslaw News*, 'aul Holman, said before it was over that the whale stranding had become a nuisance. When olice closed the road to the beach a man in stakeside truck began ferrying people the our and a half miles to the whales for a dollar each. And a dollar back. The local airport, s well as tourist centers offering seaplane ides, were doing a "land-office business" in yovers. Gas station operators got tired of elling tourists how to get to the beach. The lorence City Hall was swamped with calls bout the burning, one from a man who was fraid his horses would be killed by the fallut on his pasture. Dune-buggy enthusiasts vere angry at whale people who for two days locked access to their hill-climbing area.

Whatever its interest, the press was largely one by Monday afternoon. As the burning nd burying commenced, the number of interested scientists also thinned. By Wednesday here were only about thirty people left on the each. Bob Adams, acting director of the Lane Regional Air Pollution Authority, was monioring the smoke. Neal Langbehn of the Naional Marine Fisheries Service stood guard ver a pile of plastic-wrapped sperm whale aws. Michael Graybill led a team flensing out skulls. The state fretted over a way to keep he carcasses burning. (It would finally be done with thousands of automobile and truck ires, cord wood, diesel fuel, and Alumagel.) As Mate watched he considered the threshold of boredom in people and mourned the loss, among other things, of forty-one sperm whale skeletons.

A journalist, one of the last two or three, asked somebody to take her picture while she stood with a small poodle in her arms in front of the burning pits.

As is often the case with such events, what is salvaged is as much due to goodwill as it is to expertise. The Forest Service was widely complimented for helping, and Stafford Owen, the acting area ranger at the agency's Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area during the incident, tried to say why: "Most of us aren't highly educated people. We have had to work at a variety of things all our lives—operating a chain saw, repairing a truck engine, running a farm. We had the skills these doctors and scientists needed."

A soft-spoken colleague, Gene Large, trying to elaborate but not to make too much of himself, said, "I don't think the scientists had as much knowledge [of large mammalian anatomy] as I did. When it came to it, I had to show some of them where the ribs were." After a moment, Large said, "Trying to cut those whales open with a chain saw was like trying to slaughter a beef with a pen knife." "I didn't enjoy any part of it," Large said of the dismembering with chain saws and winches. "I think the older you get, the more sensitive you get." He mentioned an older friend who walked away from a dead, fifteen-foot, near-term fetus being lifted out of a gutted whale, and for a time wouldn't speak.

"I think the older you get, the more sensitive you get."
—Gene Large, Forest Service Ranger

On wednesday afternoon the whales were ignited in pits at the foot of the foredune. As they burned they were rendered, and when their oil caught fire they began to boil in it. The seething roar was muffled by a steady onshore breeze; the oily black smoke drifted southeast over the dunes, over English beach grass and pearly everlasting, sand verbena, and the purple flowers of beach pea, green leaves of sweet clover, and the bright yellow blooms of the monkey flower. It thinned until it disappeared against a weak-blue sky.

While fire cracked the blubber of one-eyed, jawless carcasses, a bulldozer the size of a two-car garage grunted in a trench being dug to the north for the last of them. These were still sprawled at the water's edge. Up close, the black, blistered skin, bearing scars of knives and gouging fingernails, looked like the shriveled surface of a pond evaporated beneath a summer sun. Their gray-blue innards lay about on the sand like bags of discarded laundry. Their purple tongues were wedged in retreat in their throats. Spermaceti oil dripped from holes in their heads, solidifying in the wind to stand in translucent stalagmites twenty inches high. Around them were tidal pools opaque with coagulated blood and, beyond, a pink surf.

As far as I know, no novelist, no historian, no moral philosopher, no scholar of Melville, no rabbi, no painter, no theologian had been on the beach. No one had thought to call them or to fly them in. At the end they would not have been allowed past the barricades.

The whales made a sound, someone had said, like the sound a big fir makes breaking off the stump just as the saw is pulled away. A thin screech. □

WITCHES AND WOODSTOCKS

The trials of Alger Hiss

by William Rodger

Among the ill-weeds which flourished amid the long dissensions of the civil war, Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, stands eminent in his sphere. This vulgar fellow resided, in the year 1644, at the town of Manningtree, in Essex, and made himself very conspicuous in discovering the devil's marks upon several unhappy witches. The credit he gained by his skill in this instance seems to have inspired him to renewed exertions. In the course of a very short time, whenever a witch was spoken of in Essex, Matthew Hopkins was sure to be present, aiding the judges with his knowledge of "such cattle," as he called them. As his reputation increased, he assumed the title of "Witch-finder General," and travelled through the counties of Norfolk, Essex, Huntingdon, and Sussex for the sole purpose of finding out witches. In one year he brought sixty poor creatures to the stake.
—Charles Mackay, *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds.*

ONE OF THE PEOPLE honored and admired by those whom I have known for a generation bears a name that for years was a metaphor for malevolence and the sound of serpents. He has endured a prolonged injustice that was born in passions, sustained by fears, and aged by indifference.

His name, Alger Hiss, still stirs deep forebodings in some, especially people who were adults a few years after World War II. after Franklin Roosevelt, accompanied by Alger Hiss, returned from the Yalta Conference, after the United Nations was christened and Roosevelt died to make way for Harry Truman.

Among millions of younger Americans, however, the name Alger Hiss evokes little interest. There are millions of people forty years old or younger who, in spite of years in college and exposure to the most deafening and illuminated audiovisual culture of all time, never heard the name. Or if they have they recall Hiss as—in the halting articulation of a young educator I know who is presumably helping to enlighten a new generation—"some kinda Communist or something."

For these people, the nonheroes of our time have won: notably Richard Nixon, whose entire political career was taprooted to inflaming domestic fears of a nearly nonexistent American defection to Communism. Then, too, among the more odious victors was the celebrated super-patriot, and patron saint of law enforcement, J. Edgar Hoover, who died peacefully in his sleep in 1971 without ever having to answer for the humiliation, anxiety, violated rights, and deaths he and his agents inflicted on heaven knows how many citizens.

It took Watergate, Spiro Agnew, corporate corruption on a worldwide scale, the Pentagon Papers, and the Vietnam war to open the taps of vindication. Then it required the Freedom of Information Act and its amendments to connect, finally, the components of a selective system of due process to a policy of political prosecution. It was such a prosecution in the Hiss case, contrived to exploit incendiary charg of a Communist conspiracy, that r warded its practitioners at the e pense of, perhaps the loss of, a vital b fragile aspect of the national characte Or maybe it just exposed not a loss b a deficiency previously shielded fro national consciousness by expectatio of virtue in the wrong people.

BORN IN BALTIMORE in 190 educated in private schools, highest-honors graduate Harvard Law School, and favored, dedicated, renowned admini trator in the New Deal Administrati of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hiss was i vestigated, harassed, maligned, pursue indicted, tried twice, and convict of perjury in 1950. The charge of pe jury was a trick, brought to bear wh a monumental effort of federal r sources and unregenerate foes Roosevelt failed to develop the pr ferred charge of espionage.

The pursuit of Alger Hiss went for some years, during which he w subjected to secret surveillance in tracking and bugging operation that itself produced no fragment of pros cutable evidence but that suited t embittered disposition of high-lev personages who had worn out the welcome with F.D.R. The effort al engaged the services and ambitions men who solidified and enhanced the careers—in particular: Richard Nixo who was propelled from helping preside over the ruined life of Hiss the Presidency; J. Edgar Hoove who derived an indigenous form canonization and unchallenged pow

William Rodgers, the author of Think: A Biography of the Watsons and IBM, *lives in Centreville, Maryland.*

What Can You Make From 'Energy'?

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- ☐ American flags
- ☐ Eyelashes
- ☐ Aspirin
- ☐ No-wax floors
- ☐ Permanent-press clothes
- ☐ Oxygen masks
- ☐ Golf balls
- ☐ Ink
- ☐ Lighter fluid
- ☐ Heart valves
- ☐ Hair spray
- ☐ Attache cases
- ☐ Crayons
- ☐ Steering wheels
- ☐ Wet suits
- ☐ Disposable diapers
- ☐ Food wraps
- ☐ Laxatives
- ☐ Parachutes
- ☐ Stretch pants
- ☐ Trash cans
- ☐ Telephones
- ☐ Rubber duckies
- ☐ Brassieres
- ☐ Enamel
- ☐ Seed tape
- ☐ Wall coverings
- ☐ Transparent tape
- ☐ Card tables
- ☐ Acrylic paints
- ☐ Antiseptics
- ☐ Golf cart bodies
- ☐ Vacuum bottles
- ☐ Vinyl siding
- ☐ Slips
- ☐ Shoe trees
- ☐ Safety flares
- ☐ Warm-up suits
- ☐ Bearing grease
- ☐ Overcoats
- ☐ Ping-pong paddles
- ☐ Rafts
- ☐ Bubbie bath
- ☐ Purses
- ☐ Sockets
- ☐ Bookends
- ☐ Weed killers
- ☐ Flippers
- ☐ Planters
- ☐ Football pads
- ☐ Tiles
- ☐ Deodorant
- ☐ Puzzles
- ☐ Air conditioners
- ☐ Panty hose
- ☐ Backpacks
- ☐ Upholstery
- ☐ Uniforms
- ☐ Phonographs
- ☐ Hearing aids
- ☐ Welcome mats
- ☐ Car sound insulation
- ☐ Racks
- ☐ Pacifiers
- ☐ Dresses
- ☐ Cassettes
- ☐ Garment bags
- ☐ Track shoes
- ☐ Dominoes
- ☐ Fences
- ☐ Car polishers
- ☐ Luggage
- ☐ Kitchen counter tops
- ☐ Protractors
- ☐ Antifreeze
- ☐ Earphones
- ☐ Flashlights
- ☐ Windbreakers
- ☐ Whistles
- ☐ Motorcycle helmets
- ☐ Pillows
- ☐ Clothesline
- ☐ Dune buggy bodies
- ☐ Carpet sweepers
- ☐ Antibiotics
- ☐ Checkers
- ☐ Chess boards
- ☐ Shower doors
- ☐ Soap dishes
- ☐ Yardsticks
- ☐ Shorts
- ☐ Syringes
- ☐ Slip covers
- ☐ Sugar bowls
- ☐ Shoes
- ☐ Paddles
- ☐ Decoys
- ☐ Volley balls
- ☐ Tobacco pouches
- ☐ Sleeping bags
- ☐ Refrigerator linings
- ☐ Pencils
- ☐ Electrician's tape
- ☐ Model cars
- ☐ Midi-skirts
- ☐ Kites
- ☐ Folding doors
- ☐ Mini-skirts
- ☐ Floor wax
- ☐ Garden hoses
- ☐ Mascara
- ☐ Paneling
- ☐ Lawn sprinklers
- ☐ Sports car bodies
- ☐ Stoppers
- ☐ Straps
- ☐ Smocks
- ☐ Tennis balls
- ☐ Tires
- ☐ Tablecloths
- ☐ Measuring cups
- ☐ Rulers
- ☐ Ring binders
- ☐ Reclining chairs
- ☐ Boat covers
- ☐ Tote bags
- ☐ Dishwashing liquids
- ☐ Unbreakable dishes
- ☐ Toothbrushes
- ☐ Extension cords
- ☐ First-aid kits
- ☐ Notebooks
- ☐ Combs
- ☐ Watchbands
- ☐ Darts
- ☐ Flight bags
- ☐ Toothpaste
- ☐ Flea collars
- ☐ Drip-dry dresses
- ☐ Tents
- ☐ Stadium cushions
- ☐ Plastic varnish
- ☐ Finger paints
- ☐ Foul weather gear
- ☐ Foot pads
- ☐ Refrigerants
- ☐ Rugs
- ☐ Nightgowns
- ☐ Sandals
- ☐ Hair curlers
- ☐ Lamps
- ☐ Lipstick
- ☐ Laminates
- ☐ Ice cube trays
- ☐ Typewriter cases
- ☐ Visors
- ☐ Swimming pool liners
- ☐ Laundry softeners
- ☐ Electric blankets
- ☐ Ear plugs
- ☐ Tennis rackets
- ☐ Shirts
- ☐ Drinking cups
- ☐ Canisters
- ☐ House paint
- ☐ Lamp shades
- ☐ Computer tape
- ☐ Cough syrup
- ☐ Rollerskate wheels
- ☐ Movie film
- ☐ Vinyl tops
- ☐ Digital clocks
- ☐ Draperies
- ☐ Ice chests
- ☐ Life jackets
- ☐ Audio tape
- ☐ TV cabinets
- ☐ Model planes
- ☐ Car battery cases
- ☐ Measuring tape
- ☐ Insect repellent
- ☐ Hockey pucks
- ☐ Ice buckets
- ☐ Fishing nets
- ☐ Fertilizers
- ☐ Hiking boots
- ☐ Hair coloring
- ☐ Knitting yarn
- ☐ Toilet seats
- ☐ Towel bars
- ☐ Denture adhesive
- ☐ Frisbees
- ☐ Hair rollers
- ☐ Light fixtures
- ☐ Loudspeakers
- ☐ Movie film
- ☐ Panties
- ☐ Electronic calculators
- ☐ Fishing boots
- ☐ Candles
- ☐ Diving masks
- ☐ Hairbrushes
- ☐ Body suits
- ☐ Water pipes
- ☐ Pails
- ☐ Car enamel
- ☐ Guitar picks
- ☐ Vinyl shingles
- ☐ Switch plates
- ☐ Shower curtains
- ☐ Sponges
- ☐ Detergents
- ☐ Beach balls
- ☐ Ties
- ☐ Sunglasses
- ☐ Bird houses
- ☐ Bathinettes
- ☐ Records
- ☐ Typewriter ribbons
- ☐ Footballs
- ☐ Disposable lighters
- ☐ Doorknobs
- ☐ Sewing machine cases
- ☐ Fishing reels
- ☐ Mattresses
- ☐ Lifeboats
- ☐ Girdles
- ☐ Plastic wood
- ☐ Stuffed animals
- ☐ Car mats
- ☐ Soft contact lenses
- ☐ Dog leashes
- ☐ Dice
- ☐ Trash bags
- ☐ Thermal blankets
- ☐ Drinking straws
- ☐ Afghans
- ☐ Pole vaulter poles
- ☐ Foam insulation
- ☐ Hand lotion
- ☐ Shampoo
- ☐ Shaving cream
- ☐ Aquariums
- ☐ Sails
- ☐ Soft bumpers
- ☐ Safety glass
- ☐ Erasers
- ☐ Radio cases
- ☐ Awnings
- ☐ Knitting needles
- ☐ Fan blades
- ☐ Wigs
- ☐ Window shutters
- ☐ Salad bowls
- ☐ Epoxy glue
- ☐ Punching bags
- ☐ Model ships
- ☐ Shavers
- ☐ Plywood adhesive
- ☐ Parkas
- ☐ Football suits
- ☐ Cameras
- ☐ Shoelaces
- ☐ Swizzle sticks
- ☐ Piano keys
- ☐ Bikinis
- ☐ Bracelets
- ☐ Football helmets
- ☐ Anesthetics
- ☐ Plungers
- ☐ Artificial turf
- ☐ Patio furniture
- ☐ Ashtrays
- ☐ Artificial limbs
- ☐ Rain hats
- ☐ Bandages
- ☐ Dentures
- ☐ Belts
- ☐ Tongs
- ☐ Tumblers
- ☐ Car seats
- ☐ Popcorn poppers
- ☐ Poker chips
- ☐ Mops
- ☐ Eye shadow
- ☐ "Tiffany" lamps
- ☐ Typewriter keys
- ☐ Wire insulation
- ☐ Desk organizers
- ☐ Fake furs
- ☐ T-shirts
- ☐ Electric scissors
- ☐ Golf bags
- ☐ Skin conditioners
- ☐ Photographs
- ☐ Outdoor carpeting
- ☐ Tool boxes
- ☐ Salt shakers
- ☐ Screen door screens
- ☐ Sculptures
- ☐ Caulking
- ☐ Fan belts
- ☐ Tape recorders
- ☐ Distributor housings
- ☐ Window shades
- ☐ Dog food dishes
- ☐ Curtains
- ☐ Dog toys
- ☐ Lids
- ☐ Pan handles
- ☐ Slippers
- ☐ Tennis shirts
- ☐ Tent pegs
- ☐ Tennis shorts
- ☐ Vitamin capsules
- ☐ Dashboards
- ☐ Ribbons
- ☐ Putty
- ☐ Percolators
- ☐ Swings
- ☐ Skis
- ☐ Tool racks
- ☐ Folding chairs
- ☐ Charcoal lighter
- ☐ Gas siphons
- ☐ Robes
- ☐ Picture frames
- ☐ Air mattresses
- ☐ Petticoats
- ☐ Seat covers
- ☐ Slacks
- ☐ Hampers
- ☐ Lighting panels
- ☐ Yarn
- ☐ Jars
- ☐ Stools
- ☐ Wastebaskets
- ☐ Wall plugs
- ☐ Insecticides
- ☐ Baby bottles
- ☐ Fishing lures

UNION CARBIDE

by making the prosecution possible; and one Thomas J. Murphy, who presented the case against Hiss at two trials, and was rewarded with a lifetime job as a federal judge in the courthouse in New York where the political vendetta was sanctified.

After a first effort collapsed in a mistrial with a hung jury, a second jury convicted Hiss on the word of one eccentric, suicidal man, an immigrant from the Communist underground, a born-again, come-to-Jesus convert aching for recognition and penance in contrition for a life of sin. He was by then Whittaker Chambers, the last of a dozen names he used in a shabby life that was laundered to the point of Establishment acceptability when he left the Communist party and found both Christian redemption and a job at *Time* magazine. Hiss had known him in Washington in the 1930s as a man who called himself George Crosley. At *Time*, the prodigal became a favorite of publisher Henry Luce for bringing his knowledge of Communist perfidy into the capitalistic fold and for transferring his faith from Bolshevism to God, at whose side stood Luce.

Chambers, who attended Columbia University in the early 1920s, told the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) that Hiss, then a lawyer in the State Department, and a half-dozen or so other young intellectuals, mostly out of Harvard, were Communists in an underground apparatus, or government cell, that Chambers served as a functionary. Hiss, said Chambers, stole all sorts of secret State documents and data and had his wife, Priscilla, type copies or pass them to Chambers to be photographed for transmittal to the Soviet Union. Hiss was, he swore, a Communist, had been one since he joined the New Deal Administration, and probably still was one up to the time of his indictment. Prosecutor Thomas Murphy persuaded the jury that certain documents, partially reproduced on a seven-foot billboard in the courtroom, had been given to Chambers by Hiss in the early part of 1938, and there was the typewriter right there on the table—the famous Woodstock typewriter allegedly owned by Priscilla, on which she spent 100 nights, behind closed blinds, typing off secret data so that Hiss could return the original documents to the files in the morning. In the face of that billboard full of magnified letters, and of the Woodstock, the jury was entreated by Mr. Murphy not to doubt the integrity or impartiality of the FBI and to convict Hiss, which they did. The truth was that even the FBI, for all its involvement in rigging the conviction of Hiss, never could and never did conclude that the incriminating letters were typed by Priscilla or even typed on that Woodstock.

To believe what was charged against Hiss required extensive preconditioning. Hiss was engaged in postwar Marshall Plan studies for the industrial and economic restoration of Europe, a prospect the Soviet Union despised with as much fervor as the xenophobic right wing of U.S. politics. It also required the attribution of religious and patriotic righteousness to Whittaker Chambers, who had held such attributes in contempt all of his life until he was laundered clean by the visitation of the Lord, the 1939 German-Russian alliance, his renunciation of homosexuality, and the prospects of promotion at *Time*. After his redemption, he emerged recanting but still suicidal, loyal to God and country, faithful to all he had previously loathed, speaking the truth as presumably only a professed atheist and practiced liar could speak it.

To have been the accomplished thief and liar that Chambers and no one else *but* Chambers said he was would have required of Hiss the most artful, Jesuitical dedication to an alien ideology that genius could devise. He would have to have acquired the straight-faced, confident demeanor of the arch-criminal masquerading as a loyal Democrat and liberal lawyer. To be even a halfway good Scarlet Pimpernel engaged in a life of duplicity and intrigue, trafficking in stolen documents and espionage, would have required supreme caution, motivation, or reward. The character invented by Chambers and imputed to Hiss was nonexistent, brought to fictional life for use in Chambers's confession and redemption and to validate his own reclaimed virtue.

By an almost occult act of irony, it is Nixon to whom Hiss, who was seventy-five last year, is indebted for his vindication no less than for his imprisonment. The damage done to the Constitution by Nixon, Hoover, and an assortment of chums sobered, or frightened, Congress—after Nixon's exile—into passing the Freedom of Information Act. With its amendments, this law remains severely hedged and much thwarted by compulsive addicts to secrecy in federal affairs, but it was enough to open the vaults of interred material that for a long generation concealed the facts of the framing of Alger Hiss. True, the government continues to play a tortuous game of actuarial roulette with Hiss so that it can escape, with his death, confronting him in court again. But release of 60,000 pages of documents under the Freedom of Information Act has generated a book, a film, and new litigation that illuminate not the crime falsely charged to Alger Hiss but the crime his government committed against him. They confirm what Hiss, his lawyers, and people aware of the motives of his tormentors to bring down the New Deal have always believed—that Hiss and Chambers were available for use in a historic overthrow of power that bent the judicial system of the United States to repulsive but politically opportunistic ends.

The only thing Alger Hiss now seeks is a setting aside of the sentence for perjury. He seeks it, however, not from a monarch or a President but from a judge in the federal court system. His name is Richard Owen. He is a colleague of that famous prosecutor Thomas Murphy, celebrated for his "victory" in getting Hiss convicted.

In something known as a *coram nobis* petition, Judge Owen will be asked this year to rule that the vast store of suppressed evidence, not to mention tainted and false evidence presented to the jury thirty years ago, dictates setting aside the perjury conviction. If the outcome affirms that there never was a case for either indictment or trial of Hiss, let alone the orchestrated conviction, that affirmation will constitute a vindication. It has cost Hiss and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Foundation, which undertook the litigation, more than $1 million and it has taken thirty years. In that time, while surviving Americans and those born since were forgetting what he was tried for, Hiss has enhanced his own life, serving the

ause of citizenship more profoundly
an he could have been expected to
o if his inquisitors had pinioned to
ie stake some other luckless inheritor
f the Roosevelt legacy.

Anyone who reads a book called *In*
e Alger Hiss, published last year by
lill & Wang, cannot, whatever the
epth of his prejudices, escape its
nplications. The book, widely ignored
i spite of its significance, is a re-
rint of the *coram nobis* petition,
repared by Victor Rabinowitz, the
oted civil-rights lawyer, and a staff of
ie National Emergency Civil Liberties
'oundation in New York. *Coram nobis*
: itself a litigative action in which a
ronged individual seeks from the
ame court in which conviction oc-
urred the setting aside of a verdict
evolving from suppressed or false evi-
ence, or otherwise lawless methods.
ince such a petition asks a court to
onfess, in a sense, its own previous
rong. I think that the odds in favor of
Iiss are not high. For one thing, Judge
)wen, who is obliged to read the text of
ie petition and the long-suppressed
ocuments that make up the book,
ould embarrass both a famous col-
eague and the exiled President who
ave him his job if he ruled in Hiss's
avor.*

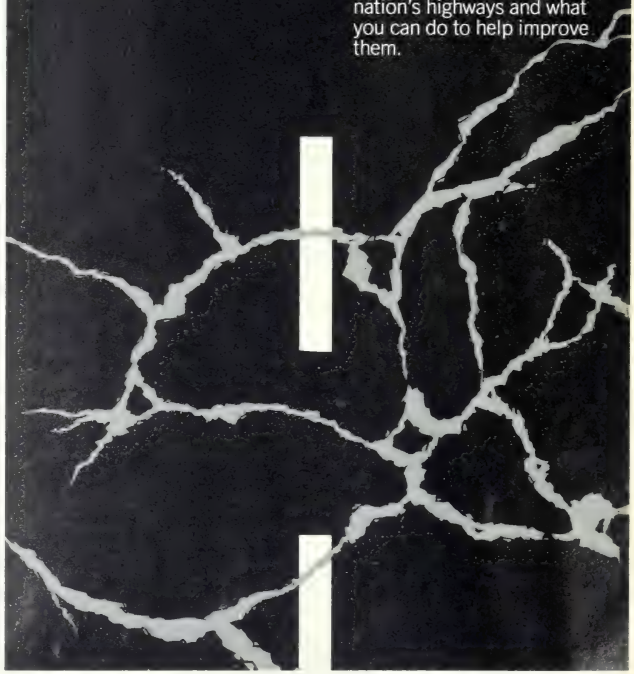
Both the *coram nobis* petition and
ie film are powerful, no less signifi-
ant in their own way than Emile
ola's writing in the nineteenth century
n the Dreyfus affair. In particular,
ie petition and seventy-nine exhibits
onvey the first revealed extent of
ie resources organized to get Hiss:
took the government six years that
ictor Rabinowitz's law firm and the
mergency Civil Liberties Foundation
esearchers now know about. And there
s much they do not know, since many
les remain suppressed or unsearched.
ut nowhere in the released, often ex-
urgated documents is there a line of
vidence showing or supporting the
hambers claim that the documents he

*And Richard Nixon is keeping in
ouch with what's going on. Arthur Wang,
ie publisher, received last year a request
or a free review copy of the outsize 438-
age *In Re Alger Hiss* from "R. M.
ixon, Casa Pacifica, San Clemente,
alifornia." Mr. Wang directed a sub-
rdinate to oblige by sending off a copy.
he did so, but not without grousing that
i cadging the book it appeared that Mr.
ixon was still exercising executive
rivilege.

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produced were given to him by Hiss.

True, Chambers had some microfilm and documents dated in 1938 that had come from the office where Hiss worked under Francis Sayre, a high State Department official.* But Chambers, who had confessed to perjury more times than anyone counted, readjusted his testimony whenever it began to look as if he himself would be prosecuted—as he should have been.

The fat volumes of transcribed telephone calls to and from the Hiss telephone in Washington in the 1940s, when Hoover's FBI conducted, virtually unmonitored, surveillance against many people who "leaned" the wrong way, are testimony to the capacity of FBI agents to endure fruitless boredom. Even though occasionally a renowned world statesman might be on the phone, the transcripts are mostly the stuff of trivia and minutiae. Nothing but household and social talk. Not a single phrase or dropped clue to suggest that Hiss for all his working life was engaged in a dual, deceptive enterprise of espionage. There is no word to hint that he was a daring agent taking incredible chances to hand over to Chambers documents bearing Hiss's own name and handwriting—documents that, if discovered, would incriminate him beyond hope of denial.

John Lowenthal was twenty-five years old when Hiss was convicted. He practiced law for fifteen years, then went to Rutgers University to teach in the law school there. In 1975 he got a leave of absence (sabbaticals are not allowed at Rutgers) to reassess his profession as a teacher. Although interested in the Hiss case since his days in law school, when he both did research on and attended the trials, Lowenthal did not want to add another book to the burgeoning shelf of volumes on the matter. Instead, with no experience in making movies, he set out to make a film that would draw on the still-living participants and the vast storehouse of filmed news clippings. The result is a documentary, the only one of its kind, on the Hiss trials, and it provides original insights on a topic well-worn by the footprints of journalists and historians. The film is neither a polemic against the accusers of Hiss nor a brief for the prosecution. Instead, it is a unique and devastating forum for the new evidence in the case to be sifted and analyzed by those who witnessed and participated in the trials.

The reality conveyed in *The Trials of Alger Hiss* is at times hard to bear. It cost John Lowenthal and a few investors $400,000, but its value far exceeds its cost. It discloses with stunning simplicity how the system of investigation, politics, law, and judicial slovenliness was bent to serve a purpose unrelated to justice. The purpose served was about the same as that served by burning a witch—uniting a populace in support of some fear or ideology favored by the burners. The film extends the limits of the medium's capacity to transmit coherence and reality through the miasma of babble that swamped the rights of Hiss no less than it vaporized a few salient truths about Chambers and the prosecution, facts that should have aborted the case before term. As much as anything else, it conveys that the investigation and trial were an extension of politics, of power, as indeed any political trial, sponsored by a government, inevitably is.

The film opens with one of those hyperactive 1948 newsreels intended to adrenalize movie-house patrons with pyrotechnic presentations of news events while Lowell Thomas, or some oracular imitator, tells us what it is we see:

KEY WITNESSES FACE TO FACE AT SPY HEARING

[Film shows Hiss and Chambers at House Un-American Activities Committee hearing.] Announcer: *Tense drama grips a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Before the bright light of publicity, Alger Hiss, former State Department official accused of being a Communist, meets his accuser face to face: Whittaker Chambers, admittedly a former Communist himself. Flatly contradicting one another. . . .* Announcer: *Chambers repeated his charge in a broadcast and was promptly sued for slander, which sent him to his Maryland farm to produce the famous pumpkin microfilm container . . . said by Congressman Nixon to contain top secret information of vital import . . . shocking evidence of espionage in high office —a drama of contradictions with someone to be proven a liar.*

The camera picks up Alger Hiss t day for an introduction then moves t interviews with Robert Stripling, th chief investigator for HUAC. Recoun ing the episode of Chambers "findin secret papers in a pumpkin on h Maryland farm, Robert Stripling r minds us: "You've got to understan as I said before, the job that I was i was like working in a sewer." Th "pumpkin papers" had the press in frenzy. Clearly staged to comply wit the sinister requirements of a spy mo ie (and timed to prevent Chambe losing the libel suit to Hiss), th pumpkin stash was so overdone fo theatrical effect that it provoked rid cule. But no inanity, no amount heavy-handed bathos could stay th pursuit of the cornered Hiss. Withi thirteen days of the well-planne pumpkin-patch drama, Hiss was i dicted.

LOWENTHAL'S FILM accon plishes a revelation of cha acter development with compelling force I have rarel seen in a documentary. What one se here is not acting but the actual pa ticipants questioning their earlier co clusions as they learn absolutely dec sive information, previously withhel from them, about events that they cr ated. Several of the participants a shattered as they realize on camera th they convicted Alger Hiss without th benefit of all the information the available.

One, Gussie Feinstein, a juror at th second trial, is all bright and cheerf as Lowenthal, usually out of range the camera, chats with her. Yes, s says, she voted with the others to co vict Hiss; "we had no choice." No, s had not thought he was a Communi spy, but that he committed perjury t cover up for someone else, his wif probably. But that was the same thin Hadn't Priscilla typed the letters o that typewriter, which sat right the on the table in the courtroom for fort days?

Then, disclosing documents su pressed by the FBI for nearly thirt

*In 1940, Chambers had told the writer Malcolm Cowley that Francis Sayre headed the Red apparatus in the State Department. He had never mentioned Hiss at all then. Eight years later, when he was trapped again, Chambers said nothing more about Sayre, and elevated Hiss to the status of espionage agent.

ars, and extracted from oblivion by
e Freedom of Information Act, the
m reveals what the jury never knew
-and reveals that much they thought
ey knew was false. Gussie Feinstein
esn't believe the FBI or the prosecu-
on would have done anything as de-
itful as the documents say, not to
meone like Hiss. When it becomes
ear, as she assimilates and acknowl-
lges the authenticity of what she
arns, she is stunned. When it ap-
ears she wasn't even told about the
pewriter what Murphy probably knew
-that the FBI had evidence that the
isses might never have owned the
pewriter that was on display in the
urtroom—she seems shocked. She is
respectable citizen. Her government,
the form of one authority or an-
her, deceived her. She probably
ould not—nor would the others, she
ays—have voted for conviction if she
ad known what, as a juror, she needed
know to deliver a true, rather than
provoked or contrived, verdict.

F. Edward Hébert, Congressman
om Louisiana who served thirty-six
ears in the House, was remembered
rincipally in his retirement and old
ge, along with the late Mendel Rivers,
or setting records in his time as a
hampion pork-barrel legislator for
hanneling billions of dollars' worth
f federal projects to his home state.
nd he was a merciless pursuer of anti-
mericanism and a praise-singing ad-
irer of Whittaker Chambers. How-
ver, he had some difficulty under-
tanding why Chambers seemed so
owerfully driven to *get* Hiss.

"I was trying to find motive," he
old John Lowenthal before the camera.
And that's the one thing I couldn't
nd."

Mr. Hébert takes from the viewer,
n his subdued bearing and evocation
f sympathy, some of the pleasure of
indication. He still thought there was
othing wrong with innocent people
ccasionally being maligned in the
ursuit of a good cause. Or, he did
ntil Lowenthal showed him two old
uppressed FBI documents while Alger
Iiss, on screen, read their contents
loud. One was handwritten by Cham-
ers and both were confessions of his
ears as an active homosexual in the
ears that Hiss served, as Chambers
harged, a Communist apparatus. Ex-
raneous as this may now seem, had it
nen come to light—as the prosecution



Left to right: Garland Dusenberry (age 68), Clarence Rolman (78), Lem Tolley (82), Herb Fanning (78), Charley Walker (69), Lawrence Waggoner (89), "Spook" Harrison (70)

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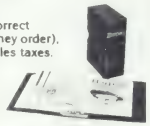
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no doubt realized—Chambers's credibility would have evaporated.

"I wouldn't accept this," says Hébert.

"This is Hiss in his own defense. These are self-serving papers."

"No, no," Lowenthal replies, handing the papers to him. "These are FBI documents in Chambers's own handwriting. . . ."

Hébert's countenance sags. He is speechless, rigid, in a state of shock. His transformation from a feisty old man to a beaten one whose life purpose seems to disintegrate around him moves one to pity. Mr. Hébert died at the end of 1979.

Vincent H. Shaw, a juror who voted for conviction, says: "There would have been no trial" if the FBI had not withheld facts Chambers reported, including that he had been a homosexual. "I don't think they'd ever get a jury to believe someone like that on the stand. Not that it would really make that much difference, but at that time it would make a world of difference. The world has changed in the past fifteen, twenty, thirty years." Hiss in the movie dismisses Chambers's sex life as irrelevant to the case, except as it relates to the falsification, suppression, and amplification of information bearing on credibility and truth.

AT THE TRIAL, the prosecutor, Thomas Murphy, exploited the national reverence—undeserved, to be sure, but shored up by the press—in which Hoover and the FBI were held. In his closing argument to the jury, in a tremolo finish pleading for the condemnation of Hiss, he defied the jurors to question the hero worship of the FBI:

> *If you think that any bit of evidence in this case, any bit, material or immaterial, was manufactured, conceived, or suborned by the FBI, acquit this man. The FBI ought to be told by you that they can't tamper with witnesses and evidence, if you believe that to be the fact.*

All of the reasons—Murphy's old suggestions excluded—for concluding the political vendetta played out in 1950 make up the *coram nobis* petition published by Hill & Wang, which ought to be of consuming interest to all literate citizens who have ever felt the chill of fear at the prospect of the state directing its power to the destru tion and imprisonment of a select scapegoat. Citizens need to remi themselves that "the State is a co monster," as Charles de Gaulle sa forever lurking in the shadows of go intentions or the need of authority align itself with popular aspiratio especially when the popular will is v nerable to manipulation or exploi tion.

Nixon was John the Baptist for the in the American community awaiting messiah to smash the satanic idols Communism. With the resources the Congressional committee and t FBI at his disposal and Chambers willing martyr in search of recognitio the time was at hand for Nixon's pu poses—and for those who shared t goal of driving the New Deal out of t government. In killing off Hiss, Nix prepared the pathway for the M Carthy period, which followed imm diately.

In 1930, Justice Oliver Wend Holmes, who a year earlier had chos Alger Hiss to be his law clerk a secretary, expressed his views on t Sacco-Vanzetti trial of the 1920s in letter to Harold J. Laski, leader of t British Labour party and an educat of renown:

"It was their misfortune to be tri in a community that was stirred up, not frightened, by manifestations t import of which was exaggerated, ar without knowing about it, I presur the jury felt like the community."

Thirty years have passed since Alg Hiss was convicted of perjury duri a period of history similar to the xer phobic 1920s. Instead of still faci the mob appeals of demagogues ev ready to advance their political powe by exposing Communist infiltratio however, the surviving HUAC me bers and trial jurors—in the quiet filmed conversation with John Lowe thal—can now reflect on what Cha bers and his FBI protectors conceal from their deliberations. It is to t film's credit that in an uncontrived s ting it can record the anguish of t participants who for the first time, no that it is available and that cool heads prevail, confront informati that, had it been available from the b ginning, would have allowed Hiss's fo tunes to be driven less by hysteria a more by the rule of law.

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LITERACY RETURNS

The Killer Spelling Bee Meets the Conqueror Bookworm

by Jeffrey Burk

ONE DAY, late in December, while working on my science-fiction novel, *The Killer Spelling Bee Meets the Conqueror Bookworm*, I was distracted by a loud buzzing outside my window. I looked up to see, flying above the rooftops, a flock of last decade's brightly colored buzzwords—along with some clichés and catch-phrases—migrating toward the 1980s. Though I quickly got out my binoculars and my *Here & Now Lexicon*, I was able to spot only *consciousness* and *jogging* bringing up the rear, and somewhat farther ahead, engaged in their distinctively erratic midflight mating, *quiche* and *disco*. As the flock faded from view, I waxed melancholic at the thought that some of them would not make it: some would not go the distance. I was about to carry this fertile brooding back to my writing desk when across the window fell a long shadow, the contours of which were immediately familiar to me as those of the hardy perennial buzzword of the Seventies, rogue *illiteracy*. Fascinated, I watched as it landed on my window ledge and began dully pecking at some crumbs of wit I keep there for unexpected guests. I realized that my situation was similar to that described by John Keats when he set down his theory of "negative capability," a nineteenth-century version of "intuition." Since the heroes of my novel had for some time been hurling rhetorical questions at each other, I decided to test Keats's theory by imagining the plight of someone over whom the shadow of *illiteracy* might fall with malign effect.

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Taliaferro.

CONSIDER MR. BONAPROP, a re spectable citizen, proud of h family, home, and career, co lege-educated, socially con scious, and this evening sitting alon in his study. In fact, in a brown study for Mr. Bonaprop is musing on th fate of his four-year-old son, who wi soon be passing through at least twelv years of increasingly expensive educa tion. He thinks of the child's brigh eyes, eager for the scanning of words and his delicate fingers, handy for th turning of pages and the holding o pencils. Already the boy speaks cohe ent sentences, even, occasionally, subordinate clause. The treasures o conversation, literature, and self-e pression await him. Why, then, think Mr. Bonaprop, must I abandon him t the American educational system, on to have his eyes dulled after two doze



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school terms, his pasteboard diploma dangling from nearly vestigial fingers, his blank countenance foreshadowing the college man—and betokening the illiterate?

As he ascends the stairs to his son's bedroom, Mr. Bonaprop performs some calculations. At roughly five hours a day, five days a week, for some thirty-two weeks a year, those twelve years represent 9,600 hours of classroom activity, or 400 twenty-four-hour days. Twelve years equal thirteen months, relatively speaking. The significance of this eludes him, but he realizes that the reductive figure may prove useful whenever his son complains of school's seeming endlessness; "It's only thirteen months," he will be able to reply.

Outside his son's bedroom Mr. Bonaprop looks through the bookcase for something to read to him, but where once there were numerous fairy tales, fables, and Dr. Seuss fantasies, now there is, inexplicably, but one thick, heavy volume, bound in black leather. Shrugging, he takes the book, enters his son's room, and, sitting at his bedside, begins the tale, which is entitled *Why Johnny Can't Read*:

> *Once upon a time there was a boy named Johnny. He was the hero of American education because he could be so many things to so many people. Johnny could be in grammar school or high school or college. He could be black or white or Hispanic. He could live in the suburbs or in the big cities, and sometimes he lived in what was called the inner city but was really just a ghetto. In fact, Johnny was Everyboy, a remarkable hero who liked to do only three things: learn to read and write, watch television, and take multiple-choice examinations. . . .*

Mr. Bonaprop stops reading and glances over at his son. He is asleep. Just as well, he thinks; this is a gloomy tale indeed, and not suitable for his innocent ears, his bright eyes, eager for. . . .

I CAN WELL IMAGINE Mr. Bonaprop's anxiety. Since 1970, when the U.S. Office of Education declared war on functional illiteracy, parents have endured an unending barrage of slogans and acronyms as two of the three *R*s twisted in ever-shifting winds of economics and fashion. Among the more familiar: Back-to-Basics, Open Admissions, SEEK, bilingual education, black English, ESL, ETS, SAT—culminating at the end of the decade with HEW metamorphosing, in part, into ED., the preferred abbreviation for the new Department of Education.

However well-intentioned, this frenzy of reform seems a kind of pedagogical Punch 'n' Judy Show. A drop in the average scores on the verbal section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) moved teachers back to an emphasis on spelling and grammar. Then the Educational Testing Service (ETS), which produces and administers the SAT, was charged with manufacturing defective merchandise: interpretive fluctuation in the scores, bias in the questions, the proven value of coaching and cramming. Meanwhile, Open Admissions had discovered thousands of college freshmen deficient in reading and writing abilities. As a result, Back-to-Basics received more support at the grammar- and high-school levels, and a concordance to the vocabulary of freshman English showed *remedial* to be the word on everyone's lips. Programs like the Search for Education, Elevation, and Knowledge (SEEK) dealt in particular with underprivileged students, while experiments with English as a Second Language (ESL), bilingual education, and black English recognized that Back-to-Basics, by itself, was not enough.

In the penumbra of all these bright hopes were the voices crying in the wilderness, the purists—also known as the popularizers. Edwin Newman's *Strictly Speaking* (1974) and *A Civil Tongue* (1976) demonstrated that grammatical propriety can attain the best-seller lists. Several national magazines maintained regular columns on the corruption of the English language, among them one for *Esquire* by drama and movie critic John Simon, a prominent guest in a three-day debate on the state of the language hosted by Dick Cavett in December, 1978, for his public-television interview show. Finally, readers of Russell Baker's "Sunday Observer" column in the *New York Times Magazine* were surprised not long ago to find it taking second place to William Safire's column, "On Language."

Coming into the 1980s, the odds st
do not seem to favor Johnny's emer
ing from all this confusion with a
degree of proficiency in reading a
writing. The *New York Times* of Su
day, January 6, contained a separa
section devoted to a "Winter Survey
Education." The front-page headli
read "INNER-CITY SCHOOLS SHOW SIG
OF PROGRESS," yet it covered two d
ferent stories, subtitled "Changi
Methods Raise Educators' Hopes . .
and, on the other side of the ellips
". . . But Many Students Continue
Be Hobbled by Illiteracy." The Educ
tional Testing Service, James Fallo
points out in the cover story of t
February *Atlantic*, is being criticiz
by, among others, the PTA, t
NAACP, and the National Educati
Association. Finally, far from givi
cause for hope, the formation of t
Department of Education more like
suggests that in addition to the millio
in federal funds already spent and m
spent over the past decade of educ
tional chaos, the bureaucratic worst
yet to come.

IT IS BECAUSE Mr. Bonaprop is
regular reader of the dailies, t
weeklies, and several of the bett
monthlies that he fears for h
son's literate future. For the old sa
"no news is good news," the press h
its own corollary: good news is n
news. Thanks to that imbalance, t
anxious parent can see only the dism
portents of a dunce's cap on eve
head, and never the light at the end
the funnel. There is light, however, a
room for optimism in two recent
published books about teaching. Th
are not the sort of thing to rely on f
diversion during a long bus ride, n
will they outdo a best-seller as a gi
But they will go some distance towa
restoring Mr. Bonaprop's normal
cheerful demeanor.

Thomas C. Wheeler, author of *T
Great American Writing Block: Caus
and Cures of the New Illiteracy*,* sta
ed teaching in the early 1970s in t
SEEK program at York College, Ci
University of New York. He was su
prised by the command of the spok
language evident in most of his st
dents. They had all been tested a
found to need remedial work, y
Wheeler writes, "they were able

*189 pages. Viking, $8.95.

peak forcefully and could summon an loquence, a lyricism, when encouraged o write." Encouragement and dedica- ion were Wheeler's principal tools. His revolutionary approach was to nake students see the connection be- ween writing and self-expression, to ring together a sense of basic skills vith the students' strong sense of iden- ity. Then, too, he had them write fre- uently, and read frequently, both American literature and their own ompositions for classroom discussion. Where rote work was inevitable, he rovided lists of, for example, irreg- ilar verbs, and where there were mis- akes in writing he helped the student ee the mistake and understand the orrection, rather than returning a omposition sprinkled with gnomic red narks. In all this there is nothing ex- raordinary; on the contrary, Wheel- r's methods are abundantly, effectively bvious, and he gives evidence of their ffectiveness with numerous examples f his students' writing.

Wheeler's simplicity and directness s complemented by the comprehen- iveness of *The ABCs of Literacy:* A Guide for Parents and Educators*, by Stephen N. Judy. Professor Judy eaches English at Michigan State Uni- versity and is the editor of *The Eng- lish Journal*, a magazine for high- school teachers. His book is a how-to mnibus, and one that by the sheer umber of its suggestions, both prac- ical and idealistic, virtually guarantees renewal of hope for the embattled Rs. Early in the book, he offers a re- ssuring echo of Wheeler: "Getting omething down on paper is frequently s important to the writer as to the eaders"; and "Writing skills are said o be in decline, so teachers double heir efforts to teach grammar and pelling (and assign fewer composi- ions than ever)." Both authors share fundamental belief that constant eading and writing more fully develop he basic skills than any amount of drill work. That belief firmly anchors Professor Judy when he moves outside he classroom to propose community- vide projects, both to broaden the stu- lents' educational experience and to get the community, be it hamlet, town, r city, involved in the education of its hildren. Judy anticipates skeptics who night envision each school term as an endless round of field trips—sanctioned hookey—by directing the projects to- ward further exercises in reading and writing, and, more convincingly, by citing specific schools where similar projects have enjoyed success.

Undoubtedly, the intended market for *The ABCs of Literacy* is the teaching profession. The nine-page bibliography, twelve pages of generic or age-oriented reading lists for stu- dents, "100 projects for improving literacy instruction" (a chapter in it- self), and countless references to books, experiments, and problems in the education profession (with an occa- sional lapse into its jargon) support the book's value as a reference tool for teachers. But teachers are only *in loco parentis;* parents will also profit from owning a copy and referring to it as often as the need for information and reassurance requires.

FAILING TO TAKE at least that much interest in the future of education could lead to the sort of reverie into which a dozing Mr. Bonaprop has fallen. As he imagines it, he and his son are sitting in a cubicle, the walls of which are made entirely of books. Their seats are piles of books, and they have drawn them up close to a fire burning in the center of the cubicle. Into the fire they feed books to keep it going, now and then tearing out a page and eating it to keep themselves going.

For what seems like the thousandth time, his son turns to him and begins their only conversation.

"What are these, Daddy?"

"These are books, Son."

"Books are good, aren't they, Daddy?"

"Yes, they are, Son."

Mr. Bonaprop awakens with a shud- der at his son's bedside. He smiles with relief to see peeking from beneath the bedclothes a copy of *The Cat in the Hat*. Reading already, he thinks, and happily tosses the heavy black volume out the window.

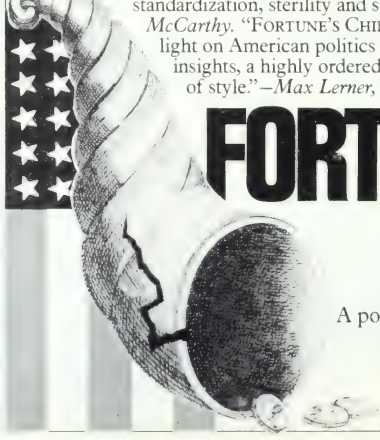
As for the *illiteracy* on my window ledge, it took off some time ago. It looked to me a bit bedraggled, and I believe it was headed in the wrong direction. □

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*361 pages. Oxford, $15.95.

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DOUBLEDAY

Détente Dentée

by David Suter

Ever since Peter the Great wandered around the docks of Amsterdam with his eyes open, the Russians have dreamed of ships and ports and warm seas. Peter's wish for what he called a window to Europe presents itself in this winter's evening news as the Soviet expansion southward to the tropic of Cancer. Havana lies within twenty miles of the tropic, Hanoi within 300 miles. But if the Soviet divisions in Afghanistan push through Iran to the Gulf of Oman, Peter's descendants will be able to sail straight along the tropic to India.

The tropic of Cancer marks the northernmost limit of the sun's apparent course through the heavens. Maybe it would be helpful to think of the Russian Bear rousing itself after a hibernation of 1,000 years, stretching its paws into the temperate zones that gave birth to the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, and the Bill of Rights. The Bear's awakening has little to do with Marxism, more with the aspirations of the medieval Slavs huddled against the cold in their settlements along the Dnieper and the Volga. □



MEDIA MARTYRDOM

The Greensboro shoot-out

by Robert Watson

IN TWO MINUTES on Saturday morning, November 3, 1979, a gang of Ku Klux Klanners shot and killed five self-styled Communists of the Workers' Viewpoint Organization and wounded twelve others in a low-income, black neighborhood in Greensboro, North Carolina. Four local television camera crews filmed the shoot-out—two minutes as gory as any single segment of *Apocalypse Now*—but somehow the police failed to arrive until after the slaughter was over. Within a few hours the shoot-out had become a major news story around the world: Greensboro was seen as a target for a resurgent Klan, a city with a police force willing to turn its back when armed Klansmen rode into a black neighborhood with intent to kill. The story was tied in with the civil-rights disorders of the 1960s, when in actuality it was nothing more than a ploy to get attention. What was really gang warfare became in the eyes of the world an outbreak of racial violence, the "Sunbelt" reverting to the Old South—not of magnolias but of whites lynching blacks.

All over the country on Sunday morning, November 4, readers saw virtually the same headlines: "FOUR KILLED IN GREENSBORO ANTI-KLAN RALLY" (*Boston Sunday Globe*), "FOUR DEAD TEN INJURED AT ANTI-KLAN RALLY" (*Times Picayune*), and "GUN BATTLE WITH KLAN KILLS FOUR" (*Miami Herald*). And those who had watched the network news actually saw film of the shooting, with the presence of blacks and whites emphasized. When *Time* and *Newsweek* appeared, they, too, connected the violence in Greensboro with the 1960s racial disorders. Tass, the Soviet news agency, claimed that the violence clearly showed that racism was still rampant in the United States.

By Sunday night, reporters from the wire services, many major newspapers, and all the major networks were in Greensboro. Some stayed briefly, others stayed for a while and then left, only to fly back for the funeral of the slain on the following Sunday. Of those who remained, few seemed to know much about the South and, in particular, Greensboro. They seemed confused because their preconceptions of Greensboro and the shoot-out were not borne out as they examined the facts. From the day of the slaughter until the following Sunday, when the Communists were buried, Greensboro was saturated with the national and international media. One local paper estimated that about 400 newsmen and television camera crewmen came to Greensboro to cover an event of "international importance."



UPI

THE DRAMA of the shoot-out on November 3 had a prologue. It was a copy of a letter dated October 22, 1979, that began with the salutation: "AN OPEN LETTER TO JOE GRADY, GORRELL PIERCE, AND ALL KKK MEMBERS AND SYMPATHIZERS," and went on to say, "The KKK is one of the most treacherous scum elements produced by the dying system of capitalism. . . ." A long, windy letter, it also called the Klan "a bunch of racist cowards," "two-bit cowards," and "pests." "Yes, we challenged you to attend our November 3rd rally in Greensboro. We publicly renew that challenge," the letter stated, and ended with, "We take you seriously and we will show you no mercy. DEATH TO THE KLAN, Workers' Viewpoint Organization." The reverse side, under large letters saying "DEATH TO THE KLAN," supplied this information: an anti-Klan march and conference would be held on November 3, the assembly point for the march would be the parking lot at the Windsor Community Center, the time, 11:00 A.M.

After circulating their letter, the Workers held a press conference outside the Greensboro Governmental Center to promote their anti-Klan rally. At the press conference two speakers, after

Robert Watson is the author of Selected Poems (*Atheneum*).

bad-mouthing the Klan, invited the local television stations and newspapers to cover the event.

From the challenge sent out to the Klan and the ensuing press conference, it is very clear that the Workers' Viewpoint Organization was not, as many originally thought, secretly ambushed or assassinated. The Workers knew that those in the Klan, mostly poorly educated, country-boy fanatics, don't like their bravery questioned, especially by the people they consider the chief menace to our nation, "a racially mixed bunch of Commies." And in order to make any confrontation appear racial, the Workers set their parade in a black section of Greensboro. The Windsor Community Center is in a black neighborhood, near low-income housing projects, and only a few blocks from Everitt and Carver streets, where the ensuing shoot-out occurred.

An assortment of Klansmen and Nazis, mostly from the western part of the state, arose early on the morning of November 3, and began arriving at 4:30 at a small house a few miles from Greensboro. Some thirty or forty men formed a caravan of several cars and drove off to take up the Workers' challenge. One of the Klansmen had earlier gone to the Greensboro Governmental Center to look at the Workers' parade permit, which stated that the marchers would assemble at the corner of Everitt and Carver streets in front of the Morningside Homes housing project. Thus the Klan headed for Everitt Street instead of the Windsor Community Center, the assembly point printed on their invitations.

When four television cameramen-reporter crews and a reporter-photographer team from the *Greensboro Daily News* arrived at the Windsor Community Center, they were told the parade would assemble at the Everitt Street location. There they found the Workers—some armed—beginning to form a group of about 100, including spectators and children. But the police were *not* told about the new assembly point. They had been told to stay away by the Workers' leadership. Indeed, the police, unlike the Klan, still thought the parade was to assemble at Windsor Community Center.

At 11:20 the caravan of Klansmen drove without warning down Everitt Street toward the 100 or so still-unassembled marchers. The two groups began yelling obscenities at each other. Some of the marchers laughed and began to pound the Klansmen's cars with fists and sticks. The Klansmen stopped and got out of their cars. Someone (no one is now sure whether it was a Worker or a Klansman) began firing shots in the air. Suddenly it was all a whirling chaos of fists, sticks, and shouts. Klansmen, with calm precision, removed rifles and semi-automatic weapons from car trunks and began shooting, reloading, and shooting again. Communists shot back. Quickly the Klansmen returned to their vehicles and drove off. Most of the killers were captured within minutes by the police. Blood-spurting bodies were everywhere. Four persons were killed, all members of the Workers' Viewpoint Organization, and ten wounded, one fatally. The survivors instantly began shouting Communist slogans and "Where were the pigs?," ignoring the fact that they had asked the police to stay away.

The local television crews and newsmen, meanwhile, were so surprised and stunned that they could not immediately comprehend what had happened. One cameraman received a load of buckshot in his knee and had a dying man fall into his camera. Jim Waters, at local Channel 2, said he felt as though he were photographing a Vietnam war scene, but he also said, "I think the Klansmen had picked their targets, the white leaders. I think the black woman was caught in a crossfire. I'm not sure, it was so confusing and lasted such a short time." A CBS television crew was dispatched from Atlanta and within one hour had set up in Greensboro.

There it was, the two minutes of chaos and slaughter everyone in the country would see in a few hours on television. When I saw it on the CBS evening news at 6:30, anchorman Bob Schieffer had cut to correspondent Bruce Hall set up in front of the Greensboro Governmental Center. Hall reported that Klansmen had shot into a predominantly black crowd at a Communist Workers' rally. Then a segment of film shot by local cameramen was shown: the Klansmen shooting into the confused crowd and some people from the crowd apparently shooting back. End of report.

As usual, the network news left unanswered the more instructive questions, among them: Who belonged each group, one going under the Kl label and the other the Commun label? How many were on each sid Where did they come from?

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO the Kl had an estimated 80,000 r tionally unified members, b today the B'nai B'rith An Defamation League estimates a de mated national membership of 9,00 split into various factions with diffe ing names and political points of vie About 800 of these are estimated belong to a half-dozen factions North Carolina. Six of the fourte suspects in the November 3 shootin told police they were Klansmen, a three others said they were Nazis. September, in the little eastern Nor Carolina town of Louisburg, a whit supremacy rally brought Klansm and Nazis together to form a gro called the United Racist Front. T suspects in the shoot-out may be me bers of the Invisible Empire-Knigh a militant Klan group based in Louis ana. No one knows for certain becau the various Klan/Nazi groups are a ways quarreling and splitting or co bining into new groups. Eight hundr Klansmen/Nazis is not many for state with a population of almost million.

While the fourteen Klan/Nazi su pects waited to be arraigned in distri court on the Monday after the shooti they sang "My Country 'Tis of The and "Onward, Christian Soldiers." A ter the district attorney read the mu der charges to one suspect, he ask the suspect if he understood t charges. "Yes, but I can't understa why I got the charges," the Klansm replied. None of the Klansmen we from Greensboro: most were fro towns in the more rural, western pa of the state. The majority were in the late twenties and early thirties; o was an upholstery worker, two we self-employed loggers, one was a she metal worker, others were mill wor ers. In an interview with Greta Till of the *Greensboro Record*, one of t arrested, sixteen-year-old Claud Ma thew McBride, Jr., said that when h mother and stepfather woke hi and asked him whether he wanted go to the rally, he said to himself, thought, you know, you ain't g

›thin' else to do today so you ought go ahead and do it." The boy went ı to say, "My daddy told me today ıat if he had knowed anything like ıat was gonna happen, he'd a never t me come. And I told him I wouldn't ave wanted to."

No one I knew in Greensboro was ware that Communists of any variety ere at work in the state until the ıoot-out. And initially everyone ıought the Workers were poor, ig-orant people, much like the Klansmen, xcept that they were racially mixed. ust another gang—the kind that starts ghts in bars. But they were wrong. hey were mostly northern whites, ıen and women in their late twenties nd early thirties, educated in some of ıe nation's leading universities. Only ne of the five dead was black: Sandra mith, twenty-nine, a native of South arolina who came to Greensboro in 969 to attend Bennett College, a small, xcellent black liberal-arts college for vomen, where she later became presi-lent of the student government.

The other dead were all white and nale. César Cauce, twenty-eight, a efugee from Cuba, graduated magna um laude from Duke University in 975 with a degree in political science nd history. William Sampson, thirty-ne, from Richmond, attended the Sor-bonne, Harvard University Divinity School, and the University of Virginia Medical School. Michael Nathan, hirty-three, came from Washington, D.C., and in 1973 graduated from the Duke University Medical School. James Waller, thirty-seven, was a grad-uate of the University of Chicago Medical School.

The educational qualifications of the Workers, or of those known to have participated, were impressive. Paul Ber-manzohn, a New Yorker who gradu-ated from Duke Medical School in 1974, was severely wounded. James Waller's widow, Signe, who some feel is one of the most militant and belliger-ent of the group, came to Greensboro from Rhode Island about a decade ago with her first husband, an art historian at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Signe Waller has a Ph.D. in philosophy and had taught at Ben-nett College.

The spokesman for the oddly as-sorted group of revolutionary Commu-nists is Nelson Johnson, thirty-five, a black man, who is a native of Halifax County, North Carolina. In 1969, when he was student vice-president at the State University's Agricultural and Technical (A&T) College in Greens-boro, he came over to the predominant-ly white University of North Carolina at Greensboro to urge the students to burn down the chancellor's house as a way of forcing a settlement in a work-ers' strike at the student cafeteria.

The curious little band of about twenty-five revolutionaries has over the past ten years been trying to orga-nize textile workers in Cone Mills in Greensboro and elsewhere in the state —with no success.

FAR FROM BEING disheartened by the massacre of their mem-bers, the local group of Work-ers responded with a kind of macabre élan. Everything that they had hoped for had come true. They had created a media event, with the eyes and ears of the world focused on them

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Reflections on History

By Jacob Burckhardt

Jacob Burckhardt, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian and humanist, was a friend of liberty and a skeptic of power. He foresaw the coming of collectivism, and Nietzsche found in Burckhardt an historian who "was not dominated by the general whims and dared to see things realistically." First translated into English in 1943, *Reflections on History* was previously published in the United States under the title *Force and Freedom*. With an introduction by Gottfried Dietze. "No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately" —Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Nation*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

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at last after the unsuccessful years of frustration at Cone Mills. The script was successful: the "Death to the Klan" rally had really worked. Hadn't they, the downtrodden workers, been brutally assassinated by the most despicable organization in America? Wouldn't they now receive worldwide sympathy and acclaim? Wouldn't their membership swell with the coming recession and resulting mass unemployment? Wasn't this perhaps the beginning of the revolution, the overthrow of the capitalist society?

The surviving Workers worked at high pitch to produce another script and set the stage for the next act—the great media funeral march on Sunday, November 11, which they estimated would bring from 2,000 to 5,000 sympathetic marchers, with loads of fellow party members to arrive from all major cities. The prologue, the challenge to the KKK, had worked out fine. In a way the shoot-out had, too. It had drawn the media like flies to honey. Moreover, it had given them martyrs. James Waller, two weeks before he was killed, was said to have told someone at the Greensboro Sewage Treatment Plant that his Workers had a plan to produce both national news coverage and martyrs.

No one is quite certain who was the Workers' chief scriptwriter. It is possible that Nelson Johnson was only a front man, and that either Signe Waller or Sally Bermanzohn, wife of the severely wounded physician, Paul Bermanzohn, and former wife of the slain Michael Nathan, was the leader. But while the Workers were writing their script—perhaps using some old revolutionist's handbook, now available in a cheap paperback edition—the embarrassed Greensboro Police Department was arranging its own.

The Greensboro police have been harshly criticized for their absence from the scene of the shooting.

The police script called for 175 Greensboro officers, 250 state highway patrolmen, 500 National Guardsmen, plus a number of observers from the FBI, to guard the one-and-a-half-mile march route and all highway entrances into the city. Furthermore, the mayor declared a state of emergency and the police received a twenty-four hour blanket warrant from the court: both actions would then permit law enforcement officers to inspect and search vehicles entering the city during the emergency.

The airport, local restaurants, and motels were unusually busy with newsmen who had arrived to cover the parade. They, too, were studying the line of march, and besieging the Greensboro press with questions ranging from the identity of Nelson Johnson to the nature of "barbecue," a local delicacy. The outside press needed help. They knew little about the town, its history, or the background of the march. They needed good quotes and they needed to know where to station their cameras for the best angles.

THE FUNERAL MARCH was scheduled to begin at 1:00 P.M. on Sunday, November 11, on the corner of Edward R. Murrow Boulevard and West Market Street. The Workers carefully placed the beginning of the march well inside the black section at a small shopping center, and chose deliberately to bury the four slain white men in a city cemetery where no whites had ever been buried. (The body of Sandra Smith, the black woman, would be sent later to South Carolina to be buried.) Why the black setting? It was chosen to inject once again the false issue of race.

Sunday morning it had turned cold and was raining hard with no sign of letting up. The city officials were delighted, because they knew that Greensboro people hate to go outdoors in bad weather, yet they knew rain would not keep away out-of-town fanatics, Klansmen, or Communists. Nelson Johnson, early Sunday morning, had called the owner of the Cosmos II restaurant at the small shopping center asking him to serve the Workers brunch and to provide them a warm, dry place to wait. The owner complied cheerfully, telling Johnson that as a capitalist he didn't mind making a few bucks from Communists.

By 12:30 the corner of Murrow and Market had been transformed into a movie director's dream for a war film setting. On time and in the right place lines of Greensboro police in shining riot gear, armed with rifles, stood at three-foot intervals on both sides of the street. At a nearby gasoline station the National Guard had parked armored personnel carriers and a number of jeeps. Up the street and behi a church were busloads of guardsm in full battle regalia. Overhead t military helicopters chattered in t air. Sawhorses blocked streets, a state-police cars cut off all vehicul traffic into the area. National Guar men frisked all entering pedestrians.

The walkways of the small shoppi center were thronged with photogr phers, television crews, and reporte Estimates of their numbers at the sce ranged from 150 to 400. An AB cameraman said that well over $1 m lion worth of television cameras ar equipment was being rained on. W newsmen walked back and forth tryir to find spectators to interview. Th were hard to find and were apt to l plainclothes policemen. They final settled on interviewing one another, reading the pamphlets on sale, whi offered a new explanation of the shoo out. "On November 3, 1979, under t direction and aid of the FBI and t rest of the covert repressive machine of the capitalistic state, the KKK ar Nazis with military precision assas nated five members of the Communi Workers' Party. . . ." Readers were we come to join their party, except tho who were "revisionists," or, in oth words, Soviet Imperialists, the gover ment in China, and the Vietname "revisionist scum." Followers of P Pot (Cambodia's former hangman though, were especially welcome join the Workers, although one wo ders how many admirers of Pol P there are in Greensboro.

The delay seemed endless. T Workers guarded the doors of t Cosmos II restaurant, making it i possible to guess how many marche were inside. Occasionally a person two would yell into the microphone the sound truck, "We want to turn th country upside down," or "The on solution is Communist revolution Twice Nelson Johnson came out to sa that the procession was delayed b cause Mayor Melvin and Sheriff Gi son had broken their promises. Wh promises? He didn't say.

At last, at three o'clock, two hou late, a group who called themselv "The May Day Singers" climbed o to the truck to sing a ballad over t loudspeaker, but the sound was blurry the words could not be unde stood. Then the Workers' processio began to file out of the Cosmos

staurant. The coffins were unloaded om the waiting hearses and set on heeled contraptions that looked like ersized shopping carts. The last ords from the sound truck before the ocession began to move were, "There ll be a Communist Workers' Party ess conference after the funeral at gne Waller's house at 6:00 P.M." The ial stage business was arranged, the loaded rifles, being examined by Na- nal Guardsmen, were returned to e honor guard. These prop rifles were ucial to the melodrama. The Workers inted to look as militant and power- l and dangerous as possible for the rld media photographs—a strategy terror and violence on display de- loped in the 1930s by none other an the Brown Shirts as a recruitment mmick.

For the most part the marchers wore d army jackets and raincoats left er from the Sixties, and berets emed popular among the men. Signe aller in the vanguard looked like a male Ernest Hemingway on safari. ll the marchers wore red armbands id carried placards with photographs their slain comrades. Someone on e sound truck shouted, "Long live the vincible Communist Workers' Party" s the Workers called themselves at e funeral), black banners were ised, and they were off. The 300 archers, of whom two-thirds were ack, waded through the press and arted up East Market Street between e protective ranks of police and Na- nal Guardsmen, pushing the red- raped coffins toward the cemetery and outing into the television cameras, The world is watching, avenge the WP."

Not many people were along the arade route. Even when the march- rs passed A&T, Nelson Johnson's ma mater, few students came to atch. At the service at Maplewood emetery perhaps 200 more curious nlookers or sympathizers joined to sten to long speeches of propaganda. o prayers for the dead were offered. he Workers had turned them into rops in their drama, had cut off mpathy for the dead by not showing rrow themselves. One of the few pectators during the long wait outside ie Cosmos II, an elderly black man, aid to another elderly black man, "I'll ell you what this all amounts to: three eas on a dog, three fleas on a dog."

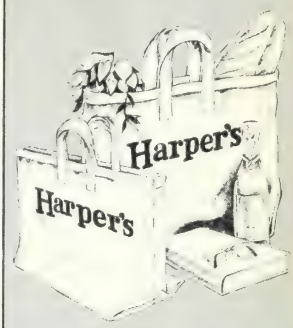
THE WORKERS' Viewpoint Organization—a tiny, mostly white group of recent inhabitants of the area—is estranged from almost all of life in Greensboro, or anyplace in America. Full of hatred because of their failures, the members reduced their lives to clichés, and five of them died in an event rigged for self-destruction. But for a brief time they suckered the gullible media, which were confused by their own fables about the South.

The tragedy surrounding the brawl deserved the label *fraud* or *hoax* when those involved tried to elevate it from the level of a gang rumble to a confrontation between the forces of light and darkness. But because the Workers managed to parade against symbols of popular dread—fascism and racism—before the glittering, indiscriminate eye of the television camera, they were watched with the rapt attention normally reserved for Presidential campaigns.

Unable to distinguish between an authentic political conflict and one that displays violence to attract a following, the media reduced their role to that of convenient stooges, and in their confusion fell back on the stereotype of the Klan-dominated South to fill up a few minutes on the evening news. The event was not racial or even political, although it did have the fascination of shock and horror. It was, to use an old-fashioned word, evil.

In *Paradise Lost* Milton writes the basic dramatic formula for inciting crowds to evil behavior in his description of Satan exhorting his fallen angels to rise up as one mighty army and overthrow God by force or guile. All the props are there in Milton's description, the banners, the weapons, the music, the shouting, the marching, and the rhetoric of lies. We see Hitler in the old film clips following Milton's formula when he addresses jam-packed, banner-waving Nazis. We see Stalin in Lenin Square following the same Miltonic formula, just as we saw an attempt at the formula televised in Greensboro, in a shabby little shopping-center version, where without the massed police and media it would have seemed like an attraction in a small carnival's midway on a cold, wet afternoon. □

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GROUNDWORK

Rocks of stone

by Ronald Jage

STONES AND ROCKS—they're my thing. Pebbles I did as a kid. Someday I may go into boulders. But right now, at middle age, it's the middle-sized lumps of native hardware that have caught my philosophical fancy: rocks and stones.

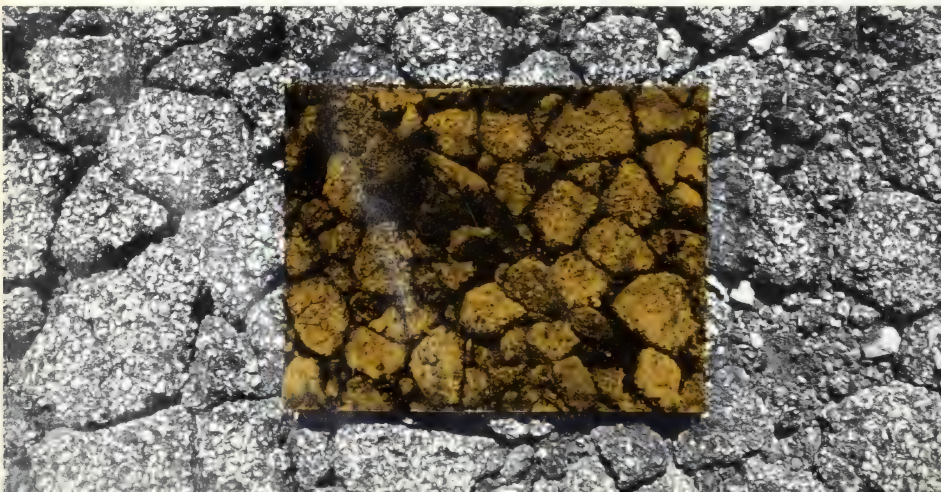
I'll have to explain how I got into this recondite subject and what I get out of it, for I take very seriously, though none too solemnly, the whole stone-rock aspect of our civilization. Several avenues of insight have been especially notable for me, one connected with Charlie and another linked to Wendell—both scions of the tribe "Yankee Handyman," a legendary race.

A few years ago, having grown weary of fame and riches, particularly that of my friends, my family and I began homesteading on an abandoned New Hampshire farm. I spoke to Wendell about helping me fix the place up—gesturing toward fallen stone walls, listing buildings, and forest attacking every meadow. Wendell assured me he would tackle any odd job I had, anything at all, without preference or priority; but he added firmly that he would not do, would not even consider doing, anything that involved work with rocks. Seeing my arched eyebrows, he proceeded to denounce with passion and conviction all the rocks of New Hampshire. He cursed the rocks of the land with a fury and eloquence that had he been a holy man instead of a handyman would surely have shriveled stones to dust and ashes. Eventually he simmered down enough to justify his feelings, which he did by saying that he had always hated rocks and always would.

The strength of this opinion, and its eccentricity, made it memorable for its own sake and also for the way it eventually rattled my ideas into a new shape. I began immediately to explore the recesses of my own feelings. Arriving at the interior of my sentiments, however, I found nothing but a line of high regard and affection for stone walls; and as for individual rocks, I could locate only a low profile of generalized respect quite smothered with a deep layer of absolute neutrality. Evidently I was exploring what was compared with Wendell's—an und veloped sensibility, for he was earnest wallowing hip deep in regions of pa sion I hardly knew existed. Take modest example: if I accidently drop stone on my foot, I can manage despise that very rock fervently f perhaps a minute, maybe two—wh the pain is at its fiercest—but no mo Where is the amateur who can point beam of eloquent hate at a rock long than that without the mind wanderi to higher things, reaching for mea ing? Wendell can; he is a pro. He h held hates rigid as a ramrod for ha a lifetime without faltering. Marvelou I know it was the very purity of h animosity that first aroused in me t glimmerings of real affection for roc

Wendell may have excuses. Do catch in his warm loathing a thin a vistic echo of that impulse that mo than a century ago began luring t real farmers of New England off the stony hillsides and onto the plains

Ronald Jager is the author of The Develo ment of Bertrand Russell's Philosophy.



e Midwest? Here perhaps was the
sidual memory of toil and struggle
th the rocky and unyielding earth,
memory and a pain alive still, fester-
g through the generations. On the
ner hand, maybe it's just that Wen-
ll has a whacky whim. Anyway, he
red me of my complacent lack of par-
anship when it comes to stones and
cks.

TODAY I AM a somewhat more sophisticated student of the subject; indeed, if I have made it my own it is because e subject sought me out, diverting e from frivolous pursuits. I find, for ample, that our available resources r achieving thoughtful intimacy with cks and stones are weak and paltry, cultural failure that leaves us emo-nally unequipped to face candidly a od bit of New England landscape. th poetry and science, to take two oss examples, provide an unbalanced ew. Science runs to geology and geol-y runs to rocks; whereas stones, the dinary garden variety especially, are ten simply buried. Now if science is ased toward rocks, which is bad, then etry is biased toward stones, which almost worse. In fact, poetry cateis sentiment so lofty as to overlook the wn-to-earth quality that ought to be sociated with stones. Shakespeare, to ke a blatant example, commends ermons in stones," but the sermons fered by the poets—lines like "Some-ing there is that doesn't love a wall," tone walls do not a prison make," ticks and stones may break my nes"—are highfalutin or morbid.

As I have intimated, it was Wen-ll doing his devotions that first day at had set me thinking about how nes and rocks are actually related. fact, the first thought to assail me is quite straightforward, to wit: here Wendell in his passion had seen *cks*, I in my innocence had seen only *nes*. We should face the fact with-t flinching: there is something more inous about rocks. We have heard New England's "stern and rock-und coast," and we have known stinctively that it would have been s stern if made of stone. Never ould we describe a ship or a marriage a martini as "on the stones," but ese commodities are frequently on e rocks, and the longer they are there

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the worse they are for it. Stones have a subtler reputation than rocks, even where it tends toward the precious: it's a rolling stone that gathers no moss; one of them that kills two birds; and no one of them that a thorough effort leaves unturned. Gradually the thing began to come clear: rocks habitually keep company with science and other matters forbidding and ponderous; stones keep to poetry, epigram, and similarly compact forms of mystification.

Confronted with such rich options, my own affections have vacillated: like the poets, I am sometimes secretly partial to stones—what with cultural attractions on the order of the Stone Age, Stonehenge, the Rosetta Stone, the philosophers' stone, and the Stone of Scone. Certainly by comparison with these, Plymouth Rock and the Rock of Gibraltar, for example, seem a bit gross. And though it has been pointed out to me that there are other forms of rock at large—candy, salt, crab, music, bed, bottom, band, and maple are often mentioned—it's understandable, with materials like that, why there has never been a certified Rock Age. Moreover, it's apparent that stones provide the durable raw material for constructing certain delicate figures: they are more tractable than rocks as metaphors for stability, hardness, coldness, fixity, or insensitivity. More color and finesse are involved in, say, a good stiff case of stonyheartedness or even a brisk bout of stonewalling, than in being rock-ribbed, selling out at rock-bottom prices, or having rocks in your head. *Against* stones, however—and it is a grievous fault—is the awkward fact that the most famous one of them all, the legendary philosophers' stone, with powers to transmute base metals into gold, seems, well, simply not to exist. No rock in history has ever failed us so dramatically. For some philosophers this lapse has discredited stones entirely. Others counsel making do with less glamorous forms of stone, such as cobble, corner, touch, hearth, hail, mill, mile, lode, and lime. Also tomb and gall. The matter is complicated.

It would be in the spirit of my research, I decided, to go to the root of the matter, and to face the deepest question about rocks and stones, namely, what exactly is the relation between them.

Turning casually to the huge *Oxford English Dictionary*, normally an excellent first port of call when one is philosophically adrift, I promptly tied into some news on pages 2,563 and 3,068 that was devastatingly reassuring. This good book makes the most of the apparent similarities between rocks and stones. A *rock* is "a large rugged mass of stone forming a cliff" or just a "large detached mass of stone." A *stone* is "a piece of rock or hard mineral substance" or just "hard compact material of which stones and rocks consist." That's it. Outright confirmation, I take it, for rumors and suspicions that had nagged all my researches. Stones are made of rock, and rocks are made of stone. Here was intelligence lucid, definitive, and completely undistorted by passion or by science and poetry; in other words, a philosopher's ideal solution.

MANY A RESEARCHER might have closed the book on this subject right there. But relaxing was out of the question for one who had so recently grasped the deeper affinities between the two branches of this subject. Indeed, I now had the groundwork for a genuine synthesis whose consummation belongs almost single-handedly to Charlie. It was he who brought a special kind of ripened experience to my subject. His viewpoint was as comprehensive and experienced as Wendell's, at once a summary and an infinitely refined extension of it. On the occasion when his line of thought and research was brought to bear I was not present myself, a thing I shall forever regret. But my friend Bill, who was there, remembers everything he hears. It was, I fancy, a moment when the wisdom of generations was so congealed by the pressure of events as to precipitate a remarkable gem.

Charlie and Bill were rebuilding a warped and wobbly retaining wall, and one rock had been especially resistant. For more than an hour of silent effort, prying with levers, shoveling, twisting with poles and small rock fulcrums, they had concentrated on this one rock and it was not yet in place. Bill was still in there, scraping, tugging, prying, eager as a hound dog digging out a woodchuck. Charlie had stepped back. He thoughtfully surveyed the situation one more time, looked it over yet again, mentally checked out the various possibilities, finally he broke the silen with one smooth stroke of his verdi "You can't hurry a rock, Bill," Char said.

As I say, I was not there when th insight was vouchsafed and capture but I have had it in my care and kee ing ever since it was brought in, i tact, for me to admire and perhaps mount or interpret. I'm not a philo opher for nothing: I can recognize genuine synthesis of poetry and scien when I see it. Indeed, greedy as I a for such gems, I've tucked this spe imen—suitably generalized to oth weighty subjects and objects—into m own ideological retaining wall, a pa of my permanent defense against t world's wobble and its frivolous er sions, a retardant to its hectic pace. A ready it—I call it Charlie's Theorem —has saved me untold quantities of e ergy; and thanks to it I have made m peace forever with the unhurryab rocks that enrich my dooryard, garde and landscape. In a better, fairer wor Charlie would have been a counsel to Sisyphus, not merely to the neig bors and to me.

* It's obvious I suppose that Charli Theorem throws a flood of light on i portant segments of New England c tural history that are otherwise dark a obscure. This is easy to illustrate fr texts conveniently at hand. For examp one place where we find the famili rock/stone ambivalence is just where might expect it—in the diary for 17 of the Salem witch-trial judge, old Sa uel Sewall. The distinguished entry f April 14 of that year, which deserves ev more careful study than it has receive speaks precisely to the present point:

I lay'd a Rock on the North-east corner of the Foundation of the Meetinghouse. It was a stone I got out of the Common.

This is his entire comment on that su ject, and it contains a world of wisdo Though we shall probably never kn whether the stern judge is deadpanni or if he simply writes more wisely th he knew, it is plain as daylight that t lower-case stone he got out of the Co mon had turned into an upper-case Ro by the time he got it into the Meetin house foundation. No doubt he had tri to hurry the thing along and that's wh happened. We can mark it down: t sermon in every stone is its potential rockhood. What we have here is a si ple corollary to Charlie's Theorem—S wall's Corollary: a rock is a stone in hurry.

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Solution to the February Puzzle

Notes for "Theme and Variations"

The theme words PIPE, BOWL, FIDDLERS THREE had as respective variations MEERSCHAUM, CORNCOB, CALABASH; ROSE, ORANGE, COTTON; ISAAC STERN, NERO, JACK BENNY.

Across: 1. ope, anagram; 11. (a-R)rivals; 14. S(pill)S; 16. fairest, anagram; 19. ENEmy; 21. lantern, anagram of (I)nternal; 26. ap(peas)e; 28. Franc(is); 30. beanpoles, two meanings; 34. be-lt.; 36. retort, two meanings; 37. slug, two meanings; 38. c-a-L.L.-Co.; 40. ton, reversal. *Down*: 3. ever-Ted; 4. I-ago; 5. aspic, anagram; 6. alif, anagram; 8. s(alien)t.; 9. eocene, hidden in reversal; 10. nep(reversal)-tune; 13. Susy, partial anagram; 14. sway, two meanings; 17. snip, reversal; 20. despotic, anagram of "dice" around "spot"; 22. R.-end; 23. F-as-C(hina)-is-M(ao); 24. L-(pr.)ancers; 25. rare-bit; 27. per-due; 28. felt, anagram; 31. Lorca, anagram; 33. Bo(o)th; 34. M-lab, reversed; 35. loco, anagram.

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PUZZLE

CROSSING THE BAR

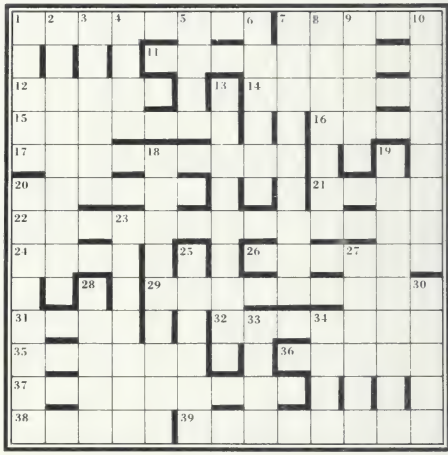
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.
(with acknowledgments to Centigram of *Crossword*)

This month's instructions:

Each "light" (i.e., entry in the diagram) is defined normally, but the subsidiary part of the clue (anagram, second meaning, homonym, reversal, et cetera) refers to the light plus one extra letter, at the beginning or the end, separated from the light by a bar. Thus the subsidiary cluing for 11 Across includes the second letter of 4 Down. In other words, the solver, or 13 Down, will have to use the process of 22 Across.

Clue answers include three proper names and one common acronym; 1 Across is an alternative spelling. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 107.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Married and expectant, secretary lies about fanatical leaders (8)
7. Observes small glances the other way (5)
11. The one officially named Latin pope translated English (9)
12. Relatives sent off after gold (5)
14. Be accommodating in church—Sabbath moves slowly (6)
15. Spanish island's inferior transportation (7)
16. Slashes luggage (4)
17. With adjustment, insures two means of getting a grip on things this winter (4, 5)
20. Diviner Red who's defected (6)
21. Soon confused around hot part of London (4)
22. *See Instructions* (13)
24. Listen, I'm doomed to party (4)
26. Calls to drinkers and friends without retracting approvals (6)
29. Spot spotted animals—they're symbols of America (5, 4)
31. Championship boast (4)
32. Nag about death's sign in the bank (7)
35. Fiddle with Richter several times (6)
36. Experimental retail maneuvers (5)
37. It's clear the top officer of the company embraces single strikebreaker (9)
38. Denies cooked lunches (5)
39. Bags ran around without sanity? Just the opposite! (8)

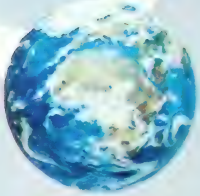
DOWN

1. You can get little drinks and plays without a penny (5)
2. Big oaf horses around right after March 21 and September 23 (9)
3. A great deal of money surrounds this minute fish (6)
4. Singer in local town (4)
5. Chill rises after a little work for cartel (4)
6. Party . . . with the result that I stagger (6)
7. "The emperor doesn't have any clothes on," reveals on with forked tongue (4, 5)
8. Coat counters in disarray (7)
9. Bridgework in teeth I consider moral (5)
10. Esso's sins corrupted court hearings (8)
13. *See Instructions* (3, 6)
18. Deans react badly to late afternoon parties (3, 6)
19. Wife caves in, faint from sweeping (9)
20. Fed up being taken in by second Kennedy, left th party (8)
23. Flushed hogs outside port, for instance (3, 4)
25. Dancing, he preps for ball (6)
27. Opener? That's rare . . . I . . . I . . . I got confused (6)
28. Mountain-climbing or running is illiterate (5)
30. Is persuasive being less uplifting and less heartless (5
33. N.Y. team left sports equipment (4)
34. Yield up one whale (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Crossing the Bar, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by March 14. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the Apri issue. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winner of the January puzzle, "Clubs for Clues," are: Betty Carroll, Me dia, Pennsylvania; Molly Kerdolff, Louisville, Colorado; an Ruth Diebold, Upper Nyack, New York.

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Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
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Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than 0.5**	**0.05**



Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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Anti-Business Day

For all their dourness, the anti-business bigots can't be faulted for lack of fancy in mounting their assaults on the corporate world. Their latest stratagem is something they call Big Business Day, scheduled for April 17.

It's a curious seance cooked up by a collection of very special interests. Their scheme is to put on a string of debates, lectures, and other happenings in communities across the country on the role of big business in American life. All the hoopla, it seems safe to surmise, will be assiduously orchestrated and programmed to command high visibility in newsprint and on TV.

The purpose of Big Business Day is to dramatize what one of its sponsors has described as an effort to "expose and repair" big business and another has called a drive to "correct the abuses" of large corporations.

In all the blather about corporate "power" and "abuses," one hunts fruitlessly for any acknowledgement that corporate size reflects a measure of public acceptance in the competitive marketplace and that large corporations are indispensable contributors to an economic system that has delivered tremendous benefits to the American people and propelled their living standards to unimagined levels.

In a puckish way, economist Herbert Stein has called up visions of a business-baiting ayatollah using a slew of corporate products and services in waging his campaign against big business. Stein is a professor of economics at the University of Virginia, a senior fellow of the American Enterprise Institute, and a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

"I can see it now," he writes. "Ralph Nader, after consulting with the Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics emeritus at Harvard [J. Kenneth Galbraith] on the AT&T telephone, mobilizes his forces. They arrive in Washington on Boeing planes flown by UAL or AA or EAL and proceed to their ITT hotel via a GM taxi running on Exxon gasoline. They then prepare press releases for Time and Newsweek and preen and prance to get in front of the ABC and CBS cameras. The day is climaxed by an appearance of Ralph Nader on an NBC talk show sponsored by IBM, at which he explains the evils of big business."

"Only once on Big Business Day," in Stein's scenario, "will the celebrants be out of the comforting embrace of big business. That will be when they ride on the Washington Metro, a government enterprise which allows 220 million American taxpayers to subsidize luxurious transportation for the residents of the Federal City, whose per capita income is far above the national average. There, indeed is a fit subject for protest."

To the organizers of Big Business Day, the grail is enactment by Congress of what's called the "Corporate Democracy Act of 1980." This proposed legislation would seek "to reform the internal governance structure of our largest corporations so that — consistent with a market economy — companies exercise their power and discretion in more democratic and accountable ways."

The aim: more shackles on business.

If there's anything America's faltering economy doesn't need, it's a new set of business-stifling rules, controls, restrictions, and regulations. There's already enough strangulation by red tape.

Sorry, but we won't be able to take part in Big Business Day. We'll be too busy competing for sales, making products, providing jobs, meeting payrolls, paying taxes, and doing all the other things people expect of business, big and small.



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LETTERS

The interests of writers

"Who is that gray-haired man in the windbreaker," I asked a Bread Loaf colleague, "who comes into Treman Lodge every day and lurks on the peripheries?"

"That's Gene Lyons. He's a journalist. He did an article exposing teachers for some Texas magazine and now he's going to do one for *Harper's* exposing Bread Loaf."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me. It's going to be about how writers' conferences don't teach anything about writing; how they're really just chances for the nobodies to make connections with the somebodies."

"But he hasn't talked to all of us yet," I protested.

I began to watch this Mr. Lyons, who, it seemed, had written his story before he ever got there. I observed several things: he spent the longest "sofa sessions" with shy or disgruntled conference members, people willing to let him do the talking, or people who were all too willing to say what he wanted to hear. He did not even introduce himself to some staff members. I never spoke one word to him. In the dining room, people reported that he seemed obsessed by stardom; he had tried to get them to "rank" the staff members. I observed him often, walking morosely by himself down on the playing field, and I could just imagine his article. And I just read it in *Harper's* ["The Famous Bread Loaf Writers' School," February].

Perhaps that's why he missed all the good conversations about writing that he maintains never existed at Bread Loaf. If he had been where he should have been, he would have heard the names of all the writers he said were never mentioned. And if he missed the spirited (and often heated) discussions of craft between teachers and students, that's his fault. He certainly didn't attend any of *my* workshops.

Mr. Lyons complains he received cold reception at Bread Loaf. That h was "all but frisked for his hatchet." was ready to have a dialogue with him despite the hatchet slung over his shou der, and so were many other peopl But apparently we didn't fit in wit the story he had already planned.

A sadly splenetic and one-sided arti cle. It is haunted by the writer's obses sions but breathes little of the Brea Loaf I and others have experienced.

GAIL GODWI
Woodstock, N.Y

GENE LYONS REPLIES:

Is it petty of me to object that whil graying at the temples, my hair i brown: that I own no windbreaker that the *Texas Monthly* article Ga Godwin heard about at Bread Loaf ap peared after the conference; that "Tre man Lodge" is Treman Cottage an has two small public rooms, hardl suitable for a peripheral lurker of an description, much less the broodin Heathcliff of the playing field Ms. God win saw? Can she have been peerin through her curtains at some othe lone demento?

More to the point, Ms. Godwin's od letter gives me renewed confidence i having got Bread Loaf exactly righ Common gossip—of which there i plenty at such a gathering—tells her am obsessed with order and degree but it is *she* who imagines that I cor sorted only with low-ranking losers The putative exposé a little bird tol her I planned turned out to contai mainly praise for the purely pedagog cal aspects of the conference. "Talkin to all of us" would have entailed inter viewing 250 persons in four days; attempted a cross section.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

"Barn Burning," a short story by William Faulkner that first appeared in *Harper's* in June, 1939, is being shown on public television as part of the American Short Story Series.

Maybe I had bad luck and missed ll the impassioned literary discussion, ut I doubt it. What I heard most is on isplay above. What Ms. Godwin can-ot seem to fathom is a public rather ıan a private motive. I'm tired of the uddy system of reviewing books and f the pettiness, sycophancy, and roup-think that are the invariable re-ılt. Why should book buyers tolerate ·om authors and reviewers systematic onflicts of interest that would send ement contractors to jail?

Israel's eminent domain

Five pages of your February issue re devoted to an article entitled "Is-aeli Expansionism," in which Arthur . Samuelson describes how Israelis ave been "seduced by the temptation) empire." With a strong magnifying lass and a world atlas you may be ble to discern this "empire."

The author would have us believe iat Israel, with fewer than 4 million eople, is a menace to the twenty-one rab nations with 145 million people and 5.3 million square miles of land. Maybe he is right, for here is a nation that practices religious freedom and permits the residents of its "occupied areas" to trade extensively with its enemies. Here is a nation of people who made the desert bloom and in the process dramatically increased the standard of living of its Arabs. Here is a nation that, unique for the Middle East, practices democracy and has been steadfast in its friendship with America.

This is also a nation that has just given up more than 50 percent of all its territory in its quest for peace. Expansionism, indeed!

MARTIN H. MILLER
Silver Spring, Md.

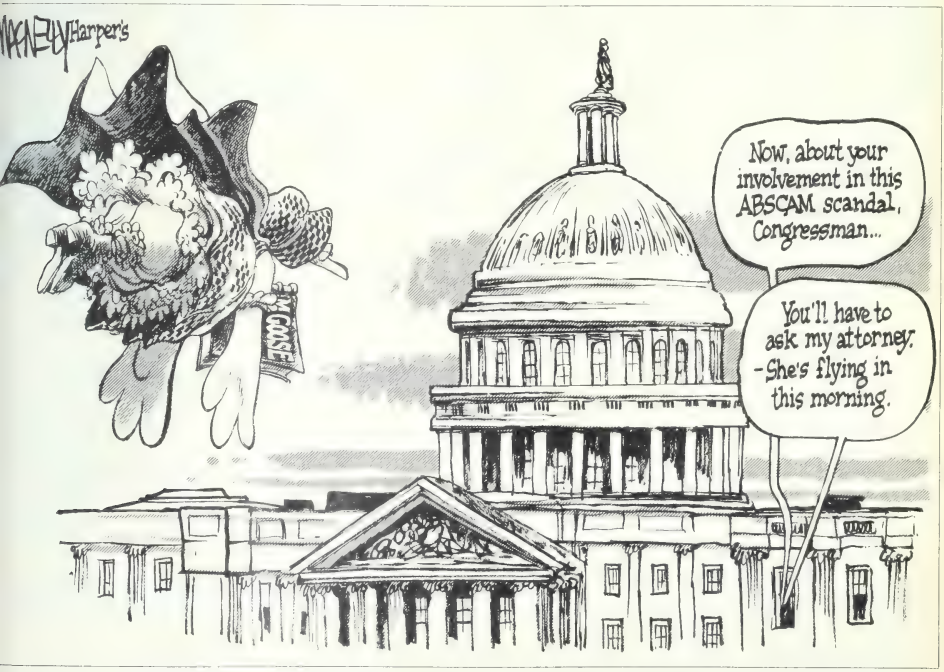
Arthur H. Samuelson writes as though Gush Emunim fanaticism is the major obstacle to an Arab-Israeli peace. In fact, no Arabs (except perhaps the Egyptians) are ready to coexist with Israel. Palestinian autonomy is a code word for the establishment of a "Liberation Army" of thousands, armed with the latest Soviet weapons and Islamic fervor, and bent on a second Holocaust. For confirmation, read the charter of the PLO.

I believe the Gush Emunim is unrealistic; it makes no sense to settle Jews in densely Arab areas. But the American and even American-Jewish passion for a *Judenrein* West Bank is unseemly. I can buy land and live in Birmingham, Brooklyn, Paris—anywhere but in Hebron, since ancient days one of Judaism's four holy cities. I find that intolerable and nastily racist.

HAROLD WERSHOW
Birmingham, Ala.

ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON REPLIES:

It appears that my critics are responding more to the tone of the unfortunate title assigned my article by *Harper's* editors than to its content. How else can I explain Mr. Miller's irrelevant indignation? Or Mr. Wershow's emotion and apparent confusion? First Mr. Wershow attacks Begin's autonomy plan as a knife to be held at Israel's heart just as any honest-to-God Gush Emunimnik would do,



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Where is it written that prosperity is our inalienable right? The fact is, it's a reward earned in large part by ever-increasing productivity.

Ominously, the growth rate of American productivity has been dropping steadily and now ranks ninth among industrialized nations. Yet wages continue to climb and prices with them, sending inflation spiraling endlessly upward.

Revitalizing productivity will require renewed self-control and a rethinking of some fundamental attitudes. For instance, given a Federal cut, would you accept application of a major portion of that cut to taxes business in order to make funds available for productivity-increasing ef Or, as a worker, would you be willing to limit your demands for wage increases? And, as a corporate executive, would you be willing to limit price increases?

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then he somersaults into a Labor Party–like attack on Gush Emunim as being unrealistic. Gentlemen, please read my article again and you will find that none of us loves Israel any less than the other.

I spent months researching this article so that I would neither harm nor strengthen Israel's image in the United States but rather give Americans a clearer picture of the debate that has raged in Israel since 1967 over the occupied territories and explain how a small band of religious-nationalist fanatics have come to exert such powerful influence over Israeli policies. My research, which included long conversations with Gush Emunim members living in settlements throughout the West Bank, convinced me that Gush Emunim represents a real danger to the Israel both I and my critics presumably cherish. In my article I attempted to convey the extent of this threat—to Israeli democracy, security, and the long-held desire for peace. I portrayed Gush Emunim as a necessary product of the garrison state imposed on Israel by the Arab states that refuse to welcome Israel into the region as Egypt has done since 1977 and pointed out that the Sadat initiative has done much to reduce Gush Emunim's appeal to the general populace.

Since I wrote my report, Gush Emunim leaders have joined with extreme right-wingers from a variety of parties to form a new political group, called *Techiyah* ("Renewal"), dedicated to toppling the Begin government, which its members now ironically consider the prime obstacle to the immediate establishment of Israeli sovereignty over the West Bank. (I say "ironically" since Begin has recently announced plans for the creation of thirty-one new settlements at a cost of $5 billion. At a time when inflation is running at a startling 150 percent and the government has committed itself to massive cutbacks in spending to check the inflationary cycle, the proposed settlements reveal the extraordinary price Begin is willing to pay for his commitment to make the West Bank part of Israel.) For the moment, the significance of *Techiyah* lies less in its immediate electoral power than in its potential as a grass-roots neofascist movement. "Their common denominators are cultural despair and the blind 'patriotism' they call love of the Land of Israel," wrote columnist Amos Elon, reporting on the movement's founding convention in October. "Once again there was something in the air loaded with violence, both physical and verbal, which, against the backdrop of the growing inflation, could remind old-timers and those with long memories of the Weimar Republic. Even the movement's name conjures up *Deutschland Erwach*."

If only the Gush Emunim were willing to live in Hebron as citizens of a Jordanian or Palestinian state—as Mr. Wershow would be willing to live as an American in Paris—I am sure that an arrangement could be worked out. In fact, I expect that the right of Jews to live in the West Bank and the right of Arabs to buy land in Israel will be a major area of negotiation when and if the American-Egyptian-Israeli autonomy negotiations reach agreement on an agenda, not to mention the more substantial issues at hand. But Gush Emunim does not seek the right to live in Hebron; it is actively working to annex the city, along with the rest of the 750,000 Arabs who live on the West Bank, to the State of Israel. As one Gush Emunim leader living in Kiriat Arba, the Jewish settlement alongside Hebron, put it to me: "I do not hate the Arabs. But this land is meant for the Jews. The Arabs can live here as long as they understand that we are the boss."

The current conflict is not over the right of residence, as Mr. Wershow asserts, but over the sovereignty of the area. What would happen to one's precious right to live in Birmingham, Brooklyn, or Paris were one to declare that his presence made these cities part of the State of Israel? One can live anywhere one likes in the United States and most places in the world as an American citizen; one can't live in Moscow as an American because we are in a state of cold war with the Russians. By the same token, Israelis are not allowed by their government to live in Hebron since Israel is engaged in a hot war with the Palestinians and the Jordanians. Along with what is rapidly becoming a majority of Israelis, I believe that until a political arrangement with the Palestinians is reached, the presence of the Gush Emunim in the West Bank can only obstruct the cause of Israeli security and peace.

Faculty perquisite

Prof. Reed Whittemore begins h article "Faculty Survival" [February by claiming that university administra tors treat faculties like children. Suc treatment is justified, for the malais in American higher education is a co sequence of what Professor Whitt more calls "the frailties of the ac demic mind and character."

Today we are paying the price fo two decades of professorial irrespo sibility. Universities have become voc tional schools because professors em phasized the importance of a bachelor degree for the career-minded. It wa professorial cowardice in the 196 that yielded power to students, wh had no idea what to do with it. Th led to the destruction of the tradition curriculum and created a power va uum that was quickly and quietly fille by the new managers that Profess Whittemore so abhors.

One reason that we are in this me is because of fuzzy heads on faculti who mouth the quasi-democratic plat tudes of socialism but think like cap talists on payday. This finds Profess Whittemore complaining that the pr liferation of committees in his depar ment undermines the authority ar power of full professors, while he s multaneously "yearns idly for socia ism." Such confused romanticism on makes the professoriate look and a foolish.

Bruce Buba
Kansas City, M

Oh, come now, Professor Whitt more! If being a faculty member Maryland is all that bad, quit, f heaven's sake, just like the adults d

Of course appointments are ma in a way that seems arbitrary to tho who do not make them. That is the wa of the world. Moreover, any sear committee—academic or otherwise that after a year (a *year!*) "fou itself declaring eighty-five candidat unqualified for the job" is not c pable of staffing a one-car funeral.

No one denies faculties or any oth group "the privilege of running the own affairs." That privilege is alwa self-assigned, built, created, shaped. N one will "empower" a faculty to acce responsibility for their own destini That power rests with the faculty, wi individuals. The power to manage one

TAKE ISSUE

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f Harper's thought-provoking journalism is not all you expect, ou may cancel your subscription and keep the first issue FREE!

Only in Harper's Magazine can ou read Lewis H. Lapham every ıonth.

Mr. Lapham, the editor of Harper's, writes a regular column alled "The Easy Chair." In it, he xpresses his opinions on a variety f subjects:

On Capitalism—"Hardly anybody kes to admit that the highest chievements of the Western mind pring from the same lush soils that ourish the equally lush flowering of orruption and greed."

On Public-opinion Polls—"They erform the function of oracles and Catholic priests. Politicians depend n the polls in the same way that eurotic patients depend on their sychiatrists. The politician puts the uestion 'Did I do right? Am I a ood boy?' Having been rigged by ıe politician's pollsters, the statistics ffer justification and reassurance."

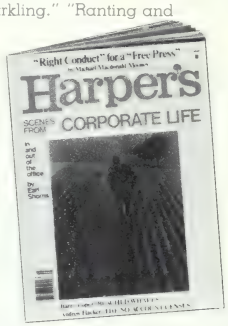
On the Future—"The rage against ıe future arises from the war etween the generations for the rivileges of childhood."

On Environmentalism—"Judging om the tone of letters received on ıis subject, I gather that a fair umber of readers imagine that I go orth every spring to bludgeon seals ı the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is ot so. But in its decadent aspects, nvironmentalism allies itself with arcissism."

How do readers react?

They form their own opinions. Here's what some of them have to ay about Lewis Lapham:

"Excellent." "Impressive." Polished and perceptive." "An ısult to the reader." "Methinks Mr. apham goes too far." "Bravo." "Well put." "Absolutely dazzling." "Unrelieved negativism." "A pleasure to read." "Such a lot of miserable whining and complaining." "A much-needed debunking." "Wonderful." "Courageous." "Pretentious and unfair." "Penetrating honesty." "Gloom and doom denunciations." "Sparkling." "Ranting and



ravings." "Glorious." "Supreme self-righteousness and acidic cynicism." "Convincing."

As you can see, readers do not always agree with Mr. Lapham—or with each other. Harper's readers are like that, insistent on forming their own opinions.

Lewis Lapham writes: "Harper's does not align itself with any of the traditional political divisions, and this seems to offend people who want to think of it as either 'liberal' or 'conservative,' 'Left' or 'Right,' 'Democrat' or 'Republican.' The absence of dogma makes them uneasy and gives them a variety of reasons for objecting to what they perceive as the heresies implicit in the texts with which they disagree."

Do readers find it worthwhile?

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own destiny is *always* available. Its value must be weighed against its cost, of course. But the power to control one's own life is always present.

Possibly the professor is waiting for the white knight who failed to show during childhood, that noble avenger who will set things to rights and arrange that the sensitive, the gifted, the highly talented are awarded their due. Well, he's not coming. In any case, it is difficult to take seriously any lament by an English professor who believes *platitudinized* is a word.

RICHARD H. FREEMAN
Washington, D.C.

REED WHITTEMORE REPLIES:

Perhaps I should begin with Mr. Freeman's chief complaint and assert that *platitudinized* is indeed a word. As for his secondary complaint that I don't understand the necessity for faculty to run their own affairs, I thought that the main thrust of my essay was toward just that point.

In both these letters I sense a dislike of faculty bumbling almost equal to my own, but I also sense a greater contempt than mine for the difficulties that bumbling faculties face. One of the difficulties they face is their own infernal tendency to be scholarly and therefore fearful of easy generalizations, like this one by Mr. Bubacz: "It was professorial cowardice in the 1960s that yielded power to students." Another difficulty they face is that their words are misunderstood. Thus the truly operative word in my remark about yearning idly for socialism is *idly*. I threw in that socialist aside merely as preface to a capitalistic proposal. I'm not sure it was a good capitalistic proposal, but it was the best that I, a poor teacher, could manage. Anyway, I do think that there is a bit of cruelty in complaining that a teacher's capitalism is showing when he casts about (idly) for ways of avoiding starvation.

Nuance and politics

As a long-time admirer of Hayden Carruth's poetry and criticism, I must now write to admonish. In his review "Poets on the Fringe" [February] he used the phrase "the perpetually menopausal poets of New York and Iowa."

As a poet, Mr. Carruth knows how seriously words must be taken. My concern here is with his use of the word *menopausal*, and his expectation that this word will carry its own pejorative assumptions.

Frankly, I have not the slightest notion of what Mr. Carruth implies in this phrase. Like a bad poetic image, it forces me to guess, to write my own scenario. Worse, it is loaded with old sexist baggage. Such myth-laden commonplaces of language endanger our perceptions of one another.

CHARLOTTE MANDEL
Cedar Grove, N.J.

HAYDEN CARRUTH REPLIES:

Of course Charlotte Mandel is right. I was using the term in its ironic and metaphorical meaning, as it applies to all sexes and perhaps to all ages. But this does not change the fact that the root meaning of the word is sexist. Apologies to all, and special thanks to Charlotte Mandel.

Quality control

Samuel C. Florman's article "Standards of Value" [February] scarcely mentions the primary reason for opening up the standards-writing process: the fact that organizations such as the American National Standards Institute (ANSI) and the American Society for Testing and Materials (ASTM) generally base their work on the committees dominated by industry interests. Standards written by these committees tend to endorse the lowest-common-denominator characteristics of products marketed by companies represented on the committees, entrenching these products' market position against innovative competition and giving short shrift to considerations of consumer health and safety.

The consequence of the imbalance in the field, for instance, of medical devices has been the unnecessary death of and injury to large numbers of Americans. The voluntary standards-writing organizations have botched standards, for example, in three important areas: pacemakers, orthopedic implants, and gas-sterilization systems. Millions of Americans rely on or are affected by these products. As Food and Drug Administration reports make clear, in the past several years large numbers of people have suffered from the products' defective design and manufacture.

Consumer representatives on standards-writing committees would bring to the committees' attention well-documented arguments that could enable the committees to avoid some of the senseless conclusions and endorsements that have legitimized hazardous products in the past. In calling the attempt to create balanced representation of the standards-writing committees "a form of genteel extortion," Mr. Florman demonstrates a lack of awareness which proper research could have remedied, of the dangers posed by the voluntary standards system.

Mr. Florman is quite correct that "American society . . . is overlawyered and underengineered." Voluntary standards-writing organizations give sanction to the underengineering of defective products that industry lawyers relying on these deficient standards defend in product-liability actions in court.

ROBERT B. LEFLAR
Staff Attorney
Public Citizen Health Research Group
Washington, D.C.

SAMUEL FLORMAN REPLIES:

Everybody agrees that there should be consumer representation in the standards-writing process, and I describe how the ASTM tries to achieve this by limiting manufacturer representation on committees to 50 percent, maintaining democratic procedures for dissent and appeal, and even providing some subsidy for review by consumer groups. It is a good system, and Mr. Leflar does not tell us why he failed to make use of it during the formulation of standards he now, with acute hindsight, condemns. In his testimony at the FTC hearings he was more specific, complaining that "opportunity to participate in the standards-development process is virtually meaningless unless accompanied by provision of funding for participation." This is a theory of voluntarism-for-pay that I consider bizarre.

In any event, the Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Medical Devices has total control over the standards mentioned by Mr. Leflar, so that even in the absence of participation by Public Citizen, the public interest, or trusts, is being represented.

A new light under the deep blue sea.

Someday, pulses of light may carry voice, data and television signals through glass fibers on the ocean floor. An experimental glass fiber communications cable is being tested in a simulated ocean environment at Bell Labs in Holmdel, N.J.

The one-inch diameter cable is only half the size of the latest undersea cable now in use. But the experimental cable can potentially carry at least twice as many telephone circuits—more than 8,000.

Designed by Bell Labs, first models of the cable have been made by the Simplex Wire and Cable Company of Portsmouth, N.H., using ultra-transparent fibers manufactured by Western Electric. The experimental cable has at its core a stabilizing steel wire surrounded by hair-thin glass fibers. Around the core are steel wires for strength and weight, a power conductor and watertight barrier, and a layer of high voltage insulation.

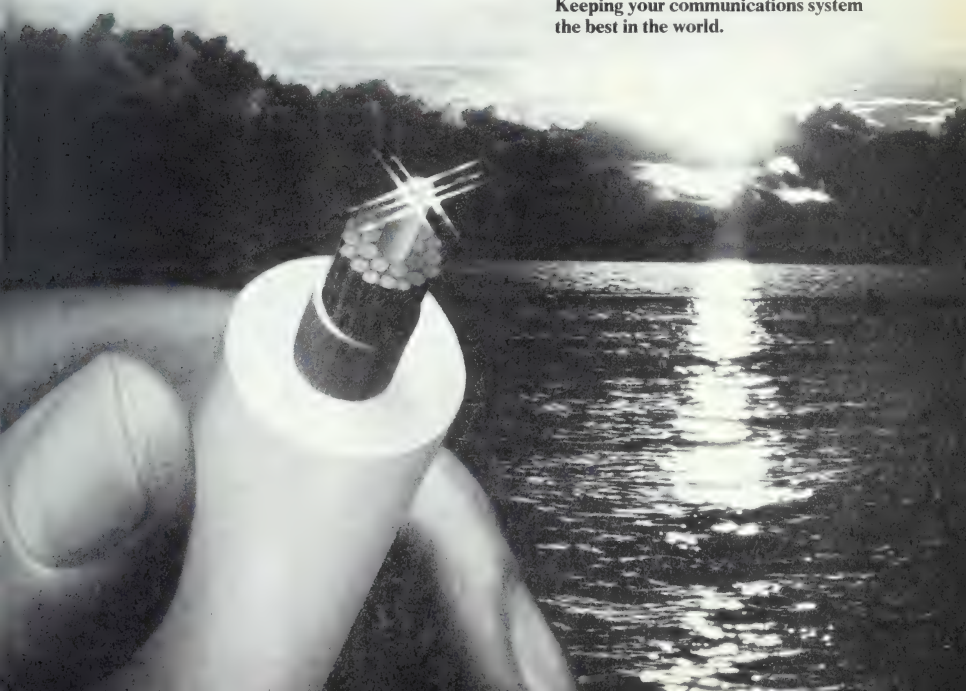
The artificial ocean beneath the lawn of Bell Labs' Holmdel facility can simulate the nearly freezing temperatures and 10,000-pound-per-square-inch pressures that occur under four miles of ocean water. We're trying to make a cable that is extremely reliable and long-lived because it's expensive to pick up and repair a cable that is miles under the ocean surface and stretched across thousands of miles of ocean floor.

Although use of an undersea lightguide cable is still many years off, we are working to have it ready when the Bell System needs it to meet your growing telecommunications needs.

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Keeping your communications system the best in the world.



VOICES PROPHESYING WAR

The deadly game of nations

by Lewis H. Lapham

IN NOVEMBER of last year, the Center for Defense Information in Washington circulated a memorandum listing the thirty-seven wars then in progress in the world. The memorandum estimated the probable casualties in the most violent of these wars (see table below) and went on to suggest that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union, no matter what the range and capacity of their arsenal, could preserve so delicate a mechanism as a balance of power.

This is an ominous judgment, and it raises the possibility that much of the current talk about the revival of the Cold War (about Soviet troops in Afghanistan, about "vital interests" and "force levels" in the Persian Gulf, et cetera, et cetera) masks the fear of something worse. The people who insis so loudly on the weakness of the Unite States might be trying to persuad themselves that they live in an orderl world, or at least in a world in whic orderliness remains within their grasp Rather than risk the prospect of givin to their fear too dreadful a shape o name, and being in need of a familia enemy, they take refuge in the trad tional abstractions and make the Sovi Union the cause of all their uneasines Perhaps they wish to offer a lesser fea in place of a greater one. It is almos as if they were saying that they woul

The 8 Most Violent Conflicts in the World Today

CONFLICT	NUMBER OF DEATHS	YEAR THE CONFLICT BEGAN
1. Kampuchean Civil War & Revolution	500,000 to 4,000,000	1970
2. Afghanistan Civil War	100,000 to 250,000	1978
3. East Timor War	100,000+	1975
4. Lebanese Civil War	50,000+	1975
5. Sino-Vietnamese War	30,000+	1979
6. Philippine Guerrilla Wars	30,000+	1972
7. Guatemalan Civil Violence	22,000+	1967
8. Zimbabwe-Rhodesia Guerrilla War	20,000+	1972



Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's. *A collection of his essays and articles, entitled* Fortune's Child: A Portrait of the United States as Spendthrift Heir, *has recently been published by Doubleday.*



1980 DASHER DIESEL. THE BEST MILEAGE WAGON IN AMERICA.

The VW Dasher Diesel not only gets better mileage than any other wagon in America, it gets better mileage than most other cars in America. (EPA est. 36 mpg, 49 mpg highway estimate. Use est. mpg for comparisons. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather.

(Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

The Dasher Diesel wagon is big enough to hold a fair-sized calf. But the inside is so handsome, you'll want to keep the livestock elsewhere.

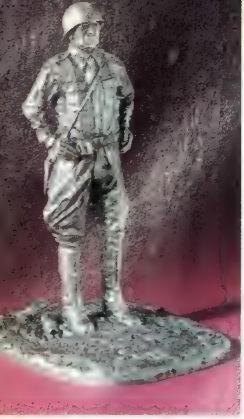
"Quality pervades wherever one looks, and it's pleasing to the eye as well as to the touch," says Motor Trend. "It's so nice that you'll feel as if you're driving a much more expensive car."

Breezin' by all them gas stations, you'll recollect what Car and Driver said: "It has a way of going much like that of a fine horse, precise and proud."

So, pardner, if someone tells you there ain't no way to put downright luxury together with downright economy, you can give 'em a quote from us:

"Bull."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



General George Patton



Teddy Roosevelt



Louis Armstrong



Babe Ruth

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All the fascination and collector appeal of miniature portrait sculpture . . . capturing remarkably realistic likenesses of fifty great Americans— in miniature pewter sculptures, as small as a man's thumb.

To be issued in a single edition, limited to 7,500 sets.

Please return your application by May 31, 1980.

Fifty great Americans whose achievements are a proud and enduring part of our nation's story will soon be honored in a remarkable collection of *miniature pewter sculptures*—to be issued by The National Historical Society. The men and women represented have distinguished themselves in every field from government to the arts, from invention to medicine, from literature to exploration. John Paul Jones . . . Daniel Boone . . . Alexander Graham Bell . . . Theodore Roosevelt . . . Charles Lindbergh . . . George Gershwin . . . Eleanor Roosevelt . . . Richard E. Byrd . . . John F. Kennedy . . . these and many others, all portrayed in miniature *exactly as they appeared in life.*

The fascination of the sculptured miniature

One of the most fascinating of the various art forms is the sculptured *miniature.* And genuinely outstanding examples of the art are a relative rarity, because of the extraordinary challenge they pose to even the most accomplished sculptor. Such as the feat of duplicating, within incredibly limited dimensions, the same wealth of intricate detail ordinarily found only in life-size sculptures—or attempting to re-create the complexity of line and form of a human head, with all its subtlety of expression, in an area smaller than the eye that beholds it.

To obtain artistry of this special order, the famed sculptors of The Franklin Mint have been engaged to create each of the figures that will comprise *The Great Americans Pewter Sculpture Collection.*

Portrayed with amazingly lifelike realism

Furthermore, each of the great Americans portrayed by the mint's sculptors is depicted in a pose that seems to evoke the very essence of his or her character and personality.

George Washington, for example, is shown not in his role as President but as a commander of the first American army—standing by a campfire during the Valley Forge campaign.

Daniel Boone, legendary pioneer of the Wilderness Road, will be portrayed with his faithful retriever, listening for movement in the brush along a favorite Appalachian h ing trail.

Abraham Lincoln will be shown at speaker's rostrum on a Pennsylvania ba field named Gettysburg—where, in less five minutes, he delivered a speech wh strength and beauty would ring forever in annals of human freedom.

Charles Lindbergh will be depicted, flying costume, preparing for his solo f to Paris.

Emily Dickinson, the poetess, will be trayed writing at her desk in her New land home.

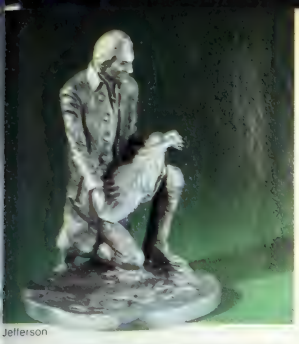
Harry S. Truman will be shown jubila flourishing the newspaper whose head prematurely announces his "defeat" Thomas E. Dewey.

And Norman Rockwell will be seen palette in hand, ready to create one of now-famous "Post" covers.

Totally authentic and remarkably detai

Each pewter figure will be totally accu and authentic—based on careful histo research involving documents, painti photographs *and* official portraits of subject.

So meticulously designed will these m ture sculptures be that the smallest details be readily seen. The rich folds in the dre Dolley Madison. The powderhorn at the of Sam Houston. Mark Twain's ubiqui



Jefferson



Alexander Graham Bell

Pewter figures shown actual size



Mark Twain



Harry S Truman



A five-tiered hardwood wall rack will be provided for display of all fifty pewter sculptures. And a special magnifier will be included for detailed examination of each finely crafted sculpture.

r. The baton held by John Philip Sousa. ou'll even be able to see the joy on the of Alexander Graham Bell as he realizes has just transmitted the first telephone sage. In fact, you will actually be able ead the headline on the newspaper held Harry Truman.

he historic beauty of American pewter

icularly fitting is the fact that this extraordi- gallery of historical art will be crafted in a erial which itself is very much a part of our on's history. Fine American pewter—a al whose satin-smooth surface and rich, m sheen have been prized by collectors n the colonial era through our own day. When these miniature sculptures have been , they will be carefully *hand-finished* and *d-polished*. Moreover, each will include ntegral pewter base, bearing the name of great man or woman it depicts, and be ompanied by a specially written commen- on the life and achievements of its subject. nd to furnish collectors with a means of laying the sculptures to best advantage, a om-designed, five-tiered wall rack will be provided as part of the collection. nally, to dramatize the sculptures' ex- rdinary wealth of detail, a *special mag- r* will be included with the collection.

To be created in limited edition

ause of the importance of the collection and because of the painstaking craftsmanship required to create the sculptures, the edition will be permanently limited to just 7,500 sets.

The collection will be produced solely to order on a first-come, first-served basis. Once the limit of 7,500 sets is reached, the edition will close. And after every set has been shipped, the molds will be destroyed, so that the collection can never be offered again.

A meaningful long-term price guarantee

Despite the importance and assured rarity of this historic collection, the issue price for each finely sculptured miniature has been held to just $23.50. Furthermore, this price will be fully guaranteed to each subscriber for every figure in the collection, no matter how high the cost of crafting these superb miniatures may rise during the fifty-month issue period.

A prompt response is essential

In light of the strong interest in high-quality miniature sculptures, and because of the low numerical limit of the edition, it is important that you enter your application promptly. Indeed, it is recommended that the accompanying Subscription Application be mailed by May 31, 1980, at the latest. For once the limit of just 7,500 sets has been spoken for, no further announcements of this collection will be issued—and the opportunity to acquire this distinctive and fascinating gallery of fine miniatures will be gone forever.

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Must be mailed by May 31, 1980

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Please enter my subscription for *The Great Americans Pewter Sculpture Collection*—consisting of 50 original miniature pewter sculptures to be issued at the rate of one a month, beginning in July 1980.

I need send no money now. Instead, I will be billed for the official issue price of just $23.50* per sculpture in advance of each monthly shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1.50 for shipping and handling*

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr.
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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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City _____

State Zip

rather confront the Soviet Union, no matter how despotic or heavily armed, than confront a world dissolved into anarchy and fouled with the smoke of war, a world in which any terrorist with a crackpot dream of heaven can stuff an atomic weapon into an old suitcase and hold for ransom the life of Moscow or Washington.

Given such a choice, who would not prefer to bargain with Mr. Brezhnev, even if this required ten years of signing meaningless treaties in Finland? I doubt whether the most implacable advocate of the Cold War regards the Soviet Union as anything other than a large and necessarily hostile nation-state; nor do I think that the Russians hold to their belief in a Marxist millennium. The monstrous weapons of the twentieth century tend to cool the fires of ideology. Despite their much-advertised enmity, the United States and the Soviet Union remind me of two eighteenth-century generals, still committed to a belief in reason, self-interest, greed, and Machiavelli, propping each other up against the wind blowing from the abyss.

THE IDEA OF a balance of power implies the existence of reasonably long-term interests and alliances, but in a world subject to radical shifts in technology and communications, as well as to the bewildering movements of peoples, currencies, markets, whales, oil spills, and fervent nationalisms, who can be sure that anything will remain the same from one week to the next? So many forces and allegiances have been let loose in the world, and the major powers find so many ways in which to combine and recombine (with each other as well as with client or revolutionary states), that even so grand a figure as Metternich would be hard put to fit the treaties together into last year's bloc.

The wish for simplification, both emotional and intellectual, apparently weighs as heavily on the Russians as it does on the Americans. A few weeks ago I spoke with a man who makes a profession of reading Soviet newspapers, speeches, and political journals. What had prompted the Russians to invade Afghanistan, he said, was the conviction among the authorities in Moscow that the Carter Administration had gone berserk. Just as the Ayatollah Khomeini frightened the United States with his visionary edicts, so also Mr. Carter, another visionary, frightened the Politburo by his indifference to the traditional military competition, by his quasi-messianic faith in disarmament and human rights, and by his failure to acknowledge the antagonism between East and West as the still center around which the wheel of the world's geopolitics revolved. Having concluded that Mr. Carter didn't know what he was doing, the Russians found few reasons not to send the armored divisions over the Hindu Kush.

Americans tend to think of foreign affairs in terms of sporting events that allow for unambiguous results. Either the team wins or it loses; the game is over within a reasonable period of time, and everybody can go back to doing something else. Much to everyone's regret, the events of the next twenty years seem likely to make nonsense of the sporting analogies. Too many powers can make their anger known to the world (if not at conference tables, then by means of an assassination or the seizure of an oil field), and the chains of causation have become much longer and more complex than those conceived of by the Congress of Vienna. The Russians invade Afghanistan, and Freddie Silverman, who had thought to revive the fortunes of NBC with pictures of the summer Olympics, begins to think of taking up a career as a trainer of performing elephants. A man earning $100,000 a year in New York cannot afford to buy or rent an apartment because the European haute bourgeoisie, suspecting the governments in Bonn or Paris cannot withstand a Soviet blitzkrieg, bid up the prices of Manhattan real estate. A student in Iran takes it into his head to seize the American embassy, and a few months later in Chicago a grain dealer considers the option of committing suicide.

If tomorrow morning at ten o'clock the Soviet Politburo renounced its belief in Communism and disbanded the Red Army, the crisis in the world would not resolve itself. If it isn't the Russians, then it will be the Chinese; if not the Chinese, then the Brazilians or the Palestinians or the South Africans. Most of the world is hungry, armed, and not much impressed by the rules of diplomatic procedure set fort with such earnest longing in the ed torial pages of the *New York Time*

THE PERVASIVE institutions dread give rise to a confu sion of feeling that makes difficult to interpret suc phrases as "the national interest," o to guess whether the voices prophesy ing war mean to signal an advance o a retreat. Lately I notice that I hav begun to look warily at the mornin newspaper headlines, almost as if were expecting a sudden blow. Th same presentiment of a terrible loom ing just over the horizon of the new seeps through the voices of peop pleading for surcease and disengage ment, who argue that the United State has wasted enough blood and treasur in the ill-conceived crusades of th past thirty years, that the countr should retire to the fastnesses of it coasts and leave the rest of the worl to its murdering corruption.

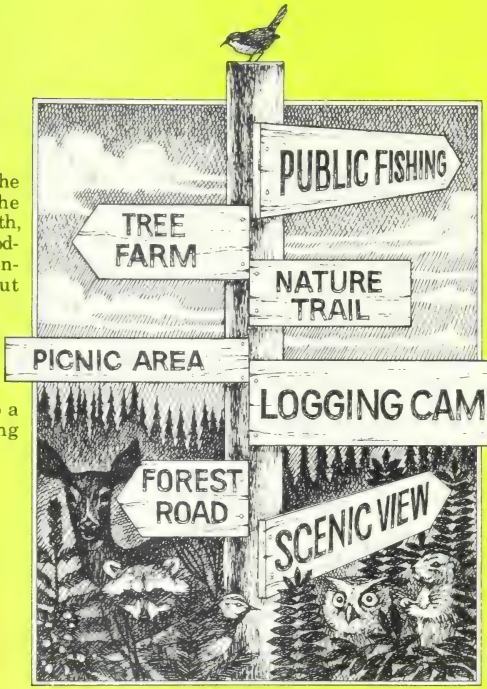
But where is it safe to hide? Odys seus could return from his wandering to Ithaca, but the modern worl doesn't provide the refuge of hom islands. Who is not hostage to the in terconnectedness of things? If the Ch nese and the Russians engage in a nu clear war on the rim of Asia, the cloud of radioactive dust will drift eastwar across the Pacific. The produce fro one in every three acres of America farmland now goes into the expo trade, and the United States import more than 50 percent of its tin, natu ral rubber, and manganese.

It is conceivable that the people wh talk about sending American forces in to the Indian Ocean seek to puff u their courage with shows of militar bravado. But what kind of war d they envision, and what will the wa be about?

Within the world's military head quarters I'm sure that innumerabl officers have drawn contingency plan for all kinds of wars—wars again revolutions, proxy wars, diplomati wars, wars in Yugoslavia and Korea wars for oil and grain, wars fough with conventional weapons, amphibiou wars. But how large will these war become, and how many people migh have to be killed before the bugle sound the retreat? Nobody likes to dis cuss this question in public (as witnes

A report on the great American forest.

The all-purpose forest has something for everyone.



The forest is one of the most useful resources the planet has been blessed with, providing thousands of products that are not only convenient and pleasant but essential: lumber and building materials, paper products, packaging, chemicals, fuel.

But the surprising, bountiful forest is also a source of other enduring benefits:

Fishing streams, for example.

Nature trails.

Swimming holes.

A place for Sunday drives.

Grazing land.

Board and room for wildlife.

Pure water.

And escape.

Sharing the benefits

All these can and do coexist in the working commercial forests of America. (*Commercial forest,* as defined by the U.S. Forest Service, is *all* forestland — whether owned by individuals, government or the forest industry — that is capable of, and potentially available for, growing repeated crops of trees for harvest. It includes land in National Forests but not in National Parks or Wilderness areas.)

But demands on the commercial forest are growing at an alarming rate. An expanding population is placing new pressures on the forest for recreation. Thousands of acres are withdrawn every year for homes, shopping centers and additions to Wilderness. And of even more concern, America's consumption of wood and paper products is expected to double in the next 50 years.

Can the commercial forest keep on providing these multiple benefits indefinitely?

The big if

There is reason for cautious optimism *if* the techniques used by industry to grow more trees, faster, can be applied on *all* our commercial forestland.

Unfortunately, trees are not growing fast enough in all commercial forests. Productivity is less on privately owned land than on industry's and is seriously lagging in National Forests.

So there is a long road ahead if America is to continue to receive multiple benefits from the forest.

If you'd like to be better informed on how important it is to keep America's forests productive, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150 for a free booklet, "The Great American Forest."

The great American forest. Trees for tomorrow. And tomorrow. And all the tomorrows after that.

Trees. America's renewable resource.

the speeches of the candidates in this year's Presidential campaign) because it has become difficult to find a sufficiently high-minded principle or an inescapable material interest on behalf of which 200 million might think it glorious to annihilate their children.

The vagueness is traditional. In August, 1914, none of the Allied or Central Powers could explain its reasons for going off to the first world war. Four years later, after 20 million soldiers had died in the trenches, the governments in question still could not give a plausible reason for the killing. The best that anybody could do was to say that the war had been fought to end all wars, that its purpose had been to establish a world order free from the depredations of power politics.

But who now expects another war in Asia to bring about a lasting peace or a better world? Who believes that the United States would risk annihilation to preserve a "free and independent Pakistan," or even the remnant of Western civilization in Europe?

If the war has little to do with principle, then perhaps it has an economic objective. The politicians talk about the "vital interest" of Saudi Arabian oil, but they become evasive if asked to justify the risk of thermonuclear war as being somehow preferable to a 20 percent reduction in the American standard of living.

To the extent that it has become comforting to talk about the renewal of the Cold War, so also it has become reassuring to say that the CIA should be restored to its rightful place as *primum mobile* in the universe of *realpolitik*. As recently as last summer, when George Bush began to campaign for the Presidency, he took care to say as little as possible about his years as director of the agency. Now he boasts about his acquaintance with codes and covert operations as proof of his deftness at the game of nations.

The same shift of sensibility has taken place in Congress and at the White House. Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan has introduced a bill relieving the CIA of the burden of restriction placed on it during the moralizing dénouement of the Watergate discoveries; President Carter has sponsored similar legislation, implying that the emasculation of the intelligence services contributed in some significant way to the American reversals in Iran, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Cuba, eastern Africa, and the Indian Ocean.

The notion of the CIA as Leviathan rests on the mistaken belief that in its years of triumph (conventionally given out as circa 1948 to circa 1965) the CIA commanded the obedience of the tides. It could keep tyrants on strategic thrones (the shah of Iran), quell outbursts of subversive doctrine (in Guatemala), contain the Soviets in Berlin and Vienna, and inoculate Africa against the contagion of Communism. This view, adamantly held by those who would restore the CIA to favor, confuses cause with effect. The CIA enjoyed such prerogatives as it possessed because in the years immediately following the second world war the United States could do pretty much as it pleased in a world reduced to bankruptcy and rubble. The agency's leverage was dependent on American power. American power was not dependent on the agency. To the extent that other countries needed the money (and therefore could be bribed at bargain rates), to the extent that the Third World remained largely unknown and inert, and to the extent that the Soviet Union couldn't afford to mount military expeditions, so also the CIA could command the grudging fealty of impoverished dictators and West German automobile salesmen.

Nation-states obviously have need of accurate intelligence, but the expectations of the CIA currently in vogue reflect the same kind of wishful thinking that would make of the Soviet Union the wellspring of all the troubles in the world. Whether expressed in the Aesopian language of diplomacy or the deployment of navies, the rules of power politics fail to take into account the number of people in the world who judge they have more to gain by the risk of war than by the prospect of negotiation.

Most of the nations now buying weapons in the international arms markets must be considered young, both in terms of their existence as states (of the 152 nations represented at the U.N. nearly half have come into being within the past thirty years) and in terms of the average age of their populations. In the industrialized West the average age of the inhabitants continues to rise; in the Third World the demographics go the other way.

The passions of transcendence seize on the young, and as more and more nations suffer the anxieties and enthusiasms of youth, they can be expected to confuse the purposes of government with the freedom of individuals. The doctrines of nationalism hold that certain nations emerge from the chaos of history as objects of divine favor; the states that interpret those doctrines with the fervor of youth presumably will conduct their foreign affairs as if they were affairs of the heart.

Since the end of the second world war—probably since the end of the first world war—the supposedly civilized nations of the world have been noticeably unsuccessful at transmitting to the next generation the public virtues of patience and self-restraint. They have distributed instead a more profitable line of private goods, among them visions of God and definitions of the higher truth, as well as cameras and transistor radios. The more prosperous and settled a nation, the more readily it tends to think of war as a regrettable accident; to nations less fortunate the chance of war presents itself as a possibly bountiful friend.

Within the arenas of domestic American politics the romanticism of eager factions has dissolved the national interest into a multitude of special interests, all of them warring with one another for the available money and authority. Over the next ten years I can imagine a comparable spectacle in the zones of international politics. Together with single-issue lobbies in Congress, I can conceive of single-issue nations, each of them dedicated to the proposition that the means justify the ends. At the same time they will find themselves armed with weapons capable of inflicting vast Oedipal punishments on an older generation perceived to be timid and therefore deemed to be corrupt. Absent an imperial peace imposed on a recalcitrant world by parental fiat (something that both the United States and the Soviet Union have been hard put to achieve) even so Machiavellian an instrument as a balance of power seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. □

THE FORTUNES OF WAR

The academies forsake history for technique

by Jeffrey Record

A kind of superstitious fear had descended over us. In our profession, we pretty much lived by superstition. We had to. When all of knowledge and of past experience had been utilized, the outcome of a fire-fight, or of a defense or an attack, depended largely on luck. Awe of and reverence for the inexplicable, that heart of the dedicated gambler's obsession, was the only religion that fit our case. We followed a God which coldly incorporated luck within Itself, as one of Its major tools. For a commander, give us a commander who had luck. Let the others have the educated, prepared commanders.

—*James Jones,* Whistle

WHAT HAS PASSED for the study of war in the service academies in recent decades gives some ause for alarm. Increasingly since the nd of the second world war, the curiculum has been slanted in a manner hat has produced an officer corps verconfident—nay, arrogant—about ts ability to direct, manage, and conrol that most awesome and unpredictble of human experiences, the clash f arms and men on a battlefield.

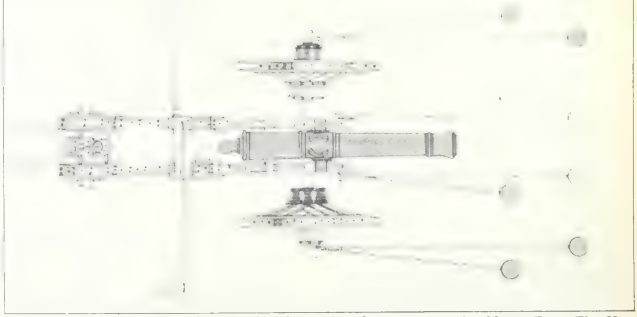
The service academies have had their hare of public attention during the ast few years, what with the cheating candals, the admission of women, and he "liberalization" of curricula. Practically no note has been taken, however, of what has happened at the very ore of military education, in the subect area that distinguishes West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs from he liberal-arts campus—namely, the tudy of armed conflict. The salient development here has been the decline of he study of war's history as the foundation stone of the military curriculum.

History is a victim of an increasing disposition of military educators—many of whom are not professional students of war but rather touring officers getting "tickets punched" on the way up the promotion ladder—to treat war as a science. The empirical record of the past has given way to war technology and techniques of command as objects of inquiry. The focus is on tactics, strategy, logistics, the marshaling of hardware, and the organization of ever-unfolding technology (e.g., the "electronic battlefield"). This rationalization or "scientification" of warfare breeds a disconcerting hubris in its practitioners because it de-emphasizes, if it does not altogether deny, the role of what Frederick the Great called "His Sacred Majesty Chance"—whimsy, the irrational or unpredictable event or circumstances, *Fortuna*—in shaping victory or defeat on the battlefield. It is a hubris that disregards the elder Moltke's wise caution that "no plan of operations can look with any certainty beyond the first meeting with the . . . enemy," because it cannot govern "the independent will of the opposing commander." The study of history, in contrast, is a humbling experience; the historical record bulges with one aborted attempt after another by the best and the brightest to identify, assemble, and manipulate the ingredients of military triumph.

Inattention to the history of warfare is perhaps the greatest weakness in the training of American military officers. The lack of all but a cursory familiarity with the object of their chosen profession has encouraged a mentality characterized by unwarranted confidence in the malleability of war, and by a faith that most, if not all, problems on the battlefield are susceptible to technological or administrative solutions. It has also fostered an insidious conviction that leadership is little more than a question of good management.

I DRAW THESE conclusions from more than a decade of intimate association with military men both on and off the battlefield, from countless conversations with of-

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Instructions for maneuvering a cannon. The circles show position of soldiers. From The History of Weaponry, *by Courtlandt Canby.*

ficers from all branches of our armed forces, and from familiarity with the curricula of our professional military academies.

West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs provide their charges with only momentary glimpses of the history of war. Of the 373 courses of instruction that make up West Point's academic program, seventeen are offered in electrical engineering, of which one at most is required; twenty-six in mathematics (two required, including one titled "Advanced Placement Calculus, Multivariable Calculus, Introduction to Linear Algebra, Differential Equations, and Probability Theory and Statistical Inference"); and five courses in what is boldly labeled "Military Science." In comparison, the academic program provides but sixteen courses in military history, of which at most two are required. Moreover, both required courses—"History of the Military Art" and "Advanced History of the Military Art"—focus mainly on warfare in the twentieth century. The two millennia spanning the campaigns of Alexander the Great and Napoleon receive comparatively little treatment, as does the history of military thought, for which no course is offered. (But then, what did Clausewitz or Alfred T. Mahan know about semiconductors, electromagnetics, and microprocessors?)

A cadet at the United States Air Force Academy receives even less exposure to military history: five courses (one required) out of a total of 394 offered, including twenty-two in electrical engineering and some sixteen in the techniques of management.

At Annapolis, would-be Farraguts, Deweys, and Nimitzes may graduate with a knowledge of what happened at Mobile, Manila, and Midway, but not at Actium, Trafalgar, and Jutland; the Naval Academy's sole required course in military history is "American Naval Heritage."

Our military academies produce some gifted students of war (both MacArthur and Patton were exceptionally well read in the history of their profession), but for the most part the schools grind out officers captivated by the idea that a science of war exists and that this most complex, uncontrollable, and least understood of all human activities can be "managed" given the proper tools and requisite faith in its manageability. It is an officer corps, as historian Edward N. Luttwak has noted, that treats the enemy "as a mere inventory of targets" and warfare as little more than "the orderly administration of firepower."

It is an officer corps inadequately tutored in the more fundamental truths of warfare, which can be learned only on the battlefield and through a thorough knowledge of history. It is an officer corps that is intellectually indisposed to accept the dominant role of *Fortuna* in war; that embraces the pretensions of Henri Jomini but neglects the cautions of Clausewitz; that regards the Vietnam war as all but irrelevant to its own future; that still ascribes the failure of American arms in Indochina to the malevolent machinations of a timid if not morally suspect civil authority; and that places less value on the study of war as a human encounter than on the ability to balance an equation, draft concise memorandums, and salute smartly.

In all fairness, it must be said that the American military's assumptions about the nature of war are not unrepresentative of those that we as a society have made about human endeavor in general—at least until recently. The American political ethic was formed primarily by children of Montesquieu and Locke, rather than by progeny of Hobbes and de Maistre. Our Constitution reflects a pronounced confidence in the role of reason in human affairs.

The subsequent history of the United States has tended to shield these assumptions. With the exception of the Civil War and short-lived outbursts of racial and industrial strife, our country has managed to resolve without resort to major violence, most internal problems that continue to tear other nations asunder. As a nation we have been extraordinarily lucky. Ours for the taking was the richest continent on the planet. Insulated by vast expanses of ocean, we were free to subdue and organize it with little interference from abroad. Our principal adversary was not a foreign foe but nature itself, whose challenges we mastered through technological innovation. We have never been invaded, wasted by famine, or ravaged by plague. We have waged comparatively few wars and have been unambiguously defeated in only one of them. We have never fought a war that irreparably damaged our country's society. No other nation has had so few skirmishes with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

In short, there is little in the American historical experience to encourage proper respect for the inherent infirmity or paradox of human endeavor. Although Vietnam has tempered the American public's faith in the tractability or manageability of war, there is little evidence that it has had the same result among the military. The spirit of "can do"—"The difficult we can do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer"—still flourishes at West Point, reflecting persistent confidence that a commander can impose his will on the battlefield simply by applying proper technologies and leadership techniques. The failure of U.S. military leadership—despite an overwhelming preponderance of measurable resources at its command—to impose its will on the North Vietnamese and the virtual immunity of the Indochinese conflict to technological resolution, appear to be lessons largely lost on the Pentagon.

An excellent example of the American military's continuing unregenerate faith in the capacity of technological innovation to determine outcomes on the battlefield is its ongoing infatuation with "smart" antitank weapons. Indeed, one of the more dangerous illusions being entertained in certain quarters of the Pentagon these days is the belief that such weapons, if simply deployed in sufficient numbers, can neutralize, if not defeat, the powerful Soviet tank armies that for so many years have petrified NATO military planners. It is an illusion especially pervasive among unmechanized U.S. infantry forces, like the marines and the army's 82nd Airborne Division, which are institutionally indisposed to accept the fact that, however elegantly equipped, light infantry forces, which still make up more than half of U.S. ground forces, can rarely be a match for armored or mechanized forces.

In their embrace of the new laser and wire-guided antitank weapons, the army and marine corps characteristically pursued a technological "fix" for a problem essentially structural in nature; it is more the lack of mobilit

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and less a deficiency in firepower that cripples foot infantry in the face of advancing armor. Even more characteristically, the marines and the army's infantry branch, ever on the lookout for a means of dethroning the tank as queen of the land battle and restoring infantry to the prominence it enjoyed in the centuries from gunpowder to Guderian, failed to appreciate either the inherent limitations of the new antitank guided missiles or the degree to which they could be effectively countered by comparatively cheap measures based on common sense.

Whether guided to the target by wire or laser beam, antitank guided missiles (ATGM), such as the U.S. TOW and Dragon, have one thing in common: they are "line of sight" weapons that can hit only those targets that are visible to the naked eye of the ATGM gunner or the person "designating" the target during the entire flight of the missile. Some ATGMs, such as the TOW, take as much as fifteen seconds to reach targets at optimum ranges, during which time the gunner or designator himself must remain exposed to the threat of hostile fire.

These deficiencies of ATGMs have been carefully noted by Soviet military planners and tacticians. Traditional heavy Soviet emphasis on night operations, camouflage, and the use of smoke has been expanded in an attempt to obstruct the clear vision so necessary to ATGM gunners. Virtually every first-line Soviet tank and armored fighting vehicle has been equipped with externally mounted smoke dispensers that can render an entire armored column invisible within a few seconds. Soviet mastery of the art of camouflage has been increasingly directed toward the specific problems posed by ATGMs. Night fighting, always prominent in Soviet doctrine, is now regarded as providing a combat environment particularly well suited for avoidance of the ATGM threat.

Moreover, the Soviets understand that the same eccentricities of Central Europe's terrain, climate, and demography that might inhibit their own high-speed armored operations also inhibit the employment of ATGMs in defense against such operations. Like such natural barriers as forests and mountains, the urban sprawl that has engulfed much of the North German plain since World War II constitutes no less an obstacle to the use of "smart" anti-armor weapons than to the use of armor itself. Tanks behind buildings are just as invisible to an ATGM gunner as tanks behind hills or tree lines—or, for that matter, tanks shrouded in the thick morning fog that lies heavily on the North German plain during much of the year.

Thus it would seem that Soviet shrewdness, German terrain and urbanization, and the heavens themselves —factors beyond the control of any American or Allied commander—have conspired to downgrade the putative effectiveness of a technological innovation that is still regarded in some quarters as revolutionary. ATGMs are no less vulnerable than any other weapon to the whims of *Fortuna,* or, as we have seen, to the "independent will of the opposing commander." In short, their introduction does not render a potential conflict in Europe more tractable or its outcome less uncertain.

PERSISTENT FAITH in the tractability of war is both unfounded and dangerous. It is unfounded because it underestimates the importance of what Clausewitz termed "friction" in war—that which separates the theory of war from reality. It is dangerous because the penalty for miscalculation in war is death. It ignores the extent to which the outcome of combat is determined by factors over which commanders and armies have little control—indeed, cannot even foresee. As Clausewitz wrote in his monumental *On War,*

> *No other human activity is so continuously or universally bound up with chance. . . . Absolute, so-called mathematical factors never find a firm basis in military calculations. From the very start there is an interplay of possibilities, probabilities, good luck and bad that weaves its way throughout the length and breadth of the tapestry. In the whole range of human activities, war most closely resembles a game of cards.*

The proper study of war is the study of history, not the study of electrical engineering, parade manuals, football, or even military tactics. As Clausewitz repeatedly emphasized, "historical examples . . . provide the best kind of proof in the empirical sciences. This particularly true of the art of war Note that Clausewitz speaks of the a rather than the science of war. No also that the German general sta which for almost a century produce the most gifted generalship in t Western world, elevated the systemat study of military history to a positi equal in importance to the preparati of operational plans. The German ge eral staff's success in what histori T. N. Dupuy has called "institution izing military excellence" rested to r small degree on a profound respect f *Fortuna* derived from rigorous inqui into past campaigns; from 1817 o ward, despite numerous reorganiz tions in the general staff, its Divisi of Military History remained a prom nent and distinctive feature.

If cadets and midshipmen at o professional military schools spent le time practicing close-order drill ar memorizing meaningless axioms ar more time exploring the true nature the object of their profession, they, to might gain the profound respect f *Fortuna* that every great captain h exhibited. For example, they mig learn that the success of Hannibal generalship at Cannae hinged precise on rigid Roman adherence to the di cipline that characterized Roman l gions; that the Spanish conquest of t Aztec and Inca empires was due n to the superior arms the conquist dores carried in their hands but to t far more deadly viruses they carried their bodies; that the Spanish Arma was destroyed less by Drake's "s dogs" than by wind; that Frederi the Great's famous order of march w the product primarily of the propensi of his troops to desert; that the succe of the American War of Independen was clinched by a French king's unwi political decision; that Napoleon Grand Army was destroyed in Russ not by the wily tactics of Kutuzov b by subzero temperatures; and th Wellington's victory at Waterloo w gained only through flagrant disobe ence of orders.

They might learn that McClell failed to crush Lee at Antietam becau a Union corps commander assum that a bridge was the proper way cross a creek; that a Confederate d tachment's search for shoes determin the location of the Civil War's bloo est battle; that Missionary Ridge w

overrun by Federal troops who had been instructed not to do so; that mosquitoes dictated the timing and location of the U.S. Army's campaigns in both the Mexican-American and Spanish-American wars; that dysentery accounted for more than 90 percent of British losses in the Crimean War; that measles and diphtheria played a far greater role than the U.S. Cavalry in deciding the outcome of the Indian wars; that the Russian disaster at Tannenberg in 1914 was attributable in no small part to a longstanding personal feud between the two principal Russian commanders; that its own preparatory artillery fire guaranteed the defeat of the British Army at Passchendaele; and that famine, not Foch, brought the Germans to the peace table in 1918.

They might learn that the freezing of Lake Ladoga prevented the Germans from capturing Leningrad during the second world war; that the Allied strategic bombing campaign during that same conflict probably prolonged rather than shortened German resistance; that Rommel was beaten in North Africa less by Montgomery than by distance; that "Market Garden," the great Allied airborne assault on Holland in 1944, was crushed as much by fog in England as it was by German forces in the drop zones; and that the real foundation of Israeli military prowess is a social structure vastly superior to that from which Arab armies are drawn.

By assiduous probing of the historical record, cadets and midshipmen also might develop a healthy respect for the difficulties of translating technological advances into battlefield successes. They might learn, for example, that new technologies are virtually worthless if unaccompanied by appropriate changes in force structure and tactics, and that such changes are usually long in coming; that some 500 years separated the introduction of gunpowder and its full exploitation in war; and that the horror of World War I was to a large extent the product of a deadly combination of twentieth-century weapons and nineteenth-century tactics. The disconcerting truth is that the tactical lessons to be learned from the impact of the rifle, machine gun, barbed wire, and entrenchments on attacking massed infantry were already glaringly apparent at Malvern Hill in 1862, at Gettysburg a year later, and during the Japanese siege of Port Arthur in 1904–05.

They might learn that the consequences of new technologies are not easily predictable in advance; that the full exploitation of the crossbow in the Middle Ages was delayed in 1139 by a papal ban on its use by Christians against Christians; that the ability to preserve food in tins contributed as much as railroads to the strategic mobility of Union armies during the Civil War; that the substitution of steam propulsion for sail during the nineteenth century severely restricted the global reach of many navies; that the first tanks were designed primarily as barbed-wire crushers; that what came to be the most effective antitank weapon of World War II—the German 88 millimeter gun—was designed to shoot down aircraft; and that the mechanization of infantry has had little appreciable effect on the pace at which it can advance into enemy territory.

Finally, the future officer corps might learn that even profound technological superiority is no guarantee of success in combat; that history is littered with battles and wars—the Little Big Horn, Isandhlwana, Adwa, the Chinese Civil War, Vietnam—in which the loser enjoyed vast technological advantage; that true grit and not the Welsh longbow destroyed the French feudal array at Crécy; that low Russian morale and not superior Japanese gunnery proved decisive in the great naval engagement off Tsushima in 1905; that France in 1940 had more and better tanks than the Germans; that Russian manpower and not the superior quality of Allied arms defeated the Third Reich; and that hand-to-hand fighting on Iwo Jima and Okinawa rather than the atomic bomb sealed the fate of Japan in 1945.

THESE OBSERVATIONS about the history of warfare should not be misconstrued as a conclusion that command and technology are irrelevant in war. On the contrary, generalship and weaponry have always exerted a significant influence on the battlefield, and in many instances that influence has been decisive. Few would subscribe today to the proposition, implicit in *War and Peace* and in Tolstoy's subsequent writings on Napoleon's campaign in Russia, that the outcome of any violent human conflict is predetermined by cosmic forces. Napoleon's presence on the battlefield did make a substantial and often crucial difference, as did the presence of Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Marlborough, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Lee, Jackson, Grant, Sherman, Moltke, and Manstein. Nor can the importance of technology be denied: the stirrup, gunpowder, screw propeller, rifle, Maxim machine gun, internal combustion engine, tank, airplane, wireless radio, radar, ballistic missile, and nuclear weapon have exercised profound influences on the conduct of war. Certainly in modern war, technological expertise is essential.

Generalship and technology, however, are but two of the major influences at play on the battlefield. Significantly, most of the major determinants —weather, terrain, troop morale, lack of complete information about the enemy—are beyond the immediate control of the commander. Of critical importance is the necessity to remember that generalship and technology can dominate war only with the permission of *Fortuna*. Great commanders are invariably lucky men.

Acceptance of these realities is critical for any military leadership—particularly one still obsessed with the notions that leadership is a question of technique and that technology can control Chance—and can be gained only through a thorough knowledge of war's history. If West Point and our other professional military schools are to produce a genuine military elite, as opposed to simply cultivating the values of elitism, they must accept the fact that the study of war is the study of history.

A "historically illiterate" officer corps, which counts on science as the guide to triumph and therefore ignores *Fortuna*, could lead this country into disaster by its overconfidence. Ignorance of history is dangerous. It is not enough for officers to get some inkling of *Fortuna* secondhand. They need to be immersed in it in a way that can come only from an intensive exploration of history. Better to learn about *Fortuna* by precept of historical example than on the battlefield—when it may be too late. □

REPORTING FROM AFRICA

Modern impulses and the attractions of the bush

by Michael Kaufma

As I sat in my Nairobi office casting in the flotsam of my mind for a metaphor that could gracefully lead into an article summing up my three-and-a-half-year sojourn in Africa, the phone rang. My caller was a young Kenyan friend. He said he was in jail, having been arrested the day before. He began to unfold a complicated story that I knew could not be true. It seems that a year ago he had cosigned an agreement guaranteeing a friend's installment purchase of a television set. Now the buyer, a university professor, had left town. The set was gone too, and the store wanted its money.

My caller was a charming, sophisticated, but slippery fellow who had bragged to me about bilking American tourists of beer, meals, and money.

Now, in his distress, he was calling me. I knew in my bones there was no professor, and I knew there was no chance at all of my ever getting back any money I might give him. Where, I thought, was the wonderful African extended family that was supposed to rush to the aid of a relative in trouble?

This fellow and I were not particularly close. But there he was, a bona fide Third Worlder, educated at Berkeley and somewhat hip, but still a Third Worlder, and he was reaching out to me from jail. My choices were obvious and limited: either I could hang up on him or I could bring him the money.

I went to the jail at Nairobi's central police station with about $150. My friend accepted it with no effusive thanks, though he did imply he would be ready to do the same for me sometime. The police, meanwhile, had shown me the file on the case. As I had suspected, there was no mention of any professor. Though I asked my friend for the truth, he continued to dissemble and to elaborate on the lie. He clung to his absurd dignity. Of course he would repay me, he said. How could I doubt him? And, oh, by the way, was I interested in doing a story on the filthy and horrid jail conditions that he had been forced to endure for a night?

After a few formalities, my friend was set free. He would come to my office the following morning to repay me. I knew I would not see him agai

I was angry for days. The episo symbolized so much of the cant, ja gon, and hypocrisy to be found on t continent. This is Africa, I though This is what Daniel Moynihan w talking about in his assaults on t blustering, pomposity, and sanctimo of a sadly impotent Third World. poor, miserable, somewhat educat con man, manipulating the guilts the presumed rich, was, by implicatio doing the same thing I had seen many black African governments a so many bureaucrats do time and aga —invoke the horrid colonial past extort money. In the absence of re power, rely on rhetoric and guile. A always, always, hold onto pride.

In time anger subsided and I d veloped some perspective about m friend. He was weak, yes, but li so much of black Africa, resourc ful. He was simply using the tools hand to extricate himself from dif culty. It was really no different fro say, President Mobutu Sese Seko Zaire calling on the Moroccans, t French, the Belgians, anybody, to sa his corrupt regime from invasion.

I understand the historical reaso both my friend in jail and countri like Zaire are as weak as they are, a why they so often couple extorti with claims of moral superiority. It only twenty years since the Belgia quit the Congo, leaving only eighte university graduates in a country (no Zaire) with a population of 26 millio There were only twenty-four universi graduates in Zambia when that sta won its independence. The nation boundaries imposed on this contine by French, British, and German ca tographers are preposterous, cuttin



Rick Smolan

Michael Kaufman, until recently in the Ne York Times bureau in Nairobi, is now chi of the Times's *New Delhi bureau.*



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as they do, through culturally and linguistically related peoples. As for my friend, I know that he is the first of his line to live wholly in a money economy. His grandfather worked the soil with a stick and wore leather garments, not cloth. My friend has read Marshall McLuhan and capably discusses the role of television in arousing national consciousness; he has not yet absorbed the Calvinist mechanisms of self-denial and is not too keen about saying thanks. I am aware of the enormous pressures black Africa faces as its modern impulses conflict with the vital, powerful traditions of the bush, and I have been in awe of the ways individuals and, occasionally, states have coped with the stormy passage.

Like most people who have written about Africa, I guess I have sometimes fallen into journalistic conventions. There is, for instance, the romantic school—oogabooga reporting. This form, influenced by Rousseau, emphasizes the pure savage and deplores what modernity and urbanization have done to societies living in harmony with nature and to persons previously on good terms with one another. Stories in this mode usually leave out the flies, the dead infants, and the sight of women staggering under huge burdens of firewood.

Then there is the frustrated-white-man school, which, at its worst, is reflected in the servant stories of expatriates. The refrain is, "Why won't these people ever learn?" Here, one points to bad telephone service, delayed plane flights, and the rarity of dry martinis as evidence of cultural stagnation and portents of perpetual backwardness. The view excludes almost everything that makes Africa special.

Finally, there is the school that insists that everything Africa and Africans do is just fine.

Examples of this are to be found in letters I have received from well-meaning people who thought the outrages of Idi Amin should not be covered by the press because, for one thing, they are not representative of Africa and, for another, bloody as they were, they pale in comparison with the technological slaughters conducted by such civilized peoples as the Germans.

I am sure that in at least minor ways I have strayed into all these traps. But now as I am about to leave, mindful of how happy I have been here, how my children have thrived, and how my thoughts and feelings have been stimulated, I want to dispense with apologies or Moynihan-style semitruisms. My jailed friend owed me honesty, and I owe Africa no less.

BLACK AFRICA'S most pervasive challenge is to reconcile the yearning for modernity (usually expressed by governments and elites) with the tremendous attractions of tradition and the bush. In African capitals, in the so-called development community, and in universities, people generally assume that, come what may, modernity will prevail. Sometimes I feel myself agreeing, but I am not really sure.

This is still a part of the world where despite wars, commerce, ideology, and religious upheavals the force of nature remains most important. More people are at the mercy of floods, droughts, and locusts than are affected by foreign armies, mercenaries, coups d'état, and currency markets.

I remember vividly a talk I had in southern Kenya with a young Masai who was out trekking with his spear and wearing the pink cotton shift of his tribe. His English was remarkably good, and when I commented on his fluency he volunteered that he had completed two years of medical school. I asked him why he had quit. He gestured to the landscape of acacia thorn and said, tersely, "This is better."

The danger of oogabooga romance lurks in making too much of this answer, but it is unquestionably true that for most people in Africa the bush nourishes, providing not only food but also a sustaining culture. Cars, planes, phonographs, television, deodorants, pizza, and other white man's magic may be yearned for, but there are many among the yearners who sense that these things are alien, less satisfying than the garden *shambas* yielding corn and yams.

The nation-state, from which modernity's benefits flow, is similarly not terribly real. While tribe and family are tangible, as actual as mothers, with rights and responsibilities of membership clear to everyone, the nation remains an abstraction. By the usual definitions, a nation includes elements of common language, religion, and traditions. The only countries on this c tinent that qualify under those crite are the one-tribe states of Somalia a Rwanda. (And Rwanda reached t status only in 1963, when its oppres Hutu majority rose and slaughte the Tutsi minority.)

National consolidation is an obj tive made all the more difficult wh there are many tribes and languag and great diversity. In Africa, w rare exceptions, there is no transc dent unity of church as there was post-medieval Europe. And the bour aries established by imperial bure crats to answer imperial needs igno local geographical and cultural con tions.

While outsiders with good intentic often assume that the first obligati of African governments should be feed people and provide medical c and education, African leaders pl their emphasis on creating an embr ing national consciousness.

There are many approaches to tionhood, all of them arduous a none certain. Ideally, I suppose pleasantest route would be for gove ments to provide general access food, land, medical attention, a schooling. Such benefits might ind people to exchange tribal loyalties national ones. But that is impracti when the countries involved are po Other tactics are employed, and th include the mobilization for war. tempts to impose a dogma or ideolo the building of monuments, the stagi of ceremonies, and outright despotis

ONE THING that all these me ods have in common in Afr is their reliance on foreig ers. Whether it is a Westwa looking country like Kenya, or socialist state like Mozambique, Malawi, which in defiance of Afric rhetoric takes its aid from So Africa, Taiwan, and Israel, amo others, these countries have no alter tive but to look outside their bord for the skills and the capital needed transform their societies.

Since most of these countries are s in the first bloom of a postindep dence zeal, the unavoidable reliance foreign skills, technology, and, to so extent, the kindness of strangers le to varying degrees of humiliation a bizarre twists of logic and rheto

For example, in Tanzania, Julius K. Nyerere, the widely respected president, has sought to make self-reliance a national rallying cry. A man of rare probity and humanistic Christian sensibilities, he has tried to move his people with homilies and admonitions. "Let the great powers go to the moon," he has said. "Our mission is to feed ourselves."

His emphasis is on laying the groundwork for an egalitarian society, building pride and the dignity of labor through cooperation. It is all there in the Arusha Declaration, the 1967 document that spelled out "the policy on Socialism and Self-Reliance" of Tanzania's ruling (and only) political party. One section that dealt with foreign assistance asked, "How can we depend upon gifts, loans, and investments from foreign countries and foreign companies without endangering independence? The truth is we cannot."

The declaration noted that collective labor was the single greatest potential asset for developing wealth and prosperity, but it acknowledged that foreign loans, gifts, and investments would be necessary during an interim period. However, it cautioned, "It is true that loans are better than 'free' gifts," since loans required repayment and imposed discipline and thrift on the recipient.

Ten years after the declaration was made, I was in Tanzania. The national party paper had a page-one story deploring the practices of countries that offer loans instead of outright grants. An economics professor at the university, a supporter of President Nyerere, told me, "You know grants are better than loans; they do not have to be paid back." On that same visit, a Nordic diplomat suggested that I write a newspaper piece condemning the policy of Scandinavian countries of giving unqualified grants to Tanzania to build a humanistic, nonaligned, socialist, egalitarian state. "You know," he said, "when I came here I was the committed social democrat favoring total backing for the social innovation here. Then I went through a period where I thought all our aid was at least neutral: if it did no good at least it did no harm. Now, I can no longer justify to myself the cost to our taxpayers, because I think our generosity is absolutely harmful."

The diplomat went on to explain that the large grants given to Tanzania by

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the Scandinavians and other relatively wealthy states were increasingly being taken for granted in Dar es Salaam. "What you give one year as an act of conscience becomes a blind obligation in subsequent years, and, in the process, the recipient's capacity for resourcefulness becomes stifled."

THE DILEMMAS that surface when the only way to reach self-sufficiency is through continuing dependence are by no means limited to Tanzania, where at least the pitfalls and the challenges have been given ideological expression and where offers of aid and certain private investments have been rejected because their consequences were held to be generally harmful. Kenya, Tanzania's northern neighbor, has since its independence been far more open to both investment and aid. The tone for its approach to development was set by the late Jomo Kenyatta, who on his release from detention by the British as the leader of the Mau Mau rebellion reversed the thrust of the anti-white tactics of the liberation struggle and cautioned "suffering without bitterness."

By this he recognized sooner than most that the development of Kenya would depend on skills, markets, and capital controlled elsewhere. While white settlers occupied large farms and tracts that were coveted by land-hungry peasants, white teachers, technicians, professionals, and artisans would be needed for some time. Under Kenyatta's guidance, a pattern emerged in which whites, attracted by the privileges offered, came to Kenya as the old planters withdrew.

In theory these new whites were here temporarily, essentially as a training force to groom their own replacements. Now, as there are more whites here than there were when Kenya was a colony, no one is quite certain how things are working out, and some black intellectuals have wondered whether any group enjoying privileges would agree to phase itself out. Links and alliances between expatriates and elite capitalist blacks have been formed. Class lines transcending race and ethnic group are being drawn. Meanwhile, the economy is not growing fast enough to absorb the graduates spawned by Kenya's expansive and benevolent educational system. And graduates are faced with frustration and unemployment even as their aspirations rise.

Kenya deserves great credit for developing the stability that allowed a constitutional transfer of power on the death in August, 1978, of President Kenyatta. (The *Financial Times* of London, in an editorial, called this transition the most hopeful event in postindependence Africa.) Yet that transfer came within a hair of being quashed by a coup. And while Kenya has made great advances in extending the benefits enjoyed by a capitalistic and largely ethnically limited elite to other sectors of the population, the country's balances will probably remain precarious for some time to come. Unemployed students, understandably resentful of the visible affluence of resident foreign nationals, are a potentially volatile element. Furthermore, as capitalist imperatives lead toward the use of land for cash crops and for export crops such as coffee, the land hunger of the growing rural population becomes more serious. But still Kenya is one of the successes I have seen.

Both Tanzania and Kenya have, in relative terms, chosen evolutionary development over the more radical courses being followed in countries like Angola and Ethiopia. In those countries reliance on foreign backing is more blatant. Lacking sufficient numbers of local cadres, both revolutionary governments have asked for and got support from Cuba and the Soviet Union. At first it was military assistance to counter hostile armies. Now, health services, transportation, industry, and internal security forces are maintained (and dominated) by foreigners, largely because there are as yet not enough Ethiopians or Angolans who can take charge. Andrew Young was probably right when he said that the Cubans were a stabilizing force in Angola, but how long will they have to stay?

IN PRACTICALLY EVERY black African state, the essential contradiction between the pride of independence (or, in the case of Rhodesia and Namibia, the prospect of independence) and the fact of continued, humiliating dependence has led to bizarre twists of logic and swaggering rhetorical excess. (What comes to mind is the African bureaucrat, wearing heavy gold digital watch and drivin a $45,000 Mercedes, who attacks th inequities of a world marketplace tha systematically subjugates "our pe ple.")

Like Idi Amin, one runs the risk believing one's own braggadocio. A other risk is that, knowing the swagge to be false, one might fail to recogniz true strength beneath the display an thus not exploit it.

While the institutions of go ernment generally are weak on thi continent, the older institutions ar terribly strong. Armies may be un disciplined and badly trained, but, fo the pleasure of it, young men walk an run for miles. Among the elites ther often is flash and dazzle, but amon what one of my friends calls "the gri and-grime Africans" there is astounc ing forbearance and a capacity to en dure. There is the comfort of famil and great hospitality. There is the re sourcefulness that coaxes nourishmer from hostile terrain. And there is th wisdom that understands that neithe redemption nor Armageddon is imm nent.

If my friend who called from ja reflects the flashiness of Africa, I woul prefer in leaving to remember othe friends who, in aspiring to the benefit of modernity, still cling to older vir tues—fraternity, honor, and commo sense.

One of these is Lawrence Mwaura who is twenty-five years old. After thre years without a job, he was hired las year as a packer and loader at a ware house where he earns about $60 month. He has a girlfriend, but he say he won't get married until "I hav something to offer." He wants desper ately to buy a small house for hi mother, an illiterate woman who wa able, by selling bananas, to put hir through high school. Lawrence is we read. "I know that I will persevere Our late president knew adversity an overcame it. I know I must maintai faith." Now he is taking bookkeepin courses after work. Once I asked hir why, in the face of his frustrations, h didn't throw stones, why he was no a radical. "You know," he said, " think it is better to be poor in a cour try with stability than to be poor in country without stability." Cheers Lawrence. Goodbye, Africa. □





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PURELY AMERICAN

Innocent nation, wicked world

by Conor Cruise O'Bri

"We lost our innocence in the Seventies and, for the first time, a war." Thus lamented *New York* magazine on the last day of the period in question, December 31, 1979. The lost war is not hard to identify, but the lost innocence is worthy of respectful and inquisitive wonder.

The French lost a war (admittedly, not for the first time) in the Sixties, in Algeria, in much the same way and for much the same reasons as those for which the United States, ten years later, lost a war in Indochina. Negative generalizations are usually hazardous, but I offer confidently the proposition that no Frenchman wrote, and no French periodical published, at the end of the Sixties, any claim that France had lost its innocence as well as a war during that period.

No European writer would be likely to claim innocence as a characteristic of his or her country. Yet the theme of American innocence—whether lost, preserved, or to be recaptured—is not a mere mawkish conceit, but represents a powerful and active ferment of meaning that has worked throughout American history. The innocence must not be taken literally. That would be too easy to explode. The primary dictionary meaning of *innocence* is "freedom from sin, guilt, or moral wrong in general: the state of being untainted with, or unacquainted with, evil: moral purity." No nation, not even the one that celebrated its two-hundredth birthday four years ago, can plausibly lay claim to such innocence. To a claim to special holiness, to a form of canonization, I can easily imagine a devil's advocate's reply: "Data incompatible with the status claimed—extermination of the Indians; enslavement and other forms of oppression of the blacks; first use of atomic weapons against human beings, already defeated by other means; conduct of the longest and most destructive war ever waged a technologically advanced nati against a poor and backward one. A some other matters."

If on behalf of the United Sta the valid point were made that other nations had also committ crimes, I might then rejoin: "That quite so, but I must stick to the ca in hand. Only one nation has su mitted a case for canonization."

But, of course, canonization a devil's advocates do not belong in t scene. What I am considering here a particular outgrowth of the Prot tant tradition, and specifically of t Anglo-Saxon Protestant tradition. T idea of American innocence was n invented in America. It came to Am ica from England, England havi first, as it were, tried it out for si English Puritans had seen the Engl as the new chosen people, England

Conor Cruise O'Brien is the editor of T Observer (*London*).



Steve Brodner



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the new Zion. "Why else," Milton asked in *Areopagitica*, "was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded the first tidings and trumpet to all Europe?" Yet England, having experienced the putting into practice of millenarian ideas, under the Commonwealth's Rule of the Saints, lost much of her taste for such notions. The concept of the earthly millennium was exported westward, where it took deep and vigorous root. Bishop Berkeley hailed the transition in his "Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America":

In happy climes the seat of innocence
Where nature guides and virtue rules
Where man shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools
. . . . . .
Westward the course of empire takes its way:
The four first acts already past
A fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

APPROPRIATELY, it is a scholar at the American university that derives its name from Berkeley who has traced the development of innocence in America. Prof. Ernest Lee Tuveson's *Redeemer Nation: The Idea of America's Millennial Role* (University of Chicago Press, 1968) is a brilliant, pioneering book. In following what Henry Steele Commager called "a deep and persistent trait of the American mind, the belief in Old World corruption and New World innocence." Professor Tuveson relates this to a faith in a millennium actually to be achieved on American soil. The "to be achieved" is crucial: the innocence, which some now think of as lost, had not yet fully manifested itself, not yet shaken off the corruption of the Old World. (In a similar spirit, that more vehemently and more dubiously millenarian society, the Soviet Union, explains such shortcomings as vestiges of the old social order.) Thus the idea of American innocence is not to be equated with the historical record—quite the contrary, indeed—but is something imminent in the American character and destiny, and due to show its full power in the ripeness of time. It is the confidence in that that has been weakened—but to what extent?—by recent events. The loss of innocence mourned by *New York* magazine and others is shorthand for a loss of confidence in a millennial or quasi-millennial future for America. More than any other great culture, America has been moved by what the late Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago—underestimated as a thinker—once called "nostalgia for the future." That form of nostalgia has undoubtedly been weakened during a decade in which the future became less alluring and more menacing.

It is not a question of the future only. The faith in innocence itself is weakened. That innocence had been a somehow self-evident goodness *of feeling*, detachable from the historical record of action. Here again, comparison of those Geiger counters of cultural divergence, the great dictionaries of the two branches of our language, is revealing. Where *Oxford* defines innocence in terms of "moral purity," *Webster* speaks of "purity of the heart" —a significant shift of emphasis. The comforting notion of a special purity in the national heart resisted historical argument quite comfortably. There was an official historical myth to protect the notion, and a general incuriosity about the "details" of the past that left the myth intact. But the bombardment of *contemporary* history, over the past twelve years or so, reaching people through many pores, has been another matter. My Lai, Watergate, the revelations of the Church Committee about the homicidal Keystone Kops of the CIA—these and other grisly apparitions have left the image of a special American innocence tattered and bedraggled, though not, I think, either dead or dying.

BEFORE CONSIDERING some of the implications of the loss of innocence, it may be useful to consider two distinctions established by Professor Tuveson in relation to the millennial dream, as it established itself and grew in America. The first is between what he calls the "millenarian" opinion—expecting the physical return of Christ—and the "millennialist" one, asserting (in its Christian form, to which it is not confined) "that history, under divine guidance, will bring about the triumph of Christian principles and that a holy Utopia will come into being." He shows that, while there have been many "millenarian" upsurges in America, it is the "millennialist" doctrine, in increasingly secular forms, that flourishes more often, giving the notion of a "holy Utopia" a firmly national habitat.

Tuveson's second distinction is between "active" and "passive" interpretations of millennialism. The active one requires America to be the center of a worldwide millennium: in the words of a nineteenth-century sermon "under God, the instrument of a millennial reign to all the nations," or, according to Woodrow Wilson, "nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world." This was the millennialism of Manifest Destiny in the nineteenth century and the American Century of our time. President Kennedy's inauguration in 1960 was the last powerful expression, in secular form, of the active millennialist tradition.

Opposed to this universalist tendency has been an isolationist version, of a closed millennium, for Americans only: innocent nation, wicked world. Professor Tuveson finds this second form to be "the dominant motive in our history"; "active messianism," he thinks, is less powerful, "yet, like a recessive gene, in the right situation it could become dominant." However that may be, the notion of the American millennium—even in its more or less disguised, secular, or passive forms —has been decidedly unfashionable over the past ten years. Mr. Christopher Lasch's iconoclastic *The Culture of Narcissism: American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations*, when it appeared last year, was festooned with praise from all sorts of quarters, from the New York *Daily News* on the Right to the *Village Voice* on the Left. It seemed that there was a need felt for this indictment, this castigation of what the author sees as the self-centered triviality of contemporary American society. As *The Culture of Narcissism* contains, together with some shrewd home truths, a lot of strident overstatement of "the case against America," there must have been masochism in the air, as well as narcissism, for the book to be so received, and to

become, as it did, a national best-seller.

Mr. Lasch may have been lucky, I think, to get his book out when he did. This year, after the ayatollah and Afghanistan, I doubt whether such a book would be so warmly received. The idea of an innocent America, assailed and threatened by a wicked Old World, has understandably recovered much of its appeal. Today, the hostages of Teheran are its outstanding symbols.

"Loss of innocence" sounds bad, but refers, I think, to something much more good than bad. Returning this month to New York, a city I had lived and taught in for four years at the end of the Sixties, I felt it a much better place to be in than it had been. Calmer, for one thing. That may perhaps sound strange given the anger and frustration experienced at the news from Teheran and Kabul. The anger and frustration are there. Those who produce the *New York Post* must, I suppose, know something about the mood of those who buy that product, and its screaming headlines every afternoon portray a world on the brink of total war. On the whole, however, citizens go calmly and, for the most part, civilly and cheerfully about their business.

That calm may be deceptive. I found that out on the first day. I walked in Central Park with an alert, affable executive. He discussed "the situation" judiciously. The President, he thought, was responding correctly: with firmness, but holding back from the brink. Then we adjourned to the bar of a hotel overlooking the park. Over the second martini, this same executive suddenly said: "I had a dream last night. The war had started. I was in a labor camp. When I woke up it was still there. Had to walk around for a few minutes before it went away." Then, after the briefest of pauses: "The worst thing is what happened to the CIA. They're not free to act anymore. They ought to shoot that ayatollah. I know, I know, they'd only get themselves another ayatollah. But then you see, you shoot that one, too, and the next one, and go on shooting them until they finally get the message."

Anger and frustration are, to be sure, smoldering below the surface. Behind each peaceable, home-loving eye, as Auden pointed out, the private massacres are taking place. But ten years ago, the anger and frustration were not just smoldering, they were busting out all over, crackling and snarling at the surface of daily contacts. And the massacres were actual *public* massacres: Americans were killing people in Indochina, and being killed there. The dark knowledge of that permeated the streets, the offices, the classrooms, the homes. Iran and Afghanistan are not like that, and Mr. Carter's great latent strength is people's belief that, while being adequately firm, he will not get them into another Vietnam. The active millennialism of Kennedy's dotty inaugural—go anywhere, do anything—no longer exists, and it will be an evil day for the world if people push America so far as to bring it out again.

But it is not just a question of war. Ten years ago, in New York, Los Angeles, and elsewhere, there was an atmosphere of civil war between black and white. My wife and I and our adopted son—then only a few months old—were involved in that war. Patrick is of mixed race: half African, half Irish. By American terminology, though not by African, he is black. We feared for him, and for ourselves, if we went on living in New York. We were afraid not so much of the whites, whom we could handle, as of the blacks, whom we could not. We were afraid that black militants would teach Patrick that he ought to hate us, his white parents, and so destroy us all. There were many reasons why we decided to leave New York, but that was the deepest of them.

Today, a little more than ten years later, that fear has gone. I would not hesitate, now, to bring Patrick and his sister, Margaret, also black, to live in New York or in any other American city. The kind of war that then raged between black and white is over. Obviously the horrors and miseries derived from centuries of slavery are not over. The United States is not "holy Utopia." All the same, something momentous has happened: many blacks—I guess a majority of *employed* blacks—now feel and are felt to be part of American society. This was not yet so ten years ago. Americans who have lived through those years may not be conscious of the extent of the change. I was conscious of it, every few minutes, as I walked around the streets and markets of New York. The casual, friendly greetings and responses—"have a nice day," "you're welcome," "it's my pleasure," "be my guest"—are now regularly on the lips of blacks as well as whites which was not so before. Meaningless though some people think such tropes to be, I found them significant indeed. In these new conditions, "hate whitey" militants are scarcely more to be feared than Trotskyites in England and those I can face with reasonable fortitude.

In its "passive" (or inward-turning) aspect, the millennialist dream, the thirst for innocence, is a positive thing. It means that if Americans are forced to look at something ugly in themselves they are more likely than others people to do something about it. While Americans were forced from the late Fifties to look at the position of blacks in their society, and at what it implied about themselves. They did something —not everything, but something significant.

In this past decade, an apparently sad and sordid one for its government and people, the United States has grown together more than in any comparable period of its history. At a time when the philosophy of the melting pot has been repudiated, the melting pot in fact has worked as never before. And others, throughout the world, are better for it, too. There are many of us who, looking to the United States, feel that we are looking at ourselves in the process of becoming: ourselves as we might be and do, given the opportunity, for good or ill. That could have a nightmarish quality if the United States seemed to be going badly wrong. In that great shambling, shaggy poem *Clarel,* Herman Melville wrote about America as the scene of the ultimate failure of the human race, of man's squandered last inheritance:

> *And say, to Terminus build fanes!*
> *No New World to mankind remains.*

In 1968, learning of the murder of Martin Luther King, as the cities burned and America still waged its war in Asia, I felt what Melville meant. At least today the United States no longer forces its friends to feel like that, about itself and about themselves. □

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Harper's

SUNDAY UNDER PAR

A short story

by Walker Percy

THE FIRST SIGN that something had gone wrong manifested itself while he was playing golf.

Or rather it was the first time he admitted to himself that something might be wrong.

For some time he had been feeling depressed without knowing why. In fact, he didn't even realize he was depressed. Rather was it the world and life around him that seemed to grow more senseless and farcical with each passing day.

Then two odd incidents occurred on the golf course.

Once he fell down in a bunker. There was no discernible reason for his falling. One moment he was standing in the bunker with his sand-iron appraising the lie of his ball. The next he was lying flat on the ground. Lying there, cheek pressed against the earth, he noticed that things looked different from this unaccustomed position. A strange bird flew past. A cumulus cloud went towering thousands of feet into the air. Ordinarily he would not have given the cloud a second glance. But as he gazed at it from the bunker, it seemed to turn purple and gold at the bottom while the top went boiling up higher and higher like the cloud over Hiroshima. Another time, he sliced out-of-bounds, something he seldom did. As he searched for the ball deep in the woods, another odd thing happened to him. He heard something and the sound reminded him of an event that had happened a long time ago. It was the most important event in his life, yet he had managed until that moment to forget it.

Shortly afterward, he became even more depressed. People seemed more farcical than ever. More than once he shook his head and, smiling ironically, said to himself: this is not for me.

Then it was that it occurred to him that he might shoot himself.

Next, it was an idea that he entertained ironically.

Finally, it was a course of action that he took seriously and decided to carry out.

The lives of other people seemed even more farcical than his own. It astonished him that as farcical as most people's lives were, they generally gave no sign of it. Why was it that it was he, not they, who had decided to shoot himself? How did they manage to deceive themselves and even appear to live normally, work as usual, play golf, tell jokes, argue politics? Was he crazy or was it rather the case that other people went to any length to disguise from themselves the fact that their lives were farcical? He couldn't decide.

What is one to make of such a person?

To begin with: though it was probably the case that he was ill and that it was his illness—depression—that made the world seem farcical, it is impossible to prove the case.

On the one hand he was depressed.



Walker Percy's most recent novel is Lancelot. *This story is excerpted from his novel* The Second Coming, *which Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish in June.*

Walker Percy

SUNDAY UNDER PAR

On the other hand the world is in fact farcical.

Or at least it is possible to make the case that, for some time now, life has seemed to become more senseless, even demented, with each passing year.

True, most people he knew seemed reasonably sane and happy. They played golf, kept busy, drank, talked, laughed, went to church, appeared to enjoy themselves, and in general were both successful and generous. Their talk made a sort of sense. They cracked jokes.

On the other hand, perhaps it is possible, especially in strange times such as these, for an entire people, or at least a majority, to deceive themselves into believing that things are going well when in fact they are not, when things are in fact farcical. Most Romans worked and played as usual while Rome fell about their ears.

But surely it is fair to say that when a man becomes depressed, falls down in a sand trap, and decides to shoot himself, something has gone wrong with the man, not the world.

If one person is depressed for every ninety-nine who are not or who say they are not, who is to say that the depressed person is right and the ninety-nine wrong, that they are deceiving themselves? Even if this were true, what good would it do to undeceive the ninety-nine who have diverted themselves with a busy round of work and play and so imagine themselves happy?

The argument is abstract and useless.

On the other hand, it is an undeniable fact that more people than ever are depressed nowadays. At last count, the symptom of depression outnumbered all other symptoms put together. What if the proportion of undepressed to depressed people changes from ninety-nine-to-one to fifty-fifty? Perhaps the argument will become less abstract.

AT ANY RATE and regardless of who was or was not demented, something odd did happen to him on the golf course.

It happened, in fact, on the day after he had received the local Rotary's man-of-the-year award for service to the community.

He and his partner, Dr. Vance Battle, were one down and two to go in the foursome. Number seventeen was a par-five medium-long dogleg with a good view of Sourwood Mountain, curving past a pond and a low ridge of red maples, which in the brilliant sunlight looked like a tongue of fire searing the cool green fairway. It was not a difficult hole. Par golf required only that you hit two fair woods to clear the point of the ridge for an eas straightaway pitch to the green. His drive wa well hit and went high in a strong followin wind. It carried a good 300 yards. His partne gave him a wink. The other players looked a each other. Though the ridge and the pond la between him and the green, he decided to g for the flag. The instant he hit the ball with three-wood, he knew it was all right. It dre slightly, enough to give the distance and t grab and hold the sloping green. Without se ing the ball, he knew he had a putt for a eagle.

His partner, Dr. Vance Battle, who sat i the cart on the outside of the dogleg waitin for his third shot, was watching. Vance looke at the green, looked back at him, held h hands apart as if he were measuring a fis cocked his head, winked again, and, though could not be heard, gave a cluck: *tchk*.

He looked down at the glossy brown clu head. We used to call this club a spoon, h thought, not a three-wood. What do you think he once asked an ancient black caddy at Se Island. That's a *spoon* shot, the caddy sai with a certain emphasis and a rising caden and handed him the club with the comple but clear sense of what a *spoon* could do.

Now you choose a numbered club fro the back of an electric cart.

It was at that moment that he paused fo several seconds, wood still held in both hand fingers overlapped, and seemed to listen fo something. He gazed up at the round one-eye mountain, which seemed to gaze back with a ironical expression.

Certain "quasi-sensory" symptoms, as or doctor explained later, began to manife themselves. There was a slight, not unpleasan twisting sensation in his head. A pied wee at the edge of the rough gave off a faint bu acrid smell that rose in his nostrils. Th bright October sunlight went as dark as a eclipse. The scene before his eyes seemed t change. It was not really a hallucination, h learned from another doctor, but an "associa tion response" such as might be provoked b a lesion in the frontal lobe of the brain, th seat of memory.

The doctors did not agree on the nature o his illness or even if he had an illness.

Instead of the immaculate emerald fairwa curving between the scarlet and gold hillside of the Appalachians, he seemed to see some thing else. It was a scene from his youth, s insignificant a recollection that he had n reason to remember it then, let alone nov thirty years later. Yet he seemed to see ever detail as clearly as if the scene lay before hin Again the explanation of the neurologist wa

altogether reasonable. The brain registers and records every sensation, sight and sound and smell, it has ever received. If the neurons where such information is stored happen to be stimulated, jostled, pressed upon, any memory can be recaptured.

Nothing is really forgotten.

The smell of chalk dust on the first day of school, the feel of hot corduroy on your legs, the shape of the scab on the back of your hand, is still there if you have the means of getting at it.

Instead of the brilliant autumn-postcard Carolina mountains, he seemed to see a weedy stretch of railroad right-of-way in a small Mississippi town. It wasn't even part of the right-of-way but no more than a wedge-shaped salient of weeds angling off between the railroad tracks and the backyards of Negro cabins. It was shaped like a bent triangle, the bend formed by the curve of tracks. Perhaps it was owned by the railroad or perhaps by the utility company, because in one corner there was a small fenced and locked enclosure that contained an even smaller metal hut. Or perhaps it was owned by the city, because at the end of this narrow vista of weeds rose the town water tower. Or perhaps it belonged to no one, not even the Negroes, a parcel of left-over land that the surveyors had not noticed on their maps.

ONLY ONCE in his life had he ever set foot on this nondescript sector of earth. It was shortly after he had seen Ethel Rosenblum. As he took the shortcut home after school, walking the railroad tracks that ran behind the football field, he saw Ethel Rosenblum practicing her cheerleading. She was in uniform, brief blue skirt flared to show gold panties. She was short, her hair was kinky, her face a bit pocked. But as if to make up for these defects, nature had endowed her with such beauty and grace of body, a dark satinity of skin, a sweet firm curve and compaction of limb as not easily to be believed. She was smart in algebra and history and English. They competed for four years. She won. She was valedictorian and he salutatorian. She could factor out equations after the whole class was stumped, stand at the blackboard, hip hiked out, one fist perched cheerleaderwise on her pelvis, the other small quick hand squinched on the chalk, and cancel out great a^2-b^2 complexes *zip zap slash*, coming out at the end with $a/a=1$. $1=1$! Unity!

No matter how ungainly the equation, ugly and unbalanced, clotted with complexes, radicals, fractions, *zip zip* under Ethel Rosenblum's quick sure hand and they factored out and canceled and came down to unity, symmetry, beauty.

Would not life itself prove so?

No, as it turned out.

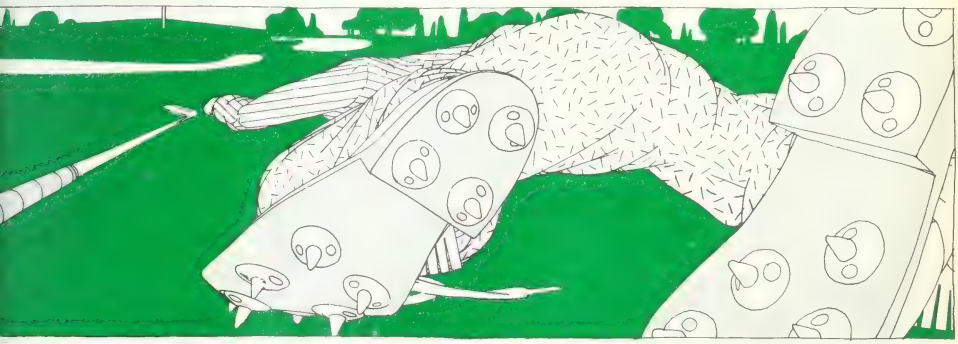
They knew each other, had sat in the same class for four years. Not twenty words had passed between them.

Once in his life had he set foot on this unnamed unclaimed untenanted patch of weeds, and that was when he saw Ethel Rosenblum and wanted her so bad he fell down. So keen was his sorrow at not having his arms around her, his fingers knotted in her kinked chalk-dusted hair, that he flung himself down in a litter of algebra books, ring-binders, *Literature and Life*, down into the Johnson grass and goldenrod, onto the earth smelling of creosote and rabbit tobacco.

Ah, *that* was the smell of the pied weed on the golf course, the acrid smell of rabbit tobacco!

Ethel, why is the world so designed that our very smartness and closeness keep us apart? Is it an unspoken pact? Is it an ac-

"The doctors did not agree on the nature of his illness or even if he had an illness."



David Johnson

cursed shyness? Ethel, let's me and you homestead this leftover land here and now, this non-place, this surveyor's interstice. Here's the place for us, the only place not Jew or Gentile, not black or white, not public or private.

Later a doctor raised the possibility of a small hemorrhage or arterial spasm near the brain's limbic system, seat of all desire, a location that would account for the sexual component of his disorder.

"What sexual component?" he asked. "Doc, that was Ethel Rosenblum and I was fifteen."

"Yeah, but you're talking about her now."

Now in the middle of this pretty Carolina fairway in the sweet high mountain air, as the sky darkened and the acrid smell of rabbit tobacco rose in his nostrils, he fell down again, but only for an instant. Or perhaps he only stumbled, for the next thing he knew, the electric cart hummed up behind him and there was Vance.

No, he did fall down, because he seemed to see and smell the multicolored granules of chemical fertilizer scattered in the bent Bermuda.

I wonder, he said to himself nose down in the bent Bermuda, what would my life have been like if I had had four years of Ethel Rosenblum instead of four years of a dream of Ethel Rosenblum—and the twenty words between us:

"How you doing, Ethel?"

"I'm doing fine, Will. How are you?"

"Fine. Did you have a good summer?"

"Fine. I didn't do a thing. Well—"

"Well, I'll see you, Ethel."

"Yeah, I'll see you, Will."

Ethel, give me your hand. I know a place.

On the other hand, how could his life have turned out better if things had fallen out otherwise between him and Ethel Rosenblum, for had he not succeeded in his life in every way one can imagine? The only sign of something wrong was that he was thinking about a girl (and a place) he had known in high school thirty years ago.

What if he and Ethel had followed their inclinations, assuming she was of like mind (and she might have been! On commencement day after she had given her valedictory and he his salutatory, he had taken her small hand in his and told her goodbye. She had held his hand for a second and shaken her head and said in a fond sorrowful exasperation: "Oh, Will—!"), and fallen down together in the Johnson grass or wherever, whenever—what then? Would he have been better off? Would he have become more like the young people and not so young he saw in town who lay about at their ease, good-humored and co tent as cats but also somewhat slack-jaw and bemused, who looked as if they could doing the same thing ten years from now a not discontent then either—would he ha been better off? Who knows?

At least he probably would not falling down on golf courses and calling odd bits and pieces of t past.

Lately he remembered everything. H symptom, if it was a symptom, was the opp site of amnesia, a condition as far as I kn unnamed by medical science.

A whiff of rabbit tobacco in North Caroli reminded him of Ethel Rosenblum and a pat of weeds in Mississippi.

An odd-shaped cloud in the blue Caroli sky reminded him of a missing tile in t Columbus Circle subway station that mark the spot where he stood every morning catch the Eighth Avenue express to work. T tile had been broken out except for a str at the top that left a grayish concrete ar shaped like Utah.

Yes, he must have fallen down in the fa way, for now Vance had him by the arm some kind of expert doctor's double-gr that holds you erect without seeming to.

"That was quite a shot."

"Did you see the ball?"

"It's a gimme. I been meaning to talk you."

"Okay. Talk."

"Not here. Come see me at my office."

"Why?"

"I think something is wrong with you."

"Why?"

"People don't fall down in the middle the fairway."

"I was thinking of something."

"You thought of something and fell down

"That's right."

"You been acting a little off your feed. Yo worried about anything?"

"No."

"Did those sleeping pills I gave you help?

"Yes." No. I didn't take them.

"You haven't been with us for some time

"Us?"

"Us. Your family, your friends."

"How's that?"

"You don't say anything. And what you sa is strange."

"Such as?"

"You asked me if I remembered a mov actor named Ross Alexander. I said no. Yo let it go at that. Then you asked me if Grouch

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint—one that doesn't require any action by the occupant—be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint—a new type of automatic belt—as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

By the 1982 model year, we must begin putting passive restraints in all full-size cars and, eventually, into the entire fleet. But until you purchase one of these cars of the future, you can protect yourself and others by using seat belts and urging your family and friends to follow your example.

At GM, we're very concerned about safety. So please fasten your seat belt, because even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

Marx was dead. Then you asked me if the tendency to suicide is inherited. Do you remember?"

"Yes. You didn't answer."

"I didn't know. Are you feeling depressed?"

"No."

"What were you thinking about a minute ago after you hit that three-wood?"

"I was thinking about a girl I once knew."

"Then I'll stop worrying about you."

"Let's putt out."

"Okay."

"No, wait." And again he went into one of his spells, a "petty-mall trance," his doctor friend called them. They were sitting in the cart. He sat perfectly still for perhaps five seconds, which was long enough for the doctor to smile uneasily, then frown and lean over the seat to touch him.

"What is it, Will?"

"I just realized a strange thing."

"What's that?"

"There are no Jews up here."

"Jews?"

"I've been living here for two years and have never seen a Jew. Arabs, but no Jews. When I used to come here in the summer years ago, there used to be Jews here. Isn't that strange?"

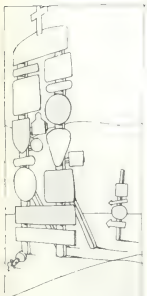
"I hadn't thought about it. Hm." Dr. Battle knitted his brow and pretended to think, but his eyes never left the other's face. "Interesting! Maybe they've all gone to Washington, ha ha."

"Come to think of it, how many Jews are left in the state of North Carolina?"

"Left? Have they been leaving? I hadn't noticed. Hm." Again Dr. Battle frowned and appeared to be searching his memory.

"Think about it. Weren't there Jews here earlier? You're a native."

"Well, there was Dr. Weiss and Dutch Mandelbaum in high school who played tackle."



"They're not here now?"

"No."

"You see."

"See what?"

"You know, my wife, who was very religious, believed that the Jews are a sign."

"A sign of what?"

"A sign of God's plan working out."

"Is that so?" Vance's eye strayed to his wristwatch. He pretended to brush off a fly.

"But what about the absence of Jews? The departure of Jews?" he asked, looking intently at the doctor until his eyes rose. "What is that a sign of?"

"I couldn't say." Vance looked thoughtful. "Hm."

It is not at all uncommon for persons suffe ing from certain psychoses and depressions middle age to exhibit "ideas of reference that is, all manner of odd and irrational n tions about Jews, Bildebergers, gypsies, out space, UFOs, international conspiracies, a whatnot. Needless to say, the Jews were a are not leaving North Carolina. In fact, t Jewish community in that state, though sma is flourishing. There were, at the last censu some twenty-five synagogues and temple 10,000 Jews with a median income of $21,0 per family.

The foursome finished the round witho further incident. He sank his putt, a ten-foot not a gimme, for an eagle three, won both t $50 Nassau and the press bet, some $200 all, took much good-natured kidding from h friends while they drank and rolled poker di in the locker-room bar, a cheerful place sme ing of sweat, bourbon whiskey, and hemp ca peting, and dominated by a photomural Jack Nicklaus blasting out of a sand trap. all respects he seemed quite himself, thoug a bit absentminded, but smiling and noddi as usual—so normal indeed that his doct friend gave no further thought to his "pett mall trances." After all, a golfer who cards seventy-six can't be too sick.

Surely, though, all is not well with a ma who falls down in the fairway, who thinks t Jews have left North Carolina, who finds hi self overtaken by unaccountable memorie memories of extraordinary power and pe gnancy. But memories of what? Of the mo insignificant events and places imaginable, a patch of weeds in Mississippi, of a missi tile in a gloomy New York subway station, a girl whom he had not thought of since lea ing high school!

It was a fine Sunday morning. The fou some teed off early and finished befo noon. He drove through town on Churc Street. Churchgoers were emerging fro the eleven o'clock service. As they stood blin ing and smiling in the brilliant sunlight, the seemed without exception well-dressed a prosperous, healthy and happy. He passed t following churches, some on the left, some the right: The Christian Church, Church Christ, Church of God, Church of God Christ, Church of Christ in God, Assembly God, Bethel Baptist Church, Independent Pre byterian Church, United Methodist Churc and Immaculate Heart of Mary Cathol Church.

Two signs pointing down into the hollo read: African Methodist Episcopal Church,

blocks; Starlight Baptist Church, 8 blocks.

One sign pointing up to a pine grove on the ridge read: St. John o' the Woods Episcopal Church, 6 blocks.

He lived in the most Christian nation in the world, the U.S.A., in the most Christian part of that nation, the South, in the most Christian state in the South, North Carolina, in the most Christian town in North Carolina.

Once again he found himself in the pretty reds and yellows of the countryside. As he drove along a gorge, he suffered another spell. Again the brilliant sunlight grew dim. Light seemed to rise from the gorge. He slowed, turned on the radio, and tried to tune in a nonreligious program. He could not find one. In the corner of his eye a dark bird flew through the woods keeping pace with him. He knew what to do.

Pulling off at an overlook, he took the Luger from the glove compartment of the Mercedes. As he stepped out, he caught sight of a shadowy stranger in the mirror fixed to the door. But he quickly saw that the stranger was himself. The reason the figure appeared strange was that it was reflected by two mirrors, one the rearview mirror, the other the dark window glass of the Mercedes door.

He smiled. Yes, that was it. With two mirrors it is possible to see oneself briefly as a man among men rather than a self sucking everything into itself—just as you can see the back of your head in a clothier's triple mirror.

He gazed down at the wrist of the hand holding the Luger. Light and air poured onto the wrist. It was neither thick nor thin. Who can see his own wrist? It was not a wrist but The Wrist, part of the hole into which everything was sucked and drained out.

He fired five times into the gorge. The sound racketed quickly back and forth between vertical cliffs of rock. Firing the Luger, he discovered, helped knock him out of his "spells." But it did not work as well as before. He shot again, holding the Luger closer and firing past his face. The sound was louder and flatter; a wave of hot air slapped his cheek. The gun bucked, hurting his bent wrist. He held the muzzle against his temple. Yes, that is possible, he thought smiling, that is one way to cure the great suck of self, but then I wouldn't find out, would I? Find out what? Find out why things have come to such a pass and a man so sucked down into himself that it takes a gunshot to knock him out of the suck—or a glimpse in a double mirror. And I wouldn't find out about the Jews, why they came here in the first place and why they are leaving. Are the Jews a sign?

THERE AT ANY RATE stands Will Barrett on the edge of a gorge in old Carolina, a talented agreeable wealthy man living in as pleasant an environment as one can imagine and yet thinking of putting a bullet in his brain.

"After all, a golfer who cards a seventy-six can't be too sick."

Fifteen minutes later finds him sitting in his Mercedes in a five-car garage, sniffing the Luger and watching a cat lying in a swatch of sunlight under the rear bumper of his wife's Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud three spaces away. During the six months after his wife's death, the Silver Cloud had occupied its usual space on the clean concrete, tires inflated, not dripping a single drop of oil. Not once had he been able to bring himself to think what to do with it.

Beyond the big Rolls, almost hidden, crouched his servant Yamaiuchi's little yellow Datsun.

Absently he held the barrel of the Luger to his nose, then to his temple, and turned his head to and fro against the cold metal of the gunsight.

Is it too much to wonder what he is doing there, this pleasant prosperous American, sitting in a $35,000 car and sniffing cordite from a Luger?

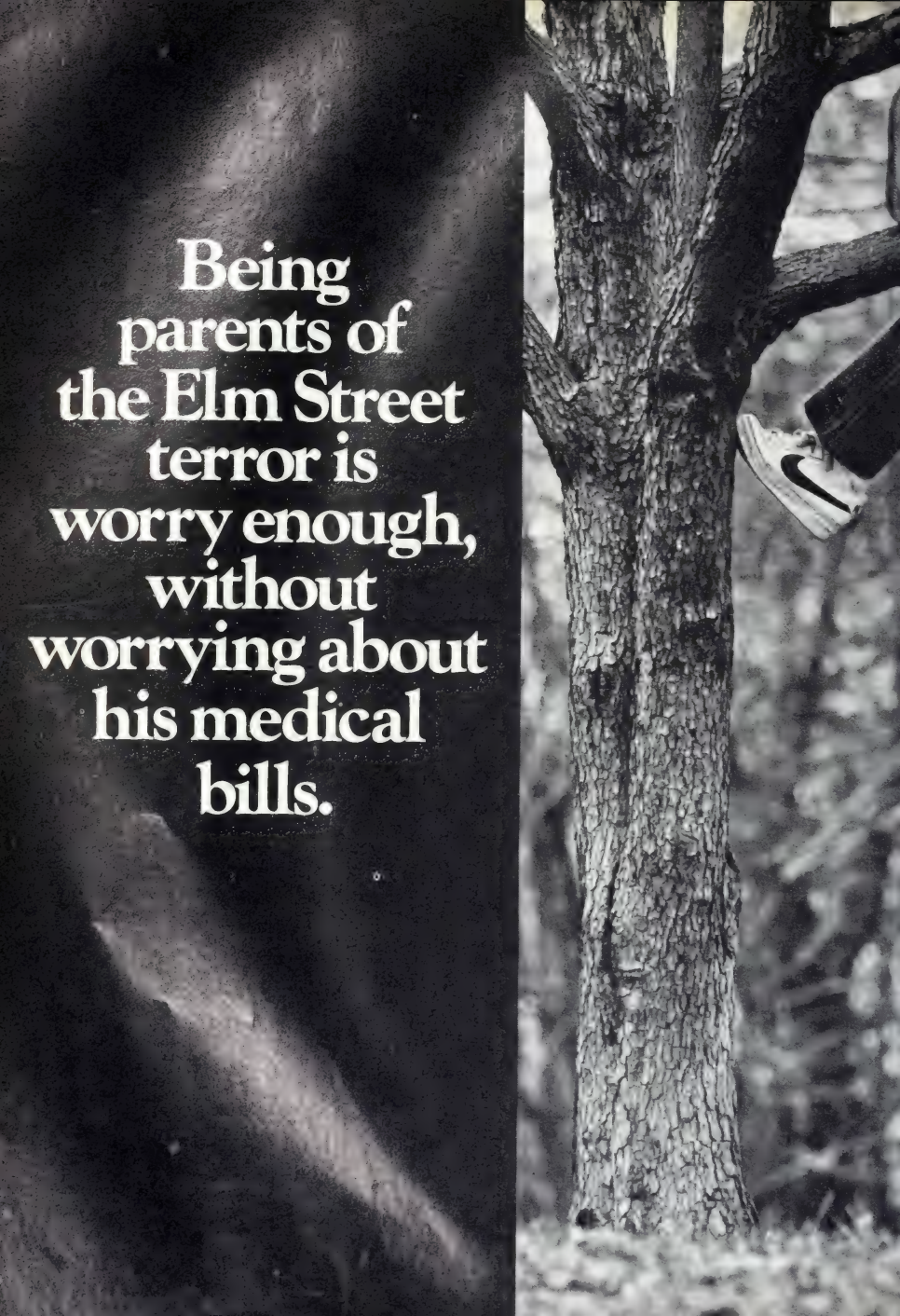
How, one might well ask, could Will Barrett have come to such a pass? Is it not a matter for astonishment that such a man, having succeeded in life and living in a lovely home with a lovely view, surrounded by good cheerful folk, family and friends, merry golfers, should now find himself on a beautiful Sunday morning sunk in fragrant German leather speculating about such things as the odd look of his wrist (his wrist was perfectly normal), the return of North Carolina Jews to the Holy Land (there was no such return), and looking for himself in mirrors like Count Dracula?

At any rate, within the space of the next three minutes there occurred two extraordinary events that, better than 10,000 words, will reveal both Barrett's peculiar state of mind and the peculiar times we live in.



First, as he sat in the Mercedes, Luger in hand, gazing at the cat nodding in the sunlight, it came to him with the force of a revelation—the breakthrough he had been waiting for, the sudden vivid inkling of what had gone wrong, not just with himself but, as he saw it, with the whole modern age.

Then, as if this were not enough, there occurred two minutes later a wholly unexpected and shocking event that, however, far from jolting him out of his grandiose speculations about the "modern age," only served to confirm them. In a word, no sooner had he opened the Mercedes door and stepped out than a rifle shot was fired from the dense pine forest


Being
parents of
the Elm Street
terror is
worry enough,
without
worrying about
his medical
bills.



Fortunately he's one of 181,000,000 Americans protected by health insurance.

Accidents will happen. And that's a worry.

But for almost 9 out of 10 Americans, the usual medical expenses that result aren't a serious concern anymore. They're covered by health insurance.

In fact, 142,000,000 people are even protected from the cost of most major medical problems.

These days, health insurance changes as America's needs change. One out of every four people has dental insurance now. Millions today are covered for nursing home care, care in the home, treatment for mental and nervous disorders, alcoholism and drug abuse.

And when it comes to getting health care costs under control, we're actively supporting proven programs like advance review of hospital budgets, expansion of out-of-hospital facilities, and better community planning to eliminate unnecessary hospital beds and services.

Though we've come a long way toward our goal of "good health care for everyone that everyone can afford," we still have a long way to go. So we'll keep working until we get there.

If you'd like to know more about health care coverage today, we have a new booklet called *All About Health Insurance*. You can have a free copy by writing the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 20, 1850 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's Keep Health Care Healthy

Walker Percy

SUNDAY UNDER PAR

nearby, ricocheting with a hideous screech from the concrete floor at his foot to a *thunk* in the brick of the inner wall. A vicious buzzing bee stung his calf.

Later he remembered thinking even as he dived for cover: Was not the shot expected after all? Is this not in fact the very nature of the times, a kind of penultimate quiet, a minatory ordinariness of midafternoon, a concealed dread and expectation that, only after the shot is fired, we knew had been there all along?

Are we afraid quiet afternoons will be interrupted by gunfire? Or do we hope they will?

Was there ever a truly uneventful time, years of long afternoons when nothing happened and people were glad of it?

But first his "revelation." As he sat gazing at the cat, he saw all at once what had gone wrong, wrong with people, with him, not with the cat—saw it with the same smiling certitude with which Einstein is said to have hit on his famous theory in the act of boarding a streetcar in Zurich.

There was the cat. Sitting there in the sun with its needs satisfied, for whom one place was the same as any other place as long as it was sunny—no nonsense about old haunted patches of weeds in Mississippi or a brand new life in a brand new place in Carolina—the cat was exactly 100 percent cat, no more, no less. As for Will Barrett, as for people nowadays—they were never 100 percent themselves. They occupied a place uneasily and more or less successfully. More likely they were 47 percent themselves, or rarely, as in the case of Einstein on the streetcar, 300 percent. All too often these days they were 2 percent themselves, specters who hardly occupied a place at all. How can the great suck of self ever hope to be a fat cat dozing in the sun?

There was his diagnosis, then. A person nowadays is 2 percent himself. And to arrive at a diagnosis is already to have anticipated the cure: how to restore the 98 percent.

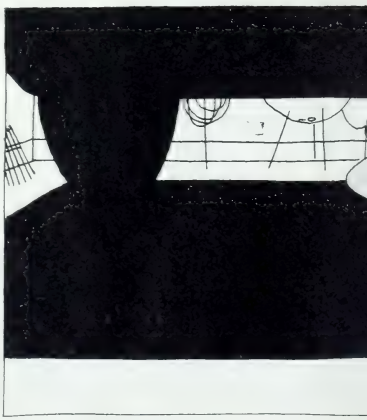
PERHAPS it is not necessary to say any more about Will Barrett's peculiar revelation except to note that if it applied to anyone it applied to him and not to the good folk of Linwood, North Carolina, who, sitting on their sunny patios, did in fact seem happy as cats on this beautiful October Sunday.

At any rate, as he absently climbed out of the Mercedes, Luger forgotten but still in hand, he was musing over his discovery of this strange shortfall of the human condition and had no sooner reached the middle of the garage on his way to the interior door when *whangEEEEE* the concrete erupted, spat, stun his calf. There followed not in succession bu all at once, it seemed, the sound of the shot, sharp sting, and the solid *thunk* in the bric

Then—and now occurred the most remar able part of this odd episode—in the ne instant he was transformed. It was as if th sting in his calf had been the injection of powerful drug. Quicker than any drug, in th instant, in fact, of hearing and recognizin the gunshot, he was, as he expressed it, mira ulously restored to himself. The cat of cours had jumped four feet straight up and fled i terror, as any sensible animal would, reduce instantly to zero percentile of its well-bein But Barrett? The missing 98 percent is mag cally restored! How? By the rifle shot! In th very same motion of lifting his stinging le he is diving for the floor, hitting the concre in a roll, shoulder tucked, Luger cradled i his stomach. He rolls over at least three time enough rolls anyhow to carry him under th high-slung 1956 Silver Cloud and against th far wall, where now he is feeling himself t be himself for the first time in years, flanke as he is by two adjoining walls, the Rolls abov him as good as a pillbox affording a slo shaped view of the sunny woods. And witho his taking thought about it, the Luger is no held in both hands stretched out in front him as steady as if it were propped on sandbag.

Were terrorists after him? A knee-capping Or just shooting up a rich man's house an Rolls? Or were they after his daughter Lesl upstairs?

None of the above, as it turned out. It enough to report that in another minute h had caught sight of an oddly shaped peak of red cap disappearing in the pines, not a dee



unter's cap but a Texaco or Conoco (he for-ot which) mechanic's cap; that he recognized ie cap-wearer and knew who fired the shot nd why. It was Ewell McBee, a covite from ie valley below, once his wife's family's gar-ener, who poached deer on Barrett's 10,000 cres of mountainside.

No apocalyptic last-days irruption of terror-m, then, no more than the annual unpleasant-ess with McBee. No, maybe a bit more: asn't McBee saying, in fact, Maybe you'd etter let me poach so I won't make the mis-ake of shooting up your garage?

He sighed: he'd rather an Italian terrorist ian the complex negotiations with McBee pay him a call? let him poach? call the sher-f? buy him a drink? shoot him?). At any ate, don't tell Leslie.

There he lay for some minutes, sighting own the Luger and speculating on the odd psidedownness of the times, that on a beauti-al Sunday in old Carolina, it takes a gunshot o restore a man to himself.

What man? How many men besides Will Barrett would have shared his feelings? How iany men would have felt better for being hot at on a peaceful Sunday? Very few white olks and no niggers at all, as they say in old Carolina.

Even Barrett wondered. Why is it that I now perfectly well that it was Ewell McBee, iat it was an accident, and that I am disap-ointed? How does it happen that this is what do best and feel best doing, not hitting a iree-wood on a green fairway but rolling way from gunfire and into a safe corner where can look out without being seen and where can't be enfiladed—all with a secret cool-ess and even taking a satisfaction in it? This s better than—than what?

Very well, here I am and here it is at last, let them come. What have I to do with this Luger? I don't know, something. Why do I feel myself most myself here and not hitting a three-wood for an eagle on the back nine? What does my ease with gunfire portend? How is it that I know with certainty that everything is going to be settled in the end with a gun, with this gun, either with them or with me, but with this gun?

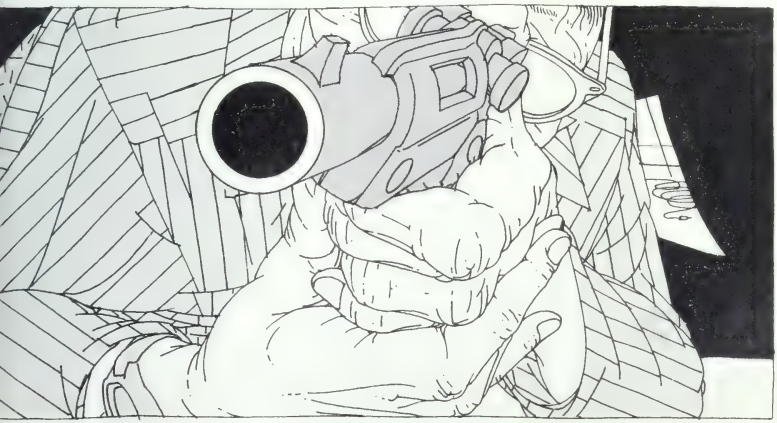
"How is it that I know with certainty that everything is going to be settled in the end with a gun. . .?"

How could I know such a thing? How do I know that somehow it is going to come down to this, should come down to this, down to me and a gun and an enemy, that otherwise this quiet Sunday makes no sense?

Ewell McBee, it would turn out, had not of course meant to harm him or his house. At least not consciously. He was in fact poaching, had been circling to get upwind from a deer, had lost his sense of direction and got off a shot that by the purest chance (surely) had gone ricocheting around the Barrett garage.

Strange to say, that made matters worse, to have to listen to Ewell apologize for shooting up his house. If there is an enemy, it is better to know who he is.

Ewell McBee, he reflected as he lay prone under the Rolls, was another example of the demented and farcical times we live in. Did the growing madness have something to do with the Jews pulling out? Who said we could get along without the Jews? Watch the Jews, their mysterious comings and goings and stayings! The Jews are a sign! When the Jews pull out, the Gentiles begin to act like the crazy Jutes and Celts and Angles and redneck Saxons they are. They go back to the woods. Here we are, retired from the cities and living deep in the southern forests and growing nuttier by the hour.



Walker Percy

SUNDAY UNDER PAR

The Jews are gone, the blacks are leaving, and where are we? Deep in the woods, socking little balls around the mountains, rattling ice in Tanqueray, driving $35,000 German cars, watching Billy Graham and the Steelers and "M*A*S*H" on 45-inch Jap TV.

So said Will Barrett.

EWELL MCBEE was one of them, a new southerner and as nutty as a Jute. Ewell, who was exactly his own age, he had known as a boy when his father and mother spent the summers in Linwood. Ewell caddied for his father. A country boy who lived in a cove of the valley below, hence a covite, he went barefoot and shirtless and wore soft bib-overalls smelling of Octagon soap. He was overgrown and strong and a bully. They used to neck-rassle, stand sweating and grunting, elbows crooked around necks until Ewell threw him down and sat on him for an hour, grinning and daring him to get up, thighs squeezing him, a heavy incubus smelling of sweet boiled cotton, Octagon soap, and thick white winter-white skin.

From Ewell's mother they got fresh eggs and country butter and from his father liquor, not white lightning but charcoal-cured light-amber corn whiskey.

From Ewell he had first heard the word *pecker* and had seen an uncircumcised pecker that he took at first to be a peculiarity of country boys. To his even greater astonishment, Ewell showed him how to jerk off. A bully and a jerk-off Ewell was and remained.

Then Ewell had become the Peabodys' head gardener. Then he moved to town and became a businessman. As an ex-employee he figured he had a proprietary right to an occasional buck deer.

So Ewell had changed and yet not changed. Now if he had a drink with Ewell in a bar booth, Ewell might make a show of not letting him out, actually stand in his way daring him to get past, half-joking, no, not even half-joking. "Boy, I want a piece of you. I could thow you down rat now."

"Well, I doubt if you could but right now let me out."

And Ewell would give way reluctantly, yielding to their middle-aged respectability and to Will Barrett's great Peabody wealth.

All that was left of the bullying was the poaching. "Hail fire, Will, I'm doing you a favor. You got so goddamn many deer in there they're chewing on the trees. Anyhow what you going to do about it?" I'm sitting astride your 10,000-acre mountain like I sat on you, and how you going to get up?

When Ewell came up from the cove, he al came up in the world, operated a Texaco st tion, then owned a Conoco station, then fi Exxon stations, then a movie theater. He sh bib-overalls for the Jaymar Sansabelt slac and short-sleeved white shirt of small-to businessmen, joined the C of C, ate lunch wi Rotary at the Holiday Inn. But Twin Cine had gone bust and Exxon cut back on gas a so now Ewell needed money and had a ne proposition. Ewell wanted him to put up so money for the home-entertainment videoca sette business. He had a connection, a fell in Miami who could supply him with any nu ber of copies of any film at all, *Jaws I* and *Godfather I* and *II*, *Airport* of any year, y name it. More important, there was this wh new market for cassettes designed for mo and home bedroom viewing; but best of he knew a young lady, a real professional, recognized moviemaker, who made such mo ies right next door in Highlands, using as a tors and actresses the college boys and gi who flock to resorts looking for summer jo and are happy to work for minimum wage.

As if it weren't demented enough to go Rotary lunch every Tuesday where there mig be a guest speaker on Encounter and Enric ment in Marriage and hear Ewell tell hi solemnly about the value of erotic movies couples therapy—redneck Ewell come up o of the cove and talking about couples therap America is still on the move! A poor boy c still come up in the world. The South is risi again! As if this weren't enough, Ewell in t very act of making his pitch—"your hundr thou will buy you forty-nine percent; me a my potner, the little lady, got to keep fift one"—Ewell couldn't help coming at hi again, shouldering him, hemming him up in corner of the Holiday Inn Buccaneer Roo He didn't want to let him out! He wanted neck-rassle! Thow him down! "You gon ta to my potner," said Ewell, eyeing him. "She fix you up with a little lady, her leading lad We gon boogie at my villa tonight."

Lying under the Rolls, Luger still gripp in both hands, he gazed at an arc of sun pines. Was Ewell threatening him? Did shoot up the garage as a warning: "Either y back my cassette business or—"? No, it w too simple. That would mean having a si ple enemy. The world is crazier than that.

He smiled and nodded: I know why it better to be shot at on a Sunday afternoon th not be shot at. Because it means maybe the *is* an enemy after all. If there is no enem then I am either mad or living in a madhous

Peace is only better than war if peace is n hell, too. War being hell makes sense.



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1980
THE INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

he Traveler's Bright Word: Festivals

f all the words in the traveler's lexicon, none is more ppealing than *festivals*. Growing out of man's need r joy and celebration, it once related only to nature's ysteries, such as the longest day of the year or the anging of the seasons. Throughout the centuries, the ncept of celebration has stretched and grown, until day the word *festival* includes a whole galaxy of manade events: superb concerts, dramas, films, opera, art hibitions, and the like, which bring together some of e world's finest artists in surroundings of melting auty: the grounds of castles, the shadows of monuents, the great halls of splendid houses, the plazas of nall towns. All of these are part of the joy of traveling, d never more so than in 1980.

Our International Travel Planner has selected from among the world's events those special festivities that will add pleasure and insight to your trips.

To make it easy for you, we have provided a tear-out card at page T25. If you would like free information about events, countries, and services in the Travel Planner, just fill out the card and return it to us. You'll receive a collection of material and information to help you plan your travels.

The year 1980, the beginning of a new decade, promises to be an exciting year for travelers and we hope you will be among them. Moving about the world, enjoying its many festivals, is one of the profound pleasures of our lives.

Frances Koltun Editor

EUROPE

richness of art, music, and film festivals; folkloric vents; reenactments of medieval processions; utstanding exhibitions; sound and light performances; ine and food festivals; sports competitions—and more.

ANDORRA

ly 20–21: FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Canillo.** Costumed performers.
ly 21–23: FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL, **Les Escaldes Village.** Songs, dances, special foods, old-fashioned country fair.
ptember 8: OUR LADY OF MERITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Religious rites, pageant, folk music, drama.

AUSTRIA

ril 1–June 30, September 1–December 31: OPERA SEASON, **Vienna and Graz.**
ril 1–October 26: ART EXHIBITION—"Emperor Franz Josef in Commemoration of His 150th Birthday," **Vienna.**
rough April 7: EASTER FESTIVAL, **Salzburg.** Holiday concerts.
April 26–May 4: SOUTHEAST SPRING TRADE FAIR, **Graz.**
May–October: PALACE CONCERTS, **Salzburg.**
May 3–5: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW, **Graz.**
May 3–11: AUSTRIAN WINE FAIR, **Krems, Lower Austria.** Exhibits, tasting.
May 13–November 28: ART EXHIBIT—"The Reign of Empress Maria Theresa, 1740–1780," **Vienna.** Marks 200th anniversary of her death.
May 17–22: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Concerts—many free—throughout city.
May 23–25: WHITSUN CONCERTS, **Salzburg.**
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY BOAT PROCESSIONS ON LAKES, **Traunkirchen, Hallstatt, Upper Austria.**
June 11–22: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL, **Hohenems, Vorarlberg.** Concerts.
June 28–September 15: OPERETTA WEEKS, **Baden, Lower Austria.**
July–September: EXHIBIT—"Emperor Franz Josef I in Bad Ischl," **Bad Ischl, Upper Austria.**

HIGHLIGHTS '80

Among the major celebrations and festivals in Western Europe this year are:

- **Europalia:** A tribute by European nations to **Belgium** on its 150th anniversary. Wide-ranging festival from April to December, with exhibitions, music, opera, art, ballet, and theater all focusing on Belgium. Major part of events in Brussels.
- Oberammergau Passion Play, in **West Germany,** May 25 to September 28. Play has been staged every ten years since the seventeenth century.
- **Britain:** In **Plymouth, England,** the 400th anniversary of the return of Sir Francis Drake from his epic voyage. May 17 through September 28, highlighted on last day by an Elizabethan pageant. Festival of the **City of London.** Biannual event. July 7 to 20. Most festival events take place around Tower of London and in halls of city companies. **York** Festival and Mystery Plays. Cycle of medieval mystery plays held every four years.



ISLANDS OF THE GODS



If you're getting a little fed up with this world, there's an easy way out.

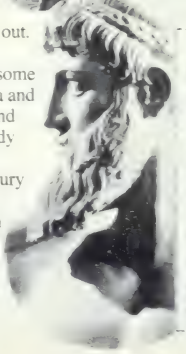
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4–18: WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND PERFORMING ARTS. **Vienna.**
17–August 24: TYROLEAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Innsbruck.** Folklore.
18–August 24: BREGENZ FESTIVAL. **Bregenz.** Music, drama, ballet.
25–August 26: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Ossiach and Villach.** Concerts, opera.
26–August 30: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Ballet, drama, music, opera with renowned performers and conductors.
gust 15: "KAISERBALL." **Bad Ischl, Upper Austria.**
gust 17: "GRAND PRIX OF AUSTRIA."—Formula-I World Championship. **Zeltweg, Styria.**
gust 23–September 6: INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL-AUSTRIA '80. **Altenburg Abbey, Breiteneich Castle, Lower Austria.**
gust 29–September 7: BURGENLAND WINE WEEK. **Eisentadt.**
ptember 6–14: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Vienna.**
ptember 7–30: BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. **Linz, Upper Austria.**
ptember 19–26: ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Innsbruck.**
ptember 22–November 16: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. **Graz.**
ptember 27–October 5: AUTUMN FAIR. **Graz.**
d-October: "VIENNALE '80." **Vienna.** Film festival.
vember 15–18: INTERNATIONAL RIDING AND JUMPING TOURNAMENT. **Vienna.**
vember 17–December 24: CHRISTMAS MARKET. Vienna.
cember 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS. **Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain.** Commemorates composition of well-known carol.
cember 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. **Vienna.** City Hall.

ELGIUM

ril–October: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. **various cities of Flanders.** Music, drama.
ril–December: "EUROPALIA"—150th anniversary of Belgium's independence. **Brussels.** Concerts, recitals, parades.
ril–December: LIEGE MILLENNIUM. **Liege.** Year-long celebration of founding of city in 980.
ril 4–7 FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Louvain.**
ril 19–27: "FLORALIESE"—FLOWER SHOW. **Ghent.** Held every five years.
y 1: 1,002ND ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF PLAY OF ST. EVERMAR. **Rutten.**
y 1–August 10: DECEMBER 1944 EXHIBITION. **La Gleize.**
y 11: CAT FESTIVAL AND PARADE. **Ieper.** Folklore with costumes, interesting floats; 26th year.
y 15: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. **Brugge.** Local residents in medieval dress parade miles to honor 800-year-old relic.
y 24–25: INTERNATIONAL SHOWBAND FESTIVAL. **Oostende.** Competition.
y 24–26: EEL FESTIVAL. **Mariekerke.**
ne 1: PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT AND LEGENDARY BATTLE. **Mons.** More than 100 years old.
ne 14–October 25: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. **various cities of Wallonia.** Theater, music, ballet performances.
ne 21–22: SHRIMP FESTIVAL AND PARADE. **Oostduinkerke.** Shrimp fisherman at work, sale of catch.
ly 3–4: OMMEGANG PAGEANTS. **Brussels.** Includes procession with marchers clad in authentic sixteenth-century costumes.
ly 21: BELGIAN NATIONAL DAY. **nationwide.** Speeches, parades
ly 26–August 10: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. **Brugge.** Music, including harpsichord and musica antica.



On the cover: one of Austria's special appeals, a romantic schloss. This one: Schloss Ort on Lake Traun off the shores of the resort town Gmunden. Once the home of the Archduke Johann Salvator of the Hapsburgs, it dates back to 1138 and is reminiscent of the many charming castles that draw travelers here.

EDITOR **Frances Koltun**; ART DIRECTOR **Sheila Wolfe**, COPY EDITOR **Jeffrey Burke**; ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR **Deborah Rust**; PRODUCTION MANAGER **Trish Leader**.

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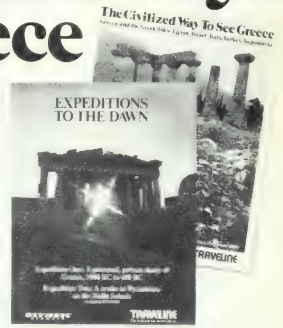
Compiled by Frances Shemanski

Since much of our information must be gathered months in advance, we suggest you always verify dates, places, and events. They are occasionally subject to last-minute change. (Where events do not specify a city, they are held nationwide.)

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And see how your choices match those of thousands of American travelers who voted for what they consid important on their European vacation. Ready to go? (You will be after this test.) Rank your choices 1-5:
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Before you check your answers, we should tell you that, in a study conducted by the European Travel Commiss country Americans chose over and over again as being great in all five categories was...Austria. Of course. Aust

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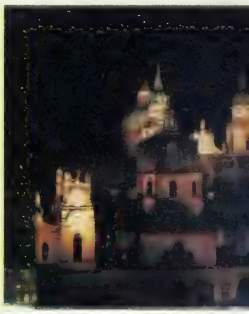
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☐ *Interesting cities rank next in importance to Americans. Here ag Austria has an understandable adv Our venerable cities date from the the Roman Empire. It's taken us a centuries to achieve the marvelous old and new that you'll find in citie Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck and Medieval streets, filled with picture views and fashionable shops, have flavor you'll fall in love with.*





ravel test...

e many other elements that make up a superb vacation: fun, good food, good transportation, a dazzling variety of al events (including opera, concerts, museums and festivals). When it comes to the things that really count with icans on their trips to Europe, it's easy to see why Austria comes out on top so often. Why not see for yourself? Why all over Europe to find the things you like best...when they can find you...in Austria! It's surprisingly affordable, rices ranging from $100 a week. Find out from your travel agent. For a free travel kit that includes information on f Austria, just send in the coupon. Come, visit Austria...and see if we don't pass *your* travel test with flying colors!

oric places count as another favorite ericans. Over the centuries, Austria oduced more than its share of al events, including many of the leading cultural achievements. In lone, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, rt, Strauss and Mahler have sed the works that have made them, ustria, famous. You can visit sque Oberndorf, where "Silent Holy Night" was conceived. Or n tour the famous, fabulous runn palace, where the Hapsburgs nd played in royal splendor.



☐ *Friendly people are naturally important to Americans. And Austria, which has been greeting travelers since travel first became a pleasure, goes out of its way to make you feel welcome. That's true in our cities, where you can expect the finest service, and in our towns and villages...where earthy, open and friendly Alpine folk will offer you Gemütlichkeit and good cheer, and a cozy chalet and hearty food.*



☐ *It's no wonder that Austria's many wonderful hotels did well in this study. The great Austrian tradition of hospitality over hundreds of years has been refined to an art. Five-star luxury hotels set a standard of service for the world to envy. And in our rustic Alpine villages, you'll experience an equally wonderful but completely different kind of service and friendliness. Whichever style you choose for your stay in Austria, we can promise you a wonderful time. And you'll discover another thing that Americans like about us: we don't have the mistaken idea that all Americans are millionaires.*







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ly 28–August 3: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Oostende.**
igust 14–15: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL CLOWN FESTIVAL. **Blankenberge.**
igust 17–24: PAGEANT OF THE GOLDEN TREE. **Brugge.**
igust 25–27: BEGONIA FESTIVAL. **Lochristi.**
ptember 6: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Dendermonde.**
ptember 13–28: TRADE FAIR—AUTUMN '80. **Liege.**
ptember 19–October 5: 39TH HAINAUT INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Mons.**
ptember 27–October 12: ANNUAL OKTOBERFEST. **Weize.** Beer festival's twenty-fifth year.
ctober 4–5: DONKEY FESTIVAL. **Kuurne.**
ctober 4–18: BOOK FAIR. **Diksmuide.**
ctober 18: ANNUAL CATTLE AND NUTS FAIR. **Henri-Chapelle.**
ctober 25–26: INTERNATIONAL ACCORDION FESTIVAL. **Ieper.**
ovember 21–30: GASTRONOMIC AND TOURIST FAIR. **Brugge.**
ovember 29–December 7: FOURTH MUSIC FAIR. **Brussels.** Palais du Centenarie.
ecember 12–14: CHRISTMAS MARKET. **Eupen.**
ecember 20–January 5, 1981: CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS—Christmas in the City and Christmas Fairyland, **all major city centers.**
ecember 26: LOVERS' FAIR. **Virton.**

BULGARIA

pril 1–December 31, 1981: EXHIBITION MARKING BULGARIA'S 1,300TH ANNIVERSARY IN 1981. **Sofia.** Archaeological Museum.
lay 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** Parades, pageants, speeches.
lay 17–27: 14TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE. **Gabrovo.** Unusual exhibits, parades.
lay 22–June 15: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Sofia.** Choral recitals, chamber music, opera.
une 1–7: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. **Karlovo.** Rose-picking pageant, foods with roses, folklore—in Valley of the Roses.
une 1–July 14: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, CANTATA, ORATORIO, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC. **Varna.** International artists perform.
une 12–17: GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach.** Popular music events, international competition.
une 20–July 13: INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER CONCERTS. **Golden Sands, Albena.**
uly 1–30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL. **Albena, Zlatni Pyassutsi, Slunchev Bryag.** Sports, music, parades.
ugust 20–25: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Sunny Beach, Burgas.** Competitions on a worldwide basis.
eptember 10–12: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC. **Plovdiv.**

CYPRUS

pril 4–7: EASTER HOLIDAY CELEBRATION. **nationwide.** Includes Procession of Epitaphios on Good Friday, April 4
lay 24–June 8: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Nicosia.**
une–August: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA. **Limassol.** With concerts at ancient Curium Theater
econd week of June: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. **Nicosia.** Drama, music, folk art.
uly 1–15: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FOLK DANCES, SONGS AND ART. **Limassol.** Limassol Municipal Gardens.
ugust 1–15: FOLK ART FESTIVAL. **Paphos.** Arts, crafts on display, demonstrations.
ugust 14–15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. **Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko.** Religious rites, processions.
id-September: WINE FESTIVAL. **Limassol.** Free wine at open-air restaurants, folk songs, dances.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

April 16–23: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Brno.** Exhibits, special events.
May 12–June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Prague.** Concerts, opera, jazz.
June 26–29: SPARTAKIADE. **Prague.** Participation of 140,000 at Strahov Stadium in mass unison exercises, physical fitness, sports; event held every five years.
June 26–29: 26TH FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL. **Svidnik in Slovakia.**
Second half of August: INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Stranznice.**
August 22–September 19: 22ND DVORAK FESTIVAL. **Karlovy Vary.**
September 10–18: INTERNATIONAL ENGINEERING FAIR. **Brno.**
October 4–19: BACH FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.**

DENMARK

April 2–August 31: DEER GARDEN FAIR SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
April 16: QUEEN MARGARETHE'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.
April 26–mid-September: LEGOLAND SEASON. **Billund, Jutland.**
May 1–September 1: TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
May 15–June 15: DANISH DESIGN CAVALCADE. **Copenhagen.**
June 1–9: CARL NIELSEN FESTIVAL. **Odense.** Concerts of works of Danish composer.
June 20–July 6: VIKING FESTIVAL. **Frederiksund.** Banquet, games, pageant in Viking-style costume.
June 21: MIDSUMMER EVE. **nationwide.** Night-time events center on bonfires.
June 27–29: ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. **Roskilde.** Pop and jazz music with well-known performers.
Early July–early August: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL. **Odense.** Children read and dramatize his stories.
July 1–7: JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.**
July 4: REBILD FESTIVAL. **Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg.** Commemorates American Independence Day.
July 5–8: TILTING TOURNAMENT. **Sonderborg.** Equestrian activity.
July 12–19: YOUTH FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.** Music competitions.
July 14–30: UNITED NATIONS WORLD CONFERENCE FOR WOMEN. **Copenhagen.**
July 26–27: VIKING FESTIVAL. **Aarhus.** Viking songs, pageantry.
August 18–31: ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL. **Copenhagen.** Tivoli.
September–December: ROYAL THEATER SEASON. **Copenhagen.**
September 6–14: FESTIVAL WEEK. **Aarhus** Opera, ballet, music.
October: PICASSO EXHIBITION. **Humlebaek.** Louisiana Museum.
October 17–19: FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Aarhus.** In costume.

FINLAND

May 30–June 1: "PISPALA SCHOTTIS"—INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Tampere.**
June 9–15: DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuopio.** Folk, modern, ballet.
June 12–15: FESTIVAL. **Vaasa.** Drama, art, music.
June 20–21: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** Speeches, pageantry, bonfires.
June 24–July 3: ARTS FESTIVAL. **Jyvaskyla.** Seminars on world events, exhibits, concerts.

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June 28: ARCTIC MARATHON. **Rovaniemi.** Distances of twenty-six, thirteen, and six miles.
July 6–27: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Savonlinna.** Concerts, exhibits, seminars in 500-year-old castle courtyard.
July 10–13: JAZZ '80. **Pori.** International performers, eleven concerts, five outdoors.
July 14–20: FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kaustinen.** International folk-music, dance performances.
July 25–August 3: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Kuhmo.**
August 9–14: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Turku.** Classical, rock music.
August 11–17: INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. **Lahti.** Twenty concerts, also lectures and exhibits.
August 16–19: TAMPERE THEATER SUMMER. **Tampere.** Classical and modern drama in open-air theater, drama seminars.
August 28–September 13: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. **Helsinki.** Art, ballet, music, opera at Finlandia Hall, various churches, parks.
November 30–December 5: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL JEAN SIBELIUS VIOLIN COMPETITION. **Helsinki.**

FRANCE

April–June: PARIS OPERA. **Paris.** Also recitals by Peter Schreier, Katia Ricciarelli, and Mirella Freni.
April 1–May 31: EXHIBIT—"HOMMAGE À MONET." **Paris.** Grand Palais.
April 26–May 17: FOIRE DE PARIS. **Paris.** Parc de Vincennes. Fair-time highlighting the arts: gastronomic displays.
May 7–23: 33RD INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. **Cannes.**
May 10–19: BORDEAUX FESTIVAL. **Bordeaux.** Music, ballet, drama—international stars participate.
May 10–July 6: ILE DE FRANCE FESTIVAL. **Paris.** Opera, ballet, drama, music.
June 5–6: 36TH D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCES. **Normandy.**
June 6–23: STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. **Strasbourg.** Concerts, recitals; features "Requiem" of Berlioz.
June 7–8: LE MANS AUTO RACE. World-famous event.
June 7–27: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Lyon.** Theater, music, dance.
June 17–July 13: MARAIS FESTIVAL. **Paris.** Concerts, dramatic recitals in old homes around Place de Vosges.
July–August: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. **Avignon.** Drama, films, ballet, concerts.
July 1–31: FESTIVAL. **Arles.** Bullfights, guitar concerts.
July 11–October 5: FESTIVAL DE SCEAUX. **Paris.** Chamber-music performances in the Orangeries of Chateau de Sceaux.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY
July 15–August 6: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Aix-en-Provence.** Works by Rossini, Mozart, Bach, Haydn, and Fauré.
July 15–September 15: 15TH FESTIVAL DE PARIS. **Paris.** More than 100 concerts, art exhibitions, competitions throughout city.
September 5–21: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Besancon.**
September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN. **Lourdes.** Religious rites, pageantry.
Early October: ROSARY PILGRIMAGE. **Lourdes.**
October 30–November 11: GASTRONOMIC FAIR. **Dijon.**
November 1–15: 9TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Metz.**
November 12–December 9: 18TH INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL. **Paris.** Théâtre des Champs Elysées.
November 15–17: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES (Three Days of Glory). **Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, Meursault.** Wine festival.

EAST GERMANY

May 5–10: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH COMPETITION. **Leipzig.**
May 17–June 1: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Dresden.** Opera, operettas, recitals, concerts, ballet.
June 8–15: HANDEL FESTIVAL. **Halle.**
July 6–13: ROSE SHOW. **Erfurt.** Exhibits.
July 10–12: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL. **Rostock.**
August 31–September 7: FALL FAIR. **Leipzig.**
September 28–October 12: 24TH FESTIVAL OF THEATER AND MUSIC. **Berlin.**
November 9–16: 16TH ANNUAL MUSIC DAYS. **Halle.**

WEST GERMANY

April 24–May 1: INTERNATIONAL AEROSPACE SHOW. **Hanover.**
April 27–May 26: FESTIVAL OF PLAYS, MUSIC, DRAMA. **Schwetzingen.** Occurs during harvest of white asparagus in the area.
May 1–31: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET, OPERA, MODERN DANCE MUSIC. **Weisbaden.**
May 10–11: 791ST YEAR CELEBRATION OF PORT OF HAMBURG. **Hamburg.**
May 25–September 28: PASSION PLAY 1980. **Oberammergau.** Held every ten years since 1634.
June: NYMPHENBURG SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Munich.**
June 6–11: MOZART DAYS. **Augsburg.** Chamber-music concerts, opera in Schaezler Palace.
June 13–August 2: EUROPEAN FESTIVAL. **Passau.** Music, opera, poetry readings, drama.
June 15–August 17: ARTS WEEK. **Hanover.** Concerts, ballet, opera.
June 20–July 1: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. **Berlin.**
June 22–30: DERBY WEEK. **Hamburg.** German Derby's 111th year.
July: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN COMPETITION. **Aachen.**
July 3–13: VI HAMBURG BALLET DAYS. **Hamburg.** At Hamburg State Opera.
July 7–August 1: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Munich.** Works by Verdi, Mozart, Richard Strauss at Bavarian State Opera, Court of Residence Palace, and Cuvillies Theater.
July 25–August 28: WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Bayreuth.**
August–October: WINE FESTIVALS. **Rhine River area.**
August 31–September 3: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Frankfurt.**
September 5–27: FESTIVAL WEEKS. **Berlin.** Opera, theater, classical music, ballet.
September 8–12: 11TH WORLD ENERGY CONFERENCE. **Munich.**
September 12–18: "PHOTOKINA"—WORLD'S FAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHY. **Cologne.**
September 13–16, 19–22: WINE AND SAUSAGE FESTIVAL. **Bad Durkheim.** Largest German wine festival.
September 20–October 5: OKTOBERFEST. **Munich.** Beer festival with sausages, pretzels, brass bands.
October 8–13: FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR. **Frankfurt.** International publishing exhibition.

ber 15–January 6, 1981: EXHIBITION MARKING 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL. **Cologne.** At Kunsthalle.
ber 24–November 2: GERMAN ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Munich.**
ember 29–December 23: CHRISTKINDLESMARKT (Christmas Market). **Nuremberg, Munich, Berlin, Frankfurt.**

IBRALTAR

il 12–14: BASKETBALL KNOCK-OUT IGHTNING COMPETITION
: SHARK ANGLING COMPETITION.
'–June: INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY FESTIVAL AND TOURNAMENT
ust: DEEP SEA AND PIER FISHING COMPETITION
ber 21: TRAFALGAR DAY CEREMONY Memorial rites at Trafalgar Cemetery.
ember: 37TH ANNUAL DRAMA FESTIVAL nces Hall.

REECE

il 1–October 31: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Athens, Rhodes, Corfu.**
il 6: EASTER SUNDAY FAIRS. **Ia, Tripolis, Trapeza (near Patras), Livadia.** Roast amb, regional wines given to visitors. Dancing in regional costumes.
il 6–7: HOLY SATURDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY OBSERVANCES. **nationwide.** Church services, fireworks, processions.
'–September: GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES. **Athens.** Nightly at Dora Stratou Theater on Philopappou Hill.
e–October: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES. **Rhodes.** Old City Theater.
e 10–20: MIDSUMMER'S DAY FESTIVAL. **Rhodes.**
'–August: EPIDAURUS FESTIVAL. **Epidaurus.** Ancient Greek plays performed in third-century B.C. Theater of Epidaurus.
'–mid-September: WINE FESTIVALS. **Daphni, Rhodes, Alexandroupolis.** Dancing, singing, wine, food samples.
1–September 30: ATHENS FESTIVAL. **Athens.** Drama, music, opera in open-air Herod Atticus Theater at foot of Acropolis.
8: LOCAL FAIR AND FOLK DANCING. **Lefkimi, Corfu.**
ust 15: RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY OF THE VIRGIN. **ationwide.** Major holiday—religious ites, folklore events.
ember 7–21: 45TH INTERNATIONAL TRADE AIR AND FILM FESTIVAL. **Thessaloniki.**
ber: DEMETRIA FESTIVAL OF BYZANTINE MUSIC AND DRAMA. **Thessaloniki.** Concerts, heater, opera, ballet.
ber 28: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. **Parades.**

UNGARY

il 27–29: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP. **Kiskunhalas.**
'–August: FERTOD HAYDN CONCERTS. **Budapest.**
13–22: CYCLE RACE ROUND BALATON. **Tuzfo-Keszthely.**
14–22: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. **Budapest.**

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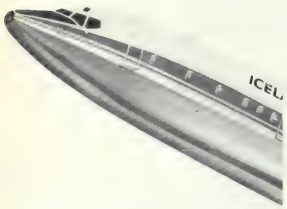
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May 24–25: COUNTRY FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Nyirbeltelek.**
June–August: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS. **Martonvasar.** Brunswick Palace Gardens.
June 16–August 11: ST. JACOB'S SUMMER NIGHT. **Kaposvar.** Classical music, pantomimes, drama at ruin of Benedictine Abbey.
June 27–July 16: FESTIVAL WEEKS. **Sopron.** Oratory concerts, chamber music, organ recitals, drama.
July–August: OPEN AIR FESTIVAL. **Budapest.** Opera, ballet performed on Margaret Island.
July–August: OPEN AIR FESTIVAL. **Szeged.** Vaudeville shows, symphonic concerts, opera in nearby Aggtelek caves.
August 9–10: GUITAR FESTIVAL CONCERT. **Esztergom.** Citadel Museum.
August 16–21, October 27–31: ART WEEKS. **Budapest.**
September 21–October 22: MUSICAL WEEKS. **Budapest.**
September 27–October 7: CONTEMPORARY MUSIC PROGRAM. **Budapest.**
October 4–5: 13TH FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Szekszard.** Cultural Center.

ICELAND

April–June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERTS. **Reykjavik.** Thursdays.
April 24: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. **nationwide.** Special events for children.
May 1: LABOR DAY. **nationwide.** Parades, speeches, brass-band concerts.
June 1: SEAMAN'S DAY. **nationwide.** Sports competitions, parades.
June 1–20: ARTS FESTIVAL. **Reykjavik.** Music, art.
June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY
June 23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT. **Reykjavik, Akureyri.**
June 26–29: ICELAND SUMMER SPORTS FESTIVAL. TRACK & FIELD. **nationwide.** Special events for handicapped.
July–August: CLASSICAL MUSIC CONCERTS. **Shakholt.** Saturday, Sunday afternoons.
August 7–10: WESTMAN ISLANDS FESTIVAL. **Island of Heimaey.** Bonfires, outdoor entertainment.
October–December: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES. Daily except Mondays.
October–December: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES. **Reykjavik.** Daily except Mondays.
October–December: CONCERT SEASON. **Reykjavik.** Icelandic Symphony Orchestra performs every other Thursday during winter.
October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. **nationwide.** Recalls discovery of North America in A.D 1000.

IRELAND

April 7–26: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA. **Dublin.** Poetry readings, exhibits, music, drama at Gaiety Theater
April 11–13: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST. **Cavan.**
May 6–10: SPRING SHOW. **Dublin.** Fair.
May 7–11: 27TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. **Cork.**
May 23–26: "FLEADH NUA"—SPRING FESTIVAL. **Ennis.** Carnival, parades, concerts.
May 23–31: INTERNATIONAL MAYTIME FESTIVAL AND CARROLL'S THEATER FESTIVAL. **Dundalk.** Music, social events.
June 13–15: DONEGAL INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY. **Donegal.**
June 28–29: INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MUSIC. **Dublin.** Competitive events.
July 4–6: BACH FESTIVAL. **Killarney.**
August 4–9: IRISH ANTIQUE-DEALERS FAIR. **Dublin.**
August 5–10: HORSE SHOW. **Dublin.**
August 9–23: YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL. **Sligo.**
August 22–25: "FLEADH CHEOIL NA HEIREANN." **Donegal.** Traditional summer music festival.
September 20–October 5: 22ND INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. **Waterford.**
September 29–October 8: THEATER FESTIVAL. **Dublin.**
October 6–11: INTERNATIONAL SONG CONTEST. **Castlebar.**
October 22–November 2: OPERA FESTIVAL. **Wexford.** Also concerts, film exhibits.
November 14–17: INDOOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. **Dublin.**

ITALY

April 22–May 4: 14TH INTERNATIONAL ARTISAN'S EXHIBITION. **Florence.**
April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. **Venice.** Start of gondola regatta season.
May–mid-June: SACRA MUSICALE. **Lucca.** Religious music concerts by groups and soloists at various churches.
May–June: 17TH INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL AND INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Bergamo.** Donizetti Theater.
May 1–4: FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO. **Cagliari.** Several thousand persons in 1657 costume parade on foot, horseback, in carts.
May 1–June 30: 43RD MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Florence.** Throughout city.
May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES. **Gubbio.** Huge shrines are borne by costumed bearers to church atop Mount Ingino.
May 18: SARDINIAN CAVALCADE. **Sassari.** Thousands clad in traditional costumes parade.
June: WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Ravello.**
June–September: 32ND SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. **Verona.** At Roman Theater.
June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC. **Rome.** Military parades.
June 24, 28: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH. **Florence.** Players wear medieval costumes; also fireworks display.
June 25–July 13: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL. **Spoleto.** Opera, drama, ballet, art.
July–August: SUMMER OPERA SEASON. **Rome.** At Baths of Caracalla.
July 1–31: OPERA SEASON. **Syracuse, Sicily.** At Greek Theater.
July 2, August 16: PALIO. **Siena.** Procession and bareback horse race. Medieval costume pageantry, flag-throwing skills, competition for the "palio" ("banner")
July 10–August 15: OPEN AIR OPERA. **Verona.** At Arena, a Roman amphitheater.
July 19–20: FESTIVAL OF THE REDEEMER. **Venice.** Gondola parades and other water craft to celebrate end of 1575 epidemic.
August 3: JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN. **Ascoli/Piceno.** Historical pageant with more than 1,000 participants, dressed in fifteenth-century costumes.
August 19–September 18: MUSICAL WEEKS. **Stresa.** Concerts.
September–November: AUTUMN CONCERT SEASON. **Naples.** At the San Carlo Theater, RAI Auditorium, and at Teatro Mediterraneo.
September 7: JOUST OF THE SARACEN. **Arezzo.** Thirteenth-century tilting contest with knights in armor.
September 7–8: "PIEDIGROTTA." **Naples.** Neapolitan song competition, fireworks, parade of carnival floats and illuminated boats.
October 5–19: TRUFFLE FAIR. **Alba.** White truffles go on sale.

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ober 11–25: PERUGIA MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Perugia, Terni, Orvieto, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano, Trasimeno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, Deruta.** Religious theme in operas, concerts, organ recitals.

cember 7–May, 1981: OPERA AND BALLET SEASON. **Milan.** La Scala Opera House. Opera season opens throughout Italy in December.

UXEMBOURG

ril 7: "EMAISCHEN" FESTIVAL AND MARKET. **Old-Luxembourg.** Children's games, songs, folk dances, earthenware sales.

ril 27–May 11: "OCTAVE"—302nd Annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg. **Luxembourg City.**

ay 17–25: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. **Luxembourg City.**

ay 26: 32ND "GENZEFEST" BROOM FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Wiltz.** Parade, pageant, and ball.

ay 27: DANCING PROCESSION IN HONOR OF ST. WILLIBRORD. **Echternach.** Medieval costumes.

ne 15–July 15: INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Echternach.** Concerts at Basilica, Abbey, and old Church of St. Peter and Paul.

ne 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Fireworks, parades.

d of June–early July: "REMEMBRANCE DAY." **Ettelbruck.** Honors U. S. General George Patton, Jr., liberator of Grand Duchy in 1945. Military parade.

ly–August 3: 28TH INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Wiltz.**

gust 10: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS—Grand Prix de Luxembourg. **Ettelbruck.** World championship.

gust 23–September 8: "SCHUEBERFOER"—SHEPHERD'S FAIR. **Luxembourg City.**

ptember 13–14: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Grevenmacher.** Free wine, also fireworks, concerts, parades.

tober 4–12: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Luxembourg City.**

MALTA

ay 2–5: CARNIVAL. **Valletta.** Since 1535; dance competitions, marches, decorated floats.

ne 26–27: MNARJA FOLK FESTIVAL. **Valletta.** Night events in Buskett Gardens.

ly 1–15: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Naxxar.**

ptember 8: REGATTA. **Grand Harbour, Valletta.** Racing, pageantry.

MONACO

pril 3, 5, 6: 14TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. **Monte Carlo.** Ballet of the Bâle Opera House.

pril 12: CONCERT BY THE NATIONAL ORCHESTRA. **Monte Carlo.**

pril 27–May 4: WORLD TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Monte Carlo.**

lay 18: 38TH GRAND PRIX. **Monte Carlo.** World-famous car-racing through streets.

une 16: 43RD INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Monte Carlo.**

une 23–24: ST. JOHN'S FEAST. **Old Monaco.** Folklore dances, exhibitions.

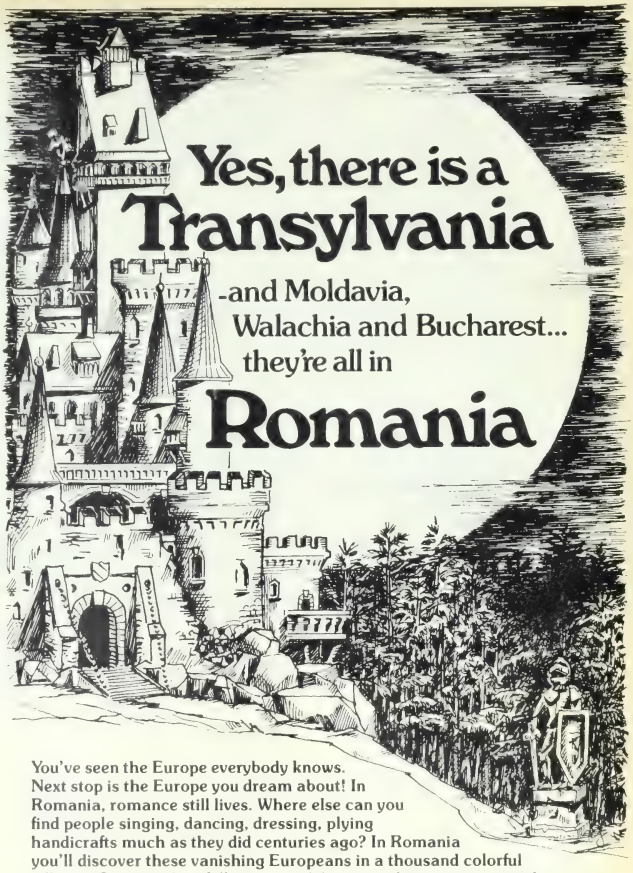
uly–August: 15TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS. **Monte Carlo.** Tuesday nights.

ugust 8: RED CROSS GALA. **Monte Carlo.** World-famous performers.

ugust 10–13: CONCERT BY NATIONAL ORCHESTRA OF THE OPERA OF MONTE CARLO. **Monte Carlo.**

November 18–19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY. **Monte Carlo.** Street parades, fair.

December 11–15: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. **Monte Carlo.**



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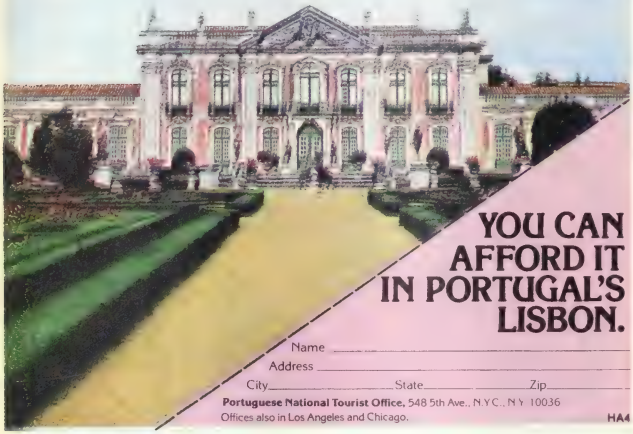
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NETHERLANDS

March 28–May 18: "KEUKENHOF"—31ST NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW. **Lisse.**
April–mid-May: BULBFIELDS IN BLOOM. **between Haarlem and Leiden.**
Mid-April–mid-September: ALKMAAR CHEESE MARKET. **Waagplein, Alkmaar.** Fridays.
April 26–October: DEMONSTRATIONS OF OLD CRAFTS. **Arnhem.** Open Air Museum.
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
May 1–September 25: ANTIQUE MARKET. **The Hague, Lange Voorhout.** Thursdays.
May 5: LIBERATION DAY
June–August: CHEESE MARKET. **Gouda.** Thursday mornings.
June 1–23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL. **Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague Scheveningen.** Music, ballet, drama, chamber music; famous performers and orchestras.
July 5–August 30: WINDMILL DAYS. **Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam.**
July 11–13: NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL. **The Hague.**
July 12–25: "SKUTSJESILEN" RACES. **Frisian Lakes.** Old cargo ships and market boats.
August 6–12: "SAIL AMSTERDAM"—HISTORIC MARITIME EXHIBITION. **Amsterdam.**
August 21–30: "TAPTOE"—BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Breda.**
September 14: "AIRBORNE COMMEMORATION —Airborne Landing in 1944 Battle of Arnhem. **Oosterbeek.**
September 16: "PRINSJESDAG" (Prince's Day), **The Hague.** Queen Juliana rides in golden coach to open Parliament
October 10–29: 32ND OLD ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Delft.** Prinsenhof Museum.
November 5–9: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR. **Aalsmeer.** At Aalsmeerse flower auction.
December 16: "GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT," **Gouda.** Town Hall and Market Square lit by candlelight. Carillon concert, carols, lighting of Christmas tree.

NORWAY

May–June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. Blossoms of thousands of fruit trees on slopes. Best blooms May 20–June 10.
May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. First day of round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.
May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY. **nationwide.** Processions, fireworks.
May 21–June 4: 28TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE. **Bergen.**
May 31–June 1: THE "ANCIENT MARATHON. **Fredrikstad.**
June 13–22: "NORWEX '80"—INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXHIBITION. **Oslo.** At Sjolyst.
June 15–August 15: OLAV DAYS AND 950TH YEAR JUBILEE. **Trondheim.** Church concerts at Nidaros Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace (built in 1160–1170). Historical open-air pageant about King Olav.
June 23: MIDNIGHT CUP GOLF TOURNAMENT. **Trondheim.**
June 25–29: KONGSBERG INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Kongsberg.**
August 3–10: PEER GYNT FESTIVAL. **Vinstra.** Drama and folklore.
August 4–9: 20TH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Molde.**
December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. **Oslo.** By invitation.

POLAND

May–September 7: CHOPIN CONCERTS. **Warsaw.** Sundays at Lazienki Park.
May 14–19: 25TH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Warsaw.**
June–July: 17TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS. **Szczecin.**
June 8–17: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Poznan.**
August 27–September 1: 15TH ORATORIO AND CANTATA FESTIVAL. **Wroclaw.**
September 2–7: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Wroclaw.** Guest orchestras.
September 12–21: "THE WARSAW AUTUMN"—24TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Warsaw.**
October: 22ND INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '80. **Warsaw.**

PORTUGAL

April 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM. **Constancia.**
May 1: FONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL. **Alte.** Equestrian events and parade.
May 1–June 7: GULBENKIAN CONCERTS. **Lisbon.**
May–July: CONCERTS. **Estoril.**
May 12–13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE. **Fatima.**
June 1–15: GRAND INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Santarem.**
June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE. **Lisbon.** Dancing in streets of Old Lisbon.
June 18–26: MUSIC WEEKS. **Lisbon.** Iberian music.
July 5–9: RUNNING OF THE BULLS. **Vila Franca de Xira.** Portuguese cowboys show off riding skills; also bloodless bullfights and fireworks.
July 11–August 29: ESTORIL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Estoril, Queluz, Sintra.**
July 15–August 20: ALGARVE SUMMER FESTIVAL. **Faro.** Concerts, recitals, ballet, jazz festival.
August 9–16: FESTIVAL OF GREEN CAP AND SAL PANS. **Alcochete.** Bloodless bullfights, other entertainment.
August 18–20: FEAST OF THE AGONY. **Viana do Castelo.** Folk music, dance, parade of huge papier-maché figures.
September 5–9: WINE FESTIVAL. **Palmela.**
October 12–13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE. **Fatima.**
October 12–18: VINTAGE FAIR. **Meda.** Wine exhibits, tastings.
November 10–13: TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST MARTIN. **Golega.** Horsemanship skill events, exhibits, folklore.
December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST SYLVESTER. **Funchal** in **Madeira.** Fireworks at midnight.

ROMANIA

May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY. Parades, speeches.
May 4: TRADITIONAL FOLK MUSIC AND COSTUM FESTIVAL. **Brasov.** In Carpathian Mountains.
May 21: SHEPHERDS' FEAST. **Novaci.** Hirisesti Woods are setting for pageant.
June 15: KING OF THE FIR TREES FESTIVAL. **Tih Birgaului.** Folklore event.
July 20: MAIDENS FAIR AND FOLKLORIC SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL. **Mount Gaina.**
August 15: FESTIVAL OF THE GORJ COUNTRY MUSIC. **Tismana.** Concerts.
August 23: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, music, sports.
September 23: TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL. **at foot of hill of Castle of Brn.** Count Dracula makes home here in Carpathian Mountains of Transylvania.
October 5: DIONYSIADA: WINE FESTIVAL. **Husi.** Wine tastings, singing, dancing.



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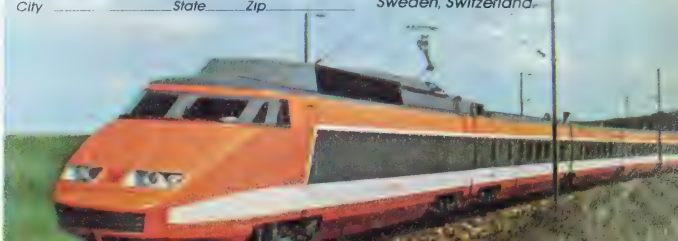
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Barry Jelfs, at The Fleece, Bretforton, Worcestershire



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SPAIN

March 30–April 6: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS. **Seville, Malaga, Cartagena, Cuenca, Granada, Ronda.**
April 22–27: APRIL FESTIVALS AND FAIR. **Seville.** Parades, flamenco dancing, singing, exhibits, special foods, bullfights.
April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND CERVANTES DAY. **Barcelona.**
May 1–12: PATIOS FESTIVAL. **Cordoba.** Floral-display competition, flamenco dancing, music.
May 1–31: FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO THE FARMER. **Madrid.** Folklore, opera, bullfights, parades honor city's patron saint.
May 7–11: HORSE FAIR. **Jerez de la Frontera.**
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. **Granada, Toledo, Seville.** Processions and religious rites date back to 1230.
June 22–July 6: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Granada.** Concerts, ballet at Manual de Falla Center and in Alhambra; thirtieth year.
June 23–24: FESTIVITIES OF ST. JOHN. **Cuidadela, Menorca, Balearic Islands.** Medieval-theme event.
July 6–14: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN. **Pamplona.** Well-known "running of the bulls" and daring citizens.
August: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL. **Santander.** Famous artists perform.
August 1–15: SPANISH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND BALLET. **Nerja Caves.**
September 4–8: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Jerez de la Frontera.**
September 23–27: FIESTAS OF LA MERCED. **Barcelona.** Band competition, swimming race across city's port, theater, film festival, medieval pageant, parade.
October 1–31: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Barcelona.**
October 6–14: FAIR OF LA VIRGEN DEL PILAR. **Zaragoza.** Religious rites, folklore, parades, bullfights.

SWEDEN

April 5: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF COUNTRY MUSIC. **Gothenburg.**
April 10–13: HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING. **Gothenburg.**
April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. **Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea.** Songs around lit bonfires welcome spring.
Mid-May–mid-September: BALLET AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OPERAS. **Stockholm.** Drottningholm Court Theater.
May 30–June 1: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Malmo.**
June 21–22: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.** Dancing around maypole, games, folk dancing.
July 1–31: "JULIADEN." **Stockholm.** Sports, drama, concerts, entertainment in parks.
July 6: BOAT RACE. **Leksand.** Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services.
July 9–August 8: 51ST "PETRUS DE DACIA". **Visby, Gotland.** Performance of pageant.
July 10–15: LAPLAND FOLK FESTIVAL. **Asele.** Dates back two centuries.
July 12–13: ANCIENT GOTLAND ATHLETIC GAMES. **Stanga.**
July 14–20, November 3–10: SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. **Bastad.**
August 3–10: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Rattvik.**
End of November–mid-December: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS SALE. **Stockholm.** Holiday decorations, foods, handicrafts on sale at open-air museum.
December 10: NOBEL FESTIVITIES WITH NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. **Stockholm.** By invitation.
December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. **nationwide.** Queen of Light and her court wear lit candle crowns in festive procession.

Slim Aarons



Windmill in the Netherlands countryside

SWITZERLAND

April 5–13: EUROPEAN TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Berne.**
April 12–October 12: "GRUN '80": SWISS GARDEN AND LANDSCAPING EXHIBIT. **Basel.**
April 19–28: 64TH SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR WITH EUROPEAN WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY FAIR. **Basel.**
May 3–13: 29TH HANDICRAFT, AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL EXHIBITION. **Berne.**
May 5–July 1: 25TH INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL. **Lausanne.** Music, concerts, competitions.
May 17–August 31: 850TH ANNIVERSARY OF RHEINFELDEN, oldest Zaehringen town of Switzerland. Special events: youth festival, sports, pageant, parades.
May 23–July 31: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL. **Zurich.** Opera, art exhibits, drama, concerts.
June–end of September: OPEN-AIR PRODUCTION OF "WILLIAM TELL." **Interlaken.**
June 11–16: "ART IN '80"—INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR. **Basel.**
June 17–20: "PRO AQUA/PRO VITA"—Eighth International Environmental Protection Trade Fair. **Basel.**
June 23–July 7: 19TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS. **Murren.**
June 28–29: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Berne.**
July 4–20: 14TH INTERNATIONAL MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Montreux.** Also soul, rock, country, western music.
August 1–31: 24TH YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL. **Gstaad.** Music.
August 13–September 6: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Lucerne.** Guest conductors and artists; opera, concerts.
August 26–October 5: 35TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Montreux, Vevey.** Religious music, symphony, oratorios.
September 13–28: 61ST SWISS COMPTOIR NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR. **Lausanne.**
November 6–16: 11TH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR. **Lausanne.**
November 24: TRADITIONAL ONION MARKET. **Berne.**
November 28–December 7: EIGHTH SECOND-HAND AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Geneva.**

TURKEY

April 21–May 29: TULIP FESTIVAL. **Istanbul.** Viewing of thousands of blooms in parks and palace gardens.
May 4–11: FESTIVAL OF EPHESUS. **Ephesus.** Drama in Roman amphitheater.
May 19–25: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM. **Pergamum.** Ancient and modern dances, folk music, choral and dramatic presentation in ancient amphitheater.
June 5–11: MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL. **Izmir.** Crafts, parades, cooking contest.
June 9–11: OILED WRESTLING GAMES OF KIRKPINAR. **Edirne.** Free-style Turkish wrestling, 600 years old; also folk music, dancing.
June 20–July 15: INTERNATIONAL ARTS AND CULTURE FESTIVAL. **Istanbul.** Puppet theater, cabaret performances, music, art, drama, ballet.
July 5–11: INTERNATIONAL BURSA FESTIVAL. **Bursa.** Folk dancing, music, "Karagoz" (Turkish Shadow Play), art exhibit.
August 20–September 20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Izmir.**
August 30: VICTORY DAY. **nationwide.**
September 1–9: GOLDEN ORANGE FILM FESTIVAL. **Antalya.** Also drama, music in ancient Roman Amphitheater of Aspendos.
October 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC. **nationwide.**
December 11–17: FESTIVAL OF MEVLANIS (Whirling Dervishes). **Konya.** Ritual dances.

UNITED KINGDOM

April 1–July 20: EXHIBIT—THE VIKINGS. **London.** British Museum, Great Russell Street.
April 1–January 1981: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. **Stratford-upon-Avon.** Royal Shakespeare Theater.
April 2–9: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Harrogate.**
April 5: OXFORD / CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. **Putney to Mortlake, River Thames, London.**
May–September: CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON. **Chichester.**
May 1–10: BACH FESTIVAL. **London.** South Bank.
May 3–18: FESTIVAL OF ARTS. **Brighton.**
May 6–14: LONDON INTERNATIONAL PHILATELIC EXHIBITION. **London.** Earls Court.
May 7–11. ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW. **Windsor.** Home Park.
May 9–28: SCOTLAND'S HISTORIC HOUSE FESTIVAL. **countrywide.** Tours.
May 10–October 5: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON. **Pitlochry.**
May 17–September 28: DRAKE 400TH YEAR CELEBRATIONS. **Plymouth, Devon.** Recalls return of Sir Francis Drake from his world travels.
May 19–June 1: MALVERN FESTIVAL. **Malvern.** Music, drama.
May 20–23: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. **London.** Twenty-two acres of gardens in bloom at Royal Hospital in Chelsea. (May 20: members only)
May 23–June 8: BATH FESTIVAL. **Bath.** Music, art, drama.
May 24–26: 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE LIVERPOOL TO MANCHESTER RAILWAY. Re-enactment of the Rainhill Trials of 1829 and cavalcade of locomotives, coaches, and wagons,

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Rainhill Station, Merseyside.
May 27–August 11: FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON, **Glyndebourne.**
May 27–August 24: OPEN-AIR THEATER SEASON, **London.** Regent's Park.
June 4–7: DERBY, **Epsom.** Horse racing.
June 6–22: ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL, **Suffolk.** Music in memory of Benjamin Britten.
June 6–30. YORK FESTIVAL AND MYSTERY PLAYS, **York.**
June 11–21: GROSVENOR HOUSE ANTIQUES FAIR, **London.** Park Lane.
June 14: TROOPING THE COLOR, THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY, **London.**
June 14–22: BURNS FESTIVAL, **Southwest Scotland.** Poetry.
June 14–25: MANANNAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND THE ARTS, **Isle of Man.**
June 17–20: THE ASCOT, **Berkshire.** Famous horse race.
June 22–July 5: LINCOLN CYCLE OF MYSTERY PLAYS, **Lincoln.** Lincoln Cathedral.
June 23–July 5: WIMBLEDON TENNIS, **London.** World's top tournament.
July 3–6: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, **Henley-on-Thames.**
July 7–20: FESTIVAL OF CITY OF LONDON, **London.**
July 8–13: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, **Llangollen Clwyd, Wales.**
July 9–26: ROYAL TOURNAMENT, **London.** Military display.
July 31–August 13: HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Harrogate.** Music, art, drama.
August 2–9: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, **Gowestón, West Clamorgan, Wales.** Music competitions.
August 2–10: COWES WEEK OF SAILING, **Cowes, Isle of Wight.**
August 13–September 6: EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO, **Edinburgh.**
August 16–23: THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL, **Gloucester.**
August 17–September 6: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Edinburgh.** Music, art, drama, ballet.
September 1–7. AIR SHOW, **Farnborough.**
September 6: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING, **Braemar, Scotland.**
September 20–October 9: WINDSOR FESTIVAL, **Windsor.**
October 6–25: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Swansea.**
October 17–26: INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW, **Birmingham.** National Exhibition Center.
November 1–22: QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL, **Belfast, Northern Ireland.**
November 2: VETERAN CAR RUN, **Hyde Park, London to Brighton.**
November 8: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION SHOW, **London.**
December 1–5: ROYAL SMITHFIELD SHOW AND AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY EXHIBITION, **London.** Earls Court.
December 26: BOXING DAY, **nationwide.**

USSR

May 5–13. MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. Ballet, art, music.
May 25–June 3: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL. The arts.
June 21–24: SONG FESTIVAL, **Riga.**
June 21–29: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL, **Leningrad.** The arts by the light of the midnight sun.
July 19–August 3: OLYMPIC SUMMER GAMES, **Moscow.** SAILING **in Tallinn;** SOCCER quarter-finals and semi-finals in **Minsk.** All other events in Moscow.
November 15–24: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN, **Minsk.**
December 25–January 5, 1981: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, **Moscow.** Sports, arts.

YUGOSLAVIA

April 18–24: SPRING INTERNATIONAL GRAND FAIR, **Zagreb.**
May–October: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Bled.**
May–November: SKADARLIJA EVENINGS, **Belgrade.** Street festival with music, dances, food samplings.
May 1–31: BELGRADE SPRING FESTIVAL OF POP MUSIC, **Belgrade.**
June 15–August 15: 26TH SUMMER FESTIVAL OF DRAMA, OPERA, CONCERTS, BALLET, **Split.**
June 17–August 23: LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL, **Ljubljana.** Chamber music, solo concerts, pantomimes, folklore.
July–September: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Opatija.** Drama, concerts on open-air stages, fashion shows, folklore programs.
July 10–August 25: 31ST SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Dubrovnik.** Drama, music, folklore throughout the city, including palaces, towers, and parks.
July 20–26: 15TH INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE, **Zagreb.**
August: FESTIVAL OF OLD TOWN SONGS, **Ohrid.**
September 10–30: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, **Belgrade.**
September 12–21: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, **Zagreb.**
October–December: CONCERT AND THEATER SEASON, **Belgrade, Zagreb, Ljubljana.**
December 29–30: "WINTER CUP OF NATIONS"—UNDERWATER FISHING COMPETITION, **Mali Losinj.**

CANADA AND MEXICO

CANADA

May 1–July 28: SUMMER SHOWCASE, **Banff,** Alberta. Music, art, drama, ballet at Banff Center.
May 3–18: NIAGARA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, **Niagara Falls, Ontario.** Parades, ethnic events.
May 6–October 5: SHAW FESTIVAL, **Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.** Drama.
May 11–19: FESTIVAL OF SPRING, **Ottawa, Ontario.**
May 17–September 1: LES FLORALIES INTERNATIONALES DE MONTREAL, **Montreal, Quebec.** International flower show and exhibition.
June–July: FESTIVAL CANADA, **Ottawa, Ontario.**
June–August: INTERLAKE FESTIVAL, **Winnipeg Beach.**
June–September: CHARLOTTETOWN FESTIVAL, **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.** Music, drama, art.
June–September: FRANTIC FOLLIES, **Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.** Melodrama.
June 2–November 2: STRATFORD FESTIVAL, **Stratford, Ontario.** Shakespeare and other drama in repertory.
June 19–September 1: MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION, **Montreal, Quebec.**
June 20–28: METRO INTERNATIONAL CARAVAN, **Toronto, Ontario.** Ethnic programs and celebrations.
June 27–July 1: GATHERING OF THE CLAN AND FISHERMAN'S REGATTA, **Pugwash, Nova Scotia.**
June 27–July 4: INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM FESTIVAL, **Windsor, Ontario.**
July: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **St. John's, Newfoundland.** Sports, the arts.
July–August: REGINA BUFFALO DAYS AND EXHIBITION, **Regina, Saskatchewan.** Fair and rodeo.
July 4–13: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE, **Calgary, Alberta.** Top rodeo events.
July 11–12: HIGHLAND GAMES, **Antigonish, Nova Scotia.**
July 12–20: SEA FESTIVAL, **Vancouver, British Columbia.**
July 13–August 20: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Victoria, British Columbia.** Opera, classical and modern music.
July 16–26: KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION, **Edmonton, Alberta.** Gold rush days come back.
July 26–August 4: "CARIBANA"—FOLK FESTIVAL, **Toronto, Ontario.**
July 31–August 3: NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL, **Dauphin, Manitoba.**
August 1–2, 8–9, 15–16: SIX NATIONS INDIAN PAGEANT, **Brantford, Ontario.**
August 1–3: ATLANTIC FOLK FESTIVAL, **Antigonish, Nova Scotia.**
August 2–4: ICELANDIC FESTIVAL, **Gimli, Manitoba.**
August 3–10: LAC SAINT-JEAN BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL, **Mistassini, Quebec.**
August 8–10: INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW, **Abbotsford, British Columbia.**
August 13–September 1: CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Toronto, Ontario.** Oldest and largest Canadian fair.
August 16–September 1: PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Vancouver, British Columbia.** Fair.
August 18–20: DISCOVERY DAY OBSERVANCE, **Dawson City, Yukon Territory.** Pageant recalls discovery of gold.
August 29–September 1: TROIS-RIVIERES "MOLSON" GRAND PRIX, **Trois-Rivieres, Quebec.** Auto racing through streets.
August 31–September 2: FESTIVAL ACADIEN, **Oyster Bed Bridge, Prince Edward Island.**
August 31–September 6: ATLANTIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Saint John, New Brunswick.** Fair.
September 5–14: 105TH WESTERN FESTIVAL, **St. Tite, Quebec.** Rodeo, fair.
September 19–28: NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, **St. Catharines, Ontario.**
September 26–28: LE GRAND PRIX DU CANADA, **Montreal, Quebec.** Car race.
October 10–18: OKTOBERFEST, **Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario.** Canadian beer festival.
November 13–22: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR, **Toronto, Ontario.**
November 25–30: BOOK FAIR, **Montreal, Quebec.** Exhibition Hall.

MEXICO

April 23–May 6: ST. MARK'S DAY CELEBRATION AND CARNIVAL, **Aguascalientes.** Music, charros, bullfights.
April 25–May 17: CERVANTES FESTIVAL, **Guanajuato.** Dance groups from different countries perform; also music, drama.
April 26–May 3: "SUN TO SUN" REGATTA, **Cancun.**
May 1: LABOR DAY, **nationwide.**
May 5: BATTLE OF PUEBLA. Successful battle against French is remembered, **nationwide.**
May 28–June 26: ARTS AND CRAFTS FIESTA, **Tehuantepec.**
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, **nationwide.** Processions, blessing of fruits presented by children in traditional costumes.
June 24: DAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, **nationwide.** Religious rites, parades, picnics, traditional swims at dawn. Officially begins swimming season.
Mid-July: COUNTRY FAIRS, **Oaxaca, Reynosa, San Juan Teotihuacan, Saltillo, Campeche.**
July 16: FEAST DAY OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN, **Ciudad del Carmen.** Religious services, processions, flower and livestock show, sports.
July 21–28: "GUELAGUETZA": PRE-COLUMBIAN INDIAN FESTIVAL, **Oaxaca.** Indian dances and fair on Cerro del Fortin, hill near city.
August 15: ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY FIESTA, **San Juan de los Lagos,** Jalisco. Religious processions, services.
August 15–20: GASTRONOMIC AND WINE FAIR, **Aguascalientes.** Foods, wines, music, dances, parades. Also tour of wine fields and cellars.
September 1–8: VIRGIN OF LOS REMEDIOS FESTIVAL, **Cholula, Puebla.** Rites at shrine atop largest pyramid in Mexico.
September 8: AZTEC FIESTA, **Taxco.** Ritual dance drama recalls battle between Lord of Tepostlan and other chiefs.
September 12–November 2: OCTOBER FESTIVAL, **Guadalajara.** Films, music, drama, arts, crafts.
September 15–16: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.**
September 17–October 17: ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL, **Puebla.** Ballet, music, drama, art, films, lectures.
October 12: "DAY OF THE RACE" CELEBRATION, **nationwide.** Festive in Tlaquepaque on outskirts of Guadalajara. Fair and Indian dances.
November 1–2: DAY OF THE DEAD. Food and drink are put on graves by local villagers.
November 20: ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, **nationwide.**
December 12: FIESTA OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, **nationwide.**
December 16–24: CHRISTMAS "POSADAS" OR PROCESSIONS, **nationwide.** Colorful in Oaxaca, Queretaro, San Miguel de Allende.

WORKING WITH A TRAVEL AGENT

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BERMUDA

April 2–May 7: BERMUDA HOMES AND GARDEN TOURS. Wednesdays.
April 23: PEPPERCORN CEREMONY, **St. George's.** Town Square.
April 24–26: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, **Paget.** Botanical Gardens.
May 1–November 30: 38TH ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT.
May 4–10: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK.
May 9–11: DOG SHOW, **Paget.**
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **Hamilton.**
June 20: NEWPORT-BERMUDA YACHT RACE
July 31–August 1: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL, **Sandy's Parish.**
September 6–11: ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW, **Hamilton.** West Exhibition Hall of City Hall.
December–March 15: BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME, **St. George's.** Winter and spring events throughout Bermuda for visitors.

THE BAHAMAS

April 17–19: 27TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA, **George Town, Exuma.**
April 28–May 2: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, **Walkers Cay.**
May 18–24: TUNA TOURNAMENT, **Cat Cay.**
June 15–20: BIG GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, **Bimini.**
July 3–5: FIFTH ANNUAL COMMONWEALTH FAIR, **Nassau.** On Government House grounds.
July 6–11: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Chub Cay.**
July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **all islands.**
August 14: FOX HILL DAY, **Fox Hill, about five miles from Nassau.** Carnival, old-fashioned church concerts, Bahamian cuisine.
September 20–21: FIFTH ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, **Nassau.**
October 12: DISCOVERY DAY, **San Salvador.** Columbus called here in 1492.
November 12–16: 21ST AMATEUR OPERA, **Nassau.**
November 17–22: ANNUAL ARTS & CRAFTS SHOW, **Marsh Harbour, Abaco.**
November 24–29: EIGHTH ANNUAL BAHAMAS SOUTH OCEAN INTERNATIONAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT, **Nassau.** South Ocean Golf Course.
December 8–14: NINTH BAHAMAS MARLBORO TENNIS OPEN, **Paradise Island.** Ocean Club.
December 26: BOXING DAY ANNUAL OPEN GOLF CLASSIC, **Freeport, Grand Bahama Island.** Fortune Hills Golf Course.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANTIGUA

April–May: NETBALL SEASON, **St. John's.** Daily matches at Antigua Recreation Ground.
April 27–May 3. 13TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK Also Sunfish Regatta.
June 7: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
July 26–August 5: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL, **islandwide.**
September: CARIBBEAN TRADE FAIR
November 1: STATE DAY

ARUBA

April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, speeches, fireworks.
June 15–22: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD, **St. John's.** Competitions.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, **Oranjestad.** Performance of authentic folk dance, "Deramento di Gai."
August: MISS ARUBA BEAUTY PAGEANT, **Oranjestad.**
October 1–31: INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT, **local waters.**
December 15: KINGDOM DAY

BARBADOS

April 7: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS, **islandwide.** Picnics, sports, pageantry.
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS
May 26: WHITMONDAY, **islandwide.** Fairs, parades, music, dancing.
June 14–July 7: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL, **Bridgetown and most villages.** Celebration of finish of sugar cane harvest.
July 7: CARICOM DAY
November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY
December 26: BOXING DAY, **islandwide.**

BONAIRE

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
May 1: LABOR DAY
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric dances in all villages.
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Songs, dances in all seaside villages honor local fishermen.
October 15–18: 13TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, **Kralendijk.**
December 15: KINGDOM DAY—Autonomy Observance.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

April 7: EASTER MONDAY REGATTA, **local waters.**
May: GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY, **George Town, Grand Cayman.**
May 21: DISCOVERY DAY SAILBOAT REGATTA, **Grand Cayman.**
June 1–30: ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW, **George Town, Grand Cayman.**
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
July 2: CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA, **local waters.**
October 25–November 1: PIRATES WEEK, **George Town, Grand Cayman.** Pageantry and search for hidden treasure.
November 12: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

CURAÇAO

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Fishermen honored.
July 26: CURAÇAO DAY, **Willemstad.**
December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY
December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY

Be sure to use reply card at page T25

DOMINICA

May 1: LABOR DAY AND TRADE UNION CELEBRATIONS
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY, **Roseau.**
July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY
November 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

May 24–25: FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Santo Domingo.** Exhibits and floral pageant.
June 10–13: FOURTH CARIBBEAN TOURISM CONFERENCE & EXPOSITION. **Santo Domingo.** Theme: "The Challenge of the '80s."
July 20–24: MERENGUE FESTIVAL, **Santo Domingo.** Dance contest.
August 4: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO
August 16: ANNIVERSARY OF RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE. **Santo Domingo.**
September 24: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGIN OF MERCEDES SHRINE. **El Santo Cerro.**
October 12: ANNIVERSARY OF DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—DAY OF ALL RACES. **Islandwide.**
November 30: FEAST OF SAN ANDRES. **Santo Domingo.**
December 5: ANNIVERSARY OF DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA. **Santo Domingo.**

GRENADA

Through April 6: YACHTING RACES AND WATER FESTIVAL
May 26: WHITMONDAY YACHT FESTIVAL
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS
August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY OBSERVANCES

GUADELOUPE

April–December: BICYCLE RACES, **most towns and villages.** Every Sunday.
April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Picnics at beaches and river banks.
May 15: ASCENSION THURSDAY. Religious rites, processions.
May 26: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach and riverbank picnics, sports.
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY FESTIVAL. Events for fishermen but open to all; contests, pageants, fish dinners.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Honors abolitionist Victor Schoelcher and celebrates freedom from slavery.
August 9: FÊTES DES CUISINIÈRES—COOKS' FESTIVAL, **Pointe-à-Pitre.** Food parade and free five-hour gourmet meal. Day starts with High Mass in cathedral.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious holiday.
November 22: SAINT CECILIA'S DAY. Music festivals in all towns and cities; saint is patroness of musicians.
December 24: CHRISTMAS EVE CELEBRATIONS Continual dancing and dining on specialties like pork stew, Angola peas, blood sausage; Midnight Mass with French and Creole carols.

HAITI

April 4: GOOD FRIDAY RITES
April 6: EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES
May 1: AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY
May 18, 22: FLAG DAY AND UNIVERSITY DAY
October 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY
December 5: DISCOVERY DAY



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JAMAICA

April 1–7: EXHIBITION—ELDEMIRE COLLECTION, **Kingston.** National Gallery, Devon House.
April 7–8: CLARENDON HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **May Pen.**
April 16: ST. ELIZABETH HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **Black River.**
April 23–June 30: EXHIBIT—ALBERT HUIE RETROSPECTIVE, **Kingston.** National Gallery, Devon House.
April 28–29: JAMAICA HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **Kingston,** National Arena.
May 23: FLOWER SHOW, **Mandeville.** Showground.
May 23: LABOR DAY OBSERVANCE
June 12–17: JAMAICA FOLK SINGERS CONCERT, **Kingston.** Little Theater.
June 16–17: IKEBANA INTERNATIONAL, **Kingston.** Exhibit at Jamaica Pegasus.
June 23–24: PORTLAND GARDEN CLUB HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **Port Antonio.**
June 24–28: NATIONAL CHORALE CONCERTS, **Kingston.** Little Theater.
July 7–8: DIOCESAN FESTIVAL CHOIR, **Kingston.** Little Theater.
July 27–September 2: NATIONAL DANCE THEATER COMPANY SEASON, **Kingston.** Little Theater.
July 29–August 6: INDEPENDENCE WEEK. Fashion shows, concerts, drum corps competitions, folk dances, parades.
July 30–August 1: DENBEIGH AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Clarendon.**
August 1–September 29: EXHIBIT—THE INTUITIVE EYE: SURVEY OF JAMAICAN PRIMITIVES, **Kingston.** National Gallery, Devon House.
August 6: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
October 1–15: 22ND ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, **Port Antonio.**
October 15–December 31: ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION, **Kingston.** National Gallery, Devon House.
November 24–25: ST. CATHERINE HORTICULTURAL SHOW, **Spanish Town.**
December 1–2: O'HARA SCHOOL OF IKEBANA, **Kingston.** New Kingston Hotel.
December 1–25: JONKANOO DANCERS, **most villages and towns.**

MARTINIQUE

April 7: EASTER MONDAY. Beach picnics, parties.
April 7: SOCCER GAMES VERSUS GUADELOUPE
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, yawl race.
May 15: ASCENSION THURSDAY. Religious rites, processions.
May 26: PENTECOST MONDAY BEACH PICNICS.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious and public holiday.
September: FÊTE NAUTIQUE—FESTIVAL OF THE SEA, **Robert.** Night boat races, lighted boat parade, folkloric dances.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY

MONTSERRAT

Mid-June–mid-July: LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
August: WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
December 11–26: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS, **islandwide.**

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PUERTO RICO

April 16: DE DIEGO BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **islandwide.** Honors Puerto Rican patriot Jose de Diego.
May: 14TH PUERTO RICO MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Old San Juan.**
May 20–28: FIESTAS DE CRUZ, **Old San Juan.** Religious singing.
June 13–27: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Rio Piedras, San Juan.**
June 20–July 2: 12TH FLOWER FESTIVAL AND 10TH FOLK FAIR, **Aibonito.**
June 23–24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **San Juan.**
July 12–15: 19TH NATIONAL CRAFTS FAIR, **Barranquitas.**
July 16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Cataño, Ponce, Cabo Rojo.**
July 22–26: SANTIAGO APOSTOL PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Loiza Aldea.**
July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY, **San Juan.**
August: 19TH ANNUAL DORADO BEACH "SAIL IN", **Dorado.** Small boats.
August–October: SEVENTH SUMMER ART FESTIVAL, **San Juan.** Ancient Fort El Morro.
August 22–24: FOURTH CERAMICS FAIR, **Old San Juan.** Local ceramists demonstrate skills at Dominican Convent.
September: 27TH INVITATIONAL INTERNATIONAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, **San Juan.**
September–December: FIRST HALF OF '80-'81 SYMPHONY SEASON—Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra, **most major cities.**
October: SUNFISH CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, **Isla Verde.**
October–December: 16TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, **San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce.**
October–January, 1981: BASEBALL SEASON, **San Juan.** Six pro clubs compete at Hiram Bithorn Stadium.
November 15–17: 11TH JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL, **Jayuya.** Puerto Rico's Taino Indian culture in craft shows, ceremonies, dances; visits to Indian sites.
November 19: OBSERVANCE OF DISCOVERY OF PUERTO RICO IN 1493
December 15–January 6, 1981: "NAVIDADES"—Puerto Rico's Christmas season and celebrations.

SABA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
December 5–7: SABA DAYS. Folklore events, sports.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles with street dances, sports.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY

May 15: ASCENSION THURSDAY OBSERVANCES
May 26: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach parties, sports.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Processions, services.
August 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHELEMY Caribbean fair with French overtones.
December 31: "REVEILLON DE LA SAINT SYLVESTRE"—New Year's Eve festivities.

ST. EUSTATIUS

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY
November 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. First foreign government to recognize American flag in 1776.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY


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ST. KITTS, NEVIS, ANGUILLA

April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY.
May 5: LABOR DAY
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE. Parades.
July–August: CULTURAMA, **Nevis.** Music, art.
August–September: ARTS FESTIVAL, **St. Kitts.** Music, exhibits, drama.
August 4: AUGUST MONDAY, **Nevis.** Races.
November 14: PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTHDAY
December–January: CARNIVAL, **all islands.**

ST. LUCIA

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS
May 26–27: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS
July: FOOTBALL SEASON BEGINS.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY, **Castries.** Fireworks, parades.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY
August 30: FÊTE DE LA ROSE, **Castries and some towns.** Competitive exhibits.
October 1: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL. Special foods.
December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports and contests.

ST. MAARTEN

April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY
Mid-April–early May: CARNIVAL TIME. Beauty contests, parades, steel-band competitions.
April 19–30: FIFTH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE, **St. Maarten–Virgin Gorda–Martinique–St. Maarten.** Sailing race on 800-mile course.
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
May 1: LABOR DAY
May 15: ASCENSION DAY SERVICES
May 26: WHITMONDAY OBSERVANCES. Beach picnics, sports.
November 11: CONCORDIA DAY
December 15: KINGDOM DAY

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ST. VINCENT AND THE GRENADINES

April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY. Sports, fireworks, beach parties.
May 5: LABOR DAY
May 24–26: WHITSUN REGATTA, **Bequia.** Between Kingston Harbour and Port Elizabeth.
June 14: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PROGRAM
Late June–July 4: CARNIVAL. Steel bands, calypso competitions, carnival, Queen Show.
October 30: STATEHOOD DAY.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA, **Trinidad, Tobago.**
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION, **Port of Spain, Trinidad.**
June 19: BUTLER'S DAY, **Trinidad, Tobago.**
July: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL AND COMPETITIONS, **Trinidad, Tobago.**
August 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **Trinidad, Tobago.**
November 1–2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY, **Trinidad, Tobago.**

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 7: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL, **Virgin Gorda.**
April 25–27: SPRING REGATTA, **Virgin Gorda.**
August 3–6: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Tortola.**
October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 14–19: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT, **St. Thomas.** Competitions.
April 14–26: CARNIVAL, **St. Thomas.**
May 26: MEMORIAL DAY YACHT RACES, **St. Croix.**
July 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE, **St. Thomas.**
July 4: CARNIVAL CELEBRATION, **St. John.**
July 4–6: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, **St. Thomas.**
August 2–4: YACHT RACE, **St. Thomas to Tortola, B.V.I.**
Mid-August: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, **St. Thomas.** Eighth annual event.
Mid-September: PILLSBURY SOUND YACHT RACE, **St. Thomas to St. John.**
October 15: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING.
November 1: LIBERTY DAY
November 8–9: ANNUAL WAHOO TOURNAMENT, **St. Croix.**
Late November: FOURTH ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT, **St. Croix.**

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

April 7: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE, **from Belize City.**
September 10: NATION DAY
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY, **Stann Creek, Toledo.**

COSTA RICA

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF RIVAS, **nationwide.**
June 5: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI, **nationwide.** Processions.
July 5–13: UNIVERSITY WEEK, **San Jose.** Arts, sports.
July 25: COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNEXATION OF GUANACASTE, **nationwide.**
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, **Cartago.**
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY, **nationwide.**
October 12: RACE DAY. Marks discovery of America by Columbus, **nationwide.**

EL SALVADOR

April: AGRO-EXPO '80, **San Salvador.** Fair.
May 24–June 8: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **San Salvador.**
June 1–September 30: MARIMBA FIESTA, **San Salvador** Music, dancing, folklore.
July 15–24: FIESTAS JOLIAS, **Santa Ana.**
September 13–16: HOLY ROMAN CROSS FIESTA, **Panchimalco.**
November 5–22: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **San Salvador.**
November 16–18: FIESTAS DE SAN MIGUEL, **San Miguel.**
December 1–10: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, **Izalco.**

GUATEMALA

April 18–26: LOCAL FAIR, **San Marcos.**
May 1–5: FAIR OF THE CROSS, **Lake Amatitlan.** Pageantry.
June 10–13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL, **San Antonio Aguas Calientas.**
July 9–15: FIESTAS JULIAS—LOCAL FAIR, **Huehuetenango.**
September 7–12: STATE FAIR, **Quezaltenango.**
October 20: FIESTA RECALLING REVOLUTION OF 1944
October 29–November 9: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Guatemala City.**

HONDURAS

May 18–25: FERIA SAN ISIDRA, **La Ceiba.** Fair.
Last week of June: SEMANA SANPEDRANA Cattle exposition, dances, competitions.
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, fireworks.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Big holiday.
December 12: VIRGIN DE GUADALOUPE Religious holiday, masses, processions, special food.



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NICARAGUA

August 1–10: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA, **Managua.** Processions, fireworks.
August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION, **Granada.**
September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS, **Leon.** Honors San Jeronimo.
December 7–8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, **Managua, Leon, Granada.** Pageant, religious rite.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Boquete.**
April 6–13: TOMATO FESTIVAL, **Nata de los Caballeros.**
May–November: CONCERT SEASON, **Panama City.** National Theater.
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AND FESTIVAL, **Los Santos, Penonome.**
July: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL, **Taboga Island.**
July–September: 29TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, **local waters.**
August: 12TH FESTIVAL DE MANITA, **Ocu.**
August 24: SEVENTH ANNUAL PANAMA DERBY, **Panama City.** Racing.
September 23–27: OUR LADY OF MERCY FESTIVAL, **Guarate.**
October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, **Panama City.**
October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST, **Portobelo.**

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SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW, **Buenos Aires.**
July–August: SNOW FESTIVAL, **Bariloche.**
July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE
October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Olivos, Buenos Aires.**
November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING COMPETITION, **Bariloche.**
November 28–December 24: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT, **Mar del Plata.**
December 11–24: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, **Chaco.**

BOLIVIA

July 16: LA PAZ DAY, **La Paz.** Parades, civic events.
Early August: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS, **nationwide.**

BRAZIL

April 11–26: SHRIMP FESTIVAL, **Joinville.**
May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL, **Panelas.**
May 11–16: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, **Brasilia.**
May 26: COWBOY FESTIVAL, **Oeiras.** Rodeo.
June 1–17: 105TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS, **Rio Grande do Sul, Caxias do Sul.**





June 20–27: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS. **Manaus.**
July: WINTER FESTIVAL. **Ouro Preto.**
July 11–27: WINE FESTIVAL. **Andradas.**
August 7–21: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO. **Barreto.** Competitions.
August 21: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU. **Pernambuco.** Voodoo.
October 1–30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA. **Rio de Janeiro.**
November 11–26: FLOWERS AND ORCHID EXHIBIT. **Brusque.**
December 24–January 6, 1981: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT. **Pernambuco.**

CHILE

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS. **Aconcagua, Curico, Maule.**
June–September: SKIING SEASON. **Central Region near Santiago.**
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY
September: AGRICULTURAL ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Parque Cerillos.**
October 23–November 9: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Santiago.**

COLOMBIA

April: ARTISTIC FAIR. **Medellin.** Theater, art.
April–December: PROFESSIONAL SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP. Held in eleven cities; fourteen clubs compete.
May: AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORTATION FAIR. **Medellin.**
May 1–16: 13TH NATIONAL SPORTS CHAMPIONSHIP. **Neiva.**
June: TANGO FESTIVAL. **Medellin.** Soloists and groups.
June 17–26: BAMBUCO FESTIVAL. **Neiva.** Music, dancing.
July 12–27: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Bogota.**
August 1–31: AUGUST INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW. **Bogota.** Museo de Arte Contemporaneo.
September : SIXTH INTERNATIONAL HORSE-JUMPING CONTEST. **Bogota.**
September 1–3: SALT FESTIVAL. **Manuare.** Festive Indian gathering and processing of salt in Guajiro Desert.
September 24–October 4: FESTIVALS OF "SAN PACHO." **Quibdo.** Street dances, singing groups.
October 12: FESTIVAL OF THE "RAZA" (RACE). **Guatavita.** Boat races, bullfights, auto races, handicraft exhibition.
November: INTERNATIONAL FAIR OF THE FRONTIER. **Cucuta.**
November: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF EXPERIMENTAL THEATER. **Bogota.**
December 26–January 3, 1981: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR. **Cali.**

ECUADOR

April 17–19: AGRICULTURAL, ANIMAL, CRAFTSMANSHIP, INDUSTRIAL FAIR. **Riobambo.** Parades, folklore, competitions, exhibits.
May 2: FEAST OF THE GREEN CROSS. **Quito.** Street dancing pageant.
May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA, 1822. **Quito.**
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. **Otavalo.**
June 28–29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY. **Otavalo, Cotocollao, Tabacundo.** Folk songs, dances.
July 23–25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL CELEBRATION. **Guayaquil.**
August 10: FESTIVAL OF ST. LAWRENCE. **Pillaro, Sicalpa.**
September 22–26: FESTIVITIES OF THE LAKES. **Ibarra.** Fair.
December 1–6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY CELEBRATION. **Quito.**

FRENCH GUIANA

July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE
October 12–27: CAYENNE FESTIVAL. Special foods, folk songs, music, dancing.

PARAGUAY

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE DAY FESTIVITIES.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT, **Asunsion.** "Promiers" walk over hot flames.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASUNSION CELEBRATIONS
October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY

PERU

May: ALASITAS FAIR, **Puno.**
June 20–27: INCA FESTIVAL, **Cuzco.**
June 23–24: ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL, **Iquitos.** Folklore.
July 19–25: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL, **Huanuco.**
July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL
August 29–30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA, **Lima.** Procession and pilgrimage.
September 9–26: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL, **Trujillo.**
October 17–21: BULLFIGHT FAIR, **Lima.**
November 1–16: INDUSTRIAL PACIFIC FAIR, **Lima.**
December 6–8: PILGRIMAGE TO THE VIRGIN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE, **Guadalupe.**

SURINAM

April 5: GOOD FRIDAY OBSERVANCE
April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE, **Paramaribo.** Parade.
May 1: LABOR DAY
July 1: FREEDOM DAY, **Paramaribo.** Kotomissie shows.
September 1: OPENING OF NEW SESSION OF SURINAM PARLIAMENT, **Paramaribo.**
November: KONFRIEJARIES—PEOPLE'S FAIR, **Paramaribo.**
November: INTERNATIONAL ORCHID SHOW, **Paramaribo.**
November 7: DIWALI-HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS
November 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS

URUGUAY

April: HOLY WEEK SERVICES AND PROCESSIONS, **nationwide.**
August: LIVESTOCK FAIR, **Montevideo.**

VENEZUELA

April 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY
May–September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS, **Caracas.**
June 5: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, **San Francisco de Yare.**
July 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY
July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
August 11–18: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR, **Tariba.**
September 19–20: LA TURA DANCE, **El Vegon, Flacon.**

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AFRICA

ALGERIA

April 11–23: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS, **Miliana.**
Early May: FEASTS OF RABB, **Tiemcen.**
June: HARVEST FESTIVALS, **Miliana.**
June 1–14: CHERRY FESTIVAL, **Miliana.**
August: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT, **Tiaret.**
September 4–19: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Algiers.**

ETHIOPIA

May 1: WORKINGMEN'S DAY
September 28: FEAST OF THE FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS
December 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL, **Kulubi.** Pilgrimage.

KENYA

April 3–7: 28TH AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY, **Nairobi.** Road race.
May 1: LABOR DAY OBSERVANCE
June 1: MADARAKA DAY—ANNIVERSARY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT
Mid-June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Nakuru.** Fair.
June 16–25: MUSICAL FESTIVAL, **Nairobi.**
End of August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Mombasa.**
Early September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI, **Nairobi.** Air race at Wilson Airport.
October 20: KENYATTA DAY
November 1–30: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL, **Malindi.**
December 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY

MALI

May 1: LABOR DAY
May 25: AFRICA DAY. Parades, music.
September 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI

MOROCCO

Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA, **Sale.** Lantern procession.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL, **Kelaa des N'Gouna.**
June 2: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Marrakesh.**
Early October: DATE FESTIVAL, **Erfound.**
Early October: EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, **Tissa near Fez.** Riding skills competition.

MOZAMBIQUE

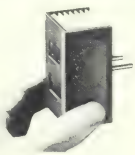
August 30–September 14: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Maputo.**

NIGERIA

April: ODUN FESTIVAL, **Degema and Brass Rivers.** Tribal dances.
May: AGEMO FESTIVAL—THE AGELESS FESTIVAL, **Ijebu, Igo.**
June: SANGO FESTIVAL, **Oyo.**
August: OSHUN FESTIVAL, **Oshogbo.**
December: IGUE FESTIVAL, **Benin City.**

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SENEGAL

April 1–May 1: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Cape Vert peninsula near Dakar.** At the Almadies.

SOUTH AFRICA

April 1–30: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL. **Cape Town.**
April 1–May 31: BALLET SEASON. **Johannesburg.** Civic Theater
April 2–19: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Johannesburg.** Milner Park.
April 26–May 10: SOUTH AFRICAN LAWN BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Pretoria.**
May 31: "COMRADES' MARATHON, **between Pietermaritzburg and Durban.** Fifty-seven-mile uphill running event.
June 1–30: OPERA SEASON. **Cape Town.**
Late July: SHEMBE FESTIVAL. **Inanda, near Durban.** Zulu tribal dancing.
August 1–31: WINTER BALLET SEASON. **Cape Town.** Alhambra Theater.
August 21–September 1: ANNUAL PRETORIA SHOW. **Pretoria.** Fair at showgrounds.
Late August: INTERNATIONAL AVIATION EXHIBITION AND AIR DISPLAY. **Johannesburg.** Lanseria Airport
September 1–30: SPRING FLOWER SHOWS. **Cape Province.**
Mid-October: "BIG WALK." **Cape Town.** Forty-eight-mile event.
Early November: INTERNATIONAL WYNN'S 1000. **Johannesburg.** Car race at Kyalami Track.

TANZANIA

April 7: EASTER MONDAY CELEBRATIONS
April 26: UNION DAY. **Tanganyika, Zanzibar.**
May 1: INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' DAY
July 7: PEASANTS DAY
July 30–August 7: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Dar es Salaam.**
December 9: INDEPENDENCE DAY

TUNISIA

April 13–20: FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS. **Tataouine.** Desert Folklore.
May 18–25: FALCON HUNTING FESTIVAL. **El-Haouaria (Cap Bon).**
May 18–25: LA GHRIBA PILGRIMAGE. **Djerba.** Jewish religious rites and celebration. La Ghriba Synagogue.
Second week of June: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMMAMET. **Hammamet.**
June 22–July 31: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE. **Carthage.** Jazz, theater.
Fourth week of June: SOLIMAN FESTIVAL. **Soliman, Cap Bon.**
July: FESTIVAL OF DOUGGA. **Dougga.**
July: FESTIVAL OF TABARCA. **Tabarca.**
First week of July: FESTIVAL OF BIZERTE. **Bizerte.**
July 13: RAMADAN
November 9: MOSLEM NEW YEAR. **nationwide.**
December 21–28: SAHARA FESTIVAL. **Douz.** Camel fights, greyhound racing, folklore.

ZAMBIA

May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. **nationwide.** Tribal dances, political rallies.
May 25–June 7: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Ndola.**
July 3–8: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. **Ndola.**
July 4: HEROES DAY. **nationwide.**
July 5: UNITY DAY. **nationwide.**
August 8: YOUTH DAY. **nationwide.**
September 2–5: AGRICULTURAL COMMERCIAL FAIR. **Lusaka.**
October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **nationwide.**

THE MIDDLE EAST

DUBAI

November 9–13: ARAB TRAVEL '80. First such conference in Arab world. International Trade Center.

EGYPT

May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL. **Luxor.**
June 18: EVACUATION DAY
July 23: NATIONAL DAY—REVOLUTION OF JULY 23RD
August 13–15: "EIDAL FITR"—FEAST AFTER RAMADAN
August 15–31: NILE INUNDATION
September 1: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1—PROCLAMATION OF THE UNION
October 15–19: FEAST OF THE SACRIFICE
October 24: SUEZ DAY
November 7–11: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL. **Luxor.** Music, drama, ballet.
November 10: ISLAMIC NEW YEAR.
December 23: VICTORY DAY

IRAQ

April 6–13: SPRING FESTIVAL. **Mosul.** Exhibits, the arts.
October 1–15: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Baghdad.**

ISRAEL

April 1–October 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. **Jerusalem.**
April 1–4: "FLORIS '80"—24TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW. **Haifa.**
April 1–7: PASSOVER OBSERVANCE
April 1–May 11: SPRING IN JERUSALEM FESTIVAL. **Jerusalem.** Drama, music, ballet. Jerusalem Theater.
April 2–17: THIRD ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN INTERNATIONAL PIANO MASTER COMPETITION **Tel Aviv, Jerusalem.**
April 6: EASTER SUNDAY SERVICES
April 13: HOLOCAUST DAY. **Jerusalem and nationwide.** Guard of Honor and wreath-laying ceremonies in memory of those who died under Nazi oppression.
April 17–21: 10TH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Jerusalem.**
April 13–18: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR. **Tel Aviv.**
April 20: REMEMBRANCE DAY CEREMONY. **nationwide.**
April 21: 32ND INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. **nationwide.**
May 1–10: ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR. **Tel Aviv.**
July–August: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. **Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Caesarea.** Guest performers.
September 11–12: ROSH HASHANAH—JEWISH NEW YEAR OBSERVANCE. **nationwide.**
September 20: YOM KIPPUR—JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT. **nationwide.**
September 25: SUCCOTH—FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES. **nationwide.**
November–April: ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA. **Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv.**
December 24: CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES, most Christian churches.
December 25: CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES, most Christian churches.

JORDAN

Spring and Fall: WATER SKIING FESTIVAL **Aqaba.**
May 1: LABOR DAY
May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades.
August 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE
Mid-October: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS. **Amman.** Palace of Culture.
November 14: KING HUSSEIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

LEBANON

May–July: LIGHT AND SOUND SHOW. **Baalbeck.**
June: SEA FESTIVAL. **Sidon.** Water show and boat processions along Castle of the Sea
July–August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF BAALBECK. **Baalbeck.** Drama, ballet, folklore, dances, concerts near Roman ruins.
August 15: CELEBRATION OF VIRGIN MARY'S DAY. **mountain area.** Religious rites, fireworks, folk dances.
September: FESTIVAL OF THE CEDARS. **Ehden.** Evening drama, concerts.
September: VINEYARD FESTIVAL. **Zahleh.**

ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

BURMA

Early April: WATER FESTIVAL. **Rangoon.**
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATION. **Rangoon.** Cultural programs, product exhibits.

HONG KONG

April 4: CHING MING FESTIVAL
April 21: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
May 7: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU, GODDESS OF FISHERMEN
May 21: BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA
June 17: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in colorful boats.
July 24: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER Building-trade workers honored.
September 23–24: MID-AUTUMN MOON CAKE FESTIVAL
October 19–November 3: FIFTH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Music, dance, art exhibits.
November: AMATEUR CROSS HARBOR SWIMMING RACE
December 22: WINTER SOLSTICE CELEBRATED

INDIA

April: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL. **Siriguam, Goa.**
April 20: MILAGRES—OUR LADY OF THE MIRACLES. **North Goa.** Religious rites, fair
April 25: POORAM. **Kerala.** Procession of elephants with deities.
April 27: MEENAKSHI KALYANAM. Mythical Wedding of Lord Shiva and Meenakshi, **Madurai.** Pageantry.
April 30: BUDDHAN PURNIMA
July 14: RATH YATRA—TEMPLE FESTIVAL. **Puri, Orissa.**
August 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS
September 2: JANAMASHTAMI. **Bombay, Mathura, Agra.** Birth of Krishna.
October 19: DUSSERAH. **Kulu, Delhi, Calcutta.** Celebration of victory of good over evil.
November 7: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS
November 23: PUSHKAR FAIR. **Pushkar.**

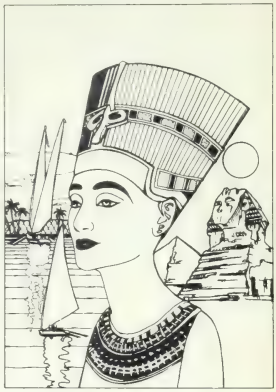
INDONESIA

April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY. **North Sumatra.** Fair with cultural programs.
April 4–5: SEA FESTIVAL. **along coast.**
April 21: KARTIN DAY
May–October: CLASSICAL DANCE FESTIVAL. **Pandan.**
May–October: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL. **Yogyakarta.**
June 11–21: ANNUAL FAIR. **Jakarta.**
June 29: 452ND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF FOUNDING OF CITY. **Jakarta.**
August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **mostly in Jakarta.** Parades, fireworks.
September: KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES. **Madura Island.**

JAPAN

April: CHERRY DANCES. **Tokyo and Kyoto.** Cherry blossom time.
April 7–27: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Osaka.** Music, ballet, drama, art.
April 14–15: TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. **Takayama.** Gala parade.
April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCES
May 3–5: KITE BATTLES. **Hamamatsu, Shizuoka.** Huge kites competition.
May 11–October 15: CORMORANT FISHING SEASON. **Nagara River, Gifu.**
May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAMO AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES. **Kyoto.** Pageant and imperial procession.
May 17–18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE. **Nikko.**
June 1–2: "TAKIGI NOH" PERFORMANCE AT HEIAN SHRINE. **Kyoto.** Noh plays.
June 14: RICE PLANTING FESTIVAL. **Osaka.** At Sumiyoshi Shrine to ensure good crop.
June 27–July 1: 3RD WORLD HYDROGEN ENERGY CONFERENCE. **Tokyo.**
July 16–17: GION MATSURI PROCESSION. **Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto.**
July 23–25: WILD HORSE CHASE. **Haramachi, Fukushima.** Roundup time.
August 3–7: NEBUTA MATSURI. **Aomori.**
August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL. **Hiroshima.**
August 15–18: AWA ODORI. **Tokushima.** Songs, dances, musicians in streets.
August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE. **Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto.** Huge bonfire.
September 16: "YABUSAME"—HORSEBACK ARCHERY. **Kamakura.** Tsurugaoka Hachimangu Shrine.
October–November: CHRYSANTHEMUM DOLL SHOWS. **nationwide.**
October 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY. **nationwide.**
October 22: FESTIVAL OF ERAS. **Heian Shrine, Kyoto.** Recalls founding of city in 794.
November 3: CULTURE DAY. **nationwide.**
December 17: "ON MATSURI" OF KASUGA SHRINE. **Nara.**

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KOREA

April 5: ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.
May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. Special events, programs.
June 10: FARMER'S DAY. Songs, dances.
July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY
August 15: LIBERATION DAY
October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY. **Seoul.** Parades.

MACAO

April 25: ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION. Public holiday.
May 7: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Local fishermen make offerings for good catch.
May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION
June 17: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races.
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Public holiday honors patron saint of Macao.
July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13. **Islands of Taipa and Coloane.** Recalls defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910.
August 17: FEAST OF MAIDENS. Story of legendary lovers who were turned into stars at opposite ends of heavens by angry gods.
August 24: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS Offerings to spirits of dead.
September 25: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL "Moon" cakes are eaten to mark Autumn equinox.
November 17–18: 27TH MACAO GRAND PRIX Auto racing.

MALAYSIA

April: OFFSHORE / ASEAN EXHIBITION. **Kuala Lumpur.**
May–September: MIGRATION OF THE GIANT [illegible]
May 1: LABOR DAY
Mid-June: KITE FLYING COMPETITION. **Kelantan.**
August 19–23: MADE-IN-MALAYSIA TRADE FAIR. **Kuala Lumpur.**
August 31: NATIONAL DAY. Fireworks, parades, speeches.
October 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY. **Kuala Lumpur.**

NEPAL

April 9–10: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL, **Bhadagaon.**
August 10: MATAYAA—MUSIC, DANCE, HUMOR FESTIVAL. **Patan.**
September 15: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL, **Pashupatinath.**
December 29: KING'S BIRTHDAY

PAKISTAN

April: KHYBER THROUGH THE AGES PROGRAM, **Peshawar.** At Stadium; concerts, variety shows, and performance of the "Khattak"—Dance of the Pathans.
May 1: MAY DAY
August 14: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Military parades.

PHILIPPINES

April 9: BATAAN DAY
April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING. **Cebu.** In 1521.
May 1–31: FLORES DE MAYO. **Santacruzan.** Maytime procession and pageant.
May 14–15: CARABAO FESTIVAL. **Bulacan, Rizal.** Folk-religious rite of Thanksgiving.
June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY. **Manila.** Luneta Park center for military and civic parades.
June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. **San Juan, Rizal.**
June 28–30: STS. PETER AND PAUL FEAST. **Apalit, Pampanga.**
July 1–30. HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Mountain Province.**
July 6: RIVER FESTIVAL. **Bocaue.** Procession in honor of Holy Cross of Wawa.
August 26: CRY OF BALINATWAK. **nationwide.** Commemorates day that marked start of revolution against Spain.
September 27–October 10: WORLD TOURISM ORGANIZATION CONFERENCE. **Manila.** Convention Center. Participation by 101 countries.

SINGAPORE

May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, speeches.
May 26–30. INTERNATIONAL MINING EXHIBITION
May 28: VESAK DAY
August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Parades and fair recall founding of Singapore.
August 23–September 20: MARKET FESTIVAL Local handicrafts.
September: INTERNATIONAL ENVIRONMENT POLLUTION CONTROL EXHIBITION
October 21–November 19: PILGRIMAGE TO KUSU ISLAND. Chinese Taoists.
November 14: DEEPAVALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

SRI LANKA

May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY
July–August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, **Kataragamma.**
July–August: ESALA PERAHERA, **Kandy.** Medieval procession of elephants, drummers, dancers.
October: DEEPAVALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

TAIWAN

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK
June 17: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL
August–September: MONTH OF GHOSTS.
September 23–24: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL
September 28: CONFUCIUS' BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE
October 10: THE DOUBLE TENTH

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I, founder of Bangkok.
April 13–15: SONGKRAN—WATER FESTIVAL, **Chiang Mai, Paklat.** Thai New Year.
May 5–29: BISAKHA BUCHA. Honors birth, enlightenment, death of Lord Buddha.
July 9: ASANHA BUCHA. Candlelit processions mark first sermon delivered by Lord Buddha. Public holiday.
July 10: BUDDHIST LENT (KHAO PHANSA) STARTS Public holiday.
August 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
October 10–November 7: THOT KATHIN. **Bangkok and nationwide.** Marks end of rainy season and Buddhist Lent.
October 14–16: PHRA CHEDI KLANG NAM FAIR. **Paknam, south of Bangkok.** Processions, boat races, games, religious rites.
November 15–16: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP, **Surin.** Elephant demonstrations, races, tug of war, soccer game, county fair, bazaar.
November 21–23: GOLDEN MOUNT FAIR, **Bangkok.** Buddhist fair and bazaar.
November 22: LOI KRATHONG—BUDDHIST FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS. **Bangkok, Chiang Mai.**
December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY

THE PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

March 28–April 8: ROYAL EASTER SHOW. **Sydney.** Fair with exhibits, parades, entertainment.
April 4–7: AUSTRALIAN EASTER JAMBOREE. **Wanneroo.** Rock swaps, field trips, exhibits.
April 9–16: CUP WEEK. **Sydney.** Racing.
April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 5: BANGTAIL MUSTER. **Alice Springs.** Cattle roundups, rodeos, street parades.
June 4: FOUNDATION DAY. **Western Australia.**
June 6–16: PACIFIC FESTIVAL. **Townsville.**
July 12: NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE. **Melbourne.**
August 9–23: ROYAL SHOW. **Brisbane.** Agricultural displays, livestock, machinery.
August 16–17: AUSTRALIAN SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Mt. Buller.**
August 29–September 6: ROYAL ADELAIDE SHOW. **Adelaide.** Fair.
August 30: HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA. **Alice Springs.** Different kind of regatta.
September 14–24: INTERNATIONAL SALVATION ARMY CENTENARY CONGRESS. **Adelaide.**
September 17–27: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW. **Melbourne.**
September 19–27: ROYAL SHOW. **Perth.** Fair.
September 20–27: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. **Toowoomba.**
October 12: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. **Melbourne.**
October 25–31: WINE BUSHING FESTIVAL. **McLaren Vale.** Winery tours, tastings, auctions, displays.
November 1–7: MELBOURNE CUP WEEK. **Melbourne,** Horse Racing.
December 26: YACHT RACE. **Sydney to Hobart.**

COOK ISLANDS

April 6–7: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY. **Muri Beach.** Sports, beach parties.
April 25: ANZAC DAY. **Rarotonga.** Parade.
August 1–10: CONSTITUTION DAY OBSERVANCE
October 26: GOSPEL DAY

FIJI

April 27: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE
June 6–17: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL. **Suva.**
August 25–September 1: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. **Suva.** Competitive displays.
August 25–September 6: SOUTH PACIFIC GAMES. **Suva.** Sports.
September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS DISPLAY. **Suva.**
Mid-September: FLOWER SHOW. **Suva.**
November 7: DIWALI—HINDU FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS
November 12: PRINCE CHARLES' BIRTHDAY

GUAM

June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY. **Tamuming.**
July 4–21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATIONS Liberation from Japanese.
August 15–17: WATER FESTIVAL. **Merizo.**
November 8–9, 15–16: ARTS FESTIVAL. **Chamorro, Agana.**



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NEW ZEALAND

April 5–7: HIGHLAND GAMES. **Hastings.**
April 26: FLETCHER INTERNATIONAL MARATHON. **Rotorua.** More than 2,000 participate.
May 12–18: NEW ZEALAND BRASS BAND CENTENNIAL CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Christchurch.**
May 16–17: WORLD PLOUGHING CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Lincoln.**
May 29–June 4: WINTER AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL SHOW. **Dunedin.** Exhibits.
June 12–14: 12TH NEW ZEALAND AGRICULTURAL FIELD DAYS. **Hamilton.**
July 4–17: 12TH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. **Auckland.**
August 16–30: NEW ZEALAND INDUSTRIES FAIR. **Christchurch.**
August 20–23: 26TH NEW ZEALAND KENNEL CLUB NATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Wellington.**
September 21–27: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE. **Alexandria.**
October–November: 1980 WORLD ROLLER SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Masterton.**
November 16–24: ARCHERY ASSOCIATION 1980 WORLD FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Palmerston North.**

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

June–July: FRANGIPANI FESTIVAL. **Rabaul.**
June–July: TOLAI WARWAGIRA—DISPLAY OF HANDICRAFTS. **Rabaul.**
June 5–8: MABORASA FESTIVAL. **Madang.**
June 16: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW. **Port Moresby.** Fair, displays.

Be sure to use reply card at page T25

June 29–July 12: PAN PACIFIC ARTS FESTIVAL. **Port Moresby.** Once every two years in different Pacific area.
July: FLOWER SHOW. **Madang.**
August 10–17: EASTERN HIGHLANDS SHOW—SINGSINGS. Thousands of gaily painted and plumed warriors do traditional dances.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY
November: PAPUA SAFARI. **Port Moresby.** Car race.
November: PEARL FESTIVAL. **Samarai, Milne Bay.**

TAHITI

April 7: EASTER MONDAY HOLIDAY
April 28: MISS BORA BORA CONTEST
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATION
May 17: ANNUAL DAY OF THE "MAIRE." **Papeete.**
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. **islands of Raiatea, Tahaa, Huahine, Bora Bora.** Games, contest, dances, parades, fireworks.
July 14–21: FETES DE JUILLET. **Papeete, Raiatea, Bora Bora.**
November 22: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS CONTEST AND PAREU DAY. **all islands.**
December 6: TIARE TAHITI DAY. **Papeete.**
December 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT. **Papeete.**

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY
May 4: PRINCE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
May 12–18: RED CROSS WEEK
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.
September–October: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Also chariot and horse races.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY
December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY

IRELAND:

















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EUROPE'S WELCOMING ISL

THE HOSTAGE

A short story

by Tova Reich

EVERYBODY SAYS that Jews are smart, and while it may be true that some among us have good heads, as we like to put it, there are also a substantial number of us whose heads are not so ay-ay-ay. Incidentally (may one "incident" so early in a discourse?), we also have to our credit, contrary to popular belief, our allotted portion of drunks and criminals. I mention this not to add fuel to the yellow fire in the eyes of the anti-Semites, but quite the opposite, to put an end to anti-Semitism once and for all by acknowledging that we are just as awful as you.



Take, for example, Herbie Mitnick. And take him, I should add, they did, by which I mean the ayatollah's gang at the embassy in Teheran. What was Mitnick doing in Teheran at such a time, you ask? A good question when you consider two facts: first, when the shah scrammed with his hundreds of stuffed leather suitcases and Khomeini flew in on his magic carpet, he—the ayatollah, that is—was already expelling some not very flattering remarks about the Zionists; second, the State Department, in its fabled wisdom, took the precaution of excluding Jews from the skeleton bunch that remained on assignment at the embassy. On the other hand, as we also like to say, your question is not very clever and reflects your failure to pay attention to what I pointed out above, namely, that there are also Jews who are not even a little brilliant, and Herbie, emblematically, is one of them. His I.Q., when tested in the third grade at P.S. 206 in Brooklyn, was a reassuring (in the sense that it proves my point) 89, and what with the inevitable shedding of brain cells due to the blows on the head he received in basketball, it may have gone down a few points since. Still, as we all know, Jews are noted for their career perseverance, and despite his deficiency in raw material, true to the stereotype, Herbie acquired a CPA license. He was doing a stint as an accountant for an American firm in Teheran, but when the ayatollah moved in and Mitnick's company moved out, Herbie stayed on. His colleagues said, "For Christ's sake, Mitnick, run for your life!" But Herbie said, "Am



Tova Reich is the author of Mara *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a novel.*

Tova Reich

A HOSTAGE

I a nice guy or amn't I a nice guy? They won't bother me." On the day of the embassy takeover, Mitnick was strolling by, and when he noticed all the action he was curious and wandered inside. "Hey," he called out in his friendly way, "what's going on here?" A female student, who weighed as much as Herbie's I.Q., stuck a gun in his back, and with the hospitality for which Muslims are so justly renowned, she invited him to join the party.

BEFORE I PROCEED to tell you what happened to Herbie Mitnick inside the embassy, it is incumbent on me to provide you with some background information. There really isn't much to say. Picture a blond man (yes, blond—I'm sorry about that, but you see, he doesn't fit the cliché in several ways) with eyeglasses that are hitched up and sometimes slip down the nose. Naturally, we must pause to describe the nose. With this nose Herbie inhaled oxygen and exhaled carbon dioxide; when necessary he blew it, whereas at other times (in the privacy of his car, for instance, a Chevy, or when he thought no one was looking) he tidied it in another fashion. He speaks, by the way, through this nose, although right underneath there is unmistakably what can only be described as a mouth, which he uses primarily for eating. He buys his suits at a husky shop. His wife, Sheila, was a size 16 when he married her, and they have grown together ever since, not on knishes and kishke, as you probably assumed, but on fettucini and egg rolls. They have two children, the twins. As a boy, Herbie would sometimes seek status among his friends by attaching firecrackers to the posteriors of cats. This, admittedly, is not a Jewish thing to do, but boys will be boys. Indeed Khalkhali, the Lord High Executioner of Iran is also fondly remembered by his chums for similar antics, and in Herbie's defense let me say that at least when he left his nonage he did not apply his expertise with four-legged animals to the two-legged variety. For those of you who cannot rest in peace until you know which college a person attended, I will confess without embarrassment that Herbie went to City College in the heyday of open admissions. In his den, hanging over his Barcalounger, is a framed copy of his final college transcript. He got a C in accounting, D's in everything else, and an A in physical education, which happened, that semester, to be bowling. But it would not have been seemly for a Jewish boy to become a professional bowler—right? Of course right.



I'm sorry to report that inside the embassy Herbie was referred to as The Jew. His identity was quickly uncovered by one of the students, who had received his training at the University of Miami, thanks to affirmative action. "Mitnick?" this student said. "Are you by any chance a Zionist agent and provocateur?" "No," Herbie replied, "I'm a Jew." After that he was held in isolation, so that no one knew he was a hostage, not even Mitnick himself. When they wrapped the blindfold around his eyes, Herbie stretched out his hand, grasping in vain for the tail, which he thought he was supposed to pin on the donkey. When they tied him to the chair, Herbie said genially, "Easy does it, fellas." The students did not know what to make of him. He was so unassuming, so apparently innocuous, so eager to please, so placid in his disposition, that some concluded he was a fool. However, in the boiling minds of a few of the other revolutionaries his very dopiness took on a sinister meaning when they remembered he was a Jew, and they strenuously maintained that our own Herbie Mitnick was nothing less than a super-spy.

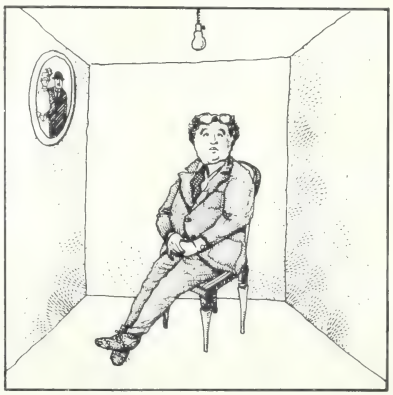
They slapped him around a few times. Herbie whimpered a bit, cried a little, wetting his blindfold, which began to chafe. Over his blindfold, I should mention, he wore his glasses. Again and again they interrogated him, asking him whom he worked for, and Herbie repeatedly told them the name of the company. Since there was no record of his existence within the embassy compound itself, a few of the students conjectured that he had swallowed a capsule containing all traces of his mission. He could eat anything, they soon discovered, and did not in any manner indicate that he resented the dependence they imposed on him. To be sure, he rather like being spoon-fed; his mother always said he

was a good eater. They fed him well, for in the event that they would decide to release him, they did not want it to appear that his health was altered in any way, even for the better. What was his opinion of the shah? they demanded. "I'd sure as shootin' like to have one of his rugs," Herbie said. And the imam, what did the Jew think of the imam? "Who's the imam?" Herbie asked phlegmatically. They told him. "Oh, you mean the guy with the bushy eyebrows? He reminds me of Rabbi Feldheim. He looks like the kind of fella who gets a kick out of pulling little kids' ears." This answer did not please his interrogators, who threatened to make a mark on his record. Herbie begged them to give him another chance; he promised to be good, for he knew that his record, which was started by his teacher in first grade, would follow him through life. The zealots proceeded to indoctrinate him, and to everything they preached Herbie nodded his head and mumbled "uh-huh," a technique he had perfected in school to mislead the teachers into thinking he was listening. Under his blindfold Herbie sometimes snatched a nap; at other times he dreamed of home, of his wife, Sheila, and wondered if she was worrying. Meanwhile, back at the ranch house, Mrs. Mitnick made the most of his absence; he was so messy, such a pain in the neck. And since she had not received any official communication that he was in danger, she saw no reason to be concerned.

ONCE A DAY the students convened a strategy meeting, leaving a few of their number to guard the prisoners. Invariably, the topic of these sessions was media coverage: What to wear when dealing with the press; how to comb one's hair; which side of the face to show; what to say and at what volume. And of particular interest was the ascertainment of who was there: CBS? BBC? Associated Press? Tass? Reuter's? But believe it or not, a good portion of one of these meetings was devoted to the phenomenon of Herbie Mitnick: what to do about the Jew. He was uncanny, a puzzle. He seemed so stupid, but did you ever hear of a stupid Jew? There was more to this than met the eye. After a sensational debate, the consensus emerged that at this time they were focusing their vengeance on Pahlavi and the Americans; to throw in the Zionists as part of the package would deflect their message, dilute it. Later on, they promised each other, they would plan something big, something really spectacular to take care of the Jews. It was decided that they would release Mitnick, simply open the door and shove him out—he was getting too comfortable as it was, eating them out of house and home. No one need know they had allowed a Jew to escape, since no one, neither they nor the Americans, publicly admitted that he was there in the first place; it would be a kind of conspiracy of silence, for the benefit of all parties involved. It was then that the wag in their group proposed a flourish to this solution, as follows: Why not release the Jew with the blacks and the women? For those with the gift of understanding subtleties, it would be a nice touch, would it not?

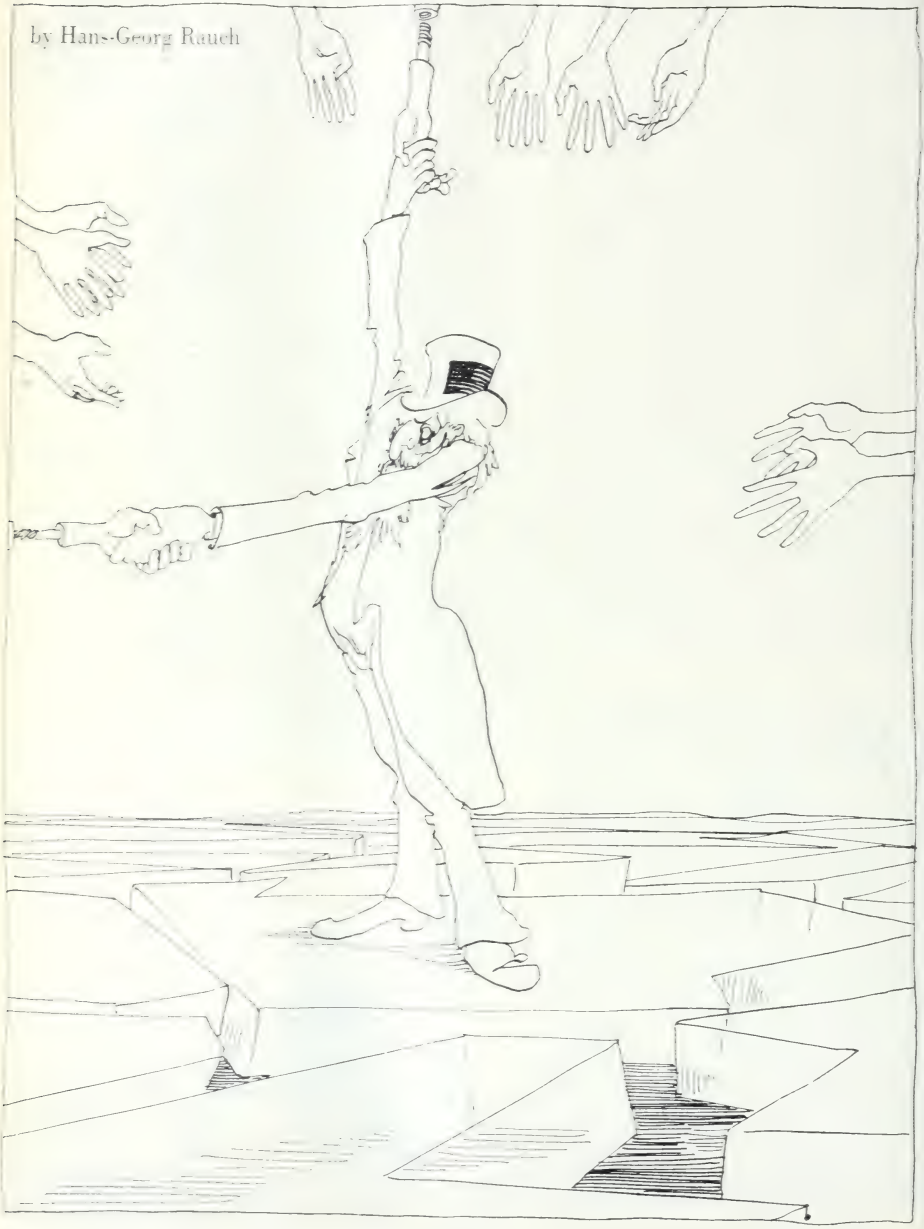
When the plane landed in Washington, Herbie ambled down the steps. No one knew who he was, and even fewer people cared. He did not display the obvious outward signs of the released hostages, and he was too fat to be a flight attendant. "I'm a hostage, a hostage!" he cried, but no one believed him. And a good thing, too. For the certified hostages were carted away in ambulances to be examined and treated by psychiatrists; they had been diagnosed in absentia as victims of brainwashing; it was officially decreed that they were suffering from the Stockholm syndrome and required immediate decontamination. Herbie found a phone and called his wife. "Honey, I'm home," he said. "Schlemiel!" Mrs. Mitnick said. "I have nothing in the house. Pick up a pizza on the way. The least you could have done was to let me know." "Baby," Mitnick said plaintively, "I think I was a hostage." "Oh, go on, Herbie. You're a hostage like I'm a hostage. You should be ashamed of yourself, making jokes about a subject around which our whole nation is united. Now shut up, Herbie Mitnick, and come on home." □

"To be sure, he rather liked being spoon-fed; his mother always said he was a good eater."



LINES OF SIGHT

by Hans-Georg Rauch



THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY

The known world

by Matthew Stevenson

THE NEWSPAPERS in early February ran a photograph of President Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, visiting a Pakistani outpost in the Khyber Pass, not far from the border with Afghanistan. The picture showed Brzezinski, dressed in army fatigues, looking down the sights of a machine gun, as though he had enlisted as a Pathan sniper in the cause of liberating Afghanistan from its Soviet occupiers.

The article accompanying the picture in the *New York Times* announced that the United States had assured Pakistan of military support, including troops, if that country was attacked, presumably by the Russians. (An Indian invasion would present problems, because while Brzezinski was taking the Khyber Pass, another American envoy, Clark Clifford, was offering friendship in New Delhi.) This, I assumed, was the same Pakistan that not long ago earned the enmity of the Foreign Offices in Washington for executing Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and for being unable to restrain the mobs that put the torch to the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad.

On any given day in the *Times* or the *Washington Post*, a country—such as Pakistan—is denounced by assorted government mandarins as a ruthless dictatorship, fond of the rack and rope. These nations are then accorded the solemn scrutiny on editorial pages and in reports issued by State Department officials that befits a government of darkness. The chill in relations usually lasts until Russia, or whoever is filling the role of evil at the time, strikes fear into that month's arc of crisis. Then the same officials who devoted their mornings to canceling receptions in the Rose Garden spend their afternoons before cameras and microphones reviving long-forgotten treaties of friendship and perfunctorily offering arms.

This confusion results because both the press and the public officials from whom it draws its wisdom lack even the faintest memory or historical perspective. Despite the revolutions in communication and access to information, the world for those now beating the war drums over Afghanistan resembles one of those maps used to illustrate the conquests of Alexander. Nobody knows where Afghanistan is, or who lives there, just that its invasion is a blow to the free world. In place of careful study of that region's many conquerors and legacy of bloodshed, a few generals on the "MacNeil-Lehrer Report" recall the rumbling of tanks into Prague in 1938 and assume that history is repeating itself in Kabul.

Only a handful of travelers and experts in the press and government, I wager, know anything at all about Afghanistan or even Pakistan, our noble ally. The rest of those obliged to sit in judgment on the great issues of the day can thus, at best, make only shrewd guesses as to who the Baluchis are or why the Russians feel the need to mangle Pathans. For inspiration, these latter-day astrologers consult the speculation in the *New York Times* or listen to President Carter on the State of the Union.

But these reports, however earnest—as best as I can tell—are dispatches from the world of fashion. Only the present matters. The whisperings of informed sources on Russian intentions in Asia have the same quality as the gossip in Paris about next spring's hemlines. Never mind that several months ago Pakistan was subjected to diplomatic isolation. Yesterday's dictator is suddenly acceptable at all the best dinner parties; likewise, once-reliable allies take on the outmoded appearance of Nehru jackets.

Whatever sense of history there is usually begins sometime after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Anything before that might as well have happened to Marco Polo on one of his travels. Thus if one were to assemble the breathless announcements that flash in the press and the White House as accepted wisdom, the outline of history would appear as follows:

Matthew Stevenson is an assistant editor of Harper's.

INDIA

1947–77 World's largest democracy.
1977 Gandhi cracks down. An impoverished, over-populated tyranny.
1977 Victory of Janata party. World's largest democracy.
1980 Gandhi reelected. World's least-stable democracy.

CHINA

3000 B.C.–1939 Mysterious East. Known primarily by missionaries.
1941–45 Faithful ally.
1949 Lost to Communism by Senators of low cunning. A Soviet lackey.
1950 Clients invade South Korea.
1965 Clients invade South Vietnam.
1967 Developing missiles capable of reaching Disneyland.
1972 Pacified; site of the only Republican primary.
1976 A proud people.
1978 Enemy of our enemies.
1979 Buffer against Russian hegemony.
1980 Most favored nation. Deserving of American weaponry.

YEMEN

B.C.–1979 Terra incognita.
1979 Object of Soviet designs. Stalked by Cuban and South Yemeni troops.
1979 Discoverd by American State Department.

IRAN

1947 Saved from Russians by Truman Doctrine; confused with Iraq.
1953 Shah returned to power.
1972 Bulwark against Soviet expansion.
1978 Force for stability.
1979 (Feb.–Dec.) A nation of flagellants and captors.
1980 (Jan.–Feb.) Republic in embryo. Offered protection and military support.

PAKISTAN

1947–1970 Unnoticed ally; member of either SEATO or CENTO.
1971 Oppressor of Bangladesh.
1971 Buffer against left-leaning India.
1978 Nuclear consumer.
1979 Crazed Islamic tyranny; Bhutto executed.
1980 (Feb. 5) Buffer against the Soviets; trusted ally since 1959; for whom we are willing to fight.
1980 (Feb. 7) Human rights offender.

CUBA

1898 *Maine* remembered.
1898–1959 Island of sugar and sun.
1961 Breeding ground for Communist subversion.
1976 Liberator of Angola.
1980 Force of evil in as many places as there are socialist revolutions.

AFGHANISTAN

B.C.–1979 Nation of nomads and drug dealers. To b avoided on the road to Katmandu.
1979 Russian satellite.
1980 Nation of freedom fighters. Probable cause of World War III.

CAMBODIA

1965–70 Neutral nation with a charming prince.
1970 Keeper of the sanctuaries and the Ho Chi Minh Trail; a Vietcong collaborator.
1975 Pirate of the *Mayaguez*; supports regime of Pol Pot; genocidal; nation ruled by cannibals.
1979 Victim of Vietnamese aggression; deserving international support
1980 Ruined nation.

TAIWAN

1949 The only China; champion of freedom and *Life* magazine.
1954 Something to unleash.
1959 Protector of Quemoy and Ma-tsu.
1967 Bastion of free enterprise.
1972 Perhaps not the real China.
1979 Unrepresentative government; like South Africa.
1980 An anachronism.

ISRAEL

1948 Triumph of a brave people; threatened on all sid
1967 Fought and won just war against Arab infide valiant.
1973 Saved by American arms.
1975 Intransigeant; oppressor of Palestinian rights a aspirations.
1978 Invader of Lebanon.
1980 An economic drain.

SOVIET UNION

1941–45 Ally of convenience.
1945–48 Godless conqueror of Eastern Europe.
1949 Exporter of iron curtains.
1962 Brought the world to the brink.
1972 Peaceful coexister; the other superpower; co sumer of grain and Pepsi.
1976 Patron of Cubans in Africa; expanding naval power.
1979 Signed historic peace initiative in Vienna.
1980 Butcher of Kabul.

WHY WE HAVE CHANGED OUR NAME

Peoples Gas Company's origins go back to 1850—to a small utility supplying manufactured gas in one neighborhood in the City of Chicago.

Over the years we've grown and branched out in many different energy directions. Our natural gas transmission and distribution operations, for instance, now constitute the fourth largest interstate system in the United States. We have potentially important programs moving ahead in liquefied natural gas and coal gasification.

We're in the business of exploring for oil and gas through our Texoma and Harper subsidiaries.

We're in the coal business through the acquisition of Industrial Fuels Corporation and additional mining properties which it has since acquired.

In recent weeks, we have signed a preliminary agreement to acquire Exeter Company, a leading onshore drilling contractor.

From a local utility in 1850, we are becoming a large and diversified energy company.

So, with some regrets, our stockholders have voted to change our name from Peoples Gas Company to *Peoples Energy Corporation.*

This new name more fully reflects the scope of our operations while retaining the widespread recognition and historic significance of the "Peoples" name, which has served us well.

Peoples Energy Corporation

Managing Energy is Our Business

Natural Gas Pipeline Company of America • Texoma Production Company
Harper Oil Company • Industrial Fuels Corporation • North Shore Gas Company
The Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company

ARMS CONTROL

1946–48 Yes.
1948–63 No.
1963–65 Maybe.
1965–73 No.
1973–79 Yes.
1980 No.

OMAN

B.C.–1979 Terra incognita.
1979 Discovered by U.S. fleet on mission to inspect Strait of Hormuz.
1980 Fulcrum of Western civilization.

SOUTH KOREA

1950–53 Saved from Communist rapacity by United Nations.
1954–77 Prosperous; under the nuclear umbrella.
1977 Inclined to throw poets in jail.
1979 [President gunned down while eating his dinner.]
1980 Another embarrassing ally.

EGYPT

1948 Nest of treacherous Arabs; dedicated to Israel's extermination.
1972 Russian satellite in Africa.
1973 Invades Israel.
1976 Moderate Arab nation.
1979 Israel's only friend (except for the United States).
1980 Given billions in aid and armament.

VIETNAM

1949 Part of worldwide Communist conspiracy.
1954 Defeated the French.
1965 Lackeys of the Russians and the Chinese.
1973 Promised billions of dollars in aid as war ends.
1975 War ends again; promise of aid withdrawn.
1975 Installs puppet regime in Cambodia; domino theory validated.
1978 Invades Cambodia (Communist).
1979 Invaded by China (Communist).

SOMALIA

1936–74 Confused with Ethiopia and Abyssinia.
1975 Soviet satellite. Threat to Indian Ocean.
1976 Invades Ethiopia.
1977 Invaded by Ethiopia, a Soviet satellite.
1978 In need of U.S. weapons for defense.
1980 Possible base to defend Indian Ocean.

SAUDI ARABIA

1948 Intractable foe of Israel.
1973 Leader of oil embargo; threatens collapse of industrial world.
1978 In need of advanced jet fighters.
1980 Beneficiary of Carter Doctrine; a vital interest.

LEBANON

1958 American intervention to ward off Communist infiltrators.
1958–75 Model of cooperation in the Middle East.
1976 Syrian intervention to prevent a Palestinian victory.
1978 Israeli intervention to protect its borders.
1980 The reality of the Middle East.

EASTERN EUROPE

1944 Made part of the Soviet sphere of influence (Churchill and Stalin).
1945–55 The Iron Curtain; something to be rolled back.
1956 [Budapest invaded.]
1957–67 Region of oppressed people who ought to be free.
1968 [Prague invaded.]
1976 Made part of the Soviet sphere of influence (Ford and Brezhnev).
1980 Yugoslavia encouraged to resist Soviet intervention.

TURKEY

1909–39 Sick man of Europe; remnant of Ottoman Empire.
1952–74 NATO's southern flank.
1974 Harvester of poppy; addicter of America's youth.
1974 Invader of Cyprus; irresponsible with U.S. weaponry.
1979 Only hope of America's southern tier against Russia.
1980 The next Iran.

JAPAN

1941 Surprised Pearl Harbor.
1945 Graceful defeated enemy.
1957–68 A nation of junk merchants.
1977 Wiped out U.S. steel industry.
1978 Made mincemeat of the dollar.
1979 Flooded car market; reluctant to give up Iranian oil.
1980 Will do anything for a yen.

WESTERN EUROPE

1945–80 Forward line of defense; NATO. The United States of Europe.
1945–80 Unreliable in a crisis. □

THE COMPUTERIZED ULYSSES

Establishing the text Joyce intended

by Hugh Kenner

YOUR COPY of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, if it's the current Vintage Books paperback, speaks on page 147 of "the paper the beard was wrapped in." At this point you might: 1) read "bread" without noticing; 2) notice "beard" and decide it's a typographical error for "bread"; 3) notice "beard" and wonder if Joyce meant something by it.

The first response would be acceptable. The second is correct; "beard" is an error, one of thousands. If you lingered on (3) you were respecting the nature of this unique book, in which a derangement of letters is usually purposeful. Thus Joyce made the "skilled lady typist," Martha Clifford, confuse adjacent keys, and *o*, in her amorous epistle to Mr. Leopold Bloom:

So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not wrote.

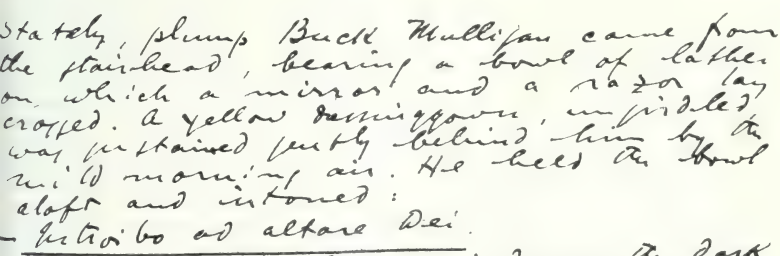
As if to confirm the error, he also had Bloom notice it:

Wonder did she wrote it herself.

Ulysses is built of a million such minutiae. In this instance Joyce's care with a single letter proved wasted. Officious correctors of the text long ago regularized both occurrences of Martha's fumble under the impression that it was not hers but a printer's (cf. Vintage, page 78, lines 6 and 25: *write, write*).

Midway through reading proof for the first printing, Joyce himself was near to despair. Between bouts of rolling on the floor with the pain of eye attacks, he was writing new ma-

Hugh Kenner's book on James Joyce's Ulysses *will be published in August by Allen & Unwin.*


Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:
— Introibo ad altare Dei.
Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called out coarsely:
— Come up, Kinch! Come up, you

From Joyce's original manuscript in the collection of the Rosenbach Museum & Library, 2010 Delancey Place, Philadelphia. A facsimile of the full manuscript of Ulysses *has been published by the Rosenbach.*

Hugh Kenner

THE COMPUTERIZED ULYSSES

terial all over the proofs—about one-third of the book got composed at that stage—and slowly giving up the struggle to cope with the printer's version of what he'd already written:

> *I am extremely irritated by all these printer's errors. Working as I do amid piles of notes at a table in a hotel I cannot possibly do this mechanical work with my wretched eye and a half. Are these to be perpetuated in future editions? I hope not.*

In Munich, for three years now, and with at least two years to go, an incredibly complex task of restoration has been in progress, entailing American photofacsimiles, international scholarship, and German computer programs. For the 260,000 words Joyce wrote with a plain steel pen so strained the primitive facilities of early twentieth-century book production—on the whole, an affair of hand-copying—that only technology, the movement of masses of information from continent to continent as well as from transistor to transistor, can now offer to untangle the mess. By mid-decade a sublimely accurate version will be available to the public.

In 1922 the first, limited deluxe edition of *Ulysses* was published in Paris, with a note of apology for "typographical errors unavoidable under the exceptional circumstances." Yet all subsequent editions copied first that one and then one another, each time with less and less accuracy; the one on your shelf has, maybe, 6,000 errors.

Though every reprinting has been skillfully proofread, the text has got worse and worse. In fact, a proofreader's best efforts tend to *make* it worse.

> *Weight. Would he feel it if something was removed?* [Vintage, page 181]

is someone's conscientious effort to emend

> *Weight would he feel it if something was removed,*

which in turn is what was left of *two* sentences after a compositor in Dijon dropped ten consecutive words out of the following:

> *How on earth did he know that van was there? Must have felt it. See things in their foreheads, perhaps. Kind of sense of volume. Weight or size of it, something blacker than the dark. Wonder would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap.*

Fifteen years later, proofreading their own 1936 typesetting for the first authorized appearance of *Ulysses* in England, the folks at Bodley Head sensed something wrong but h no way of guessing what. A full stop, a ca ital, and a question mark constituted a Bar aid of their fabrication.

Bodley Head billed its 1936 limited e ition as "final and definitive," a tacit cla that their drudges could recognize mistak by simply looking and repair them by simp guessing. "Final and definitive" has been l lieved, and just about everything (a gre deal) that went wrong in London in 1936 that Band-aid, for example—is preserved any edition for sale.

"Scrupulously corrected

Two years before the "final and def itive" Bodley Head edition, when t famous court decision they still print in all American copies got *Ul ses* admitted into the United States, Rando House had been even less fortunate than t English publisher. A bibliophile named R. Roberts turned up the embarrassing fact th the much-trumpeted first American printing *Ulysses* (1934) had been set, not from t original Dijon/Paris copy at all, but from unproofread forgery cobbled up in New Yo for the porn trade. Bewildered proofreade had then checked it against a different te but at the rate of some 60 pages per worki day (a two-week deadline) they had lit chance of weeding out the nonsense.

So as early as the second page, readers the handsome Random House 1934 hardcov were invited to imagine how Buck Mullig

> *went over the parapet, laughing softly to himself,*

a "to" having been omitted before "the Readers, the forbidden book in their hot han at last, seem not to have protested.

After years of trying to patch the 1934 me piecemeal, Random House paid out money reset the entire book. That resulted in the 19 hardcover, the dust jacket of which sa "Scrupulously corrected." In its Vintage p perback binding, it's the version your boo store has now.

American Joyceans were grateful for a whi The publisher, in Leopold Bloom's own word had seemingly conferred "a lasting boon everyone concerned," and it was some time b fore sharp eyes noticed how, in that ve phrase, "boon" had ludicrously turned "boom" (page 633, line 23).

The sharp eyes in question were those Jack P. Dalton, who at his apogee in the 196 was the international conscience of Joy

holarship and in particular the Hound of eaven on the heels of erring transcribers, :ademic or commercial. Alerted to yet an- her Ulyssean botch, Dalton spent three years oss-checking pertinent holdings in at least even libraries, and on June 13, 1969, was able to explain to the Second Interna- onal James Joyce Symposium why this scrupulously corrected" new printing was he kind of book you could use only a few inutes in a chemistry lab before blowing the ace up."

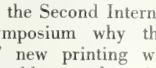
For it had merely been recopied, with new rors like "boom," from a Bodley Head re- tting of 1960, which had been copied from odley Head '36, which had been copied with emendations" from Paris '26, which had been opied from the flawed first parent, the Paris e Luxe First Edition of 1922. And *that,* alton estimated, already contained more than ,000 errors, to which some 1,700 had been dded since. (Both estimates now seem low.)

Dalton's blackly humorous paper (you can ead it in Fritz Senn's 1972 *New Light on oyce from the Dublin Symposium*) was spe- ific as to the mind-eroding potential of even omma-level errors, specific, too, as to the echanisms that engendered them: not only he successive recopying that transmitted the ext you and I pay money for, but confusions rrounding the first edition itself, notably, and hat hadn't been weighed before, the awesome- unfinished state of the book when Joyce, fter six years of incessant labor, but still ad- sting his conception of the kind of book he as writing, released the first batches of type- cript to the first typesetters in Dijon.

Those typescripts, in Dalton's phrase, were a sickening lot," thanks to "the cheap labor nd borrowed typewriters which Joyce scraped ogether here and there at odd times." His at- ention was sometimes faltering when he rudged at the handwritten copies they'd been ade from. There were bits one typist at least mply wouldn't type, and the affronted hus- and of another hurled some of the manuscript nto the fire, necessitating that Joyce somehow econstruct it from earlier, much overwritten rafts.

Before the compositors got them, those yped sheets (all single-spaced!) were marked p by a French composing-room foreman, who nought he knew English well enough to know hat much of *Ulysses* wasn't English. (It was is bold pen-nib that altered Bloom's panic- tricken "Ah soap there I yes" to "Ah soap here! Yes." Subsequently a comma crept in fter "Ah." (Vintage, page 183.)

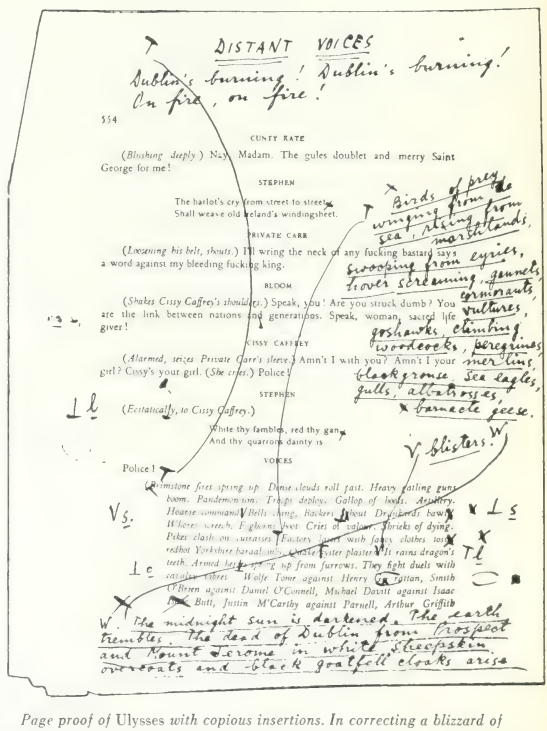
The compositors—Dalton counted twenty- ix of them—not only were not Joyce special- ists, they had not any of them a word of English. So with no guidance from what any word probably was, they had to puzzle the words out letter by letter. Even when Joyce wrote as plainly as he possibly could, "Hack- ney cars," it came out "Stackney cass"—you



can see how. He wrote "Weekly Freeman" and the printer read "Wattly Jrceman," he wrote "wife" and the printer read "urbe."

So proofs were littered with nonwords; also sometimes with black blotches to show where letters the shop had run out of would be in- serted. "W" was a special problem; it doesn't occur in the French language, and when the printer laid in an emergency supply he didn't foresee passages, then unwritten, that would require half-pages at a time of italics. Re-

"... 'the kind of book you could use only a few minutes in a chemistry lab before blowing the place up.'"



Page proof of Ulysses *with copious insertions. In correcting a blizzard of errors near the bottom Joyce overlooked the misspelling of the name of Wolfe Tone. "Tome" looked like a word, while the other errors didn't.*

Joyce was to go on writing in the margins of as many as nine consecutive sets of proofs, where elaborations were further elaborated. Perhaps a third of the final text of Ulysses *was handwritten onto the proofs.*

Hugh Kenner

THE COMPUTERIZED ULYSSES

peatedly in the "Circe" episode the supply of italic *W*'s failed utterly, and page after page of the "Circe" proofs have square black measles.

The effort Joyce expended getting thousands of nonwords out of the proof while trying to peer around the garbage deposited by printers' emergencies helps explain how he missed other thousands of less blatant errors. His attention divided between dealing with evident gibberish and composing the things he wanted to write in (passages as long as Molly Bloom's forty-page soliloquy, utterly uncommenced at the time printing started), he seems to have reached the point of passing anything that seemed made of normal words.

DALTON HAD EXPOSED the magnitude of the problem: corruption far too radical for common-sense patching. Starting from the corrupt text and working backward was useless. The only hope, and a realistic one since so much manuscript evidence survived, was to start with what Joyce wrote by hand and move forward. To formulate the rationale of this, and the complex means by which it would have to be executed, required the temperament, the training, and the fortunate timing of Hans Walter Gabler.

Gabler, born in 1938 in Saalfeld, just south of Goethe's Weimar, has been in love with *Ulysses* for twenty-five years, from which you will correctly suspect that his command of English is flawless. Gabler had been toiling away at an orthodox piece of scholarship on verse and prose in Jacobean drama when a chance discovery in a British library—it pertained to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—turned his mind toward establishing the text of Joyce.

At that time he was a postdoctoral fellow working with the University of Virginia's Fredson Bowers, the man to work with if you want to learn how to bridge the gap between an author's mind and what got printed. Bowers, a hyperactive genius, once determined the order of composition of some poems in *Leaves of Grass* by lining up the holes from the pins with which Whitman had fastened and refastened his papers, and he makes students understand that physical evidence, when there is any, can never be bypassed.

The techniques in which Bowers is the expert's expert were developed by Englishmen —the sacred names include Pollard, Greg, McKerrow—who hoped to put on a systematic footing the centuries-old game of emending Shakespeare's notoriously misprinted works. Their work evolved into the new discipline called textual editing.

An editor's unit of attention is the varian an item of difference between what purport be two copies of the same thing. A varia always means *something*: most often copyis fatigue but sometimes an author's substanti revision, sometimes a detail from a vanishe original, trying to poke its head through th blurred surface. With no manuscripts wha ever at their disposal, Shakespeare schola have developed techniques of astonishing sul tlety for reconstructing what lies behind th chaos of printed copies they must pore ove

Since the editor of *Ulysses* can amass on h worktable virtually the whole book in the a thor's hand, envious Shakespeareans ma imagine that his job is simple. Disregard tho printed horrors, and build the book up aga the way it was built before: start with a ba text, and systematically graft on the additio and accretions.

Alas, it is not that simple. And the initi problem is daunting: How obtain a base te for building on when Joyce left no base tex

Ah, the enlightened may say, what abo the Rosenbach manuscript? The Rosenba manuscript is boobytrapped. In early 197 there occurred a flurry of consternated lette among students of the textual rationale. Th Rosenbach Foundation in Philadelphia ha published a three-volume, $150 "facsimile" *Ulysses* (792 handwritten pages, the so-calle Rosenbach ms.), and its librarian, Clive M Driver, was trying hard to restore its treasu to center stage. Not only did Joyce's typis copy from these very handwritten pages, Dri er's introduction affirmed, but these pages al are the working manuscript over which Joyc pen in hand, did his semifinal pondering.

After some months it was agreed (by G bler, who was already thinking it might l possible to recover not only an improved te of *Ulysses* but an authentic one; by Walt Litz of Princeton, who had done a first so ing of Joycean manuscript evidence years b fore; and by Litz's former student Micha Groden, whose dissertation had investigat *Ulysses in Progress*) that about 16 percent the Rosenbach ms. was what Mr. Driver sa it was, both the working draft *and* the typis source. Another 41 percent was typists' sour only, a final copy and relatively scrupulous view of its intended use. The remainder— percent—was a hasty, unrevised copy of i paired authority, made from a lost worki draft that had received further augmentatio before being handed to typists.*

* To sample the reasoning that can yield su precise results, consult the appendix to Micha Groden's *Ulysses in Progress*, Princeton, 1977.

ALREADY WE need a computer to keep things straight. It needn't "compute," it need only not forget. It needs also to be capable of what a machine can o best, the patient reliable comparison of ng strings of letters to see if they are iden- cal or not. That is no job at all for a human eing, who needs to stay fresh and undistract- l to deal with what comparison turns up.

By March, 1977, Gabler had completed ar- ngements with the owner of the copyrights, ie James Joyce Estate, which designated him eneral editor of a "Critical Edition" of the hole Joyce canon. He had also wrangled oney from the Deutsche Forschungsgemein- chaft, analogous to the National Endowment or the Humanities, for research assistance nd materials (not computer time, which, with- n the West German university system, is a ervice provided, like chalk for the black- oards). Eventually the grants would total omething like $300,000.

The first job, an oddly complicated one, as to get the Rosenbach text into memory anks in the basement of the Leibniz *rechen- entrum* ("computer center") in Munich. hanks to that facsimile—so delicate it dis- inguishes pen from pencil and preserves the olors of inks and crayon marks—this could e accomplished without an error-prone first opy being made in Philadelphia. What com- licated it was not only Joyce's handwriting ut a typical man-machine abrasion: the key- oard in Munich would accept UPPERCASE ETTERS ONLY.

The solution? A stratagem. Since Joyce ever, ever, used quotation marks, these could e reserved for signaling to the machine. Type n "MR "LEOPOLD "BLOOM, and at the ime of printout a simple instruction—cap- talize only such letters as quotes precede, hen drop all quotes—will generate what we ant, Mr Leopold Bloom.

A man named John O'Hanlon copied the ntire facsimile in this awkward way; his work as checked three times by three different hu- nans; whereupon, through its Optical Char- cter Recognition unit, Computer-Konstanz R-440 ingested it, and purred, and took a ap.

Meanwhile, in New York, Gavin Borden of arland Publishing Company was implement- ng an apparently insane idea: he wanted to ublish sixty-three big volumes, to be sold t $4,500 the set, for consecutive reading by obody. As far back as 1974 he had talked ith Michael Groden of *Ulysses in Progress,* nd so, with Groden as general editor, Borden et the *James Joyce Archive* moving: photo- opies, bound and indexed, of *all* the surviving manuscripts and typescripts and proofs, ex- cepting only the Rosenbach ms., for every- thing Joyce wrote.

Borden was betting that Joyce scholarship in several countries had reached the point of genetic studies that would need such materials and be frustrated by their geographical scat- ter. Big black-and-white photography, nothing fancy like the Rosenbach facsimile, would meet a need, he judged, and he was right. A self-styled research library today without the *James Joyce Archive* is simply impoverished.

The *Ulysses* materials, which occupy sixteen Garland volumes, are at Harvard, at Buffalo, in Texas, and in smaller lots elsewhere. With the Garland and Rosenbach volumes at my el- bow I was able just now to tell you with little effort what the composing-room foreman did to the notation for Bloom's panic (his broad pen marks reproduce plainly); and by mid- 1978 in Munich—where, thanks to a healthy Groden-Gabler nexus, unbound sheets were arriving as fast as they came off the presses— the Garland photos were being transcribed for the computer, which, while it was waiting, had already absorbed the serialized versions of 1918–20, the 1922 first edition, and just for luck the 1926 Paris resetting, which helps sta- bilize the dementia of 1922 and also contains a few auctorial emendations.

To this word-hoard was now added, from the Garland *Archive,* all surviving typescript, the first stage of proof if typescript doesn't survive, and finally everything in Joyce's hand- writing on the margins of typescripts and up to nine consecutive sets of proofs.*

"Ah, the en- lightened may say, what about the Rosenbach manuscript? The Rosenbach manuscript is booby- trapped."

Automated logic

WITH A million words in its belly, Computer-Konstanz TR-440 was ready to awake and perform. It is not an especially smart com- puter; there *are* no especially smart comput- ers. They are relatively neutral instruments that differ chiefly in speed and storage ca- pability. But some very smart people have writ- ten the programs, and the *Ulysses* team saw possibilities in TU-STEP, a sequence of linked programs devised not long ago for another

* Do not get the idea, by the way, that photo- graphs are a safe substitute for originals; on some of the bloodiest pages in textual scholar- ship Fredson Bowers once drubbed Yale Univer- sity Press for a photoreproduction of the Shake- speare First Folio that has little reliability save as a doorstop. So Gabler spent six weeks of late 1979 checking original documents in the United States.

Hugh Kenner

THE COMPUTERIZED ULYSSES

purpose entirely by Dr. Wilhelm Ott and colleagues at the University of Tübingen.*

The first part of TU-STEP, a program called TXTVERGLEICH, can facilitate the base text needed to start with: a base text as it would have been before all Joyce's marginalia came pouring out, a text that in fact never existed on one batch of paper at one time. The program does this by reporting the results of systematic comparisons.

TXTVERGLEICH ("text-comparer") makes no decisions. Its job is just to isolate every instance in which the editor needs to decide. A splendid showpiece of automated logic, it resides on a small black disc like a floppy pop record. Popped into a slot near a modest console in a small upstairs room at the *rechenzentrum,* it can guide repeated tours through the memory bank, keeping one finger on *Rosenbach* and another on *Typescript* or *1922* or *1926,* isolating every variant in seconds per page. They turn up on the viewscreen, which is dim by American standards. Each variant is quickly checked against sources as it shows up; if it is nothing more than a transcription error made in Munich it can be set right at the keyboard and will give no more trouble. Otherwise TXTVERGLEICH files it away for scrutiny.

TXTVDRUCKE ("text-printer") now puts onto bales of fanfolded paper what has been got so far. Thus in the Rosenbach ms. Joyce copied,

> *What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad. Right under the obituary notices too. Dignam's potted meat.*

(Dignam is a friend Bloom has just helped bury.) But before he handed to the typist the sheets he was copying from, Joyce altered the fourth sentence to a more ruminant "Under the obituary notices they stuck it," and sharpened Bloom's indignation by substituting "ad!" for "ad." TXTVDRUCKE records this transaction as follows:

```
R What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete.
T ---- -- ---- ------- ---------- ------ ----- -----------
R What a stupid ad. Right under the obituary notices.
T ---- - ------ ad!       Under --- -------- --------
R too:           Dignam's potted meat.
T they stuck it. -------- ------ -----
```

The differences between *R* and *T* leap to the eye. Pondering them, we can't doubt that *T* (typescript) has authority; its change from a more to a less conventional prose is in the direction we'd expect Joyce to be going. In accepting this reading, we are starting to r construct a later state of the draft from whic he had copied these lines prematurely.

Other variants, manifest scribal or typin errors, are rejected without ceremony, othe after informed pondering. The ones to be a cepted are tagged, whereupon TXRKORR GIERE ("text-corrector") compiles a list instructions for converting the Rosenbach i to an ideal early text, in which (for the re ord, not for comfortable reading) the sour of every element is coded. (And a comfortab text? We're coming to that.)

And now for the monsoon of handwri ten additions to the successive proofs (son 75,000 words). Together with the base tex they constitute what Gabler calls "the co tinuous manuscript," never anywhere all t gether in one straightforward version, but id ally accounting for the whole book in Joyce handwriting. Somewhere or other, Joyce wro every word by hand.

* Without the Rosenbach Facsimile, the Garland *Archive,* and TU-STEP, the *Ulysses* project would have been virtually impossible, and only a few years ago none of these existed.

Steely rapture restore

YOU MIGHT THINK we could now mak a run through the proofs and slip the additions and corrections Joyce provided them. But we can not safely. Not all the proofs survive, and the are changes for which our only evidence the wretched 1922 first edition. We need work from both ends simultaneously.

TXTVERGLEICH to the rescue. TXTVE GLEICH generates two lists. List I is the c mulative record of everything Joyce did to t basic text. List II is every discrepancy b tween the basic text and the first edition. perfection were of this world these lists wou be identical: First Edition = Basic Text Changes, and First Edition – Basic Text Changes.

But because perfection is not of this worl we need to examine two sorts of discre ancy: auctorial changes the composito missed, and compositors' changes the auth never intended. These require, one by on identification and decision, mixed as they a with an unaccounted category, changes th may be auctorial but if so were made on se of proof we don't have.

There is yet another category of error: o casions when the author was emending n his own text but something a compositor ha improvised, knowing the emendation w building on a mistake but forgetting wh he'd written in the first place. How often th happened is one of the melancholy lessons the editing process: how fast a coal blown

spiration can fade! Lacking its record, the thor finds it irrecoverable, and there is no idence that typescripts were ever returned Joyce to assist his proofreading. For such tegories, when he can identify them, the ed- or may have to overrule the author's late tigued compromise and restore his first steely pture.

And finally: yes, finally we can print out a ange-looking page on which every variant accounted for in numbered half-brackets. This is the synoptic text, and in the critical lition it will go on left-hand pages. With actice, Hans Gabler says, you can read it ereoscopically and watch Joyce build up *lysses* layer by layer. Every word on this osaic of a page is Joyce's. None of the print- 's corruptions is registered at all save in a mputer-generated appendix.

BUT THE COMFORTABLE TEXT? Simple. Instruct the machine by a button-push to ignore all its own half-brackets and delete all words between square brack- s, and what it now prints out for the right- and page is as close to what James Joyce eant us to read as eyes will ever see: prints it, moreover, not in bank-check characters it in any civilized type you want to specify. And prints out with no mistakes, with the nes numbered for convenience or reference; nd the way of any rational publisher will be photograph this golden text and circulate by offset. No proofing errors.

One of the unheralded virtues of the com- uter is that once it has things right there eed never be another copying, another check- g. And that is that. (And you want a word- dex? Simple.)

The last line of the new *Ulysses* will read as old, "*Trieste–Zürich–Paris*, 1914–1921." leally this might be emended: Trieste, ürich, Paris, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Austin, ew York, Munich, Tübingen . . . on and on. ocking down at long last the quarter-million onstituent words of this unique imaginative rm has taken some sixty-five years and the edication of uncountable people in a dozen aces, James Joyce himself in the vanguard. Thank you, Computer-Konstanz TR-440. hank you, Hans and collaborators. Thank ou especially for all those little felicities, in hich old hands will be reveling when the itical edition is published, 1983 or so.

I'll specify one. Bloom is about to order a neese sandwich, his thoughts running on can- ibalism, mutual digestion, "Religions. Christ- as turkeys and geese," things like that. And -says the text we've always read—

Cheese digests all but itself. Mighty cheese.

An adequate though uninspired paragraph ending. But, readers will learn for the first time from Gabler's edition, Bloom's busy mind was also on the cheese mite, and he was being tickled, too, by a little joke, and Joyce, when he inserted that phrase by hand into the typescript of the eighth episode, in fact wrote "Mity." □

"Trieste, Zürich, Paris, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Austin, New York, Munich, Tübingen . . . on and on."

stockings. ⌜Hope the rain mucks them up on her.⌟ ⌜[Countrybred.] Countrybred chawbacon.⌟ ⌜[Beef] All the beef⌝ to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of ⌜[shape] plumb⌝.

He passed, dallying, the ⌜[window] windows⌝ of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. ⌜Cascades of ribbons. Flimsy China silks.⌝ A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. ⌜*Lacaus esant tara tara.* Great chorus that. *Taree tara.*⌝ Must be washed in rainwater. ⌜Meyerbeer. *Tara: bom bom bom.*⌝

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. ⌜[Sticking] ⌜[Stick] Sticks⌝ them all over the place. ⌜Needles in window curtains.⌟

white stockings. Hope the rain mucks them up on her. Countrybred chawbacon. All the beef to the heels were in. Always gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. 64
Cascades of ribbons. Flimsy China silks. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. *Lacaus esant tara tara.* Great chorus that. *Taree tara.* Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer. *Tara: bom bom bom.*

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Sticks them all 64
over the place. Needles in window curtains.

Top, the "synoptic" text, and, below it, the final reading text obtained from it after instructing the computer to delete all symbolic information. Symbols indicate the stage at which a revision was first incorporated. Thus "Cascades of ribbons. Flimsy China silks." is tagged 2 because it first turns up in print in the second set of proofs, Joyce having written it into the margin of the first set. [Square brackets] mark deletions: "windows" on the typescript replaces a deleted "window," the reading of the Rosenbach ms.

The unorthodox word-division of "*Lacaus esant tara tara*" denotes Leopold Bloom's phrasing as he hums a bit of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. This was too much for the original Dijon typesetter, who not only dropped a "*Taree*" but also turned the words into orthodox French. This prompted Joyce to substitute Italian, because Bloom would have heard the opera sung by a touring company in Italian translation. But in the process Joyce forgot how he had originally written the words, so the first and all subsequent editions have lost the tune in a pedantic "*La causa è santa*" (Vintage, p. 168). Even though the change is in the author's hand he was not restoring his creative phrasing but rather correcting a compositor's misapprehension of Dublin opera languages. The critical edition restores the typescript reading.

THE BRETHREN'S CLERKS

The Bureau of Backbiting and Recrimination

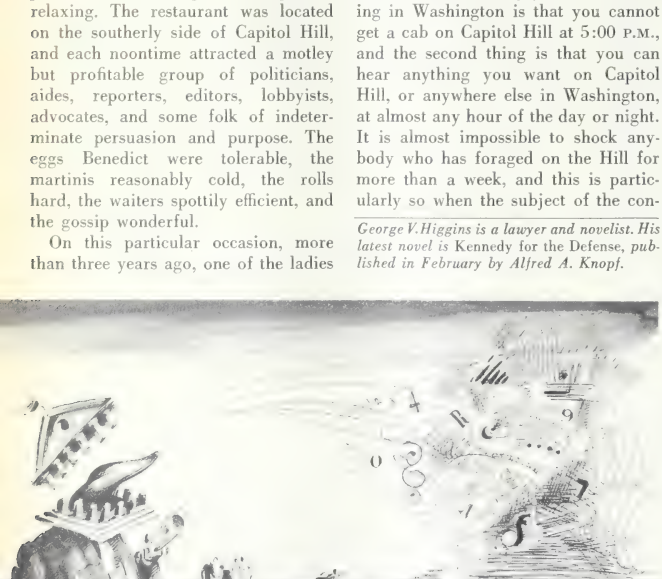
by George V. Higgi

LATE IN THE WINTER of 1977, two ladies and two gentlemen took luncheon at the Rotunda Restaurant in Washington, a sort of undersized, indoor, imitation Roman garden unaccountably finished off with the interior decoration of an English club for repatriated veterans of the Raj. It is now a Democratic Party headquarters. The maitre d', later found murdered, was reported to have access to certain services that men elected to wearisome positions of power find amusing, diverting, and relaxing. The restaurant was located on the southerly side of Capitol Hill, and each noontime attracted a motley but profitable group of politicians, aides, reporters, editors, lobbyists, advocates, and some folk of indeterminate persuasion and purpose. The eggs Benedict were tolerable, the martinis reasonably cold, the rolls hard, the waiters spottily efficient, and the gossip wonderful.

On this particular occasion, more than three years ago, one of the ladies in attendance prefaced a story about her love affair with a Senator, then current, with the candid admission that she had since terminated her intimacies with a Justice of the Supreme Court. Whether this was intended as a rueful personal assessment that she had come down in the world or as a boast that she had risen in it, your deponent knoweth not. The revelation caused no special stir at the table, even to the diners who had not previously met the lady and have not seen her since. The first thing you learn working in Washington is that you cannot get a cab on Capitol Hill at 5:00 P.M., and the second thing is that you can hear anything you want on Capitol Hill, or anywhere else in Washington, at almost any hour of the day or night. It is almost impossible to shock anybody who has foraged on the Hill for more than a week, and this is particularly so when the subject of the conversation is some carnal adventure ported to involve a High Governm Official.

Although no formal vote was ev taken, so far as I know, the other la and the two gentlemen listening to t first lady's *recitativo* presumed witho more than desultory interest that wh she said was true. Granted, she w not under oath at the time, but Washington one shortly puts aside on rural skepticism and endorses the thi rule of auditing in Washington, oth wise known as Buchwald's Corollar 99 percent of what you hear in Wa ington is true. There was some surpr that the lady should have chosen disburden herself to a couple of pe ple who had been strangers up to t instant when they sat down to di with her, but as her presentation co tinued, including details of her atte dance at public events with each the High Government Officials—*ser tim*, to be sure—one concluded th she had commenced with the presum tion that her excursions were matte of public record anyway, and mig as well be conceded at the outset, as to obtain the patina of forthrig ness for her more issue-oriented c servations.

George V. Higgins is a lawyer and novelist. His latest novel is Kennedy for the Defense, *published in February by Alfred A. Knopf.*

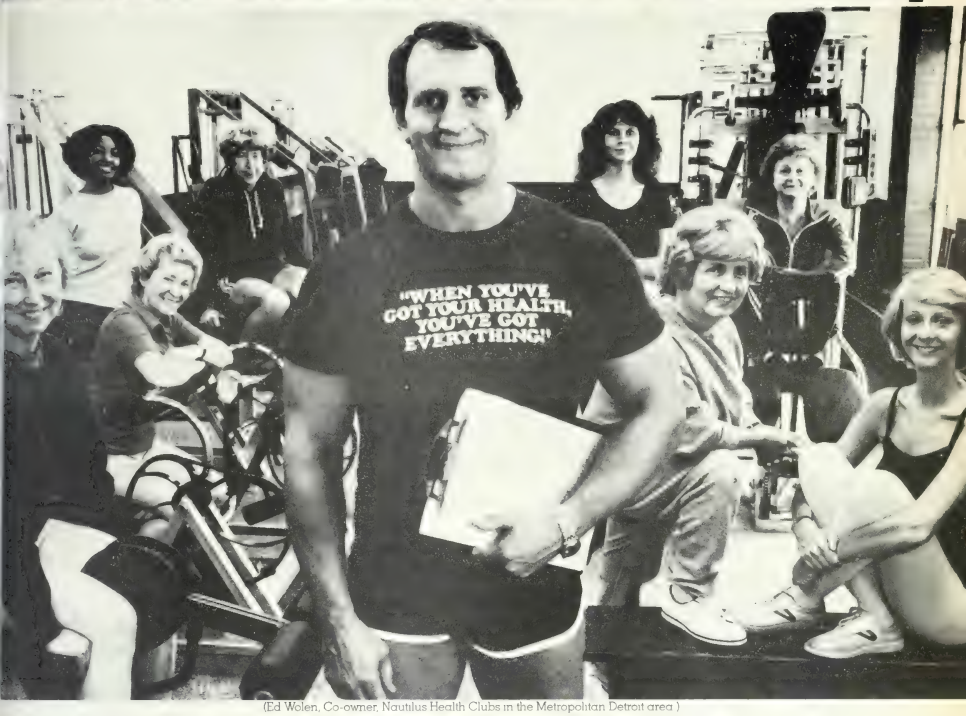


Paul Degen

WRITING OUT of a mili that includes, but c tainly is not limited the lunchtime soci available three years ago at the Rotu da on the House side, the Monocle the Senate side, and divers other Wa ington watering holes and mange Bob Woodward and Scott Armstro of the *Washington Post* this win published *The Brethren.** On cl

* Subtitled "Inside the Supreme Cour 467 pages, illustrated; Simon and Sch ter, $13.95.

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reading it does not disclose any of the lady's purported adventures, although he is acknowledged as an important contributor to the Woodstrong research. Still and all, the book does rely almost entirely, precisely on the same sort of informational sources, i.e., gossips. The gossip in this book is not as titillating as that proffered daily in Our Nation's Capital, because little of it implies Chaucerian *lustyhede*, and indeed most of it makes the Justices of the Supreme Court appear to be a rather bloodless group in that respect, easily dismayed by dirty books. But for lawyers and judges of lesser courts, it immediately raises some extremely perplexing questions. Those questions are of considerable importance as well to any citizen whose life is indirectly or directly affected by the law.

Traditionally, the deliberations of the Supreme Court and the oral ruminations of its Justices in their chambers have been kept secret from profanation in the media. True, the papers and correspondence of retired Justices have been collected and published, and those compendiums have illuminated the visages of contemporary, though more taciturn, judges from an angle that warranted the inference that some of them may have had a wart or two and occasionally scowled. But so far as I know, no previous publication has divulged the actual exchanges among the Justices at the weekly case conferences, nor pretended to do so. While I do not doubt that Justice William Brennan did in fact refer to Chief Justice Warren Burger as a "bastard," in what Brennan apparently believed to be the privacy of his own chambers, and while I presume that Brennan was certainly not the first Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States whose Chief had exasperated him, I am virtually certain that *The Brethren* marks the first occasion on which such expostulation by one sitting Justice about another sitting Justice found its way into print while both of them were actively engaged in the decision of cases.

Unlike those who professed shocked astonishment when they learned that John F. Kennedy retained at least a working knowledge of the vocabulary he acquired as a sailor, and those who said that they were appalled when it came out that Richard Nixon also used profanity (the only aspect of Nixon's swearing that was worth comment was that he did it so clumsily, which should have come as no surprise), I do not see anything amiss in the private, oral expression of anger by professional colleagues who are sore at each other. It is probably quite useful, in fact, ventilating in language that turns the air cerulean blue those animosities that invariably and unavoidably must arise in rigorous disagreements, and that if left to fester might in the end poison the heretofore vigorous exchanges of views that are demanded for the formulation of reasoned judgments and decisions. Judges should be men of fortitude, as should the lawyers who practice before them and who have called them much worse names than Brennan is quoted as applying to Burger.

The hinge of that reasoning, though, is the condition that the epithets be uttered in privacy and that those hearing them, whether amused or offended, honor that privacy. Ironically, that American institution which has done the most to protect and expand the personal expectation of privacy was not able to preserve its own. Woodward and Armstrong have in effect accomplished with a book what no newspaper or broadcast medium could manage during the Court terms 1969–75: they have gone behind what the Justices wrote about the cases and printed what they are supposed to have thought about the cases (as opposed to what they published in their decisions) and what they are supposed to have said about each other. Woodward and Armstrong, at least at third-hand, have obtained what they say is the substance of what the Justices said in conference, where only Justices are present, and what they said also in chambers, where ordinarily only the Justices and their clerks and staff are present.

If Woodward and Armstrong have the goods with this totem-pole hearsay, the Justices might have saved us all a great deal of time, and some of us prolonged but futile speculation, by doing their wrangling in public, swearing at each other on the bench, and holding press conferences before, during, and after decisions in order to excoriate one another for pomposity, double-dealing, incompetence, bungling, whipsawing, buckling, and downright stupidity.

IT IS DOUBTFUL that this course of action would have led to the orderly management of the Court's business, but it certainly would have been entertaining on the Friday evening news and in the weekend papers, though perhaps not of such widespread interest as the public quarrels of Billy Martin with George Steinbrenner, Reggie Jackson, and Sparky Lyle, nor as exciting as the news that Kermit Washington had decked Rudy Tomjanovich in a professional basketball game, nor as bitchy as a fresh spat between Truman Capote and Gore Vidal. Justices do not enjoy the authority to trade or fire each other, and so far as Woodward and Armstrong tell us, none of them has punched one of the other nor called one of his judicial brothers a fag. Not, at least, in the hearing of one of the clerks appointed to serve the Justices.

Because that is where Woodward and Armstrong got the bulk of their information: they got it from the men and women who graduated near the top of their law-school classes, were vetted and approved by search committees and the Justices themselves, and appointed to serve for two or three years as what amounts to private lawyers for the Justices of the Supreme Court.

Prospective clerks usually have five characteristics.

—They are young, no older than twenty-seven or so. Older people may covet clerkships, but their circumstances pretty much exclude them from considering the possibility. Most who have reached the age of thirty before finishing law school have acquired family responsibilities mandating prompt commencement of the careers in which they hope to spend their lives, lest their children reach college age before they have achieved the partnerships they will need to meet the tuition bills. Further militating against their interest is the fact that Supreme Court clerks are often veterans of similar positions in the inferior courts; thus two years as a Supreme Court clerk may cost four or five years of delay in beginning a career. Those graybeards who are interested, and do get clerkships (at any level), soon discover that their duties are those of amanuenses and go-fers; people over thirty, their law

degrees delayed during those years between college and law school they spent working, are not much interested in that sort of job.

By and large, the person who is interested in a clerkship has spent all of his years between his entry into the first grade and his graduation from law school as a brilliant young protégé of one Great Man or Great Woman after another, and has long since learned to mingle intellectual arrogance with fawning forelock-tugging. The majority of those interested in clerkships, at any level, are behaviorally skilled at the business of being protégés, and indeed have made that their sole occupation for almost twenty years.

Judges are isolated from the rough-and-tumble of everyday discourse, having the power to cite for contempt those who persist in talking when they have been instructed to shut up. Judges lack the leisure to prowl the countryside for lawyers they might shanghai into clerkships, and would not form such press-gangs if they could—judges, too, are human, and most seem quite content with acting as intellectual patrons of young people who are eager to be patronized and in return for it will grind away at the books for hours to make *their* judges look like intellectual giants. The judges pick from among the choicest artichokes available—they do not browse among the bagged potatoes.

—Clerks are bright, uncommonly bright. As a practical matter, they almost always will have demonstrated their high native intelligence in curricula of the best colleges and law schools in the land. In the shark-infested waters of academic competition, they learned to work harder, accomplish more, talk more articulately, and surpass all others in the sports that students practice. They are well-read, well-fed, and well-bred. They have never supported themselves. They have never met a payroll. They tend to come from wealthy families, or from families who revere intellect and beggar themselves to train the brains of their children. They have been spoiled rotten, have never *had* to work, although they may have worked, and generally devoted their law school vacations to summer versions of the same professorially sheltered environment that is familiar to them, interning at dignified law firms. They could inundate a whale (which they would furiously insist they wish to save) with Cardozo quotations, and they couldn't change a flat tire.

—Clerks deal with givens. In elementary and high schools, in colleges and law schools, their mentors instructed them on what books to read, and on how to react to them. In chemistry they learned formulas. In history they learned what strategy Clausewitz recommended. In logic what someone said, and in Lit. III what porridge had John Keats. The purpose of all education is to provide the educatee with the results of the fact-finding that someone else has done, in order to train the student in the process of elucidation that the fact-finder followed to his conclusions. That is so in college, and it is even more so in law school.

The issue in law school is not how Mrs. Palsgraf and the fireworks happened to find themselves in propinquity at the station of the Long Island Railroad: the issue for the law student in *Palsgraf* v. *Long Island RR* is how the appellate judges reached the conclusion that the railroad either was or was not liable, when the fireworks went off and hurt the plaintiff.

Students do not deal with facts. Students deal with the process of making deductions from facts. Those students making deductions and learning the process with the greatest ease and avidity are those most beloved of the instructors, and therefore those who receive the highest grades.

The trouble is that those receiving the highest grades, by the time they are launched from law school, have, by their experience, been systematically selected as the best in a crop of champion deducers, and most of them will for many years—some for the rest of their lives—persist in the belief that they gain facts by osmosis and should proceed at once to deduction.

—Clerks are most always liberals, or so they consider themselves. More than twenty years ago, William F. Buckley, Jr., claimed in *God and Man at Yale* that the academies were dominated by liberals. Buckley may have been a little sharp in his enunciation of this view, but he was essentially correct. He could repeat the same thesis today with only slight diminution of his accuracy.

Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny not only in the physical but in the intellectual and ideological development of the individual. The law student a graduation is a reasonable facsimile ideologically, of his mentors. If he i a liberal, even a radical, it is very likely that his instructors were liberal or radicals. Their attitudes were simply more givens, and they were no labeled in transmission as being dif ferent from the other givens (whethe this would have reduced the receptivit of the student, thriving in the mentor protégé relationship, is open to seriou challenge). The professors never ha enough money—few of us do—but th amount of money they budgeted fo the rent was guaranteed. It was, fur ther, assured for life by tenure. Teach ers with tenure may frequently be im pecunious—just as students supporte by their parents may be unable to per suade old Dad to pony up for a new Porsche, or even an old Ford, after th bills are paid—but few teachers ar in frequent danger of going hungr and without shelter unless they hav been profligate. Medical insurance, lif insurance, cut-rate athletic facilities travel, books, and the companionabl camaraderie of intellectual peers ar readily available.

To their credit, the professors an the students recognize this secure an happy world as a delightful place i which to dwell. It is damned near per fect, and they do not need to be one third as bright as they are to know i The physique is well-nourished. Th mind is exercised and just as trim and both the sport and intellectua badinage are first-rate. Compassionat as they are, both professors and stu dents look about them at the miser suffered by those less fortunate tha they and generously conclude that thei blessings are not proof that they ar an elect, genetically or whimsically des ignated by the deity or other dem urge to wallow in the advantages whil lesser mortals slaver starving beyon the fence. No, the haves have and th have-nots haven't because the syste discriminates against the have-nots. I is therefore the duty of the compas sionate and enlightened haves to re design the system so as to get the ad vantages to the people who lack them

nd who is better equipped and able
› set about that redesigning than a
ıarp young lawyer, eh? By intelli-
ence and training he is fitted for it;
› embark on any other course would
e to neglect his duty.

—Clerks experience nothing, once
ıey have become clerks, that would
e likely to provoke them into ques-
oning what they believe to be their
lready well-tested principles. The en-
ironment in which the clerk labors is
law school without examinations, a
niversity without laboratories, a court
ithout witnesses, faithfully proceed-
ng in what the clerk believes to be the
eal world to justify the care with which
ıe law school faculty simulated Su-
reme Court arguments with intramu-
al and extramural moot courts, some-
imes even bagging a sitting Justice
rom the Supreme Court to lend his
resence to the sham. Few clerks, in
ther words, are stupid, but most are
gnorant, and the matters about which
hey are commonly most ignorant are
hose they are called on to address in
lrafting opinions for their Justices.

FROM THAT little band of broth-
ers, Woodward and Armstrong
culled their information. Here
follows a sampling of quota-
ions, presumably attributable, though
ıot attributed to—the courage to affix
ne's name to one's revelations not be-
ng a regular course of instruction in
he better law schools—the cream of
aw school graduates for the better
art of seven years:

• Earl Warren, Burger's predeces-
or as Chief Justice, had instructed his
lerks to consider not only the allega-
ions and arguments made by such as
rison inmates filing writs *in forma pauperis*—without the assistance of any but jailhouse lawyers—but also to speculate on what arguments the petitioners *could* have made. Burger didn't like it. He told his chief clerk that the Supreme Court is not the Office of the Public Defender. He told his clerks to stick to summarizing what was in the writs. "Burger's clerks believed he had effectively devastated the Court's role as the last bastion of hope for these people. Without knowing any law, most petitioners had little chance of catching the Court's attention. The



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I.F.P.s, however, were only one example, in Burger's view, of how law clerks had come to have too much power and influence." The Chief therefore ordered his clerks to keep their mouths shut about what they heard in his office, or what they might learn from him at lunch. "They realized that they had just been dealt out of much of the fun and meaning of their clerkship, head-on discussions about votes and positions."

• A young man in California was charged with obscenity under state law for wearing a jacket with *Fuck the Draft* displayed on the back. "At the conference . . . the Chief referred to the case as the 'screw the draft' case." The discussion was inconclusive and the matter was put over for a week. "Douglas's clerk joked about how the 'magic word' set off such severe reactions in the 'Bad Bs,' as he referred to Black, Burger, and Blackmun. . . . Black's clerks kept a constant pressure on their boss to revise his stance."

• "Shortly after the Pentagon Papers decision was announced, Solicitor General Erwin Griswold asked to see the Chief." Griswold told the Chief that Supreme Court clerks were leaking information about confidential proceedings. Burger brought the matter up at the next conference, claiming he "avoided the possibility of leaks by not telling his own clerks about votes or discussion at conference. 'You can tell he doesn't talk to his clerks by reading his opinions,' Brennan later remarked."

• The Court received a desegregation case involving a school in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Brennan disliked the opinion that Burger filed in the case. "One of Brennan's clerks joked that Nixon . . . had given Burger his marching orders. No, Brennan responded, Warren Burger did not need Richard Nixon on this issue."

• "Blackmun had long thought Burger an uncontrollable, blustery braggart. Now, once again in close contact with him, he was at once put off and amused by the Chief's exaggerated pomposity, his callous disregard for the feelings of his colleagues, his self-aggrandizing style. 'He's been doing that since he was four,' he once told Stewart."

It seems fair to conclude from those and similar assertions, with which the book abounds and to which the authors owe its very existence, that two things were going on in the Supreme Court. First, the Justices themselves were not observing the rule that conferences were to remain confidential. Second, the Justices assumed that their clerks would honor the rule that they were breaking.

In fairness to the Justices as a group, custom and usage of the legal profession warrant reliance on the second assumption. The attorney-client privilege does not permit the lawyer to divulge anything told to him in confidence by his client, unless the client expressly authorizes the disclosure or so behaves as to convince a court that he has waived it. Nevertheless, the lawyer is entirely free to discuss the client's confidences with his associates and partners, and to inform his clerical people of what the client has said, in order that they may assist the lawyer in preparing the case for the client. They too are bound not to reveal the confidential information to anyone else. Many lawyers reduce this whole protection to the axiom that nothing the client tells his lawyer will leave the office unless the client so directs or a court so orders.

If a Justice of the Supreme Court ran his office as a mature and experienced lawyer would run his office, he would reasonably feel unfettered in vouchsafing confidential information to his staff, and until this book came out, he probably would have been justified in doing so. Now it appears that he is no longer so justified. The clerks ran off at the mouth to the reporters. Not all the clerks, in all likelihood, but enough of them to destroy a long and serviceable tradition of the American judiciary.

It is not enough to say that the clerks did this because they were inexperienced ideologues engaged in a *jihad* in which the forces of liberal rectitude were outnumbered by what they deemed the forces of conservative darkness marshaled into formation on what had been the Warren Court by Republican officeholders. It is true but it is not enough. The clerks snooped, gossiped, and, in the end, blabbed to the press, because some of the Justices implicitly encouraged them to do If the Justices did not mean to provi that encouragement, they gave it no theless by their own behavior. The fore either they were engaged in co doning the clerical conduct that led this result, or else they were too stup to perceive where it would lead.

On the evidence presented in t book, Justice Brennan appears to ha been the principal offender, with Ju tice Marshall a distant second and t rest of the Justices tied for third.

In the Denver busing case, Brenn found himself in a 5–3 majority (Ju tice Byron White had disqualifi himself) for affirming what might termed a liberal lower-court ord Brennan wished to make some law the subject, and drafted an opinio He was anxious to retain the assig ment as the author of the opinio and therefore worried considerab about the fortitude of Justice Blac mun in staying with him—if Blackm switched, Brennan would be writi for a court divided 4–4 and no n law would be made. "Brennan sent h clerks," whom he had regularly brief on confidential matters and befo whom he had ridiculed Burger's o ders that clerks were not to be us as ideological couriers and lobbyis "out to see what they could learn fro Blackmun's clerks." "Nothing" w the answer they brought back.

White, meanwhile, was still follo ing the Denver case. He had a co versation with Blackmun. Blackm expressed some reservations about t Brennan draft opinion. "White me tioned Blackmun's objections to one his own clerks, who in turn pass them on to one of Brennan's. With hours, Brennan had an account."

Judge John Sirica ordered Pre dent Richard Nixon to deliver Whi House tapes in response to subpoe Nixon, "reeling from the hostile pub reaction to what had become known the Saturday Night Massacre, capit lated and turned over the tapes Sirica. The case was closed. Brenn wondered what the Court would ha done." In other words, Brennan want to know what the other Justices wou have done if Nixon had refused to d gorge the tapes. Or, in still oth words, Brennan wanted to see wheth his colleagues on the Supreme Cou of the United States would have vot for (or against) the President, *if* the

ad been a case pending before the ourt, which at the time there was not. *The most prolific source and con-mer of grapevine information,* Bren-an sifted through the intelligence his erks brought back from their peers other chambers. Over lunch, or ropping by a colleague's chambers, rennan probed" (italics mine). Hav-ng completed his straw poll, although Watergate was not before the Court, was much discussed at Brennan's orning coffee with his clerks and sec-tary. Was the new special prosecutor, eon Jaworski, a Texas millionaire and ormer A.B.A. president, a shill for ie White House? Brennan was not are."

When the 1974 term opened, in the all of that year, the Chief scheduled ie usual dinner reception for new lerks. Burger made the opening ad-ress. "He was, several clerks reluc-ntly admitted, impressive." Reluc-ntly. Of course. Burger had been cov-red with their ideological guano for ears; no wonder they were reluctant o admit he had been impressive. Imag-ne their relief when "Burger turned he floor over to Brennan, a true hero to nany of the clerks. A gentle man, miling from ear to ear, the great civil ibertarian began slowly. There is one esponsibility that all of them—Jus-ices and clerks—shared, Brennan said. *That was to preserve, at all cost, the onfidential nature of the internal vorkings of the Court* [italics mine]. The Justices, Brennan said, trust that he confidences shared with the clerks vill be respected. A hush fell over the room." It didn't last long, though, once the clerks found themselves out-side that room.

"Never, Brennan said, has any news story that leaked from the Court been traced to a clerk. Should anything ever leak, that bond of trust would be bro-ken. Justices would never be able again o enjoy the same confidence with clerks."

Brennan was, of course, right. But: 'Some clerks were stunned. Was the author of so many First Amendment opinions so paranoid and contemp-uous of the press? The clerks could believe that Brennan was sincere about he need for confidentiality." Not for long, though. "But why turn a simple ground rule into a rebuke?

"Brennan later told his clerks that he conference had insisted that he, as senior Justice, give the briefing since the Chief had delivered a diatribe on security during the previous term which had been too severe. Brennan said he felt obliged to overstate his case; but his clerks knew that Brennan *was* paranoid about the press." If the clerks were right, and Brennan feared the press, he had the wrong enemy in his sights—he should have feared the clerks.

AND SO AT LAST we have it, the purported explanation for the antics of the Supreme Court between 1969 and 1976. It was just what Justice Lewis Powell appeared to fear in the 1972 term. There was a case that year concerning to what extent suburban taxpayers should be obliged to support city schools. Justice Marshall put out a forty-page dissent in a very short time, and it was a good dissent. Justice Powell could not understand how Marshall, renowned (then privately) in the Court as a slacker, could do so much so well, so fast. Powell reported his perplexity to *his* clerks. "The clerks were frank. Marshall's clerk was first-rate, and Marshall had given him several months to write the opinion. Depending on whom you believed, Marshall himself had spent maybe fifteen minutes to an hour going over the draft.

"Powell couldn't quite believe it. 'Who is the Justice down there?' he asked rhetorically."

Who, indeed?

According to Woodstrong, Justice Hugo Black, toward the end of his life, wanted "to make sure that his most private papers, memos, and conference notes were burned. Publication would inhibit the free exchange of ideas in the future. He felt that he had been treated unfairly in the late Justice Harold H. Burton's diary. . . . Black had also been shattered by the biography of former Justice Harlan Fiske Stone. . . . Black told Burger that when he read Stone's biography, he discovered for the first time that Stone couldn't stand him."

"Black didn't want that kind of use made of his private papers."

Justice Brennan and his colleagues were not quite so careful. If they are embarrassed, they deserve to be. Compared with this, the lady at the Rotunda was discreet. □

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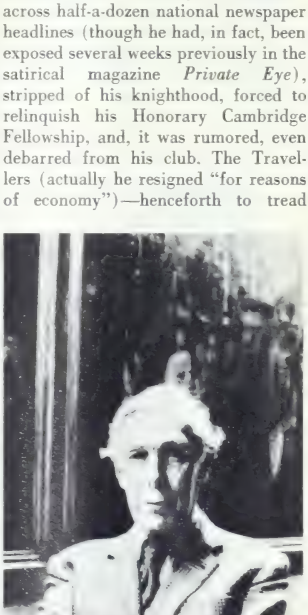
ANTHONY BLUNT, GENTLEMAN TRAITOR

Found out in London

by Richard Holn

THE ORIGINAL, British publication early last November of *The Climate of Treason,** Andrew Boyle's book on the gentlemen spies, produced a sharp outbreak of patriotism in various quarters of the London Establishment, and brollies were notably tightly furled in certain parts of St. James's, Whitehall, and Westminster. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher made two crisply defensive statements about the "scrupulous" proceedings of the British Security Service and the Attorney General in dealing with ex-Communist traitors after 1951, and sailed gracefully through the ensuing Emergency Debate in the Commons to "loud and prolonged Conservative cheers" (*Hansard*); Willie Hamilton (Labour MP for Central Fife) was roundly booed for making impartially disparaging remarks about public-school boys, homosexuals, and the Crown (cries of "shame," "withdraw," et cetera); ex-Prime Minister Edward Heath weightily observed that the term *cover-up* was inapplicable and misleading; and the Opposition Spokesman on Home Affairs, Merlyn Rees, opined that since 1965 the type of person employed in MI 5 (secret security at home) and MI 6 (secret intelligence abroad) was "completely different from those who came in at the vast expansion in 1939 from the universities"—to Labour backbench orisons of "Thank God."

On Fleet Street, Sir Anthony Blunt, age seventy-two, Advisor to the Queen's Pictures, was solemnly "unmasked" across half-a-dozen national newspaper headlines (though he had, in fact, been exposed several weeks previously in the satirical magazine *Private Eye*), stripped of his knighthood, forced to relinquish his Honorary Cambridge Fellowship, and, it was rumored, even debarred from his club. The Travellers (actually he resigned "for reasons of economy")—henceforth to tread the pavements of Portsea Place, W as plain "Blunt, the Fourth Man," v a verbal millstone round his frail, d nish neck in the shape of a mispla quotation from the Bloomsbury no ist E. M. Forster: "He had the guts betray his country rather than friends."



UPI

It was a paradoxical fate, excit both sorrow and indignation ("a gr scholar and a gentleman," wrote eral of his influential students in the world), which Dante Alighieri, t Italian connoisseur of infernal polit banishments, would surely have p dered at length in *terza rima*. As *Times* of London (just back in prod tion that week) put it in an icy he line: "A MOST DISTINGUISHED TRAITO

The first three spies in this laby thine affair have long been known both sides of the Atlantic. They w Guy Burgess, of Eton, Trinity Colle Cambridge, the BBC, MI 6, and Foreign Office, who defected to M cow in 1951; Donald Maclean, Gresham's, Trinity Hall, Cambrid and the Foreign Office, a career dip mat and the "atom spy" at the Brit Embassy, Washington, who also def ed to Moscow in 1951; and Har "Kim" Philby (the "Kim" from K ling), of Westminster, Trinity Colle Cambridge, the *Times*, MI 6, and Foreign Office, who finally slipp away to Moscow one windy night

Richard Holmes is a journalist and cr living in London, and the author of Shel The Pursuit, *a critical biography of poet.*

* Published in the United States in January as *The Fourth Man*. 504 pages; Dial. $12.95.

eirut, in 1963, on the way to a diplo- atic dinner party.

But the fourth man—archly known "Maurice" in Boyle's book to escape e serpentine coils of the English libel ws—was something of a shock. Sir nthony Frederick Blunt, Knight Com- ander of the Victorian Order, Fellow the British Academy, Fellow of the ociety of Architects, is the son of an nglish vicar (onetime chaplain to e British Embassy in Paris) and one the leading authorities on baroque t in the country. His *Art and Archi- cture in France, 1500–1700* forms art of the prestigious Pelican Histo- of Art series, and I can strongly ecommend his essay on Picasso's *uernica*. He was educated (like the resent poet laureate, Sir John Betje- an) at Marlborough; was elected a esearch fellow at Trinity College, ambridge, and staff member of the Varburg Institute; served on the se- ior secretariat of MI 5 during World Var II; was appointed Professor of the listory of Art at London University n 1947; and was knighted for his ser- ices to art by the Queen in 1956. In 973 he published a charming auto- iographical essay in *Studio Interna- onal* entitled "From Bloomsbury to Marxism." in which he recounted how e and the future poet Louis MacNeice ad edited a rebel magazine at Marl- orough called *The Heretick* (the *k* as n Gothick, not as in KGB).

THE ESSENCE of what then rapidly became the "Blunt affair" turned on three considerations. First, that Professor Blunt was easily the most socially and ntellectually distinguished of the Cam- ridge Communist traitors, yet had act- d as a Soviet "talent scout" at the niversity; had passed undisclosed se- urity information to the Russians rom MI 5 between 1940 and 1945 "It was unlikely that British military perations or British lives were put at isk," was all the Prime Minister ould say); had certainly been in- olved in aiding the Burgess and Mac- ean defections in 1951: but had never een trapped in the course of eleven ubsequent interrogations by MI 5 hiefs, between 1951 and 1959, and ad confidently refused a Soviet invi- ation to defect to the safety of Moscow imself meantime. If not an *éminence grise*, certainly a crafty old fox.

The second consideration concerned Professor Blunt's immunity. Early in 1964 (that is, after Philby's defection and Guy Burgess's death in Moscow from alcoholism), Blunt confessed to the security authorities. A deal was struck, with the knowledge of the Attorney General and the Home Secretary (but *not*, apparently, with that of then–Prime Minister Lord Home), in which Blunt voluntarily underwent a massive "debriefing" that lasted more than a year, pooling all his knowledge of KGB activities and contacts in Britain in exchange for complete legal immunity and a sort of moral "absolution" that evidently stretched to the lengths of his retaining both his position of Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures (1952–72, and thereafter Advisor), and, perhaps even more remarkably, that of director of the world-renowned Courtauld Institute of Art (1947–74), with its elite student body of future museum directors, picture restorers, curators, and art historians.

Third, and last, was the simple fact that none of this fascinating information—Blunt's treachery, his confession, or his immunity—was publicly revealed until fifteen years after the events were officially known and documented. As the present Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, stated somewhat drily (not *his* fox, you see), it was the one such immunity "granted in security matters" since the war. No doubt it was.

The only term for all this, if not *cover-up*—a term disliked not only by Mr. Heath but by the English press in general, which has never experienced a Watergate and still has reasonable confidence in at least the upper echelons of government—was presumably something like *swan's down*, or some other form of Establishment feather-bedding. At any rate, it was these soft coverings that Andrew Boyle's book so dramatically blew, in an intensive reinvestigation of the Burgess-Maclean-Philby material, and in the course of interviewing some 500 witnesses, gaining access to recently declassified FBI and CIA files, and making a number of Blunt's and Philby's erstwhile friends and professional colleagues talk at unprecedented length, both on and off the record. Boyle is a BBC radio executive and ex-RAF man, with a reputation for writing biographies

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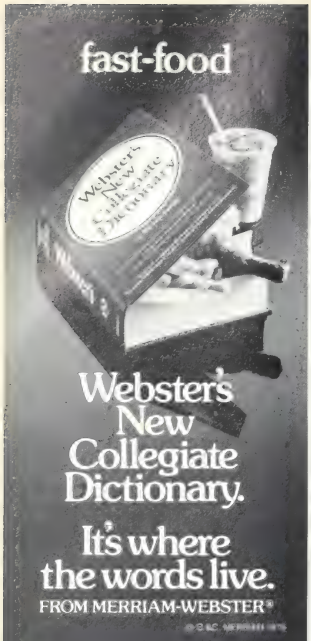


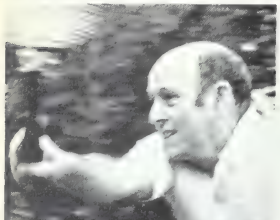
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dashed with patriotic gore. Notable among his informants were Philby's (and incidentally Graham Greene's) ex-colleague at MI 6, the once-radical pundit Malcolm Muggeridge—now benevolently known as St. Mugg for his tendency to hobnob with bishops on television, lamenting the decline of morality and green spaces; Blunt and Burgess's once-intimate friend from All Soul's College, Oxford, and a member of Montgomery's senior intelligence staff, Goronwy Rees; the former chief of Foreign Office security George Carey-Forster; and a certain "confidential CIA source" who may or may not have been James Jesus Angleton, "an outstanding though gloomy" man, we are told, now retired.

Boyle's book did more than just ruffle feathers: it started a definite draft in the whole dovecote. It suggested—without documentary proof—not only that there had been a "Fifth Man" as well (an English scientist resident in America, referred to sweetly as "Basil"), but that several more senior English officials—perhaps a dozen, perhaps *twenty*—had been involved or at least compromised in Communist treachery between 1939 and 1951; and that if there was a fourth and fifth man, then there was probably a twenty-fifth man, too, who had departed, unprosecuted, anonymous, and under a cloud. This unsettling speculation has since been partially confirmed by George Young, retired deputy director of MI 6, who put the number of "moles" at "up to a dozen"; and by Professor Blunt himself—in a postprandial interview (smoked trout and dry white wine) at the offices of the *Times*—although he thought that "twenty . . . was probably an exaggeration." Cold comfort.

The chill winds from all these revelations continued to whistle fitfully down Fleet Street and Westminster into the winter. Retired civil servants have been hounded to bachelor pads in Paris and Rome; the Letters page of the *Times* has rung with the clangor of Sword against Paintbrush; deathbed apologias have been tape-recorded and serialized; John le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* has become a kind of national soap opera; and obscurely honored names from MI 5 and 6—Tomas Harris, Guy Liddell—have been publicly laundered, bleached, and starched.

But what does it all amount to? In the marked absence of further official inquiries or prosecutions, has anything really been gained by Boyle's sensational enterprise? Dishonor for old men, distrust for young ones? Surely it is an ancient murky tale, "signifying nothing," best forgotten. Perhaps sleeping dogs—or moles, or foxes—are best left lying. Professor Blunt's immunity can be defended on the technical ground that a "turned" spy, especially of Blunt's central but passive role, is infinitely more valuable to the security services, when he has cooperated on a comprehensive debriefing if he remains unknown and unprosecuted (a practice certainly followed by the CIA in the case of "Basil"). As for "natural justice," perhaps it is not relevant in such matters of national interest. Anyway, Anthony Blunt—a cancer sufferer who nearly died in 197—has clearly recanted, and made substantial amends by both his secret confession and his public contribution to art scholarship. As for the others, they exist, they are old, retired, or dead. Surely discretion in such matters should be left to the State—and the security services left to pursue their vital night games undisturbed. Hasn't Graham Greene's ironic dictum been proved four times true: that since espionage is basically the psychological warfare of sowing mistrust, then the "most dangerous spy is the spy who is caught" and publicly exposed?

All that is certainly arguable. As the late Prof. F.R. Leavis, another contemporary of Professor Blunt's at Cambridge, used to say: "Yes, yes . . . but." The "but" concerns the matter of truth. It is not merely that the press must be free to investigate the truth in a democratic society (Woodward and Bernstein), but that the history of that society must be true as a whole, indivisibly, not partially (George Orwell). It is history that is really at issue here. Boyle's book, at both its strongest and its weakest, is essentially a historical study. It asks us to consider espionage and treachery within the context of the 1930s. The significance of Anthony Blunt and all the Cambridge spies (named and unnamed) is that they were an integral part of an entire intellectual generation in England, many of whom were at least some way "down the road" to

ard what they perceived as Commu-
ism. Not for nothing is the British
tle of Boyle's study *The Climate of*
reason.

The causes for this, as Boyle shows,
ere manifold and insidious: the fash-
onable influence of Marxist thought
t the universities (especially Cam-
ridge, the most scientifically oriented
—Blunt, incidentally, was a mathemat-
s scholar); the collapse of a credible
arliamentary Labour Party after
amsay MacDonald's desertion to the
ational Government; the disgust with
e old British Imperialism after the
reat War (Burgess had been des-
ned, like his father, for the Royal
avy); the frustrated desire for radi-
al social reform in a period of deep-
ning recession and unemployment;
nd the reaction against a generation
f weak, well-meaning liberal parents
Maclean's father had been an MP
nder Asquith and a staid president of
he Board of Education under Mac-
onald). But above all, the ideological
hift came in desperate response to the
rowing tyranny of Hitler's fascism.
With a series of lackluster, conciliа-
ory Prime Ministers—MacDonald,
Baldwin, Chamberlain—and surpris-
ngly strong pro-German sympathies in
nany sections of the political and so-
ial Establishment (Philby's first, in-
ocuous spying assignment was pre-
isely to infiltrate these, such as the
Anglo-German Friendship Society),
he movement leftward seemed not
nly logical but virtuous. The modern
arallels are all too easy to grasp.

In the later 1930s, out of a total
ndergraduate population of some
,000, the Cambridge Socialist League
ould claim 1,000 paid-up, active mem-
ers. The leftish character of many of
he period's leading writers was equal-
y exemplary: Orwell himself, W.H.
Auden, Stephen Spender, Arthur Koest-
er, Malcolm Muggeridge, J. B. S.
Haldane, and C. Day Lewis—another
ater poet laureate, who, incidentally,
dited in 1937 a collection of socialist
ssays entitled *The Mind in Chains*
vith a striking contribution by Blunt
n the "new realism." Indeed, the
eckoning lights of Communism were a
entral feature of the intellectual land-
cape of the Thirties, just as—and the
arallel goes a long way—the exciting
ires of the French Revolution were a
entral feature of English Romanti-
ism at the turn of the nineteenth cen-
tury. One group of poets, intellectuals, and journalists went "down the road" toward Paris, the other toward Moscow. When the poet Charles Madge wrote in Cambridge in 1933

> *Lenin, would you were living at this hour:*
> *England has need of you, of the cold voice*
> *That spoke beyond Time's passion, and expelled*
> *All the half treasons of the mind in doubt . . . ,*

he was actually parodying a sonnet by William Wordsworth.

BUT MOST of the period's political pilgrims turned back. They came back up that road, taking what they could use, abandoning (often rather bitterly) the rest. With them they brought some of the finest works of the period: Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Auden's poem "The Double Man," Spender's autobiography, *World Within World*. No one has put this critical fact, and historical parallel, more succinctly than the late Richard Crossman, editor of the classic post-Communist anthology *The God That Failed* (1950), himself a child of the Thirties, and later a notable Cabinet Minister (and diarist) in a Labour Government. Crossman wrote:

> *[These] intellectuals describe the journey into Communism, and the return. They saw it at first from a long way off—just as their predecessors 130 years ago saw the French Revolution—as a vision of the kingdom of God on earth; and, like Wordsworth and Shelley, they dedicated their talents to working humbly for its coming. They were not discouraged by the rebuffs of the professional revolutionaries, or by the jeers of their opponents, until each discovered the gap between his own vision of God and the reality of the Communist State —and the conflict of conscience reached breaking point.*

In the Thirties the breaking point came at various moments. For some it was the hardening news after 1934 of Stalin's trials, purges, and deportation camps; for others, the experience of Communist methods in the Republican rank and file during the Spanish Civil War, 1936–38; for others still,

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the unbelievable cynicism of the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. But what distinguishes the Cambridge spies, and separates them decisively from the other intellectuals of their generation, is their failure to turn back, their failure to discover the breaking point of conscience, or acknowledge the claims of patriotism in time of war. It is this that transformed them from fellow travelers into traitors, and this that in the end makes them so difficult, and so necessary, to understand.

Boyle's book falters in this matter of individual psychology. *Why* didn't they come back? *Why* were they so culpably blind? (Homosexuality, gullibility, lust for power, passion for intrigue—these are trivial, reassuring answers.) Faced by these imperative questions, Boyle frequently resorts to rhetoric, and curiously underestimates the evident talents and character of those he condemns:

> *Too few intellectuals in Britain understood that Russia, from her earliest Byzantine dreams of creating a theocracy on earth down to the latest Marxist-Leninist promises of world revolution and classless paradise, had always been the home of messianic determinism. Her revolutionary thinkers like Bakunin were thus prepared, like their French precursor Robespierre, to wade through seas of blood to demonstrate their love of humanity in the abstract. How could the adventure-seeking but non-intellectual Philby, the solemn yet assuredly immature Maclean, or the brashly irresponsible Burgess have been expected to grasp so gruesome a paradox?*

This is too easy (what the Chinese dialecticians so graphically call a paper tiger). It does not recognize the essential battle of ideas and loyalties in those minds: a battle so fierce that it eventually led to alcoholism, nervous breakdown, and a kind of intellectual schizophrenia—a term now used by Professor Blunt to describe himself. Nor does it acknowledge the dogged, sophisticated, and finally chilling idealism of those involved. Philby himself, for example, has put the question far more revealingly in his apologia, *My Silent War*, which Boyle does not risk quoting at this point. But it needs quoting, and at length, if the issue is to be grasped in anything like its full complexity—and menace. The Third Man wrote 1967:

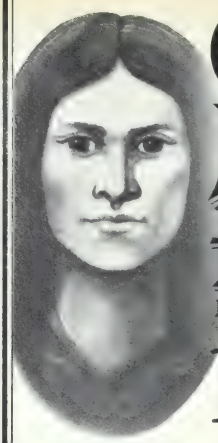
> *It cannot be so very surprising that I adopted a Communist viewpoint in the thirties; so many of my contemporaries made the same choice. But many of those who made the choice in those days changed sides when some of the worst features of Stalinism became apparent. I stayed the course. It is reasonable to ask why. . . .*
>
> *It seemed to me, when it became clear that much was going badly wrong in the Soviet Union, that I had three possible courses of action. First, I could give up politics altogether. This I knew to be quite impossible. It is true that I have tastes and enthusiasms outside politics; but it is politics alone that gives them meaning and coherence. Second, I could continue political activity on a totally different basis. But where was I to go? The politics of the Baldwin-Chamberlain era struck me then, as they strike me now, as much more than the politics of folly. The folly was evil. I saw the road leading me into the political position of the querulous outcast, of the Koestler-Crankshaw-Muggeridge variety, railing at the movement that had let me down, at the God that had failed me. This seemed a ghastly fate, however lucrative it might have been.*
>
> *The third course of action open to me was to stick it out, in the confident faith that the principles of the Revolution would outlive the aberration of individuals, however enormous. It was the course I chose, guided partly by reason, partly by instinct. Graham Greene, in a book appropriately called* The Confidential Agent, *imagines a scene in which the heroine asks the hero if his leaders are any better than the others. "No. Of course not," he replied. "But I still prefer the people they lead—even if they lead them all wrong." "The poor, right or wrong," she scoffed. "It's no worse—is it?—than my country, right or wrong. You choose your side once and for all—of course it may be the wrong side. Only history can tell that." The passage throws some light on my attitude in the depths of the Stalin cult. But I now have no doubt about the verdict of history.*

This is well written, and by an ab man. It commands attention, and ev sympathy. But the sophistry of the c fense needs to be coldly appreciate

ehind the disarming mask of frankess and comradely good faith (Philby ith his eternally patched tweeds and luff pipe and appealing stammer) lies peculiar mixture of arrogance, false eroics, and mental subterfuge. To lisen to him, you might easily be led nto thinking that this was an explanaion of how he voted in the last elecions, rather than how he spied against is country for twenty-odd years. And ote the falsehoods: think of any ideological author *less* "querulous" than rthur Koestler; think of the world f suffering passed over in the innocious phrase "the aberration of indiiduals" (think of Solzhenitsyn); conider the puerile reasoning that can ustify half a lifetime of actual treaon in terms of the passing remark of thriller-fiction hero (vintage 1939) —who was not, incidentally, a spy at ill. Only by bringing such contradicions out into the open, by fully joinng the ideological debate, both hisorical and philosophical, can one exect to win such a battle of ideas.

BOYLE, IN FACT, does much better. toward the end of his book, in pursuing the same question about Anthony Blunt. Blunt's defense (it almost has the character of a chess move) is radically different from Philby's, but no less insinuating. Blunt did not turn back (until 1964), he says, because of the strong claim of friendship: in this instance loyalty to Guy Burgess. It is an attractive argument. One recognizes its claims in the everyday, at the office, in the committee room. In his last chapter, Boyle restages a "protracted discussion" between the late Goronwy Rees and Blunt (which took place in 1951), in which Blunt, posing as "the Cambridge liberal conscience at its very best," tries to prevent Rees from informing on the spy ring by arguing "E. M. Forster's precept that betraying one's friend was worse than betraying one's country." Boyle quotes Rees's reply in full:

> *I said Forster's antithesis was a false one. One's country was not some abstract conception which it might be relatively easy to sacrifice for the sake of an individual; it was itself made up of a dense network of individual and social relationships in which loyalty to one*



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That is decisively put. But Boyle might also have added, in defense of Bloomsbury (which should not be handed over to Marxist sophists without a struggle), that E.M. Forster was also being subtly drawn out of context. What Forster actually wrote, in 1939 (and how the spies seem to run out of intellectual ammunition after that date), was this:

> *Personal relations are despised today. They are regarded as bourgeois luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which has now passed, and we are urged to get rid of them,* and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. *I hate the idea of dying for a cause, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country.*

The emphasis is mine. That phrase shows that Forster, far from advocating treason, was attacking precisely the idea of blind dedication to some great "movement or cause" that the Cambridge spies espoused. The telltale word *bourgeois,* used ironically, even suggests he had Communism specifically in mind. Instead, Forster advocates the value of personal relationships, and democracy: it is later in this very passage that he gives his famous "two cheers" for the system—"two cheers for democracy: one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism."

That the Cambridge spies dedicated themselves to the great "cause" of Russian Communism, which permits precious little criticism, and in the process betrayed a whole "bourgeois" circle of friends, colleagues, family relations, and students, would have deeply saddened Forster, that most gentle of men; but that they had used his writings to justify themselves would have appalled him. To twist such arguments, to bring disrepute on such an intellectual tradition, is a true *trahison des clercs.* It has to be fought on its own historical ground, and brought clearly into the light.

This, in my view, is the ultimate justification of Boyle's researches and exposures, whatever his limitations as an intellectual historian. He has put disputed, shadowy territory back into th domain of public debate. It is a high appropriate, almost symbolic rewa for his labors that the doubts arous by the Blunt revelations have had o strictly practical result, that of scuttli the Conservative Government's pr posed Protection of Official Inform tion Bill, which would have made a such independent investigations in past "security" matters, and even di cussions thereof, permanently illeg It has also focused attention on th fact that while many CIA and FBI fil are eventually declassified by law the United States, no such declassific tion system operates in the Britis Secret Intelligence Service files—n even, apparently, in the BBC personn files. Boyle was refused permissio "under existing rules" to consult ev Guy Burgess's file at the BBC.

With regard to all such characteri tically British forms of benign offici discretion, which prefers to suppre information or attitudes regarded "unfortunate" or damaging, the a swer has been given once and for a by that equally characteristic Britis philosopher, J. S. Mill. In his class defense of the open society, *On Liber* (1859), Mill wrote:

> *The peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.*

That is what Boyle's book represent the right and opportunity to colli with error.

On a less abstract plane, o of the peculiar interests of th whole Blunt affair to outsi observers must be the dive sity (indeed, Forster's "variety") the English response to the Janus fi ure of Blunt himself. Not to what once did, but to what he now is. Yo do not have to read the Letters pa of the *Times* to realize this. Bring u the subject in any pub, at any dinn

ble: traitor, idealist, rogue, pansy sthete, poor old chap—all the atti- des are there. What produces these visions?

To some extent it is undoubtedly ass. The white-haired, fastidious, ıtrician demeanor of the art historian ıd spy tends to evoke more forgive- ess among the professional classes, ıd more revulsion among the blue- llar. Another divisive factor is polit- al alignment, which may incidentally it across class lines. Left-leaning read- s of British newspapers like the *Guar- ian* and *Mirror* will tend to be less ontemptuous than right-leaning *Tele- raph* and *Sun* subscribers. A third onsideration is certainly age: chil- ren of the Sixties and Seventies, who rew up with the moral and political onfusion of the American war in Viet- am and the Russian invasion of zechoslovakia, will tend to regard the ourth Man in a softer, more ambigu- us light than would their parents, who ought in Normandy or Korea, or who emember the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 r the Berlin Airlift of 1947–48. Typi- ally, it was members of the London tudents Union who fought hardest to revent Blunt having his emeritus pro- essorship taken away by the univer- ity in February.

There is also the rather inscrutable ense of English form, or fair play, losely bound up with its sense of ilent humor, which I do not pretend o understand myself. Some weeks af- er the exposures, the *Times Literary Supplement* ran a full-page review of Blunt's authoritative study of the eventeenth-century baroque Italian rchitect Borromini. Throughout this engthy and highly laudatory essay, ıot the slightest reference—not so much as a parenthetical eyebrow—was nade to Blunt's public disgrace. How- ever, on the title page of the issue, next to Blunt's name, the *TLS* ran four llustrations of a deck of early Italian Tarot cards. The illustrations were, re- spectively, *La Morte*—Death; *La Gius- izia*—Justice; *La Torre*—the de- stroyed Tower; and *Re di Danari*—the King of Coins, one of whose divinatory meanings is "outmoded thinking, weakness, insularity, ease of corrup- ion." Another example comes from a recent issue of the popular commuters' paper, the *Evening News*. It was run- ning the results of a readers' poll on updated "Cult Figures from Politics and Show Biz." Thus "Rasputin" was updated as Ayatollah Khomeini, the Reverend Ian Paisley, Henry Kissinger, and Enoch Powell. Under the cult of "Errol Flynn" one could read: Warren Beatty, Dai Llewellyn, Oliver Reed, and—Anthony Blunt. Professor Blunt has also recently become the pica- resque hero of the more advanced Tube train and washroom graffiti. All this may seem impossibly arcane, but it is very British.

The significant division in the whole Blunt business, however, comes be- tween those who have a sense of his- tory and those who do not. This cuts right across class, politics, age, and even humor. The sense of history im- plies the ability not only to judge con- sequences, but also to appreciate causes, reasons, "the seeds hidden in the womb of time." It implies above all the ability to learn a lesson—the freedom not to make the same mistake twice. Many people have expressed this sense of history about the Anthony Blunt affair, both in and out of print, but I think it is suitable that it was expressed as well as anywhere in open debate, on the floor of the English House of Commons. The speaker, as it happens, was James Callaghan, the leader of the Opposition: and that, too, is suitable. Mr. Callaghan said (I quote from the *Times* dispatch):

> *As for Blunt, not enough attention has been paid to the atmosphere of the Thirties. There was a feeling they were facing the prospect of either Fascism or Communism and that people had to choose. I was never bitten by the bug—but I can understand those who were. It was the craven attitude of the Government of the day in the face of the Nazis which led people to reach that conclusion. If there had been a different attitude in the Thirties by the Government of the day to the Nazis, some people would not have gone where they did. When I watched Blunt on television last night it was like the rustle of dead leaves. I could hear the accents from the Thirties again. There is however nothing that can condone his treachery.*

The Audenesque melancholy of that, more in sorrow than in anger, is surely right; but so, too, is the crisp *envoi*—never, never again. □

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THWARTING ENERGY INDEPENDENCE

Five big man-made obstacles

by Philip K. Verleger, Jr

IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS that the United States has done nothing to solve its energy problems since 1973. In fact, the passage of the Emergency Petroleum Allocation Act (in 1973), the Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act (in 1974), the Energy Policy and Conservation Act (in 1975), the Energy Conservation and Production Act (in 1976), the Emergency Natural Gas Act (in 1977), the National Energy Conservation Act (in 1978), the Powerplant and Industrial Fuel Use Act of 1978, the Public Utility Regulatory Policies Act of 1978, the Natural Gas Policy Act of 1978, and the Energy Tax Act of 1978 made the situation worse. The prospects for improvement remain bleak in spite of the deluge of legislation pending in Congress. At least this is the grim conclusion that can be drawn from three studies on the energy problem published in 1979.*

The three books argue, not surprisingly, that the United States should consume less (conserve) and produce more fuels in order to solve its energy difficulties. The authors suggest, however, that current laws and regulations preclude a solution. Since none of the legislation pending in Congress addresses the problems built in by present regulations, the reader of the latest spate of energy tracts comes away with the hope that somehow the energy requirements of the nation can be met by the recycled by-product of the *Federal Register*.

Two of the books, *Energy: The Next Twenty Years* (the Ford study) and Sam Schurr's *Energy in America's Future* recommend an overhaul of existing U.S. laws and regulations to promote production and reduce consumption. Stobaugh and Yergin in *Energy Future* argue that the existing legislative, regulatory, and political situation makes adoption of the proposed reforms hopeless. Therefore they urge one more massive federal program to adjust American energy-use patterns —an adjustment that is currently discouraged not by greed or technology, but by legally mandated inefficiencies.

All agree, however, that the impediments to a rational solution of the energy problems are, first, the price controls on all forms of energy that discourage conservation; second, the pernicious environmental regulations; third, the concealed costs of relying on foreign oil; fourth, the difficult and emotional questions that attend the use of nuclear energy; and fifth, the federal government's ineffectual role in supporting new elixirs like synthetic fuels.

THE UNITED STATES has done little to encourage conservation in spite of repeated legislative attempts, but it is doubtful that any effort will succeed until the United States adopts marginal, or incremental, cost pricing for all kinds of energy. (Marginal cost pricing means charging the consumer the cost of producing the last unit of output for all units of consumption.) Present pricing regulations for oil, gas, and electricity do not do this. Instead, the customer of, for example, an electric utility pays an average, or rolled-in, price. This means that during the afternoon on a hot summer day, the consumer of electricity in New York City is probably paying a price 50–75 pe cent below the marginal cost, while c a cool autumn afternoon the price probably 50 percent too high. Exce sive consumption is encouraged, a utilities are encouraged to add expe sive sources of supply to their system

The adoption of marginal cost pri ing is a problem of herculean propo tions—possibly on the magnitude of country's deciding to switch from dri ing on the left to driving on the righ The transition must be made abrupt and completely, and imposes substa tial burdens on everyone. The chan must apply to: all fuels—otherwise co sumers will rush to switch to tho fuels not subject to such pricing; a regions, to prevent unjustified moves new regions; and all users, to achie the maximum reduction in consum tion. The change would also create serious financial burden for consume while giving energy suppliers (utilitie producers, et cetera) dreaded win fall profits. The authors of the Fo study acknowledge the problem a suggest, "If we consider that massi income transfer unfair and that ut ities should be limited to their trad tional rate of return on investments a measure of profit, then some meth must be found to dispose of the ne ly acquired excess revenue." They su gest a refund scheme like Preside Carter's windfall-profits tax. T Schurr study would leave the mon with the utilities and producers:

> *If windfalls are allowed to rest where they fall, some people seem to be enriched at the expense of others. On the other hand, when efforts are made to remove windfalls (through taxation or price controls, for example), wasteful distortions are imposed on the economy.*

Unfortunately, it has been the si

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* The studies are: *Energy Future*, done under the auspices of the Harvard Business School by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin (published by Random House, 288 pages, $12.95); *Energy in America's Future*, done at Resources for the Future under the direction of Sam Schurr (published by Johns Hopkins University Press, 576 pages, $30; paper, $10.95); and *Energy: The Next Twenty Years*, undertaken by nineteen academics, chaired by Hans Landberg, and sponsored by the Ford Foundation (published by Ballinger, 656 pages, $25; paper, $9.95).

of the potential windfalls that has made resolution of the energy problem so difficult. Stobaugh and Yergin note that these difficulties will probably continue. They recommend federal subsidies, in the form of tax credits and loan guarantees, to offset the failure to price energy fairly. Instead of the present 10 percent credit authorized in the Energy Tax Act of 1978, they recommend tax credits of 40 percent for industry and 50 percent for residences.

Tax credits, however, are expensive to the taxpayer. The Senate and House conferees estimated that the 10 percent tax credits in the Energy Tax Act of 1978 would cost the Treasury $1 billion a year until 1985. Stobaugh and Yergin, nevertheless, would impose a much greater levy, probably in excess of $10 billion per year, because 40–50 percent tax credits would make conservation expenditures free for many wealthy homeowners and corporations. Further, the federal expenditures would be beyond the President's control, thus adding difficulty to the already lopsided budget.

The failure to correct for defects in energy pricing creates other distortions that cannot be overcome by tax credits, because present prices encourage consumers, both individuals and businesses, to choose fuels as they would shoes—that is, at best price—rather than to please energy theorists, and pay more than necessary. For instance, consumers with access to natural-gas pipelines in the Northeast have recently rushed to obtain connections in order to avoid paying high oil prices. Such connections became possible after Congress passed the National Gas Policy Act of 1978, which increased the supply of natural gas in the Northeast while guaranteeing that residential consumers would have to pay only a low, average price for natural gas and not the higher marginal cost. Thus, the individual homeowner who has successfully plugged into a low-cost gas pipeline can gluttonously consume natural gas and put off insulation and the like because, given below-cost gas, such expenditures do not make sense even with 50 percent tax credits. On the other hand, the consumer using oil and paying the true marginal cost for heat will hasten to reduce his energy bill and eagerly take advantage of every tax credit and incentive offered. If marginal cost pricing were practiced, both homeowners would insulate, both would be cold, and the United States would import less oil.

Even if the United States does manage to hurdle the legislative barriers and move to marginal cost pricing, we will not cut consumption to the level of the Europeans and the Japanese, who use 30–40 percent less energy per capita (after adjustment for differences in income), despite the dreams of proponents of the conservation ethic, such as Stobaugh and Yergin. The reason is simple. The United States is different geographically and sociologically from Europe. Distances between places in the U.S. are greater, the population is more dispersed, and there are more houses. Given these differences, the United States will always be a more energy-intensive society.

THE SECOND obstacle to rational resolution of the U.S. energy problem is the Clean Air Act of 1970 and its more recent amendments. This act, according to the Ford authors, makes it difficult to use coal instead of foreign oil. The Ford authors suggest that the present form of U.S. legislation is far more restrictive than is necessary to achieve the nation's environmental goals. They point out that congressional deadlines for bringing "nonattainment regions" into compliance with the law, stringent requirements for new sources of pollution in nonattainment regions, stringent new-source performance standards, which cannot be met using low-sulphur coal (an amendment to the law by Ohio and Kentucky lawmakers to force midwestern utilities to use midwestern rather than Rocky Mountain coal), and the "prevention of significant deterioration" in areas already complying with the law make it almost impossible to build a coal-burning plant anywhere in the country. A utility reckless enough to try to burn coal must literally gamble on an untried or unproved pollution-abatement technology in the hope that it will satisfy, or can be modified to satisfy, the chimney sweeps employed by the Environmental Protection Agency.

An alternative endorsed by the Ford authors (as well as by Schurr) is to let the market work in place of regulation. While this may be the economists' solution to everything, the Ford report notes, "Air pollution control is probably the only area of public policy that uses brute force regulation to try and solve a resource allocation problem of such magnitude and complexity." The arguments advanced by the Ford authors are that present regulations: have not worked well; permit existing sources to pollute at excessive rates while newer, potentially cleaner facilities cannot be constructed; and discourage research and development for better control technology, especially for existing sources.

The Ford authors do endorse the New Sources Performance standards:

> *In light of the uncertainties and complexities in determining the ultimate impact of pollution, emissions should be reduced whenever and however it is relatively cheap and easy to do so, such as in the design and construction of new facilities.*

They argue, however, that:

> *Market devices allow the process of government to concentrate on "external" matters that only they can handle—such as determining where emissions come from, where they go, what harm they do, and how much it is worth to society to reduce them. Individual emitters are given the incentive and the opportunity to evaluate and respond to the "internal" technological and economic details that each can best deal with individually.*

Until such changes are made, increases in the use of coal will be slow.

OIL IMPORTS, even at today's outrageous prices, do not fully cover their true cost, because with the consumption of imported oil comes the danger that exporting countries can cut off supplies. In addition, such is the market power of the United States and the industrial world that any increases in the demand for oil can cause an increase in the world price. As Stobaugh and Yergin note:

> *Even world market prices [in the U.S.] would still be much too low to reflect the real risks caused by oil imports. These [risks] include*

such things as higher oil prices, slower economic growth, and international political tension.

Many economists endorse a tax on oil use to offset these effects. Stobaugh and Yergin suggest that for the United States, the fee would need to be quite large, perhaps as much as $72 per barrel. But Schurr's Resources for the Future study offers a rebuttal to this thesis:

The full cost of additional imports —taking into account effects of oil prices on economic and political stability—is probably somewhat higher than the price that is charged. While uncertainties exist, the evidence points to distortions that are not large.

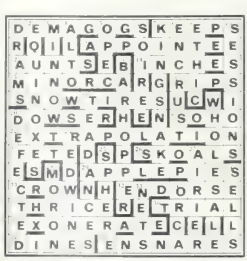
Whichever view one accepts, one must agree that the present U.S. fee on imported oil of only 21 cents per barrel is laughably small. U.S. price controls on domestic crude oil together with a bizarre and bureaucratic entitlements program actually cause the average price of imported crude oil to be below the world price, and actually subsidize the consumption of oil. President Carter's program to decontrol domestic crude prices will at least end this subsidy by October, 1981 (if the program survives the intervening months in Congress). But the clear message emerging from all three books is that the subsidy should have been terminated in 1977.

THE FUTURE PROSPECTS of nuclear energy in the United States were altered in 1979 by the incident at Three Mile Island just as these books were going to press. Thus it would be unfair to expect any of the studies to offer recommendations that would be acceptable in the changed atmosphere that followed the incident. However, the Ford and the Resources for the Future books make a number of suggestions that appear to have been prepared after the Three Mile Island incident and are certainly germane to the current debate. In summary, the authors suggest: continued research on the breeder reactor because of its potential; adoption of a recoverable nuclear waste program; remote siting of all nuclear power plants; and stiffening of penalties for violating nuclear safety regulations.

The Ford and Resources for the Future studies agree that the United States should continue research into advanced nuclear reactors. There is, however, disagreement on the approach to be taken. The Ford authors believe that the United States does not now, and will not need to, demonstrate commercial-scale breeder reactor before the year 2000. They recommend a research program into alternative breeder reactors (currently the U.S. nuclear establishment has focused its attention exclusively on the LMFBR—Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor). The authors at Resources for the Future, on the other hand, suggest, but do not recommend, a program to develop the LMFBR to determine early the problems associated with it, in case the breeder is ever needed. Thus, the United States could abandon the breeder option well before it was forced to accept it, regardless of the risk.

There is a strong difference between these views. One group says go quickly or don't go at all. The other says hold back since it is not needed yet. Neither study gives the reader enough information to make an informed choice. The authors of both books also suggest that nuclear plants should be located well away from populated areas, and Schurr even suggests shutting down some plants too close to populated areas (with compensation to the utilities involved). There is also agreement that nuclear wastes pose a problem that should be resolved by federal development of recoverable storage paid for by the utilities.

From my point of view, these are the least satisfactory parts of each of the books. While I cannot accept the view of Stobaugh and Yergin, who suggest that "the nuclear option offers no solution to America's growing dependence for the rest of the century," I am unconvinced by the suggestions in the Schurr and Ford studies as well. The dissatisfaction is a result of the publication of the Kemeny report on the Three Mile Island incident, which was not available to the authors of any of the books when they went to press. The findings of the Kemeny report indicate that there were severe deficiencies in management at both the utility company that owned Three Mile Island and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. As a result, I wonder whether electric utilities have the competence to run nuclear reactors or the NRC the capacity to oversee nuclear reactor operation. The deafening silence from the Administration on these issues at this critical time complicates the problem and may, in the future, result in further nuclear retrenchment and in



Solution to the March Puzzle

Notes for "Crossing the Bar"

Note: A slash (/) is inserted in the clue explanations to indicate the position of the bar that was crossed.

Across: 1. de(m.-agog)s/k; 7. s.-peek/s, reversed; 11. l/appointe (anagram)-E.; 12. Au-nts/e, anagram; 14. b/(in-ch.)e-S.; 15. minor-ca/r; 16. g/rips, two meanings; 17. snow tires/u, anagram; 20. dowser/h, anagram; 21. n/so(H)o, anagram; 24. fete/d, homonym of "fated"; 26. p/(sKO, reversal)als; 29. d/apple-pies; 31. crow/n, two meanings; 32. h/(end)orse: 35. thrice/r, anagram; 36. e/trial, anagram; 37. ex(one rat)e/c; 38. dines/e, anagram; 39. s/ens(nar, reversal)es. *Down*: 1. dram(a)s/-d; 2. equin(ox) es/-R; 3. min(now)/t; 4. alto/w, hidden; 5. op.-ec/i, reversal; 6. so-I-ree/l; 7. king's nake/d; 8. encrust/o, anagram; 9. ethic/o, hidden; 10. sessions/s, anagram; 18. r/tea dances, anagram; 19. (p/(w-holes)ale; 20. s/(def.reversal)ec.-Ted; 23. s/(red)wine; 25. p/sphere, anagram; 27. i/airier, anagram; 28. t/m(reversal)-or-on; 30. s/sel(reversal)-l(es)s; 33. L/-nets; 34. p/orc(reversal)-a.

reased dependence on imported oil.

THE ONLY MAJOR initiative proposed by President Carter in 1979 to increase U.S. energy supplies is the Energy ecurity Corporation, which would reeive federal funding of $88 billion o increase domestic production of il and gas from coal, shale oil, and ther sources. These increased supplies vould, according to the White House act Sheet issued after Carter's July 5 speech, reduce U.S. 1990 oil imorts by 2.5 million barrels a day. According to the President's proposal, 'The corporation will be authorized o invest in or develop directly, proluction capacity from coal liquids, coal gases, peat, biomass, shale oil, ind unconventional natural gas." The corporation is specifically prohibited from engaging in research and development activities.

Since the President submitted his proposal, Congress has drastically reduced the size of the corporation. This may be fortunate, as the authors of all three studies argue that such programs are precisely what government should avoid. The Ford study makes this point most clearly:

> *We believe that the commitment to government-sponsored demonstration or deployment projects should be the exception, not the rule. The rule should be to price energy properly, to encourage environmentally sound energy projects, whether for supply or conservation, and to expect the private sector to read the signals and take the risks. Exceptions to this rule should be selected and managed with great care.*

Economists oppose federal intervention in the development of synthetic fuels because the government chooses technologies in the haphazard way it allots pork-barrel projects and because the President's plan, not surprisingly, eliminates any incentives to control costs.

Those who make U.S. energy policy have not and are not accepting the advice of specialists in grappling with what is a political as well as an energy crisis. Marginal cost pricing has been soundly defeated. Fees are not being imposed on imports of oil. The strategic petroleum reserve languishes. Environmental policy imposes rigid standards, deadlines, and specific technological requirements. Nuclear policy is sinking deeper into a morass, and President Carter proposes to spend $88 billion on a synthetic-fuels program of dubious merit. Hence I find little reason to be optimistic about energy prospects in the 1980s. Stobaugh and Yergin suggest that this mess can be overcome only if we increase the bureaucratic dole. Those familiar with the budgetary consequences of President Johnson's attempt to fight the wars in Vietnam and Harlem without a tax increase can be pardoned for expressing skepticism toward such an approach. The authors of the Ford Foundation study, *Energy: The Next Twenty Years,* and the Schurr study, *Energy in America's Future,* argue that the United States will founder until it addresses the fundamental problems. The evidence from the past six years makes theirs a compelling argument. □

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THE IRRESISTIBLE WILFRID BLUNT

Major lover, minor poet

by Frances Taliaferr

A Pilgrimage of Passion: The Life of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, by Elizabeth Longford. 480 pages, illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf, $15.95.

IF WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT is known at all to contemporary readers, it may be through his inclusion in the "old," or Quiller-Couch, edition of *The Oxford Book of English Verse.* Blunt, whose date of birth places him between Thomas Hardy and Henry Austin Dobson, commands six pages. (G. M. Hopkins has three, Yeats two; Emily Dickinson is represented by one poem of eight lines.) Blunt's longish poem "The Desolate City," all hexameters and ormolu diction, mourns the loss of love. ("Dark to me is the earth. Dark to me are the heavens./ Where is she that I loved, the woman with eyes like stars?") Three stuffy sonnets are less appealing than "The Old Squire," a paean to "county" conservatism:

. . . . . .

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

. . . . . .

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

With this evidence, few will protest Blunt's exclusion from *The New Oxford Book of English Verse.*

Why, then, a sizable biography of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, its author the redoubtable Lady Longford, and its title *A Pilgrimage of Passion?* It turns out that Blunt was not the sort of moony Victorian whose three names certified him a minor poet. As the curious secrets of Victoria's century unfold themselves, we learn how unruly her subjects really were—none more than Blunt, who was in his brief public life an irritant to Establishment notions of empire, an advocate of home rule in the Muslim world as in Ireland. In his private life, Blunt the unquenchable amorist enjoyed dozens of lovers, from the celebrated "Skittles" to the well-born ladies who shared with him a series of country-house bedrooms and rented love nests. Raymond Mortimer judges him "the most picturesque Englishman of his time—poet, sportsman, amorist, and rebel."

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was born in 1840 to a Sussex family of impeccable county lineage. His mother joined the Roman Catholic Church at about the same time as her friend Henry Manning—he who became the cardinal so lovingly impaled by Lytton Strachey in *Eminent Victorians.* Wilfrid's own relations with the church were to fluctuate according to the attention its representatives paid him. Once, during a conversation with Cardinal Newman, Blunt found that the touch of Newman's "warm, nervous, sympathetic" hand cured him of toothache, and he willingly—if temporarily—listened to the strictures of Pope Leo XIII on marriage, offered during a private audience in Rome. These illustrious encounters inspired in him less religious feeling than his long, sporadic affair with a devout lady who reminded him of the faith of his boyhood. Wilfrid at thirty-two wrote in his diary, "How happy I could be serving God with Minnie and sinning sins with her, for which we could both sit in sackcloth." Yet he was not perverse; it was simply that his conception of fidelity, whether religious or romantic, left much room fo improvisation.

Blunt seems to have been qui without the capacity to doubt himsel His amazing good looks, good birt and material good fortune freed hi for every sort of exploration; he ha all the latitude of the energetic am teur and no practical or profession obligations to bind him. His only fo mal occupation was his tour of eleve years in the diplomatic service—tou indeed, for he was posted to Athen Constantinople, Frankfurt, Madri and Buenos Aires, and found no of cial vexations to keep him from th pleasures of Vanity Fair. He left th diplomatic service shortly after h marriage, the immediate cause of h retirement an inconvenient posting St. Petersburg.

He saw himself as Byronic, ar was pleased to make a marriage wi Lord Byron's granddaughter, Lady A nabella King-Noel. This extraordina woman was not the sort to inspi illicit passions, and her upbringi had been resolutely unpoetic, in fear her wild Byronic blood. She would see the very type of the Victorian wife- adoring, humorless, long-suffering, r ligious—except that her travels wi Blunt in Egypt, Arabia, and Pers both educated and toughened her. better linguist than her husband, s spoke excellent diplomatic Arabic the tightest situations. She was a go observer: a laconic diarist but a pr cise water-colorist. She adored hors and contributed her valuable judgme to the foundation of the Crabbet Ar bian stud, named after the Blunt a cestral home. (When the first Arabi horses arrived at Crabbet, "Anne te

Frances Taliaferro writes the "In Print" c umn in monthly alternation with Jeff Burke.

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derly snipped off a lock of Sherifa's hair and sealed it in an envelope.") First for love of Wilfrid, and then for love of the desert itself, she endured travels unimaginable to the present age, suffering miscarriages in Bedouin tents, surviving attacks by hostile tribesmen, but admiring the beauty of the Nefud, the great red desert of central Arabia. (Quite in character, she compared its color to that of the favorite Victorian aperient, rhubarb and magnesia.) The first work on Arabia to be published by either Blunt was Lady Anne's *The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*, "edited and with a Preface and some account of the Arabs and their Horses by W.S.B." Subsequent writings made a real contribution to Western study of the Arab world and its cartography, though Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* would later correct some of Blunt's rosier passages.

WILFRID's political views were somewhat romantic, colored by his taste for swashbuckling and his vision of the Bedouin as a noble people "whose public life was based not in word only but in fact on those three principles so much abused in Europe, Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood." Lady Longford names him "the first of the great anti-imperialists; the first to make the heavens ring with his indignation at a time when the British Empire seemed all but divine." He was in bad odor with authorities on every side, speaking for the cause of nationalism close to home as well as halfway around the world. Denounced as an incendiary for his interest in Islamic self-determination, he was arrested for his part in a scrimmage over home rule in Ireland, and spent two chilly months picking oakum in Irish prisons (an occupation he found curiously pleasant). His Byronic love of other nations' independence is a far more endearing passion than are his tiresome fritterings in the great houses of English society.

Women found him perfectly irresistible. "Skittles"—Catherine Walters—met Blunt when he was twenty-three and she was en route to join Napoleon III at Biarritz. Skittles, ravished by Blunt's wild, sunburnt, resemblance to John the Baptist, whisked him away to live with her—at least till the wind changed. Blunt's power to cloud women's minds seems never to have abated. At fifty-one he presented the same romantic verses to three different women on the same day. Constant, whatever his own age, in his devotion to girls of sixteen and women of thirty-two—ages he found magical—he initiated maidens into the pleasures of the flesh even as he freed matrons from the constraints of marriage. He was a universal wild oat, notably successful with married women of otherwise incorruptible fidelity. He left two known illegitimate children and remained on good terms with their mothers as with all his paramours, despite his protestation that friendship with a woman was impossible: "If I do not make love, I don't know what to do or say and she is bored and I am bored and insensibly the friendship and all else withers away."

The reader of *A Pilgrimage of Passion* may be astounded by the force with which Blunt's loves document late Victorian upper-class morality. Advising his daughter, he averred that there was nothing wrong with marrying "a respectable dummy and waiting for happiness till the other man appears." It was to be hoped that the other man would appear "within the tribe"; Blunt could never resist the appeal of a liaison sanctified by the ties of kinship and of good society. Adultery might even play a eugenic role: "It is much wiser for a woman who has an inferior husband, to choose a suitable sire for her children." These reflections are no more bizarre than the mores of the time. Blunt made Lady Mary Elcho his "Bedouin wife" while she was platonically pledged to Arthur Balfour; her husband, Lord Elcho, suffered this dalliance as long as he was keeping vigil at the deathbed of his own official mistress, Hermione Duchess of Leinster, but when that lady died he returned to claim his conjugal rights of Lady Mary. Even such was the *fin de siècle*.

In Blunt's lively old age he was celebrated at a "Peacock Dinner" given him by several young poets, including Yeats, Masefield, Richard Aldington, and Ezra Pound, then Yeats's secretary. The poets dined on peacock and read verses in the old man's honor. (The slightly reluctant sage himself commented, "The modern poetry represented by these young men is too entirely unlike anything I can recognise as good verse.") Blunt's last and most monogamous liaison was with a much younger woman who completed his alienation from Lady Anne and from his truculent, litigious daughter Judith. Whatever his gifts as the messenger of Eros, he had little aptitude for Agape.

A MAJOR AMORIST he may have been, but Blunt was a minor poet and a minor political figure—a minor Victorian, "lesser life," in Diane Johnson's phrase. It does seem patronizing to bottle lives in such a way, as if there were so many olives to be passed through a mesh: medium, large, colossal. How many of us would even survive the sorting?—for under the aspect of eternity, every life is a minor one. Still, greater and lesser figures may be measured by such temporary practices as biography.

The biographer of a minor figure must choose his form with some care. Few are as honest as Dr. Johnson in the opening sentence of his brief life of the poet William Somervile: "Of Mr. Somervile's life I am not able to say anything that can satisfy curiosity." Few are as sympathetic as Diana Johnson, who prefaces her life of the first Mrs. Meredith: "We know a lesser life does not seem lesser to the person who leads one. His life is very real to him; he is not a minor figure in it." Some minor subjects become figures in the landscape of their age. *Black Sun*, Geoffrey Wolff's life of Harry Crosby, is more interesting for its milieu than in its central character. Some very lucky minor figures come alive in imaginative works like Geoffrey Scott's *Portrait of Zélide*, an elegant little book somewhere between biography and fiction.

The form most disastrous for the minor figure is the major biography. Lady Longford cites a remark that was made of Colonel Dreyfus: "L'homme était bien inférieur à l'affaire." One thinks instead of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a colorful enough person and one whose life touched the lives of other colorful characters—but a figure too frail to support the weight of such a laborious edifice as *A Pilgrimage of Passion*.

The Maternal Instinct

by Tom Wolfe



"How's your little boy?"

"Oh, I don't know what to do with him. He's sick, but he won't stay in bed. He had an angina attack sprinting on the beach, trying to impress the boys at his big conference. He had another one in his room trying to impress the little researcher I'm not supposed to know about. He had another one hanging some shutters in the kitchen trying to smother his guilt."



THE EBONY CASKET

by Joyce Carol Oates

"Because I was buried alive at the age of ten
I am fated to be a clown—
no one will believe me and the louder I insist
the louder they shout their denials.
What an imagination! *What a liar*!
Wiping their eyes, their mouths.
Wiping away their hilarity.
It's wisest to speak in whispers. . . ."

All profile, bony face and agate eyes.
No one had ever called him a liar, nor had
they marveled at his imagination. In my hearing
they had only called him mad.

"We were skating. The temperature was below zero.
I fell through the ice. Sank in the freezing water.
—Though I didn't really *fall through* the ice,
the older boys led me to a weak place, where fishermen
had cut a hole the day before. And it gave way.
And I fell through.

The shock of the water was so great, I fainted at once,
they said I had died then, my face turned blue,
by the time they dragged me to the house
a film of ice had formed completely around me—
would have sealed over my mouth and nose
but for the resourcefulness of one of the girls,
who pressed her warm hand against me. *Don't die*! *Don't die*!
And in the house, by the fireplace, I screamed
as the angry blood rushed back into my feet and hands,
and the tingling everywhere in my body swelled and pulsed.
They spooned warm milk laced with brandy into my mouth,
they moved my arms and legs to revive me,
but (so they claimed) I was already dead.
There was no heartbeat, the milk trickled down my chin.
My eyes had turned back into my head."

He demonstrated. The eyes, agate-hard,
rolling back into his head. He *was* a clown.
But neither of us smiled.

"Naturally the family gathered round! Mother and Father
and Grandmother and Grandfather and Uncle Noel and
Aunt Cornelia and my brothers who had murdered me!—and
the helpless country doctor, staring. It was to *him*
I whispered, *I am not dead, I am alive not dead,*
but he pretended not to hear.



The spectacle of mourning had begun and could not be stopped.
The grief, the noise. The luxury of tears.
Naked beneath a blanket I lay on the dining room table,
close beside the hearth, and they knelt around me,
mumbling dazed prayers. Now that I was dead they loved me.
Now that I was dead they wanted me alive.
Please help me sit up, I whispered, but the fools
refused to hear. I could not move: not even my lips,
my eyelids. *I don't want your grief,* I shouted,
I am not dead. But the grief could not be stopped.

In an ebony casket they placed me, my head on a satin pillow.
Candles flickered. Faces darted near, to kiss.
I am not dead, I told them.
Mourners in Sunday dress, calla lilies at my head,
my eyes watering with tears of rage and boredom.
And pain: for they had jammed my feet into socks
and the socks had bunched at the toes and the shoes
(though they were my own shoes) pinched badly.
I am not dead, please have mercy, I begged the faces
but their glassy eyes showed no recognition.
By then I was any corpse. By then I was no one's child.

(And in the background—did they think I didn't know?—
the rich warm odors of food: turkey, ham, roast beef,
roast pork, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamed spinach,
peas and carrots, squash, biscuits and rolls and hot bread,
and pies—every sort of pie!—and my favorite boyhood dessert,
cherry cobbler topped with whipped cream. My mouth flooded
with saliva, I sank into a delirium of hunger, *Please feed
me, please help me to sit up,* but they wanted the food only
for themselves; they did not hear.)

Can you accept it—" he said, leering, "I mean *you*—
that at your death, at your wake, the grief-stricken
will mostly be thinking of food?—and of course drink?"

His skeleton was prominent, his flesh lay stretched
upon it meanly. From every angle his face was profile.

* * *

"So I was waked, and they carried me out, and I swooned with cold
and knew nothing of the funeral services, and a great period
of time passed, weeks, months, during which I found myself
with God . . . or *in* God . . . buoyed up on all sides by God. Who
did not let them bury me. (The ground was frozen solid.
There were never any burials in mid-winter.)
In my handsome ebony casket I was stored in the ice-house,
in a remote corner of the ice-house,
and a canvas was draped prudently over me;
and I assume they forgot.
People *do* forget, you know. That's the cruelest part.
Your only revenge is—to forget them first!—before they die.
Do you understand?



In Homer's after-life the psyche is nothing more
than a shade flitting among shades, doomed to drift forever,
capable of remembering only injuries and injustices—
a sorry fate!
But though I had been grievously injured (in fact murdered)
I did not dream of revenge: I did not dream:
I slept in utter darkness, in the Oblivion of God.
That winter the temperature was 30 and 35 below zero
for days at a time, there were hideous blizzards,
drifts as high as twenty-five feet, and thousands
of white-tailed deer starved. . . . I slept, I was frozen hard,
God shielded me. It was only God. Until one April day
the southeast wind woke me and my limbs surged with life
and my eyes sprang open and I heard myself shouting
and pounding on the lid of the casket—
suddenly I *was* alive—
and could not be silenced.

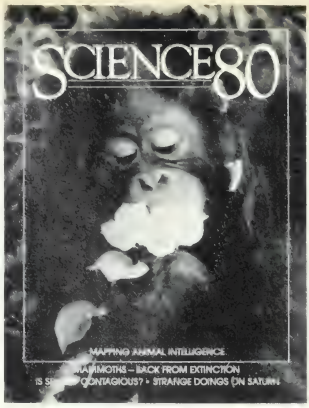
How quickly you know it, your own life!
The intake of breath, the delirium of want, *I am not dead,*
I am not dead, and your voice now so demanding
no one can turn away.
I am not dead! I shouted.
The dogs gathered round yipping and howling in terror,
and finally the casket was pried open,
and to everyone's astonishment I stepped out—
dizzy at first, stumbling—
but alive—
my face flushed with blood,
my eyes glittering.

I was eleven years old. My birthday had come and gone,
while I slept in the casket.

I never did die, I insisted afterward.
Weeks and months. Years. Afterward.
I never did die, you buried me alive, I said,
but they looked guiltily away, their cruel eyes narrowed,
they refused to apologize.
At first they claimed (waving the death certificate
in triumph) that I *had* certainly died, and then they claimed
there had been no burial after all.
And then, in recent decades, they claim I invented it:
a fall through the ice one morning, a child's skating mishap,
pain, alarm, tears, bad dreams.
What an imagination, they say. *What a liar. . . .*"

His age by some estimates is 103, by his own 112 years,
still he plays the clown. "Can you accept it," he says,
"at your death—I mean *you*—that no one will listen,
that they will bury you alive? Your pleading—your craven smiles—
your charm—*you?*"

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PIANO BAR NOTES

"I say it's 'Chopsticks' "

by Don Ashe

LATELY I'VE been playing a lot of solo piano (as opposed to band work): piano bars, wedding receptions, private parties, and, for the past ten months, weekends at the Casablanca Restaurant in San Francisco. The Casablanca is a pleasant, medium-priced continental place whose decor, as you would expect, consists of Persian rugs, wide-blade ceiling fans, and blow-ups of Bogart, Bergman, Greenstreet, and Dooley Wilson. There is a white spinet with a tip receptable in the form of a brandy snifter, in which people may express their appreciation for any requests I might answer. This is the proprietor's idea, not mine—his way of compensating for paying me flat union scale; he is a kindly fellow (only twenty-nine), wishes he could pay me more, and unlike many of his genre, considers musicians a cut above waiters and bartenders; as a consequence I drink and dine like a king every weekend. The only drag is I have to play "As Time Goes By" at least a dozen times a night. This is one of those tunes that everyone loves but musicians. The melody is crabbed and doesn't flow and the harmonic structure is unwieldy—there's little you can do with it. Other beloved tunes musicians generally dislike are "Stardust" (with the exception of the verse, which is a beauty and which Hoagy Carmichael, according to the biography *Bix: Man and Legend*,* may have lifted from a Beiderbecke improvisation on "Singin' the Blues" one night during the Twenties), "The Impossible Dream," and "When the Saints Go Marching In." Conversely, people will often apologize for requesting songs that they feel musicians will consider hopelessly cornball or sentimental—"Some Day My Prince Will Come," say, or "Over the Rainbow." But these are lovely tunes with lilting melodies and fluid chord changes, though I can never play the latter without remembering what a mortician once told me the old Garland weeper is by far favorite selection at dog funerals.

A few weeks ago a Casablanca customer requested "Roses of Picardy" He was moderately drunk but had look about him of intelligence and h mor. I said that I hadn't played th tune in twenty years, that I feared would stumble on it, and suggested since he had already dropped a doll in the kitty—that he supply me with alternative. His eyes flared, he glo ered at me; he leaned over the pia and shouted in my face, "There is alternative—it's 'ROSES OF PICA DY' OR DEATH!" This same patro



*By Richard M. Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans (Arlington House, 1974).

Don Asher is a novelist among whose books are Blood Summer (*Putnam*), *and* Raise Up Off Me: A Portrait of Hampton Hawes (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*).

n his way out an hour later—it was restrained evening, with little con-ersation or response to the music—opped another dollar in the kitty and id, "The only way you're gonna get rise out of this crowd is to strip to our shorts and parade around the bles playing 'I'm a Ding-Dong Dad-y' on a Jew's harp." Like the quarks physics, bar-restaurant clientele can ove both strange and charmed.

When I first started playing solo and ceived a request whose title rang a ell but whose melody eluded me, I ould ask how the tune went. This is mistake. There is no way you're go-g to get an idea of a melody from a onmusician who hums or sings a few ars; what you get is an approxima-on of Tourette's Syndrome, a rare id curious ailment wherein the vic-m twitches, grunts, and barks. To say atly you do not know the tune is an casion for disbelief—"Of course you o"—followed by the indecipherable runts and barks. The only way out is suggest an alternative (at risk of eath) or, if the request is formidable -say, "Rhapsody in Blue" or "Slaugh-r on Tenth Avenue"—to equivocate, That's one I don't know without the usic, which is in my piano bench at ome. I'll remember to bring it next me." . . . "But you don't need the usic, it goes like this—" I suppose e reason a person will accept the law-er's or accountant's evasion, "I don't ave the figures at my fingertips, but ll get back to you," but not the pia-ist's prevarication has to do with the nmediacy of gratification: the food is n the table, the wine is flowing, the andlelit lover is waiting across the oom.

I WAS ONCE HIRED by a woman to play for her husband's surprise birthday party. She asked me to come a half-hour before the uests were due so that we could go ver a list of requests she had com-iled. I arrived at the appointed time ith my props, which I always carry ith me: 1) a pair of cushions, one t and one skinny, to be used sepa-ately or together or in conjunction with y folded topcoat, magazines, books, ablecloths—whatever is available—to ring me to a certain height at the eyboard (I cannot function unless I m at that precise height) and 2) a wad of paper cocktail napkins, which, when folded and placed strategically between the strings, will bring flat notes reasonably up to pitch. The woman gave me a glass of wine and excused herself briefly to go across the street to borrow more glasses from a neighbor. Shortly after she left, her husband, who was supposed to be detained at the office by business colleagues until the magic moment, inexplicably let himself in the front door. He confronted me, a stranger in a pinstripe suit sitting on his divan, drinking his wine, with two cushions on my lap. It was supposed to be a surprise; there was nothing I could say. He looked from me to the cushions; he could not take his eyes from them; they must have represented to him evidence of a direct sexual threat. I watched bewilderment, hurt, fear, and anger struggle for dominance on his face. Finally it burst out of him: "Okay, buster, who the hell are you?"

MOST NIGHTS I play a set of ragtime pieces. I love the Joplin rags and feel I play them with authenticity. I had just finished "Maple Leaf Rag" at the Casablanca when a middle-aged woman approached. She said, "I've just made a bet with my boyfriend that that was 'Chopsticks' you played—or a souped-up version of it." Was this a quirk of mind or a hopeless tin ear? I wondered later: if I had played Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm" might she have confused it with "Too Fat Polka"? Would "Malagueña" have merged with "Indian Love Call" in the labyrinths of her cochlea?

Very few pianists are capable of playing and talking at the same time. Some old-time piano-bar masters develop the facility after long experience. On my way to a Union Square hotel job I occasionally drop into the Geary Street bars and marvel at the pianists' ability to carry on a literate conversation about a baseball game and simultaneously play strong, sure melody; or, even more impressive, to play melody with one hand and conduct a singalong with the other, cuing the patrons on the lyrics a half-bar in front, like Ray Bolger in "Once in Love with Amy." Jazz-cocktail-cabaret pianists rarely achieve this verbal dexterity. I can be playing a tune I've played a thousand times—"My Romance," whose melody is as ingrained in me as my mother's name—and if someone attempts to talk to me, even a simple request requiring but a yes or no on my part (though the "no" would necessitate explanation), I immediately lose my way, the melody under my fingers trails off into a series of meandering runs or random chords; and once the trail is lost there is no picking it up again, unless you care to sound like a broken record.

If I am in a room where a pianist is performing I can always tell, even blocked from his view, when someone is trying to converse with him: the rhythmic structure instantly collapses, the melody fades and runs every which way like molasses on a hot stove. A semblance of music still emerges, for pianists and guitarists—by virtue of their many strings—are able to dissemble, covering the lost melody with aimless arpeggios and chord progressions; and we take solace in the knowledge that most patrons of bars and restaurants are according us but a fraction of their attention. In The Composer, a former New York jazz club, I was listening to pianist John Mehegan improvise a Bach rendition of "My Funny Valentine." It was intricate work, and he was concentrating very hard. A woman wearing a rabbit fur around her shoulders approached and asked if he would play "Shine on Harvest Moon." He tried to indicate by a widening of eyes and contorted expression that he was exceedingly busy. The woman repeated the request, wondering at his lack of response; perhaps, like Beethoven, he was deaf. John's eyes bulged, his face grew fiery. The music poured out—complex, marvelous counterpoint. The woman kept after him; she tapped him on the shoulder and spoke loudly into his ear. John broke off, slowly drawing his hands into his lap. His shoulders slumped, his head bent; I thought he was going to sob. In a low voice, from between clenched teeth, he informed the woman, "I am sorry, madam, but the management does not employ me to play that type of composition."

People seem to lose their wits around musicians. In the same room where a pianist is performing they will drop coins in a jukebox and turn up the volume of a game show on the television set. A portly businessman ap-

proached me in a hotel cocktail lounge; he and a colleague were seated at a table near the piano. He thrust his face into mine and said, "Do you have to do what you're doing?" The phrasing was odd; it suggested that what I was doing was generating amorphous noise, an impossible distraction. I said, "You mean play the piano?" He nodded; his face was red with anger. I said, "I'm employed here. I'll play more softly if you like." He turned away without another word. I had been made to feel like a recalcitrant child, scolded for banging a spoon on a dishpan. I have seen patrons try to converse with horn players while they are in mid-chorus and grow impatient and vexed when conversation is not reciprocated. A trumpeter-bandleader I worked with at a central Massachusetts country club was importuned one night by a club member while he was playing the lead on a ballad. After repeating her request several times and getting no satisfaction, she reached up—the band was on a two-foot-high stage—and began tugging on the sleeve of the arm holding the horn. "Martin, didn't you hear me? My husband wants you to play 'Get Me to the Church on Time.'" Marty stopped playing; he looked down at the woman with a tight, controlled smile. "Mrs. Prentice. I am not capable of playing the trumpet and talking to you out of the corner of my mouth at one and the same time." But a Dixieland trumpet player I knew in Worcester could do just this. His embouchure was way over to the right side and he spoke out of the left. I never saw a patron curious about or surprised by this skill; musicians were awed. One night the drummer in the band printed a sign and surreptitiously taped it to the front of the trumpet player's music stand; it said, "Place a quarter in the bell of the horn and hear the freak speak."

(A digression on bandleaders—a character in a 1977 novel of mine was a redheaded society bandleader named Lyman Robbin. He called his group Red Robbin and His Birds of Rhythm. An editor tried to persuade me to change the name; he thought it silly and not credible. I had to assure him that if there was ever a bandleader fortuitously named Robbin, and if his hair was a color that could be remotely described as red, it was inevitable that he would call his organization Red Robbin and His Birds of Rhythm or His Bobbin' Rhythm Birds or some variation. I worked in upstate New York with a leader named Emmett Ewe; of course he called his group Emmett Ewe and His Rams. I learned later his real name was Ewing and he had shortened it for commercial advantage. He'd start off each set calling, "Ready, Rams?" and we'd all answer, "Baaaaa-a-a," and he'd say, "Then away we go!" Emmett had a colorful way of calling off tunes: "'Fly me,' three grapes," meaning "Fly Me to the Moon" in E-flat. If a section's intonation bothered him he'd holler, like a crazed logger, "Timmmmmmm-ber!" His business cards read, "Give Us a Ring—We Would Like the Engagement.")

A CURIOUS DISTORTION in the public's attitude toward musicians takes place on summer-resort jobs. I have been asked numerous times, during breaks, what I do during the "regular season" or what I do for a living. It must have to do with the summer-vacation ambience, the inability to connect a person apparently having fun playing fine old tunes—the lake or ocean within view through the picture window—with a means of livelihood. Yet they hear a professional sound emerging, they see my hands moving with dexterity, they must assume that years of work prepared the hands to function at that level of competency. In Worcester I grew up with and studied with a virtuoso jazz pianist, Jaki Byard. Jaki has recorded some thirty albums under his own name; he has been featured at major jazz festivals throughout the world; he has played solo concerts illustrating the history and evolution of jazz piano in prestigious halls; he has written countless arrangements and jazz suites for Charles Mingus, Maynard Ferguson, and other luminaries; during the last months of Duke Ellington's life, when he was too ill to perform, Jaki was asked to take over the piano bench; other musicians speak of him in awed tones; the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk called him "The Living Emperor of Jazz Piano." Yet when hometown friends come to New York and phone or visit with him, they invariably greet him, "Hey, Jaki, still foolin' around with the piano?"

IT WAS AFTER one in the morning I had just emerged from a job i one of the banquet rooms of th Sir Francis Drake Hotel and saw man of about fifty walking back an forth across Powell Street singin loudly, in a resonant, near-profession voice, snatches of old standards: tattered, strutting, slovenly figure i stained clothes. His feet did a litt dance as he sang, and his arms flaile Knots of people had gathered on th curbs to watch, others veered away i fright. He may have been drun but more likely he had a lot of ma bles loose—who can explain the ran ers and shouters? Careening acro the cable-car tracks, oblivious to tra fic, he would sing a few bars of a son before jumping abruptly to anothe The lyrics were all highly sophistica ed, as popular lyrics go; they we songs I knew and loved from the gol en decades of the Thirties, Forties, an Fifties. I moved along the curb, sta ing with him, wondering what he wou go into next. The voice boomed dow the street, the lyrics sharply articula ed. He sang, "I don't like crap gam with Barons and Earls" and "Let the be wind, occasional rain, chili con ca ne, sparkling champagne" and "I can mention his name with propriety, he a pillar of Gotham society."

This last fragment caught me up the line was from an out-of-print tun I've been trying to track down fo years, "The Honorable Mr. So an So." I had had enough to drink on th job to feel up to confronting him. waited until his next swing back acro the street. When he was within a fe feet I said, "The lyrics from 'Th Honorable Mr. So and So'—do yo know the rest of them?" He broke d and stopped; a powerful reek em nated from him. His pale eyes burne at me for a moment, then darted awa He began to move quickly down th center of the street, south, toward th Tenderloin. I followed at a discre distance. After about a block he bega to sing again. But I wasn't about pursue him into those dim alleys. As turned back to the humdrum night noticed a peculiar thing. The passer by, the knots of watching people, we now regarding me with the slighte edge of distrust, of fear. The craz sophisticate had tarnished me with h lovely passion.

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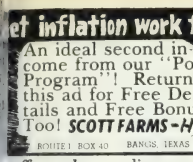
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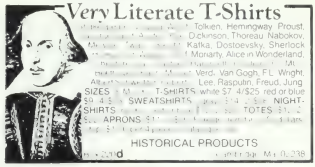
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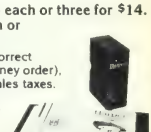
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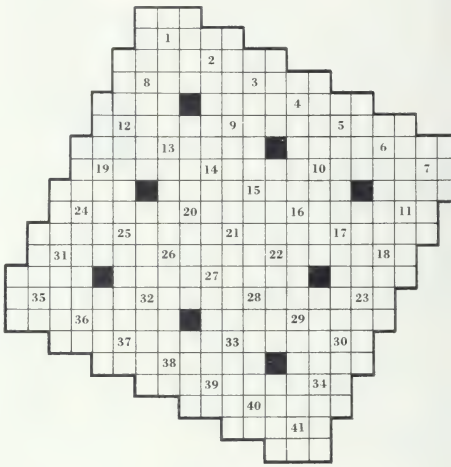
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

Each clue answer is eight letters, and is to be entered in the eight squares surrounding its numbered square. Solvers must determine in which square the entry begins, and in which direction it progresses. Eight unclued entries surround the black squares; all these have something in common, which is to be discovered. The four entries positioned at the corners of the diagram have four unchecked letters each; those letters can be rearranged to make TOWELS TO MOP CLAMS.

Clue answers include two proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 112.



CLUES

1. Beef—50 percent, coming with frank
2. Pants for egg wrapped in codfish
3. Immature veal runs and separates
4. Southern food makes one quiet first after bad jokes (*two words*)
5. Prepares to leave the ground peels arranged around an indefinite amount of filling
6. Systematically arrange liver and kidneys?
7. Fruit pies, meats too
8. Where London eating clubs are: sounds wild and fast (*two words*)
9. To prove it has little value I had quickly had dinner
10. Puts limits around $5 ice cream holders
11. Stuff to chew on, when swallowing outstanding desserts
12. To be analytical, there's 150 in one small calorie
13. I could have you for dinner with two containers back to back (aluminum)
14. And strangely she is mixing pastries
15. Crab does: spoils fancy fabrics
16. Prisoner, through being abandoned, perfects and makes jam
17. Tot up in the supermarket case (*two words*)
18. Lozenges swallow unpopular non-graduates
19. Putting liquor in broken cases shows shrewdness
20. Secreting what bees do remains to be seen inside
21. Sounds like Dad sneaking into the icebox and showing off!
22. Thin chips in cheese dishes
23. They take your case and give poor slob help
24. Clan digs soup that's hot
25. They're not sharp, not flat, and they're always sure-fire successes
26. Putting out A&P mints—gee, that's making an impression
27. Pumpkin head I angled all around, using bicycle
28. Beaten like a cake mix?
29. Rapist ate without food, right
30. Put on a metal plate and shape end like "C"
31. Wave cereal bowl
32. Where bulls run gets messy—plan a mop
33. Schoolkids' game: take dinner back and start having big party
34. Artichoke heart is holding back water containers
35. Desserts put spice in groups
36. Places that are honeycombed with what follows a rash
37. Adds life, as in meat stew
38. Unending—sounds like it lacks spice!
39. Terrible gas upset takes attention away
40. In time, sour can be a little liquid
41. Caramel lowered stocks—more like brie

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Eight-Course Feast, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by April 14. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Theme and Variations," are: Linda Solomon, Bronx, New York; Henry B. Hoover, Alexandria, Virginia; and Arthur David Olson, Washington, D.C.

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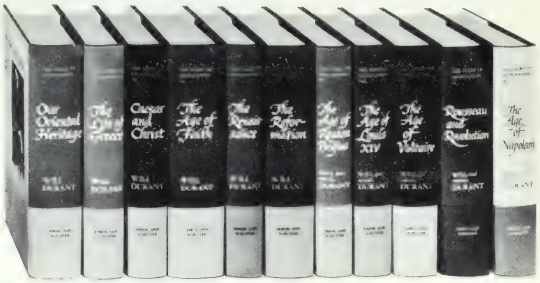
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LETTERS

Bread Loafers rise up

Your Bread Loaf debunking piece is mistaken or misleading at nearly every point ["The Famous Bread Loaf Writers' School," by Gene Lyons, February]. It is not true that teachers there teach formulas for poetry and fiction; most of us deny that worthwhile formulas can be constructed even for the cheapest kinds of writing. It is not true that Bread Loaf works by the star system, bringing in famous writers who fool around with the young. Most of the Bread Loaf stars mentioned in the article began as Bread Loaf contributors (students), learned technique at least partly through critical and editorial advice at Bread Loaf, and moved up the ranks from contributor to fellow to instructor.

It is not true that Bread Loaf is one long party: a great deal of serious writing goes on at Bread Loaf. Many instructors see revision after revision, and in my experience it is common for both contributors and instructors to leave the place literally sick with exhaustion. (I myself read contributors' fiction most of every night and once fainted while giving a Bread Loaf lecture.) It is true that Bread Loafers tend not to argue when a lecturer says something stupid, as occasionally we do; but I think the reason is not sheepish timidity. The schedule is breakneck, the atmosphere intense. Contributors tend to grab what they can and avoid anything that might slow things down. It may be true that the one reading on which Bread Loafers walked out, both contributors and instructors, was a piece of true art; but those who walked out were persuaded that it was vulgar and obscene. Bread Loafers are not notoriously weak of stomach. Think of the grimmer moments in the writi of John Irving, Stanley Elkin, Ti O'Brien. Bread Loaf brings togeth serious writers, serious teachers, agen and editors. It gets results. It is tru of course, that Bread Loaf writers fr quently appear on one another's bo jackets, praising each other's wor But usually when this happens it's older writer (an instructor) praisi a younger writer (a contributor t instructor has helped to bring in publication). New writers need all t help they can get, and at Bread Lo the help doesn't stop the day the co ference ends. In short, your writer badly misinformed. He is also, I mig mention, a sorehead. To my knowled he is the only person in Bread Lo history to get furiously angry wh struck out by a woman pitcher in game of softball.

JOHN GARDN
State University of New Yo
at Binghamt

I believe you owe Geoffrey Wolff apology. Everything written about h in Gene Lyons's article is either demo strably false or clearly absurd. Plea allow me to tick off the errors:

1) A theme of Mr. Lyons's sto to which he returns again and aga is that Geoffrey Wolff told a Bre Loaf class not to use the first pers It is suggested by Mr. Lyons that Wolff is unaware of the great class that have been written in the first p son. It so happens that Mr. Wolff written a great deal in the first pers himself, that his recent, highly claimed *The Duke of Deception* is the first person, that he has taught years a course in autobiography, which everything on the syllabus is, definition, in the first person.

2) Mr. Lyons says that he "kne

. Wolff's books before *Duke* "had : been successful with reviewers or ıders." It would have taken just a v minutes to discover that Mr. Wolff's ;t novel, *Bad Debts*, received excel- t reviews, that his biography of rry Crosby, *Black Sun*, was almost animously well reviewed, was sold o paperback, and is now a film ɔject.

3) Mr. Lyons implies that John ring's favorable review of *The Duke Deception* on the front page of the *w York Times Book Review* was ɔired by both friendship and com- ssion. The fact is that the book did t receive a bad review anywhere at I know of. It was not the first but e second time Mr. Wolff received the id review in the *Times*'s book sec- n. And the notion that last year's ɔst successful novelist prostituted nself does not only Geoffrey Wolff great disservice, but also John Irving. ad Mr. Irving's been the only favor- le review, and had Gene Lyons read ıe *Duke of Deception* and determined at such a review was unwarranted, that might have been the starting point for an inquiry into collusion. But because no other reviewer disagreed with Mr. Irving, and because Mr. Lyons refused to read the book to make his own judgment, there is no foundation whatsoever for such a mean-spirited charge.

4) Finally, I have to ask: Why a story on Bread Loaf in the first place? Besides being shot full of errors and false insinuations, Mr. Lyons's article is about nothing at all. It represents the very worst of the effete intellectual journalism that I thought *Harper's* was trying to get away from.

Jonathan Z. Larsen
New York, N.Y.

Whatever the merits of his sociology of Bread Loaf, Gene Lyons is unfair in his treatment of Geoffrey Wolff. I attended the workshop in which Mr. Wolff is said to have "told his charges . . . that first-person narration was almost always to be avoided." My recollection is that Mr. Wolff offered his ideas on narrative technique more as a cautionary warning than as an edict. He was reacting to the sometimes nasty, sometimes whining quality of moral exclusivity that often infects first-person narration. Perhaps no one threw a list of great books written in the first person up at him because he so obviously knows and appreciates them. Mr. Lyons's version makes Mr. Wolff seem narrow and arbitrary when he is, in fact, capacious and intelligent in his literary judgments. What's more, I found him to be accessible and candid in a way not entirely characteristic of Bread Loaf big-shots.

Alexander Ehrlich
Watertown, Mass.

In his article, Gene Lyons kept missing the point. I was particularly dismayed by his attack on Geoffrey Wolff. Besides presuming to judge Mr. Wolff's literary reputation when he has never read Mr. Wolff's books nor the reviews (except one) that followed them, Lyons inaccurately reports on a class given by Mr. Wolff at the conference. He huffs and puffs with indignation at Mr. Wolff's saying that



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2.
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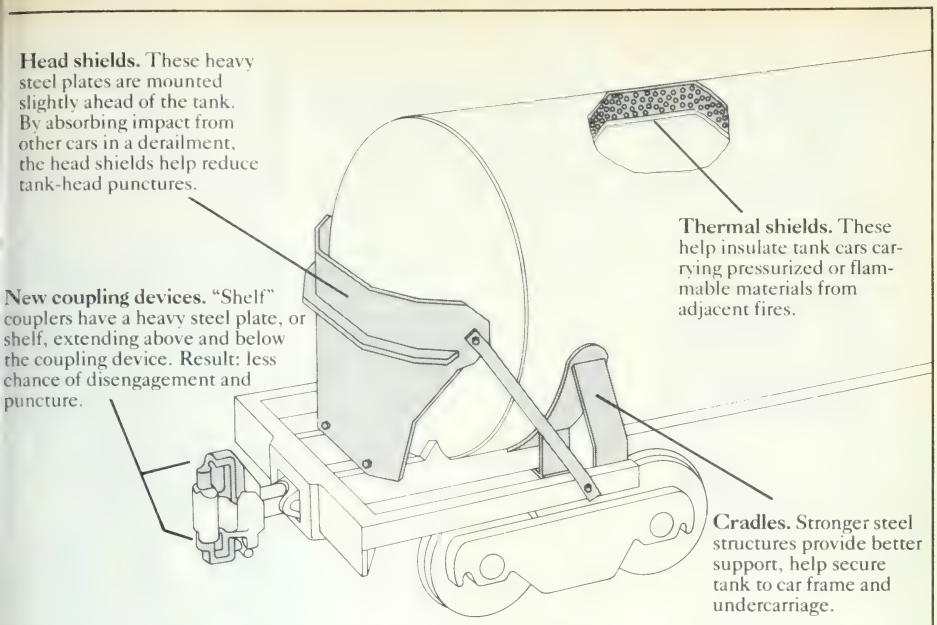
Working with railroads and the government, the chemical industry is equipping tank cars for transporting flammable compressed gases with safety devices to make them more resistant to damage. These devices include things like solid steel "head shields" that help prevent rupture in case of collision. "Thermal shields" that resist heat buildup in fires. "Shelf" couplers to help prevent puncture in case of derailment. (See illustration at right.)

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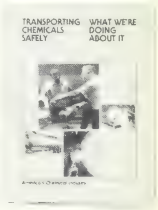
lany chemical tank cars are now equipped with safety devices to lessen the severity of rail accidents. Four these devices are shown above.

none call brings immediate afety information. Then HEMTREC calls the nemical manufacturer, ho provides expert guidnce on how to minimize ne risk of handling the nergency.

5.
xpanded Police and Fire Department Programs

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"first-person narration was almost always to be avoided." I was in that class and Mr. Lyons has got it wrong. Mr. Wolff did indeed point out the dangers of first-person narrative—self-importance, bluster, solipsism. He went on to point out the dangers of third-person narrative. Perhaps the truth can't be located between my memory and Mr. Lyons's; however, it seems highly unlikely that an author who has written three out of his five books in first-person narrative and is currently writing a biography of a writer whose best book begins "Call me Ishmael" could have said such a thing. Mr. Lyons, who bases much of his inaccurate argument about the teaching at Bread Loaf on this incident, should be ashamed.

The only interesting criticism of the conference put forth by Mr. Lyons concerns Bread Loaf's clubbiness. He is nervous that writers become old boys and support each other. If he or *Harper's* is shocked to discover such ties in the literary world, I'm a bit surprised. I'm not sure what Mr. Lyons would have preferred. If it's controversy, he himself documents several heated disagreements and ideological differences during the conference. My own feeling is that the clubbiness that Mr. Lyons so disparages is in fact something more generous. After years of isolation as a writer, I was astonished by the encouragement and feedback, the impromptu readings, the swapping of manuscripts, the delight in argument that I found during my fellowship at Bread Loaf. The conference thrives on a commitment to the enterprise of writing, and a conviction that anyone who contributes nobly to that enterprise ennobles us all. Too bad more of that conviction didn't rub off on Gene Lyons.

MALLY COX-CHAPMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

I quite agree with Gene Lyons's analysis of the Bread Loaf hierarchy (for the most part just another version of how the "old boy" network operates), and it is for precisely this reason that within its structure the author perceived no "passion." The reins of power are passed on not to the wayward but to the dutiful son, and passion is the property of those in opposition to the status quo. Such writers were in residence at Bread Loaf, though they were dismissed in the writer's article as not being able, in the words of Larry Heinemann, "to write anything worth a nickel." (This may have something to do with the fact that many of them were women.)

As a member of what Gene Lyons described as the "genteel" audience to Michael Angellela's reading from *Trail of Blood* and as one who left midway through, I would like to suggest a different and more accurate interpretation of why I and others did so. It was a passionate and moral response to what many of us saw as a gratuitous recording of violence, most often against women and children. Serious discussion of Mr. Angellela's reading followed directly and for several days among those of varied opinions. It would have been appropriate, I feel, for Mr. Heinemann, hailed as a hero in the article, and the author himself to take equally seriously *our* viewpoint. Perhaps Mr. Lyons should reexamine his own concept of the hierarchy of writers and whom to interview next time around. I can only suspect that certain passions are more acceptable to him than others. Even so, he will continue to encounter those he has dismissed in our books, which, I believe, sell for about the same price as Mr. Heinemann's in any bookstore.

LINSEY ABRAMS
New York, N.Y.

Perhaps the most telling example of Mr. Lyons's shortcomings as a reporter is his representation of the reading from *Trail of Blood*, which any fair-minded journalist would have taken the trouble to partially excerpt in order to give readers a chance to decide for themselves. Contrary to what Mr. Lyons says, the reading *was* discussed, vehemently, for days afterward. contrary to what Larry Heinem alleges in the remarks so extensi (and approvingly) quoted by Lyons, I and many others left preci because we *are* aware of how vio human beings are and can be, a enough to believe that any writer chooses to deal with violence ha moral responsibility to examine comment on it, not just recount it I did not explain this opinion enough to satisfy Mr. Lyons when finally (on the last day of the ference) came to find out why I been the first to leave the reading, then did he fail to ask so many ot for their explanations?

I think Mr. Lyons's article and ticularly his representation of the gelella affair show that he's a l reporter and far less of a "knoc than he pretends to be. In fact, by icizing the "genteel" audiences Bread Loaf for lack of dissension then making those of us (mostly w en) who did dissent look like squea ninnies, he displays the same hypoc for which he condemns the confere And by giving Larry Heinemann last word and calling the blow-by-b description of a child's horrible mu by hacksaw simply "strong stuff, think Mr. Lyons does more to b the literary old-boy network than B Loaf, even with all its Establishm leanings, ever could and ever will.

MARY ELLEN DONO
Plainfield, N

What a fine piece Gene Lyons w on the Bread Loaf Writers' School your February issue.

His point is well taken that lite merit is all too often determined the rung one occupies on the ladde literary success. No wonder so m underlings and pretenders seek to shoulders with the elite. What's blame for this state of affairs? In it could be the role that a few m review publications play in sanctio the position of the luminaries. T too, as Mr. Lyons points out, every wants to be a member of the club— a very exclusive one at that.

I think in these days of belt-tigh ing among publishers, words suc Mr. Lyons's are sorely needed. W the crunch comes, books from "never-heard-of's" are likely to

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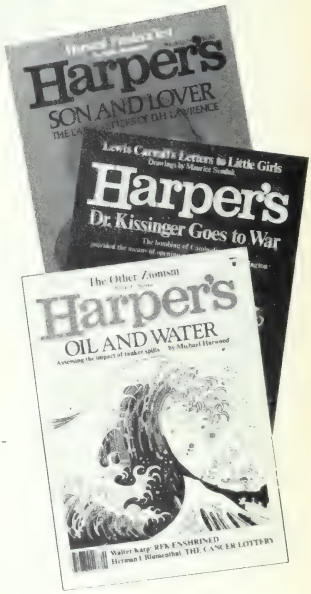


"As often as not these days I run across people who wonder why Harper's publishes so many criticisms of American art, government, and education. Not that they object to these criticisms, but they worry about the magazine's hope for the future. Why must the magazine dwell so much on the imperfectibility of man and the failure of his grand designs? Might it not be possible to cast a more cheerful light among the ruins?

I should remind the reader that I am by trade an optimist. As an editor I have no choice but to believe in man's capacity to learn from his failures. It seems to me that a magazine such as Harper's has an obligation to publish as many arguments on as many sides of a given question as there are people willing to declare themselves.

The argument going on in the country cannot be seen as the customary opposition between liberal and conservative, Left and Right, Democrat and Republican. It has to do instead with the division between people who would continue the American experiment and those who think the experiment has gone far enough.

The fearful majority needs to be opposed by an articulate and courageous minority, by people who live for others, and not the opinion of others, who believe that they can forge their energy and their intelligence into the shapes of their own destiny and their own future. I admire the courage of such people whenever I have the good fortune to meet them, but I have particular regard for those among them who choose to write magazine articles. I count it a victory to find writers who speak in plain words and who report what they have seen and heard and thought rather than what they have been told. "



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Lewis H. Lapham
Editor

passed by in favor of blockbuster writers and certified literati.

STELLA DONG
Publishers Weekly
New York, N.Y.

GENE LYONS REPLIES:

The vast growth of creative-writing programs, graduate and undergraduate, in American colleges and the attendant boom in writers' conferences—all imitations of the original Bread Loaf concept—have cheapened literary values all around. Quite simply, there are too many programs and too few talented students. Think of it this way: at a growing number of schools there are more students learning to be creative writers than there are scholarship players on the basketball team. Even if literary talent were more common than athletic ability, how are all those writers going to make their way in the world? Mr. Gardner, fainting saint of the lectern and fabulist of the softball diamond, ducked the question at Bread Loaf and here evades it again. When does kind treatment of the talentless would-be artist become cruelty?

Mr. Gardner's letter, as well as Linsey Abrams's, Mary Ellen Donovan's, and Mally Cox-Chapman's unwittingly serve to confirm my impression of literary inflation, in which circles of authors with bellows pump each other full of the hot air of flattery, then expel it as vicious or petty gossip in the faces of real or imagined enemies. What Mr. Gardner and Miss Cox-Chapman see as selfless generosity, others experience as a mixture of favoritism and sycophancy. Readers will have to use their imaginations here, but the principles of selection for membership in the Bread Loaf coterie are not entirely literary. Only human nature, of course; I've read the "Dunciad." What is new is that the Artist as Professor-Bureaucrat can afford to give up on the general public, hit the circuit, and talk and write only to passengers on the same train. By advertising himself in conferences, he can get away with writing books in which the characters are academicians distracted from their novels by interdepartmental love affairs, or works of narrative onanism preoccupied by the discovery that fiction is made up and therefore arbitrary.

It would have been easy to pick a conference illustrating these Swiftian follies and lampoon it. But I chose Bread Loaf because of its reputation as the best and most practical and because I had great respect for several writers I knew would be there. *The World According to Garp* made me laugh and cry; my review in praise of Tim O'Brien's *Going After Cacciato*, written as the novel was coming out in little magazines, is quoted on the dust jacket. I admire Geoffrey Wolff's reviews and must apologize for slighting the reception of his books by other reviewers, who have been numerous and, for the most part, well-pleased. Given so much that promised stimulation, what I found at the conference disappointed me all the more.

The word *formula* did not appear in the article. For Bread Loaf pedagogy I had mostly praise, refraining from mentioning that students were so unprepared that classes were conducted—and I know because I have taught writing myself—at the state university sophomore level. I acknowledged the possibility that Mr. Wolff had simply misspoken—and mentioned his injunction in the first place not to mock Mr. Wolff but to document the silent reverence of the class. I've checked my memory of what Mr. Wolff said with others who were there; Mally Cox-Chapman and Alexander Smith must be talking about a different class. In any case, I find it curious that none of my correspondents see fit to address the syndrome rather than the imagined slight. Had I meant to demean Mr. Wolff's books, I most surely would not have admitted that I hadn't read them. In fact, I said I had no reason to believe John Irving had puffed Mr. Wolff dishonestly, but pointed to the conflict of interest in his accepting the assignment. I do not see why we should allow writers what we would not tolerate in politicians or tire manufacturers. How Miss Donovan, who boasts that she was the first to leave the Angellela reading, knows that the author ducked his "moral responsibility" is beyond me. I have since read *Trail of Blood*; it is serious work. Need I remind Miss Abrams and Miss Donovan that the book is nonfiction, and that the passages they objected to were taken verbatim from the trial record? The debate they say followed the reading was conducted privately; my point was that writing any book is a public act. By walking out, these correspondents conformed to Bread Loaf's preoccupati with gossip over substance.

Accordingly, I am not surprised th the Bread Loaf boosters' response b been shrill and personal, a confirm tion of what I observed in the Gre Mountains. So I have consoled mys by reading a witty first-person nov *Inklings*, by Geoffrey Wolff. It is abo a creative-writing teacher who ca write his novel. The luxuriantly e bittered professor goes to a litera conference, and here is what he find

The air was sour, polluted by the complaints of ambitious people suffering from ulcers and disappointed appetites. They were spoiled children, bright kids, most of them, whiz-bangs at twelfth-grade English, people who would tell you an hour after you met them that they had scored perfect marks on their college board verbals, and many of them had. Most of them had announced themselves as Writers before their second college year: writing seemed like a good idea, clean work for a bright spoiled kid. To go into business for yourself, keep easy hours, make quick killings with the movie folk, score with literate groupies—what could be nicer, more suitable? . . .

On what evidence did they base their claims for such a sweet bookish life to come? Intuition mostly and the invincible certitude that what bright spoiled kids want bright spoiled kids had better damned well be given. Hard evidence too: Creative Writing A and Creative Writing B. I had taught both; I had seen the future and there it was . . . ex-students who knew *they were good because their fellow students had told them so, log rollers who had casually read one another's stories every week and criticized them as though they were consequential works:* I like it, it's interesting, there are some interesting things in it, it didn't bore me, I wonder if that's how you spell "tragic," otherwise it's perfect, pretty interesting.

And now later . . . hungry, spoiled, bitter mummers and mountebanks parted up in their modish caps and bells, mixing their metaphors, wondering what had gone wrong, wondering who was screwing them, why they were always locked out of the interesting wing of the house, the wing they heard all the rumors about. □

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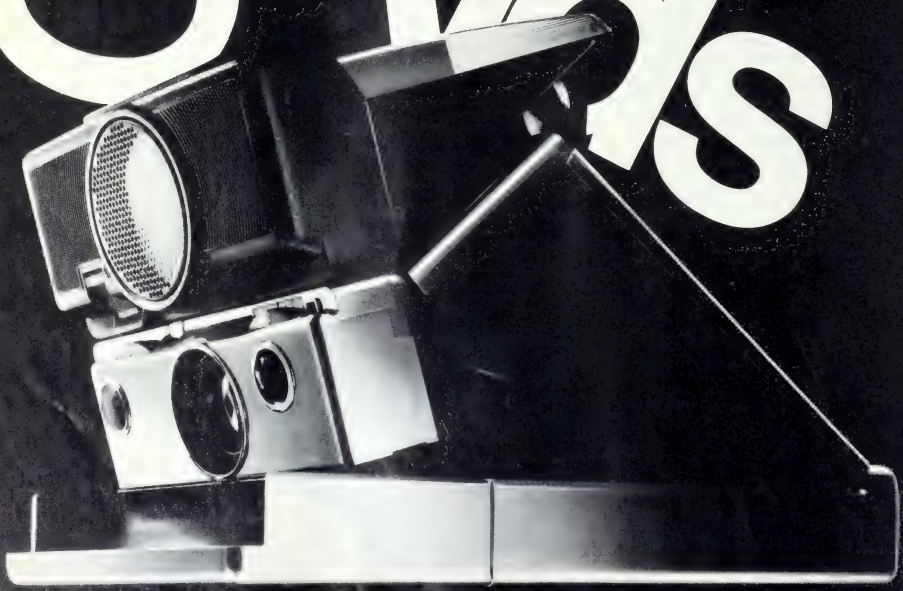
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MORAL DISARMAMENT

kind word for Machiavelli

by Lewis H. Lapham

It is necessary for a Prince to know how to act like a beast as well as a man.
—*Machiavelli,* The Prince

ON MARCH 8 the *New York Times* carried a dispatch from Peking in which an American correspondent remarked on ıe physical stature of the young larxists dancing in a discotheque. hey seemed to him much bigger than ıy of the other Chinese he had seen ı his wanderings through China. tartled by his own observation, he ıquired of the management and was ıld that the dancers were the sons and ıughters of highly placed officials. he correspondent had neither the ıace nor the inclination to reflect on ıis information, but on reading his ıspatch (placed next to an advertise-ıent for Tiffany's golden Easter eggs) was reminded that most of the peo-le in the world fail to reach what mericans would regard as a standard ze. This is another of those odd facts ıat tend not to get mentioned in dip-ımatic communiqués. The same thing ould be said for the genocides that ave become so frequent over the past en to twenty years as to resemble nat-ral disasters on the order of earth-uakes and famines. The number of eople sacrificed to the Final Solution ı Nazi Germany dwindles by compar-on with the even larger number of eople murdered in the past generation ı Cambodia, Indonesia, Biafra, and ıe Sudan. The practice of genocide pparently has become more or less ommonplace in the world, but the ews of the killing never looms so large ı American conversation as to in-trude on the idiot preoccupation with the safety of our national soul.

Although it can be seen that the world now endures a suppressed state of total war, from an American perspective the war still seems far off, the cries of the dying still as remote and inaudible as the cries of children playing on a distant beach. The question remains as to how it will be possible to preserve the fiction of detachment. Presumably the United States will be forced to confront the enmity of most of the peoples of the world. With what moral and intellectual armament will the United States oppose the hostile majority? Obviously the United States possesses the weapons to do whatever needs to be done, but how will it justify the use of those weapons? On what ethical ground can the United States defend its freedom and its prosperity?

SINCE THE END of the second world war, the United States has attempted to buy the world's friendship with money or to court its favor by the setting of noble example and the promulgation of lofty sentiment. Men of generous impulse conceived the Marshall Plan and the Peace Corps, as well as the innumerable instruments of public and private charity through which the United States disbursed grain, technology, and bank credit to the less-fortunate nations of the earth. Conceding the best intentions on the part of all concerned, and leaving aside as irrelevant the objection that the United States hoped to make the world safe not only for democracy but also for the multinational corporation, the charitable enterprise after thirty years has begun to be perceived as the paying of ransom. The expressions of American goodwill have had their most impressive effects among those nations previously endowed with a tradition of wealth, trade, industry, and education. Western Europe prospered, and so did Japan. But the countries that in 1950 were poor, agricultural, and illiterate remain as they were before the advent of American idealism—still illiterate and poor, still dependent on foreign industry and the export of their agriculture. The distinction between the haves and the have-nots begins to take on the aspect of a terrible permanence.

The demographers estimate that the population of Mexico City will be 20 million by the end of the century. The misery multiplies at an exponential rate among people with nowhere to go and to whom the choice between peace and war presents itself as a tactical rather than a moral question. Even if the oil in the Gulf of Mexico brings as rich a reward as the oil in the Persian Gulf, the money will not be enough to feed, much less satisfy the expectations of, all the people likely to demand the hope of a better life. The theorists who sit in comfortable chairs in Palo Alto or Georgetown, talking about the scarcity of asparagus, miss the point of the argument of the next twenty years. Given the technological and agricultural capacities of the United States, there is likely to be an abundance of everything anybody cares to name. But abundance for whom? And under what rules will the richer nations make the allocations?

As has been pointed out by any

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper's.

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number of palace advisers (many of them subsequently beheaded), it is a dangerous thing to raise hope in people ordinarily hopeless. The rising surge of anger in the world can be measured by the number of ambassadors seized or killed within the past eighteen months as well as by the number of policemen murdered in New York City. The news reports this afternoon bring word of a terrorist organization that has seized President Carter's campaign headquarters in Chicago. To what purpose nobody yet knows. In Teheran the Ayatollah Khomeini continues to demand tribute for the release of fifty American hostages, and in Bogotá a band of Colombian guerrillas still holds thirty diplomats of various political affiliations.

ADOPTING THE POLICY of cowardice customary among nations that choose to depend on their wealth instead of their prowess, the United States has got into the habit of buying its allies. In return for services rendered, the OPEC nations raise the price of oil, and the PLO bargains for Jerusalem. Within its own borders the United States awards nearly 50 percent of its tax revenues as transfer payments to whatever lobbies, special interests, and racial or sexual minorities hold the government hostage in Washington. The huge sums of money listed in the budget as fundings for the purposes of health, education, welfare, and social security represent only a small part of the annual ransom paid to the more successful syndicates in the society. I would also count as transfer payments the subsidies paid to American corporations, the licenses granted to the broadcasting industries, the donatives given to the intellectual establishment through the universities and the national endowments, and such occasional gifts as the proposed $2.2 billion paid to American wheat farmers as compensation for losses attendant on the Russian grain embargo. To the best of my knowledge nobody in Washington has the courage to deny any but the poorest and weakest supplicant. President Carter ably demonstrated the operative principles when, in announcing a $13 billion reduction of next year's budget, he indicated that most of this money would be taken away from those citizens least capable of enforcing their claims.

To the extent that American charity comes to be perceived as ransom payable on demand to anybody with the wit to seize an airliner, an IBM salesman, or a reservoir, so also the benevolence of the past thirty years proves to have had effects not intended by the well-meaning donors at the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. The American agronomists working to improve the strains of wet rice provide their more careful students with the biology to breed hybrid strains of smallpox against which the residents of New York and Paris have no immunity. The construction of nuclear plants to irrigate deserts in Pakistan provides President Zia ul-Haq, a man not noted for his compassion, with the dream of manufacturing atomic weapons. Although the genius of Western inventiveness undoubtedly shows itself to its best advantage in the service of the noble and humanitarian purposes of mankind, it can be as effectively employed to serve the politics of extortion. The disruptions in the financial and commodity markets reflect the prosperity in the economies of violence.

Each year the ransom payments become more exorbitant. The Chrysler Corporation receives $1.5 billion in loan guarantees from the federal government (a considerable advance over the $250 million conferred several years ago on the Lockheed Corporation); the second and third generation of unemployed welfare clients in Cleveland complain about the color of the wallpaper and ask to move to a better address. The bandit nations overseas no longer find themselves confined to the Barbary Coast, and their demented philanthropy funds terrorist enterprises in Italy, Ireland, and the Middle East. As the technology of instant communications draws the world together into a single nation-state, not only can the complacent audience in the United States watch the Vietnam war on television, but the gaunt and hungry populations of the Third World can look back through the screen at the luxury of the industrialized West. They might as well be looking into a department store window; now that they have been taught to read the advertisements, they notice that they spend as much to raise and educate their children as the Hollywood mannequins spend to feed and dress th dogs.

Soon after the Iranian milita seized the hostages last November, M Lillian Carter, the President's moth told a cheering audience in New Ha shire that she would pay $1 million any patriot who would assassinate imam. Given the foreshortened tances in the world, the imam co as easily offer the same reward for death of Mrs. Carter's son, Jim Miss Lillian didn't repeat her offer next day, possibly because someb told her that the ayatollah's disci were better at that sort of thing th the operatives at the CIA.

FOR AT LEAST a generation United States has prefer in the ancient Roman phr "the shadow to the su relying on its wealth and its hi agents to pay the blackmail and range the killing. These agents so times appear as client states, at ot times as officials, like Henry Kissin to whom the keepers of the pul conscience can later assign the bla for having violated the code of havior expected of a Christian g tleman. The bankruptcy of this pol has resulted in a rate of inflation t reflects the failure to develop an et capable of looking death in the fa Most Americans find themselves m ally disarmed when confronted by poor, the old, the sick, the helpl by the visible suffering of people v haven't much chance of life, let al liberty and the pursuit of happin What American can say, in effect, Y are going to die, and so are y children going to die?*

The question begs an answer, among the apologists of both the Ri and the Left who contribute visions the 1980s to the journals of inform

* Not that the Americans have any jection to the necessities of state. As l as they can pretend that none of i their fault, they can go about the b ness of sending strategic bombers, ab doning allies, raising tariffs, and do any number of other things that re in war and starvation. But they prefe accomplish these ends through the m um of abstraction, concealing their tives from themselves behind the scr of euphemism. The failure of imagina characteristic of both American poli and American literature represents a liberate policy of official innocence.

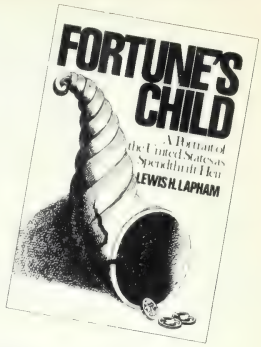
inion I find nobody who even wants ask it. Lately I have been rereading achiavelli, both *The Prince* and *The scourses*. He is a congenial comnion, as idealistic as he is subtle, aniated by a secular rather than a relious habit of mind, wary of popular lusions, and therefore much maligned the critics who so carelessly use s name as a synonym for chicanery. distinguishes between two systems morality that Bernard Crick in his roduction to the Pelican Classics edin of *The Discourses* defines as the iorality of the soul" and the "moral of the city." The first of these molities embodies the Christian virtues humility, unworldliness, kindness, ith in God, contemplation, and sancy. Although kindly disposed toward ople who choose to concern themlves with the purity of their feelings, achiavelli finds them all but useless the conduct of political affairs. He ould have little patience with the ety of President Carter, as he would id distasteful the self-mocking humor Woody Allen. Both postures derive om the Christian fondness for selfnegation, and both of them reflect e guilt-ridden dwelling on the self aracteristic of the human-potential ovements and the sermons of Bishop aul Moore.

Against the morality of the soul Maiavelli opposes the classical Roman nception of *virtù*, which Crick osses as a word denoting those qualies proper to a man—courage, fortide, audacity, skill, and civic spirit. n behalf of the safety of the state something quite different from the fety of the soul) the rulers from me to time act in a way judged by hristian doctrine as evil. Unfornately they have no choice in the atter, at least as long as they want to rtake in politics, which Machiavelli nceives of not as a tawdry swindling s per the Christian definition) but ther (as per the Roman or Renaisnce definition) as both a heroic and manistic undertaking. The morality f the city embodies the virtues of citenship, public achievement, strength, agnanimity, and military command. he antithesis of this civic-mindedness lachiavelli consigns to the word *ozio*, hich Crick translates as "indolence" "corruption." I take it to refer to e state of mind that informs network levision. Although he recognizes the pleasures of private conscience, Machiavelli tends to think of them as luxuries on the order of hot tubs and sun decks in Beverly Hills bought and paid for by those citizens willing to perform the acts of public conscience. If the safety and freedom of one's country depends on the outcome of events, he argues that the rulers cannot afford the luxury of paying too scrupulous attention "either to justice or injustice, kindness or cruelty."

AS HARSH AND UNPLEASANT as it may be to say so, something of this spirit needs to be introduced into American political thought over the next twenty years or the republic stands a reasonably good chance of collapsing into the ruin of inflation and good intentions. I have no idea how anybody will manage to articulate the dualism of Machiavelli's two moralities in a way that will be acceptable to American opinion. Both moralities make valid but unreconcilable claims on the individual, and it is this constant state of ambiguity and doubt that frightens people. The exigencies of power and the dilemmas of state make most Americans queasy with guilt and embarrassment. They don't like to think themselves unpopular, and they tend to confuse private wellbeing with the Victorian assumption of being in the right. By and large they would rather pay the ransom, secure in the knowledge that, although their cause might be lost, they stand in the company of the saints. In *The Prince* Machiavelli remarks on the folly of rulers who value their own righteousness over the art of governing the state:

> *The gulf between how one should live and how one does live is so wide that a man who neglects what is actually done for what should be done learns the way to self-destruction rather than self-preservation. The fact is that a man who wants to act virtuously in every way necessarily comes to grief among so many who are not virtuous.*

I wish that this observation didn't remind me so much of President Carter's prayers for the hostages in Iran or of the Republican party rallying to the candidacy of Ronald Reagan. □



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To readers who have followed Lewis Lapham's writing in this space over the past few years, *Harper's* takes pleasure in offering an autographed copy of *Fortune's Child*. Most of the articles and essays printed in this collection have been revised and improved as a result of suggestions from the readers of this magazine.

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SLUSH

That which comes in over the transom

Inventory of unsolicited manuscripts and queries submitted to *Harper's* this week: 67 short stories, 302 poems, and

Three memoirs: two tributes to dead relatives, one account of World War II ("does not include shooting and killing")

Three articles on genetics and social planning: worried

One article on the rights of writers: impassioned

One article on the Emperor Bokassa's slaughter of schoolchildren, beginning "In the International Year of the Child"

One proposal for a history of Wild Bill Hickock's gun

One proposal for an appreciation of cartoons drawn by four classic American writers in their youth: "most of them are quite excellent"

Four articles urging an end to the nuclear arms race and fearing the worst: Hiroshima, Iran, Afghanistan, and SALT II (three in favor, one against)

One open letter to a Russian hockey player: we will bury you first

Two proposals for articles on Sun Myung Moon—one from a former high-ranking officer in the church who will sell his story to the highest bidder: watch for it elsewhere

One speech "assessing the presidency in a far different light than most people believe," as "an office created for talented people": from a Kennedy supporter

One offer of a guide on how to cheat the IRS legally, taking advantage of attrition in the ranks: from a retired tax collector

Two proposals from retired Foreign Service officers for essays praising propaganda as an instrument of foreign policy and deploring Henry Kissinger

Three regional tempests investigated by writers on the scene: the firing of an opera house director in California for reasons of sexual preference; backbiting, law suits, and insults over a low-income housing project in Colorado; profiting from a public-works boondoggle in Illinois

One surgeon's clinical dissection of a patient's unnecessary death

One doctor's meditation on illicit medical practice

Three proposals from conservationists: on the greatness of redwoods ("What's So Great About Redwoods?"), on international migratory bird treaties, and on the Animal Liberation Front in Great Britain

One short hymn to fatherhood for Father's Day

One proposal for the translation of a 5 million word Urdu saga

One essay on racism: the writer is against it

From the professoriat on academic affairs:

One summons to save small colleges

One proposal for an analysis of campus sexual behavior, published in a journal of higher education but willing to revise as instructed

One invitation to read "what it feels like to me to teach writing," from a doctoral student in the Teaching of Writing

One study of how writing should be taught

One offer of a fable about the conflicts between students and professors ("zany, gallows humor making light of some alarming tendencies")

From the professoriat on extramural matters of concern and interest:

Two articles rebuking President Carter for his failures in the Middle East and predicting Soviet hegemony: "Recent events in Iran and Afghanistan . . ."

One proposal from a woman evacuated penniless from Iran to Saudi Arabia, where she was "held litera a prisoner" by the sexist English department at Riyadh University ("I have checked the *Readers' Guid to Periodical Literature* back to March, 1975, and have found no ent remotely similar to mine.")

One request to submit an analysis "dating the outbreak of World War III" ("The treatment is scholarly not emotional")

One offer of "An Indictment of Monopoly Power"

One facetious narrative on the jumping bean and Mexico's econom pseudonymous in deference to "humorless friends and associates, in Mexico and elsewhere"

One exposition of education, change, and self-reliance in Tanzania: highly theoretical

One article on Canadian unity published already in a journal of diplomacy, with an offer to mak a number of changes in light of Canada's recent election results

One "fresh view of some of the political, social, economic, and psychological tensions in Poland by Fulbright professor who has just returned to the U.S.: "Poland is torn in ways "not commonly acknowledge in the West"

One offer of an article written " President Tito lies dying" by the wife of a Fulbright professor who lived in Yugoslavia from 1973–1974 immediate response requested

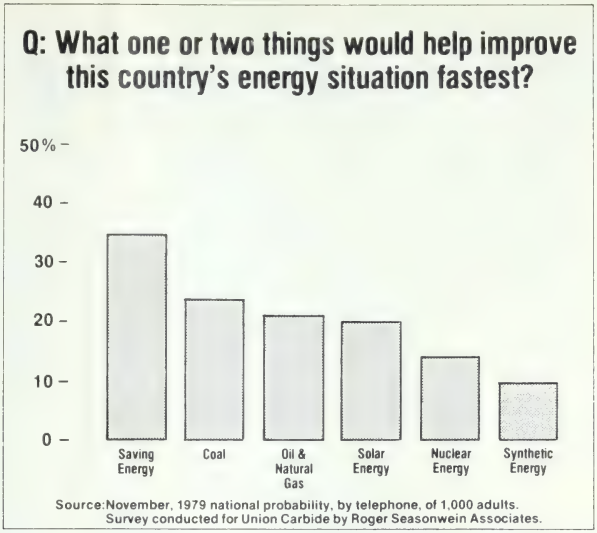
One satire of "Sesame Street" and semiotic criticism

One account of an anthropologist's induction into the Explorers Club

Two sample pages of a twelve-pa manuscript suggesting improvements on the Gregorian calendar

(Self-addressed, stamped envelopes a companied most of these submissions

—D.M



New survey ranks conservation as America's fastest energy option.

In a new public attitude study conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Americans ranked conservation as the fastest (chart above) and one of the most economical ways to improve the nation's energy situation. This finding takes on particular significance as the Congress shapes an energy program which relies heavily on developing new technologies to deliver substantial amounts of synthetic fuels in the 1990's.

Appropriate as this is in the long-term, many energy analysts are convinced — and the public now agrees — that a commitment to conservation would produce faster results. In addition to speed and economy, Americans rate conservation highly on its environmental advantage — second only to solar.

The survey also shows that 56 percent of American homeowners believe their homes are not as energy efficient as they could be, and a majority of these homeowners feel that they can't afford to make them more efficient. The public expresses strong support for government programs to help homeowners improve this situation, and also favors programs to help industry become more energy efficient.

In short, our survey reveals a large constituency for energy policies which exploit conservation's potential for fast results. The survey is available on request.

How to get a copy:

For a copy of the survey, write "Conservation Study" Union Carbide Corporation Box H39, 270 Park Avenue New York, New York 10017.

UNION CARBIDE

THE FORCE OF DIAGNOSIS

Opportune uses of psychiatry

by Walter Reic

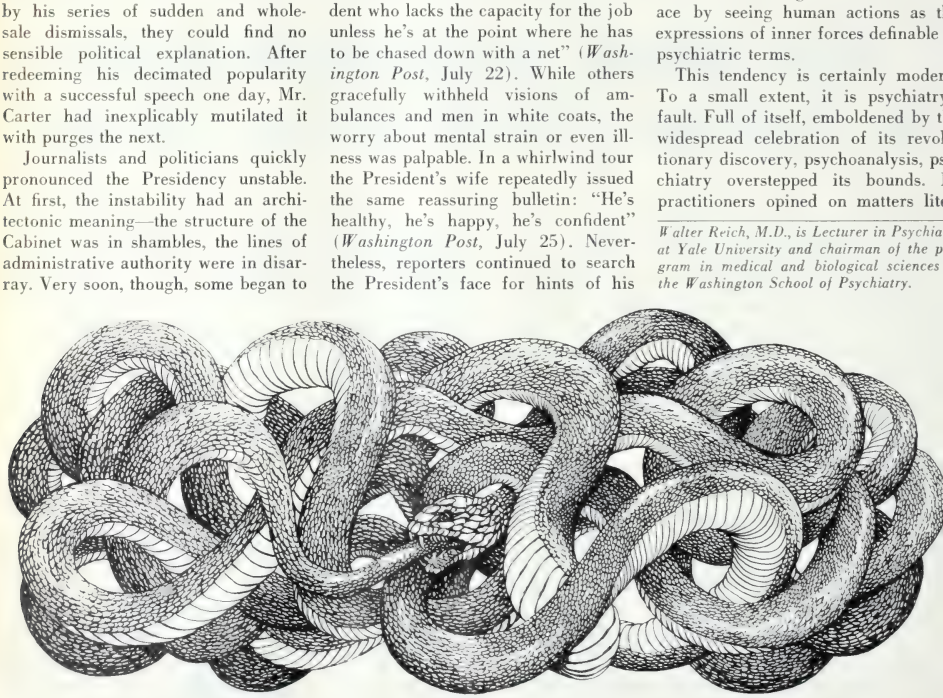
DURING ONE WEEK last July, President Carter fired three members of his Cabinet, precipitated the resignations of two more, ordered the reevaluation of hundreds of high Administration officials, and began a reorganization of his own staff. Observers were troubled and perplexed. Having watched him go up to Camp David in doubt and despair, having seen him cancel a major speech with brief notice and no explanation, having stood by as he subjected himself to an unprecedented round of criticism and self-criticism, and having been startled by his series of sudden and wholesale dismissals, they could find no sensible political explanation. After redeeming his decimated popularity with a successful speech one day, Mr. Carter had inexplicably mutilated it with purges the next.

Journalists and politicians quickly pronounced the Presidency unstable. At first, the instability had an architectonic meaning—the structure of the Cabinet was in shambles, the lines of administrative authority were in disarray. Very soon, though, some began to wonder about the stability of the man himself. Ted Stevens, the Senate's assistant Republican leader, warned that Mr. Carter "was approaching some sort of mental problem." In his view, "The pressures are so great that we are worried about [his] having some sort of breakdown." Through reporters, Stevens prescribed a cure: "He ought to go off and take a rest" (*Washington Post*, July 21). To another Senator, Lowell Weicker, Mr. Carter's behavior was a reminder of the most frightening weakness in the American system of Presidential succession, in which "we have no way of removing a President who lacks the capacity for the job unless he's at the point where he has to be chased down with a net" (*Washington Post*, July 22). While others gracefully withheld visions of ambulances and men in white coats, the worry about mental strain or even illness was palpable. In a whirlwind tour the President's wife repeatedly issued the same reassuring bulletin: "He's healthy, he's happy, he's confident" (*Washington Post*, July 25). Nevertheless, reporters continued to search the President's face for hints of his mental state. More than one found hi strangely, disturbingly serene.

The spontaneous turn to psychiatr assumptions and imagery to explain t President's political behavior is r markable precisely because it was very natural. It happens all the tim Not only journalists and politicia but the rest of us as well are inclin to make such a turn when vexed inexplicable behavior. Those of us w in an age past might have appeal to demonic explanations—as well those of us who might have prid ourselves in eschewing them—n find understanding and sometimes s ace by seeing human actions as t expressions of inner forces definable psychiatric terms.

This tendency is certainly mode To a small extent, it is psychiatry fault. Full of itself, emboldened by t widespread celebration of its revol tionary discovery, psychoanalysis, p chiatry overstepped its bounds. practitioners opined on matters lit

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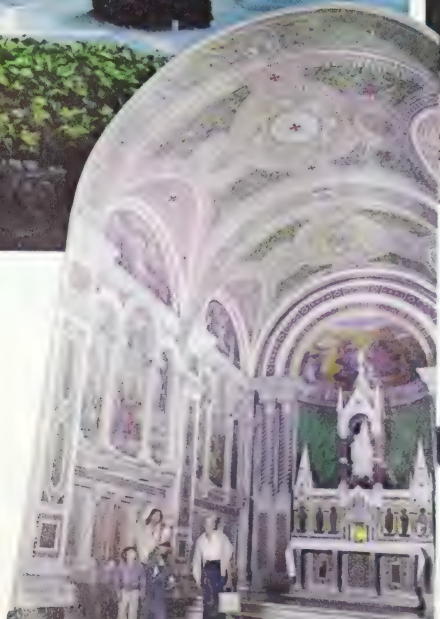

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ary, political, and philosophical, invading those territories with words and concepts questionable even on their native clinical soil. Soon the cultural terrain was occupied and the educated mind subdued: and before long we all saw complexes behind every motive and conflicts blocking every action.

But the habits of psychiatry could not have been imposed on us had we not welcomed them. We were. and still are, their willing victims. It is precisely in the beauty of psychiatric explanation that the real trouble with psychiatry can be found.

What has been *said* to be the trouble with psychiatry has been the abuse of its power to control and to influence. Critics have focused on the psychiatrist as an agent of social control, expressed through his power to incarcerate persons in mental hospitals against their will. And they have attacked his power to influence judgments and opinions in realms beyond the range of his legitimate knowledge. Such criticism misses the point. The real trouble with psychiatry is deeper than that. What underlies all of psychiatry's powers—and, therefore, their potential abuse—is the central psychiatric act: diagnosis. It is the psychiatrist's prerogative to diagnose—to name, to categorize, to explain, and to explain away—that gives him the power to control and to influence.

But what makes it possible—inevitable—for the psychiatrist to *turn* to diagnosis, to use diagnosis and to be allowed to use it, is the need that we *all* have as human beings to diagnose. The act of diagnosis enables us to live —with ourselves, with others, and with the world. In powerful, self-serving, and finally self-deceptive ways, we use it to turn the fright of chaos into the comfort of the known, the burden of doubt into the pleasure of certainty, the shame of hurting others into the pride of helping them, and the dilemma of moral judgment into the opaque clarity of medical truth. In the end, diagnosis is a problem in psychiatry precisely because—and in precisely the same ways that—it is a problem in everyday life. What is a valuable tool for the psychiatrist in his legitimate clinical practice, a tool that can demarcate a patient's illness and point the way to its effective treatment, can become, in the hands of a psychiatrist unaware of his own needs and vulnerabilities, a threat not only to the welfare of patients but also to the integrity of psychiatry itself.

EVEN THE simplest function of diagnosis, explanation, gives us ease. When we say that someone's behavior is the symptom of a mental illness, when we ascribe someone's actions or words to his mental state, whether temporary or permanent, we are telling others and ourselves that there is a reason for something that otherwise cannot be explained, or for which other explanations would pose a greater and more disturbing threat.

That's what happened with the Carter firings. A political act became a psychiatric condition because it appeared to some so remarkably impolitic. The Administration, they thought, was out of control. Against the background of the Camp David retreat, which seemed akin to a psychological regression, Mr. Carter's puzzling behavior could be explained as an aberrant reaction to the stress of the moment—to the polls and the criticisms —which caused in him a temporary infirmity, one from which he would, with rest, quickly recover.

One of the special attractions of diagnosis in everyday life is that, by explaining actions or judgments in psychiatric or psychomedical terms, a certain lessening of tension can be accomplished. For several years, Rep. Patricia Schroeder, a liberal Democrat from Denver, had supported a bill to establish a consumer protection agency. In 1977 she wrote a letter to Ralph Nader's consumer-advocate group raising some questions about the bill. She was suddenly besieged by calls from major contributors accusing her of selling out to big business. Soon after. Nader himself attacked her and three other Democrats who had doubts about the bill's provisions as "mushy liberals." Stronger epithets were hurled against other legislators; one, Rep. Paul McCloskey, was called "disgustingly repulsive and a double-crosser." Asked to account for Nader's behavior. Schroeder did not complain of moral faults, of viciousness or arrogance or the corruption of power. Rather than exacerbate the tension, rather than inflict more wounds, she turned to diagnosis. "I think he's going through ma menopause or a mid-life crisis," s said (*Washington Post,* February 1978). The leavings of psychiatry came at once an explanation and balm.

Explanatory diagnosis becomes ev more attractive when the explanati itself yields palpable returns. Of thes the most rewarding is forgiveness. A signed a diagnosis, identified as ha ing acted on account of a compromis or damaged mental condition, the pe son so diagnosed is treated differentl he or she is ill. and the act itself w simply the product of that illness, n of the person. Responsibility is r duced, blame mitigated, and guilt e culpated.

When Elizabeth Bailey—a memb of the Civil Aeronautics Board and most militant nonsmoker—boarded Eastern Airlines flight late and w told by a stewardess to sit amo smokers because of a shortage of spac she complained loudly, first on t plane and then in a report to the CA She accused the stewardess. amo other things, of calling her a witch. A though other passengers complained turn that Bailey herself had provok the stewardess by being "shrill, ab sive, and completely arrogant" (*Ne week,* April 30, 1979), Frank Borma the president of Eastern Airlines, fou it expedient to apologize and explai The stewardess had been under "pe sonal strain." Presumably Borma concern extended beyond the $1,0 fine that could be levied for forci a nonsmoker to sit among smoke Good relations between a major air ca rier and its regulatory agency were stake, and Borman's diagnosis let e eryone off the hook—not only the ste ardess, who would then be in a po tion to keep her job, but also the a line, which was responsible for t way in which she had carried it o

In the more refined arena of litera propriety, diagnosis has also been a pealed to in times of need. Soon aft Graham Greene complained that a pr file about him in *The New Yorker* co tained errors. William Shawn, the ma azine's editor. announced that Pen ope Gilliatt, the author of the profi would be taking a leave of absence f reasons of health. In a call to Greer Shawn explained that while Gilli had been working on the article s had been in poor health. Accordi

o Shawn, Greene reacted to the news vith understanding and compassion. Similarly, in speaking to Michael Mewhaw, a novelist who had complained hat Gilliatt had taken parts of her profile from an article he had published two years earlier, Shawn also eferred to Gilliatt's poor health, vhereupon Mewshaw withdrew his request for a printed acknowledgment by *The New Yorker* crediting his article. Whatever the exact nature of Gilliatt's ealth, and whatever the connection etween it and her psychological capacties for literary judgment and discretion, Shawn's repeated references to t proved remarkably effective. They licited sympathy, reduced blame, and n the case of both complainants, lunted further action.

And here is one last example, again lrawn from the realm of politics. At irst a campaign asset, an ambassador f sorts to down-home America, Presilent Carter's brother, Billy, turned, fter the election, into an Administraion liability. His buffoonery became nseemly and his obscenities embarassing. The embarrassment finally ecame unacceptable when, in the nidst of allegations of financial wrongloing, Billy thrust himself into the naion's foreign and domestic affairs by llying himself with Arabs and by ublicly disparaging American Jews. Pressures quickly arose for condemnation from Washington and contrition from Plains. Instead, another soution emerged, quite naturally and ndependently, in both places. In Washngton, one of the President's advisers explained that "if Billy was well he wouldn't say that sort of thing" (*Washington Post*, February 25, 1979). Another added more information about Billy's deteriorated emotional health, mentioning alcoholism and suggesting hat he might require professional attention. As for the President, his comment was simply that his brother was "seriously ill" (*Washington Post*, February 28, 1979). While Billy's doctor denied the rumored alcoholism, other friends confirmed it. And all agreed that his public troubles had something to do with the stresses he had been experiencing and their effect on his emotional state.

In each instance, some compromise of the person's mental state was mentioned or implied, with the suggestion that the compromise had diminished

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the person's self-control. It may well be that such compromise did in fact take place, and that, if some legal or moral wrong had been done, that wrong was committed as a result of some kind of diminished competence. What is remarkable, though, is the speed and regularity with which non-psychiatrists turned to psychiatric concepts to account for perplexing or unacceptable behavior.

THAT THE SAME TURN is taken by psychiatrists is, of course, not news. Psychiatrists are *supposed* to diagnose. But their diagnoses are expected always to be neutral: an objective assessor, having weighed the evidence, presumably issues a dispassionate clinical judgment. This may be a mistake. Like the rest of us, the psychiatrist seeks explanation; at times, mitigation and exculpation are as desirable to him as to anyone else. And, like the rest of us, he is vulnerable to using diagnosis to explain, to mitigate and exculpate—except that, unlike the rest of us, that is what he does for a living, and when he does it, its effects can have extraordinary force.

That force is felt most powerfully in the realm of the law, where the need for diagnostic explanation is most striking and its advantage most seductive. Probably the clearest example of this was the 1976 bank robbery trial of Patricia Hearst. To be judged a criminal, the defendant must be shown to have harbored an evil intent, and F. Lee Bailey decided to hinge his defense of Miss Hearst on the theory—novel for the law—that she could not have had an evil intent because her mind and will had been compromised by her experience at the hands of the Symbionese Liberation Army. To prove this he called an array of psychiatrists to testify that she had undergone "coercive persuasion"—some call it brainwashing—after which she could not be held accountable for her actions. Such a diagnostic conclusion was fetching. Why else would an upper-class young woman without intellectual pretensions or political interests have embraced so suddenly a set of commitments and a style of existence so different from those of her previous life? There must have been a reason. With scientific clarity and diagnostic finality, the psychiatrists explained to the jury that when she robbed the bank she was no longer the same Patty Hearst: her mind and will had been changed. In one expert stroke, the questions that had troubled the public—and, presumably, the psychiatrists—were simply and satisfyingly explained away.

The psychiatrists chosen to testify were distinguished in their field. But their professional work, while fruitful within the arena of research, had only tenuous connections with questions of will, culpability, and criminal intent. The psychiatrists' conclusions may have explained something about Miss Hearst's behavior, but the explanation itself was not enough. It was being offered, in the form of diagnosis, as exculpation—and the jury disagreed. Whatever effect her captivity had had on her mind, and however interesting and satisfying the defense explanation was, none of this, the jury implied, diminished Miss Hearst's culpability. The jury's warrant to judge her act was not undercut by psychiatric explanation: she still had, it insisted by its verdict, a will, one that had not been dissolved by a diagnosis, and one for which she had to take full responsibility.

Since then, other juries in other trials have come to similar conclusions about the value of such rarefied diagnoses in the courtroom. In one Florida case, for example, in which a boy was accused of having killed an old woman, psychiatrists supported the defense that he had been brainwashed by television violence; the jury was not convinced and found the boy guilty.

If lawyers continue to turn to such defenses, it seems likely that juries will find themselves faced with psychiatric explanations that grow even broader and wander even further from the body of reliable psychiatric knowledge. A well-trained psychiatrist should be able to recognize the kind of mental illness that in the law satisfies the meaning of insanity and justifies the finding of nonculpability. Training does not equip him to testify as an expert on the emotional and sociological causes of crime. It may be true, as we were told in *West Side Story,* that someone can be depraved on account of being deprived; but psychiatrists know very little about the effects of early rearing, social conditions, or group pressures on the development of criminal behavior—too little, at any rate, to claim expertise.

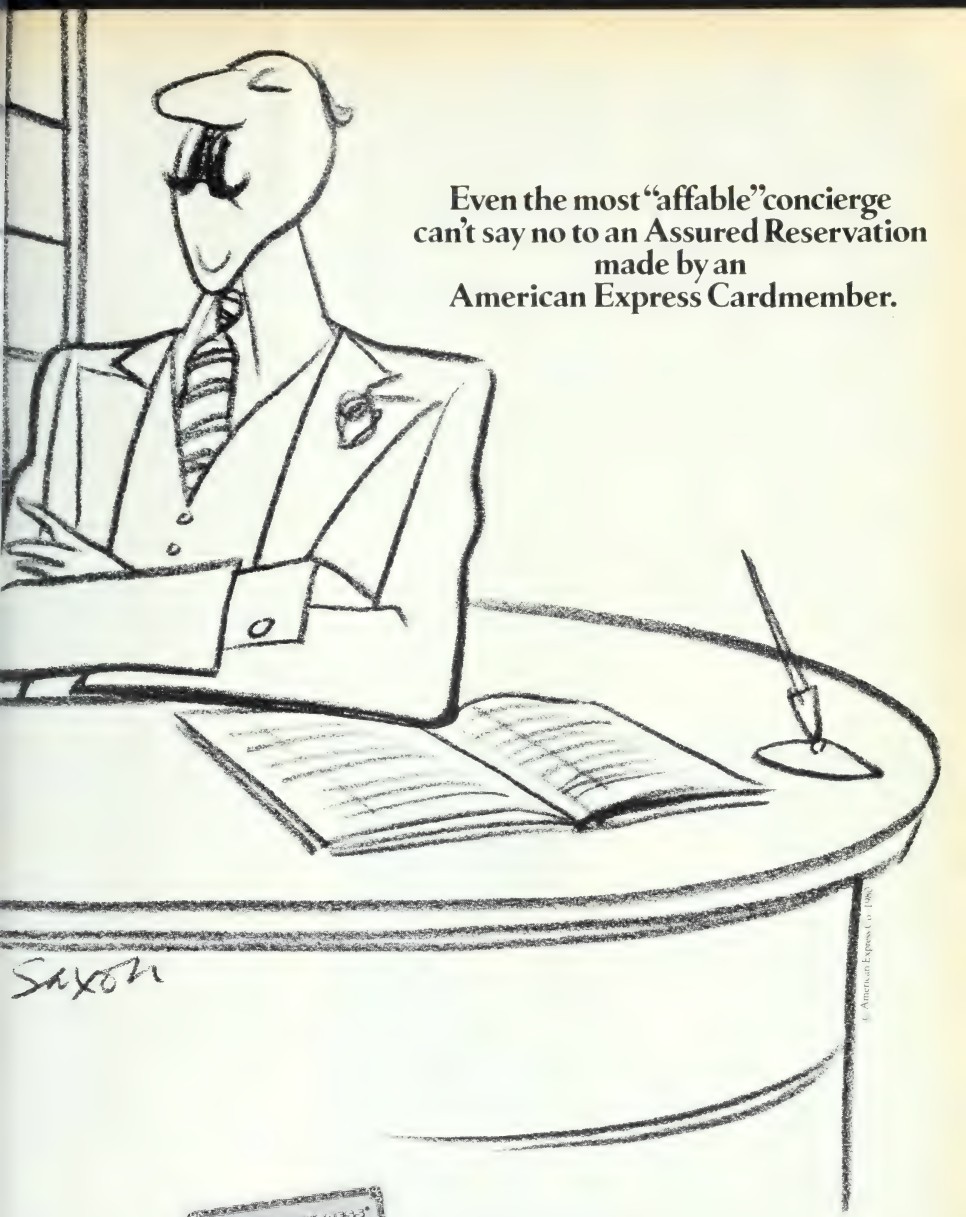
WHEN SOMEONE acts t challenge our communa fictions and beliefs. w do what we can to defen ourselves. We cut him off. We denounce And, whenever possible, we diagnose.

Consider, for example, Dr. Willian T. Summerlin, a young scientist wh had been brought to the Memoria Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in Ne York on the strength of promising wor in transplantation immunology. Excite by his research, and trusting his judg ment, the director of the Sloan-Ketter ing Institute (the research arm of th Cancer Center), Dr. Robert Good, en couraged him and put him in charge o a large laboratory. The findings re ported by Dr. Summerlin were consid ered so important that other scientist rushed to confirm them. None coul His work began to seem unreliabl even unbelievable; soon enough his d rector, too, began to doubt it. In re sponse, Dr. Summerlin repeated hi experiments, and inked-in the skins o two mice to convince Dr. Good that h had replicated his previous findings.

Dr. Summerlin's ink darkened no only the mouse skins but also his pro fession—and the scientific enterprise i self. The public's confidence was a stake—a public that was, in the Unite States alone, spending some $2 billio a year on biomedical research. A spe cial in-house committee was appointe to consider the problem, establish re sponsibility, and make recommenda tions. The evil had to be exorcised.

The committee concluded that D Summerlin's "unusual behavior in volved at least a measure of self-decep tion, *or some other aberration* [ita ics mine], which hindered him fro adequately gauging the import an eventual results of his conduct." It con cluded, in other words, that Dr. Sum merlin's act made no sense, was certain ly not typical of the scientific profe sion, and was a result of an indivi ual's mental peculiarity—at the ver least, "self-deception," and, if not, the "some other aberration."

Dr. Lewis Thomas—a researche physician, and essayist, a former dea of two medical schools, and presider of the Cancer Center—convened a pre conference. Above all else, reassuranc was necessary. Dr. Thomas, not a ps chiatrist himself, informed the pre that "the fraud in this work is a resu of mental illness." He explained th



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

Dr. Summerlin was under psychiatric care, that he had been given a year's medical leave, and that he would not be allowed to return.

In this coda, the capacity of diagnosis to reassure was pushed to a satisfying extreme. Having reassured those who feared for science, Dr. Thomas went on to reassure those who feared for Dr. Summerlin. In his opinion, he said, Dr. Summerlin's act was the result of an acute emotional illness "and not a character disorder." The young doctor did not have to be declared forever morally tainted. He had suffered an acute, temporary depression that would soon disappear and leave him clean and good. Nor did Dr. Summerlin protest, at least publicly. Four days after Dr. Thomas's press conference, Dr. Summerlin called his own, at which he, too, attributed his "irrational act" to a mental infirmity, not a moral one. He pointed out that he had been under extreme pressure to produce results, and "there was no premeditation." Again, the diagnosis reassured those who were concerned about science; and, too, it reassured those who were concerned about Dr. Summerlin's fate. With the proper treatment, he could be made whole.*

What Dr. Summerlin's psychiatrist thought about all this is, of course, impossible to say. Whether he or she would have agreed that Dr. Summerlin's symptoms represented an acute depression had the circumstances been different—had Summerlin been, say, an unknown research assistant whose actions did not threaten the good name of an institution or of the scientific community as a whole—is probably beyond even that psychiatrist's ability to determine.

IN A UTOPIAN society, criminals and other deviants would be seen as sick, not evil, and the enlightened response to them would be treatment, not punishment. People would be assumed to be naturally good, and if someone turned to crime he would be seen as ill. Humane means—specifically, the techniques and resources of psychiatry—would be enlisted to cure rather than merely to control: punishment, after all, brutalizes not only the transgressor but also society, while treatment ennobles both.

This utopian impulse has informed our approach to crime for several decades. While stricter and harsher punishment of offenders seems to be coming into fashion, the dominant ethos remains imbued with a liberal humanism. We still want to know why a crime was committed, why someone is so objectionably different, and what the personal or social causes were that incited the offenders.

Certainly judges want to know. Why send a young drug offender to jail? Surely there must be reasons for his troublesome behavior. Some psychiatric hospitals minister to adolescent offenders of one sort or another whose parents are told by judges, social workers, or other authorities that psychiatric care could substitute for prison or reformatory. As part of the hospitalization, and to satisfy the requirements of insurance carriers, they are given one diagnosis or another; after all, no one would be hospitalized if he weren't sick, and if he is sick, he must have a diagnosis. Sometimes the diagnosis is sociopathic personality—another way of saying that the person in question frequently finds himself at odds with the law. Perhaps more often, the diagnosis that is given is in the more severe range—schizophrenia, for example, either in its latent or active form. Such a diagnosis can clearly justify hospitalization, and inexorably points the way to a certain kind of treatment. For schizophrenia, tranquilizers like Thorazine are appropriate, particularly if the patient becomes what is called a "management problem." That he should become one is highly likely, since it was precisely for being a management problem *outside* the hospital that he was brought to the attention of those who make up society's regular management system—police and judges—who, in turn, dispatched him to the presumably more humane management system of psychiatry.

Medical methods are also used to transform other forms of social deviance into illness. Not long ago, the *British Journal of Psychiatry* published a photograph of a middle-aged man and a prepubescent girl. Knapsack on her back, she was on her way to school. He had stopped her, and his hand was on her shoulder. Clearly, the man's pictured intent was to molest the chi sexually.

The photograph was posed, part an advertisement. Above the pictu were the words that annotated the d lemma: "When sexual drive cannot controlled." In fact, a question was b ing asked: What is to be done abo sexual offenders? Generally the answ is "Jail." The answer provided in t advertisement, directly below the pi ture, was different. It read: "Androcu (cyproterone acetate), the humane a ternative." The implication was th psychiatrists and law-enforcement of cials should treat rather than punish– that they should administer a drug th reduces male sexual drive rather tha process such offenders through t criminal-justice system.*

This medical approach to sexual o fenders is already standard practice i a number of European countries. I use in the United States appears nea and research has already begun. O prisoner, in fact, serving more than dozen terms of life imprisonment f rape, argued in court that he had right to be so treated (*Washingt Post*, December 5, 1975). His hope w to enter a research program in whi such drugs were being tested. The i vestigator, Dr. John Money, point out at the hearing that convicted s offenders should be given a choice b tween prison and treatment. "Th don't need," he said, "to be stuck aw from the world in jail."

The problem is that these and oth social deviants often cannot be cur or even treated by medical means. the attempt is made, it usually tak the form of some kind of violence—e ther passive, through restriction to hospital setting, or active, through su physical manipulations as chemical surgical excision of the unwanted troublemaking organ—which is, in t end, simply the medical analogue the punishment that would have be administered had the deviance not be transformed into illness.

* A follow-up inquiry revealed that Dr. Summerlin has returned to medicine but not to research. At last report, he was practicing in a small city far from New York.

* The Androcur advertisement occ pied a two-page spread. On turning t page, the psychiatric reader was prese ed with yet another Schering produ termed "the other side of the coin," Pr Viron. This was, of course, a male h mone for *under*-sexualized men, emble ized by a coin embossed with a viri knight bearing long, pointed weapon and mounted on a virile steed, both cre tures encased in armor.

In fact, the medical approach, sanctioned by this redefining power of diagnosis, may not be more humane than is alternative. It may indeed be better to be in jail, whole, than to be castrated, either chemically or surgically. And it may indeed be better to be in jail, with a known, time-limited sentence, than to be in a hospital with an indefinite one. Even a person who initially decides that medical treatment would be more bearable may well change his mind once he begins it; but given the tendency of diagnostic labels to stick and to influence the ways in which persons are thereafter seen, and given the attractiveness of the opportunity that diagnosis provides—to families, police, judges, and psychiatrists—to continue their humanitarian transformational work, it becomes difficult if not impossible to be converted back from a medical case into a criminal one.

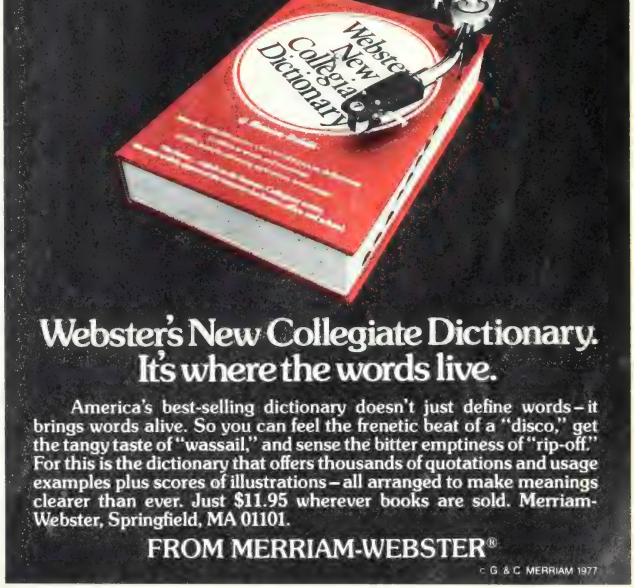
IN EVERYDAY USAGE, the terms *crazy, mad, paranoid,* and even *schizophrenic* often serve to identify and exclude people who are annoying, discomfiting, and different. In formal psychiatric usage, diagnoses can make person seem wholly other: so disordered, polluted, and dangerous that he *requires* exclusion. Perhaps less than human, certainly not a *fellow* human being, he not only has a need to be put away—he *deserves* to be put away.

Those who bring a troublesome patient to the attention of the psychiatric system—usually his family, but sometimes his friends, neighbors, or acquaintances—often feel guilty about their betrayal. Having put up with his hallucinations, delusions, and embarrassing actions long enough, they finally call the police or pressure him to go to a hospital himself. In doing that, they may become horrified at having satisfied their own need for comfort at someone else's expense. Told of the illness, however—an illness made official by a diagnosis—family members, neighbors, or friends can more easily accept the procedures, unwelcome but necessary, that their actions have visited upon the patient. When he becomes himself once again, when he is no longer, say, schizophrenic—when he becomes rehumanized—then he can rejoin his fellow human beings. For laymen as well as psychiatrists, diagnoses can change the way we see people, make us see them sometimes as less than people, enable us to serve our needs in the name of serving theirs, and allow us to do so in a way we would not have done to ourselves.

Possibly the most successful nonmedical advantage of the diagnostic process—and certainly, for the one diagnosed, the most enraging—is its total capacity for self-confirmation. Once we call someone crazy in everyday life, everything he does becomes proof that we were right. Once we have that proof, we feel safe in our original assessment. The same self-sustaining logic obtains in the psychiatric arena. Psychiatric illness can be clinically expressed in so many different ways, and language and behavior are so subject to arbitrary and conflicting interpretations, that anything a diagnosed patient says or does, even in his own defense, can be cited as a symptom of his illness—even if the diagnosis itself is incorrect.

An actual clinical case: A sixty-five-year-old woman was admitted to a general psychiatric ward in an American university hospital by that hospital's chief psychiatrist. The patient's son was a faculty member in the medical school, and her husband was a respected physician in a nearby community. Both family members felt that the patient's personality had changed. She was negative and disagreeable; she maintained her opinions with greater tenacity than ever before; and she had begun to make statements to friends and family that were embarrassing. The chief psychiatrist's admitting diagnosis was an organic brain syndrome, probably caused by the aging process. A different psychiatrist might have issued quite another diagnosis. A psychoanalytically oriented psychiatrist, for example, might have considered her depressed, or even healthy. This one, however, subscribed to a different ideology: he was an organicist, saw all behavior and its aberrations as products of the functioning or malfunctioning of the brain, and decided that a malfunction was present.

But the young resident psychiatrist put in charge of the patient could find no evidence for this—neither neuropsychological testing nor any other evaluative procedures could support the chief psychiatrist's diagnosis. Nevertheless, given the ward's authority structure, and given the degree to which the diagnosis served to satisfy the family's apparent need to see the patient as



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CUSHIONING THE CREDIT CRUNCH

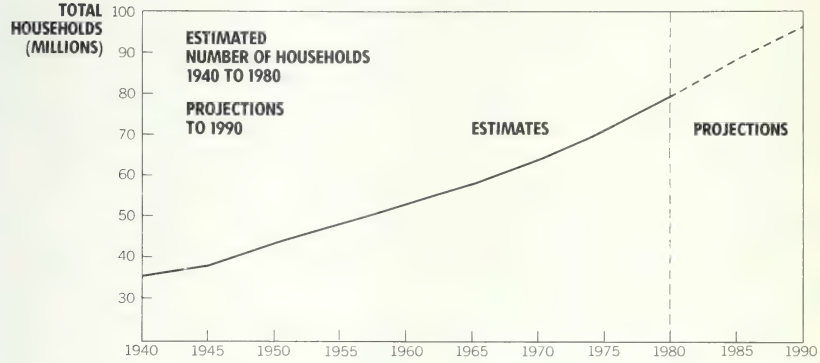
This has happened off and on for the last 15 years. Yet millions of families found their mortgage money. More than a trillion dollars worth of new mortgage loans have been made since 1965. One reason is that there is a huge secondary market for mortgages, a complex system of private businesses and government agencies which buys mortgages from the original lenders, thereby replenishing their supply of money. One part of that market is the Federal National Mortgage Association, or Fannie Mae, a shareholder-owned corporation working in the private sector.

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Additional demands for mortgage funds will come from some new buyers in the housing market. Women who head households, the elderly and single people, for example. Minorities who had found opportunities scarce or non-existent now have the protection of the law to help them enjoy homeownership.

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ill, the diagnosis was maintained.

The patient refused to accept it. She repeatedly asked why she was in the hospital. She denied any difficulties and requested that she be discharged. Faced with this, the ward personnel closed ranks. She was informed that her negativism was a reflection of her illness and that her wish to leave the hospital was a sign that she had no insight into her problems. The more she denied illness, the more powerfully the diagnosis was maintained. She then attempted to go along with the ward routines, hoping to be discharged quickly; but when that failed she became angry, noisy, and fearful. Her behavior was cited to the medical students as an example of a "catastrophic reaction" so typical of persons with organic brain syndromes who find themselves stressed by tasks they can no longer manage. Placed on fluphenazine, a powerful tranquilizer, she became quiet. This was then noted as a drug-induced improvement, further supporting the original diagnosis.

The resident psychiatrist could have been wrong, and the chief psychiatrist right. The diagnosis of organic brain syndrome may have been valid. But whether it was or was not, the tendency of psychiatric diagnoses to confirm themselves would have resulted inevitably in a validation. The chief did not have to fear that he would be disproved, and felt comfortable issuing a judgment that satisfied—and affirmed—his particular diagnostic bias.

As well as diagnosis serves to explain and reassure, and as deftly as it helps us live with ourselves while we do others harm, it boasts still other attractions that in their everyday versions are more appreciated than all the rest, and that in their medical versions can tempt psychiatrists to the worst forms of abuse.

We see it everywhere. In the Middle East, for example, the shah, when he was still in power, called Libya's Colonel Qadaffi a "crazy fellow" (*New York Times*, July 16, 1976). In turn, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Saudi oil minister, called the shah "highly unstable mentally" (*Washington Post*, September 17, 1976). Egypt's President Sadat diagnosed Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini as "a lunatic" (*New York Times*, November 10, 1979), a compliment the ayatollah then passed on to President Carter (*Washington Post*, November 22, 1979). In Israel, the Labor opposition expressed doubts about the mental competence of Prime Minister Begin (*New York Times*, July 25, 1978), while on the West Bank Ali Jabari, the Palestinian mayor of Hebron, campaigned to have the leaders of the PLO locked up in insane asylums (*Washington Post*, January 12, 1976).

And elsewhere, too, and at other times. Lenin, in 1919, to Gorky: "All of your impressions are totally sick . . . your nerves have obviously broken down. . . . Just as your conversation, your letter is the sum total of sick impressions carrying you to sick conclusions. This is all a pure sick psyche. . . . It is clear that you have worked yourself up into sickness." The Soviet press on the dissident physicist Andrei Sakharov: "pathological individualism" (*Washington Post*, November 24, 1977). A West German political leader on the Carter Administration's reported plan to produce a neutron bomb: "a symbol of mental perversion" (*Washington Post*, July 18, 1977). Old friends of Eldridge Cleaver, after learning of his shift from radical militant to religious conservative: "schizophrenic" (*New York Times Magazine*, January 16, 1977). And similar clinical epithets have been applied to yet other victims—to Nat Turner and to Malcolm X, for example.

These, the ultimate diagnoses of everyday life, classic in every respect, are, like the species, universal and as old as man—diagnosis as discreditation, the attribution of a person's views, politics, actions, or conclusions to a mind gone sick: diagnosis as a weapon.

And, as a weapon, it is too attractive not to be unsheathed in its professional form. Again, the setting is universal. In this country, psychiatrists responding to a poll in 1964 diagnosed Barry Goldwater (with whose views many of them disagreed) psychologically unfit for office. Other members of the profession, supporting the defense of Alger Hiss, diagnosed Whittaker Chambers as a psychopath without ever examining him. The CIA itself, recognizing this power of diagnosis to discredit, made plans in 1954 to use it in its covert operations (*New York Times*, August 3, 1977). Its hope was to slip LSD to those it wished to make mad—or, to be mo precise, to those it wished to be seen mad. Once observed as psychotic, e erything these enemies of the Unit States subsequently did or said wou be compromised. The CIA plan was brilliant leap into pure and direct dia nosis, creating the appearance of me tal illness so that all would immediate see it and diagnose it.

But the most flagrant setting for t use of psychiatry to discredit—an indeed, to intimidate and punish—probably Russia. The practice goes ba a long way. The most famous pre-S viet case was that of the philosoph Chaadayev, who in 1836 published essay in which he argued that Russ could be saved from its backwardne if it embraced the ways of the We and, particularly, the Catholic Churc Nicholas I considered this view to re resent "a farrago of insolent nonsens worthy of a lunatic," and had the ph losopher declared insane.

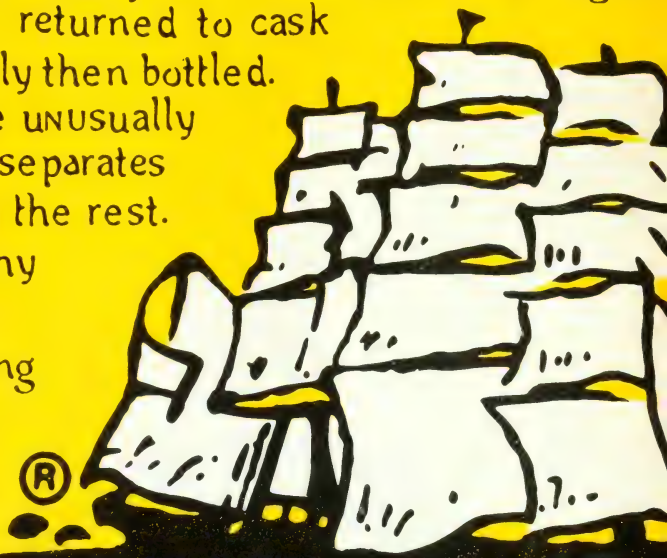
Insane but not hospitalized. It w enough for Nicholas, apparently, to d agnose and discredit. His Soviet hei however, or at least some of them, ha not found that enough. Although t Soviet press has repeatedly referred dissidents in general, and individu dissidents in particular, in diagnost terms, the main arena of diagnosis h been the professional one. During t past decade, several hundred dissiden have been arrested for political tre passes, sent to psychiatrists, found me tally ill, and committed for involunta stays at psychiatric hospitals for t criminally insane. Of these, a numb have been truly ill. A number undoub edly have not, and to the extent th their diagnoses were rendered at the d rect or oblique request of governme authorities, they represent the wor expression of psychiatric abuse. T motivations behind the misdiagnos are probably mixed, and in many cas they were probably issued in full misguided sincerity. But the fact th those misdiagnoses *could* be issued, a the fact that psychiatrists were ask to examine these dissidents in the fi place, has something to do with the a peal of diagnosis in all its array—n only as a means to discredit, and n only as a means to punish, but also a way to dehumanize, to transform s cial deviance into medical illness, reassure, and to explain.

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HIS FORMER MAJESTY, BOKASSA

And the flourishing French empire in Africa

by Jeff B. Harmon

IN A FECES-STAINED CELL on an April night in 1979, His Imperial Majesty, Bokassa I, Emperor of Central Africa, pointed his pistol at the head of a nine-year-old boy. The "prisoner" was one of approximately 200 children dragged out of bed to await their emperor's wrath. The children's crime was that they had demonstrated against an imperial decree demanding that they each purchase a $24 school uniform available only in a store owned by one of Bokassa's nine wives. Per capita *annual* income in the Central African Empire is only $177.

According to Bokassa, the Empire's children called him "Papa Bok." But the children were not being affectionate when they stoned His Majesty's Rolls-Royce. In response to the incident, Bokassa had gone to Bangui's Ngaragba Prison to "teach the children a lesson." Forty youths, aged six to twenty, were crammed into the filthy windowless cell with the boy singled out for the emperor's special attention.

"Papa Bok" pulled the trigger of his gun, splattering the brains of the nine-year-old over the other children. The emperor then leaned over another child, brandishing the ivory-and-ebony walking stick he used as an informal scepter. Bokassa shouted, "I'll show you what we do with children who misbehave." His Imperial Majesty plunged his scepter into the eyes of the terrified boy, gouging them out. The emperor ordered his soldiers to "carry on" and stormed off to another cell to continue the lesson. The soldiers clubbed the remaining children to death with rifle butts.

Unfortunately for the emperor, the carnage was not total—a few of the children survived, and news of the "children's massacre" was published by Amnesty International in April, 1979. Many governments professed to be shocked, but not France. The Elysée Palace, considering the massacre an internal affair of the Central African Empire, took a full month to react. Robert Galley, France's minister of cooperation, called the massacre a "pseudo-event." Although Galley, as a top government official, was privy to special information, he said that, "according to French law, when something is not proved you cannot declare its existence."

The embarrassment of supporting a dictator who murdered children assuredly affected France's relationship with the emperor. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who often went hunting in the Empire and who had referred to Bokassa as his "dear relative," found it increasingly difficult to ignore the accumulating evidence of the massacre. With $100 million a year invested in the Empire, France could afford to overlook an occasional incident, and it had. The French government, for instance, did not protest in 1972 when President-for-Life Bokassa supervised the public beating of imprisoned thieves, which resulted in three deaths and forty-three maimings. But while Giscard's "dear relative" had the same predilection for violence in 1979 that he had had throughout his fourteen-year French-supported reign, his relations with Giscard had deteriorated. The self-proclaimed emperor who once threw himself on the grave of Charles de Gaulle screaming "Papa, Papa!", was now screaming obscenities at the president of France. Bokassa not only threatened Giscard's technical adviser, René Journiac, with his ivory-and-ebony scepter, he also slammed down the phone receiver on Giscard himself after a heated argument.

So it came to pass that on September 20, 1979, French paratroopers overthrew Emperor Bokassa and reinstated former President David Dacko. The French government, at first denying it had organized the coup, later claimed it had acted for humanitarian reasons. But as someone said, "The lesson to draw from this is that you can't hang up on Giscard."



Liaison

JEAN-BÉDEL BOKASSA got his first French lesson at the age of six. Jean-Bédel's father, a tribal chief, was savagely murdered by French authorities in the colony of Oubangui-

Jeff B. Harmon is a freelance writer. He spent two months in the Central African Empire and attended the coronation of Emperor Bokassa I.

hari for expressing pro-German sentients. Shortly afterward, Jean-Bédel's other committed suicide. But Bokassa lt no bitterness toward France. The npressionable child was successfully ssimilated" through France's colo- ial policy of creating black French- en. Raised in Catholic missions in razzaville and Oubangui-Chari, the frican orphan was inculcated with ie glory of Mother France.

Jules Ferry, prime minister and rincipal architect of French colonial olicy, proclaimed in 1885, "It must be penly said that the superior races ave rights over the inferior races." ince the raising of the French flag in angui on July 13, 1894, France's hite settlers have been a living tribute Ferry's doctrine. Life was not easy or Oubangui-Chari's first colonialists. Ialaria, sleeping sickness, alcoholism, nd insanity killed off five out of six hite men. Those who did survive rank absinthe, exploited the illicit ave trade, and dynamited natives who ouldn't pay the onerous *capitation* xes. The colony's penal-servitude olicy forced physically fit Central fricans to leave their subsistence arming and work on rubber planta- ons. Others were made to carry white ien through the dense bush—the only ieans of transportation since there ere few roads. The unfit starved to eath, and there was an outbreak of annibalism as the still-living ate their ead relatives in order to survive.

Rumors of butchery in Oubangui- hari prompted the French govern- ient to send Brazza, the famous ex- lorer, to the colony to conduct an nvestigation. Brazza's report revealed he French colonialists to be as brutal s their Belgian counterparts across he river. The report was not published. even decades later, the French gov- rnment commissioned yet another tudy of the French role in Africa. The orse Report of 1971 was so critical f the mother country that the French government refused to make its find- ngs available, even to members of its wn parliament.

Expatriates in Central Africa have naintained a special outlook on race ver the years. In 1977 a French verseer of a coffee plantation puffed n a cigar and chatted about payday: 'I just throw the niggers' wages on the loor of their shack and tell them they're damn lucky to get paid. I don't take any lip from those monkeys. I don't hesitate one second to rough them up when they don't keep in line. It's a white man's job to keep a nigger in his place."

It was in 1977 that Jean-Bédel Bokassa's Napoleonic dream came true. The bush orphan had been cleansed of all negritude through soldiering up the ranks of the native colonial forces. By 1960, when the Central African Republic received its independence, Lieutenant Bokassa was fully Frenchified. The native officer had fought bravely for France in Europe and Indochina and had married a white woman. On New Year's Eve, 1965, Bokassa, by then army chief of staff, overthrew his cousin, President David Dacko. The promotions continued as President Bokassa graduated to President-for-Life and then proclaimed himself Emperor on December 4, 1976. Exactly one year later, the world was invited to consummate the dream.

BANGUI, Central African Empire. December 4, 1977. Six A.M.

It is drizzling and cold. Yet this is Africa, 300 miles north of the equator, and today's events will make history of a bizarre sort. A mist shrouds the empty Coronation Palace, originally built by the Yugoslavian government as a basketball stadium, so it looks incongruously like a socialist sports center. The coronation's French designer, Olivier Brice, has attempted to give the palace an imperial air. Gold-painted dwarf cypress trees line a grand red carpet leading to the entrance. The first batch of newsmen unceremoniously tramp their muddy shoes on the imperial carpet.

Inside the Coronation Palace, centered on a low stage, is Bokassa's eagle-shaped throne. The imperial seat is made of gold mined in the Central African Empire and hand-beaten in France. At a cost of $2.5 million, the throne alone accounts for one-tenth the estimated cost of the coronation. Bokassa has proved his loyalty to his former colonial masters by importing most of the coronation accoutrements from France even though similar goods grown and constructed in the Empire would have been cheaper, including the hundreds of gold-sprayed plastic flowers.

Seven A.M. The Coronation Palace is beginning to fill with security police and reporters. A Mauritanian journalist is worried that Bokassa is distorting the image of Africa. He feels that the Western press tends to dwell only on the sensationalist aspects of the continent. The *Newsweek* correspondent seated beside him is listening to a cassette tape of Herbie Mann while skimming Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

There would have been a bigger press turnout were it not for the Michael Goldsmith incident. Goldsmith, a British reporter for the Associated Press, was arrested five months before and accused of spying for the Republic of South Africa. The accusation seemed absurd given Bokassa's strong ties with the apartheid regime. More likely Goldsmith's offense was filing a negative story about Bokassa over the government-bugged Telex. After the arrest, Bokassa hit Goldsmith over the head with his scepter and imprisoned him for a month.

Undercover detectives from France are milling about the palace. Someone remarks that Bokassa originally wanted members of the Los Angeles Police Department to act as security men. He is a great fan of "Dragnet." In Bangui, the sillier the rumor, the more likely it is to be true.

Eight A.M. The Vatican envoy, Monsignor Enricci, arrives. The loudspeakers pump out the "Hallelujah Chorus." Other guests are also arriving, most of them decked out in morning dress. The North Korean delegates, with their ill-fitting suits and dandruff, are an exception. While the only head of state to attend is the prime minister of Mauritius, Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam, there are representatives from most major countries—including Israel and the Republic of South Africa. The British have refused to come.

President Giscard d'Estaing is represented by Minister of Cooperation Robert Galley, as well as by Giscard's cousin François, a banker with investments in the Empire. France's official present to Bokassa is a saber from the Napoleonic era. The unofficial present is the cost of the coronation, paid unwittingly by French taxpayers. The $25 million could be better spent: the Empire's 2 million impoverished subjects are without medicine, transportation, and the most meager benefits of modern life. But France's foreign policy

pragmatically tilts toward the Empire's vast uranium deposits and the emperor who controls them.

Nine A.M. The time for the coronation, but no emperor in evidence. The 120 members of the French Marine Band strike up a traditional French drinking song, "Chevaliers de la Table Ronde." The guests look as if they could use a drink. Crickets hop along the floor, and some people are squashing them to relieve the boredom. The air conditioning is not working, and the delegates, in their tails and formal gowns, are yawning, wiping off sweat, and fanning themselves with the coronation programs. An obese officer of the Women's Army Corps is handing out stale caramels; an African delegate is snoozing.

Ten-ten A.M. A marching band is heard in the distance. The blare of trumpets, the roll of drums. The emperor is approaching the Coronation Palace in a gold eagle–bedecked imperial coach drawn by six Anglo-Normand horses. The *Newsweek* correspondent turns off Herbie Mann.

Eight of the emperor's twenty-nine official children strut down the royal carpet to their seats. They are guarded by soldiers in green camouflage fatigues. Heading a protective force of Imperial Guards is the two-year-old heir to the throne, Jean-Bédel Bokassa, Jr., looking like a midget rear admiral in a white naval uniform with gold braid and white peaked cap. He sits down on a red velvet pillow, stage left of his father's throne.

Empress Catherine, favorite of Bokassa's nine wives, enters the arena in a $72,000 Lanvin gown made of gold lamé and tiny strewn pearls that the empress picked up in Paris. The Lanvin creation was paid for not by the state but out of her own allowance.

The gown has an eight-foot crimson train held up by eight ladies-in-waiting dressed in white, pink, and red prom outfits. On Catherine's head rests an elegant gold diadem with a palm motif.

Dead silence.

Drum rolls.

Over the loudspeakers comes the announcer's imperious basso voice: "Sa Majesté, Bokassa Premier, l'Empéreur de Centrafrique!"

His Imperial Majesty, Bokassa I, Father of the Nation strides into the basketball stadium. The French Marine Band strikes up the somber tune written by the versatile coronation designer, Olivier Brice, "The Sacred March of His Majesty, Emperor Bokassa I." His Royal Highness is cloaked in a thirty-two-pound robe composed of 785,000 strewn pearls and gold embroidery modeled after a uniform of Napoleon's General Ney, Duke d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskova.

On His Majesty's feet are slippers of pearl; on his hands are gloves of white antelope skin; on his face is an expression of regal triumph appropriate to emperors about to embark on great conquests. On Bokassa's brow is a gold crown of laurel wreaths such as those worn by Roman consuls—symbol of a gift from the gods.

Swarming around His Highness are cameramen and photographers. Not all are members of the press. A French microbiologist is clicking away with his Instamatic. Security is lax. The "Sacred March" ends. The emperor is ensconced in the belly of his golden eagle. Silence in the Coronation Palace. Only the hum and click of the cameras can be heard.

A fat general presents His Majesty with a $2.5 million ermine-lined, jewel-studded gold crown. In the center of the crown, beneath a gold eagle, is an eighty-carat diamond. The diamond centerpiece on the empress's crown is twenty-five carats, the most beautiful polished stone ever mined in the Central African Empire.

Bokassa rises and removes his laurel wreath. Then, as Napoleon had done 173 years before, Bokassa places the Imperial Crown on his own head. Three cannon bursts are heard in the distance. The audience applauds politely.

It is 10:43 A.M. The twentieth century has a new emperor, the only emperor on the African continent.

Later in the day, a coronation mass is held in Bangui's Cathedral of Notre Dame. In the furnacelike heat of the Central African noon, Emperor Bokassa melts into his Austerlitz robes. Beads of sweat drip from Bokassa's regal brow, a slight smirk plays on the face of the papal nuncio. At the end of the mass, members of the Imperial Court hurry from the cathedral to urinate on the lawn.

The crowds that have been ordered to line the streets do not cheer. The nation's blacks have had to make contributions for the coronation, even the unemployed and the very poor. The Europeans, who have also been asked to contribute, freely voice their outrage. A French shop-owner complains: "Why should I pay? I'm not African." A Swiss doctor in charge of an antileprosy center has escaped the emperor's collectors by hiding in the bush. The lepers aren't so lucky; their handicrafts were confiscated for the glory of the Empire. At the postcoronation parade African children are kept at a safe distance by paratroopers' rifle butts as expatriates mill about the emperor's grandstand twirling their white parasols.

Emperor Bokassa seems not to know that most observers and delegates to the coronation consider it a tasteless farce. True, Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev are not here to witness the event, but their representatives are. In this land of lepers, Pygmies, and nearly universal poverty, Jean-Bédel Bokassa has officially fulfilled his dream—a dream made possible by the generosity of France.

On September 20, 1979, the day Emperor Bokassa was overthrown, the French expatriate community in Bangui went about its normal business: trips to the *charcuterie*, orders for the servants, sunbaths at the Rock Club. Most of the Europeans were not aware that two French Hercules military transports were on their way to the airport while Emperor Bokassa was in Libya seeing Colonel Qadaffi.

The emperor had two missiles hidden in Berengo, his imperial residence, aimed at Bangui. Opposition groups had caches of guns stashed throughout the country. Bloodshed was in the offing. Yet French residents were not perturbed. The majority of the Empire's 30,000 French were sleeping off their *pâté de campagne* when the military coup occurred. According to a longtime resident of Bangui, the French expatriate community claimed full responsibility for the overthrow of Emperor Bokassa. "We handled it right," boasted a French teacher in the country. In reality, the credit for the coup belongs to René Journiac, Giscard's technical adviser on African affairs.

Journiac follows in the tradition of his mentor, Jacques Foccart, who ran a ruthless intelligence service in Africa under French Presidents Pompidou and

Gaulle and was responsible for the ile and liquidation of many African ssidents. Journiac, with a little help om Colonel Degenne of the Second rachute Division, successfully or-estrated "Operation Barracuda," the de name for the putsch that toppled kassa. Unfortunately, Giscard's ad-ser committed a small *faux pas*.

French secret-service agents sent to e Empire failed to seize all of Bo-ssa's documents dealing with the ench government, and a few papers re liberated, including one detailing 1973 gift from Bokassa to then–Fi-nce Minister Valéry Giscard d'Es-ing of a tray of thirty-carat diamonds orth $250,000. According to the doc-nents, diamonds had also been pre-nted to French Cabinet Ministers obert Galley and Yvon Bourges, esident Giscard's brother Olivier, as ll as the President's cousins Fran-is and Jacques. Most embarrassing all, a document alleged that M. Jour-ac had also been given a token of is Majesty's appreciation.

President Giscard's family affair reatened scandal in France. But Gis-rd's Olympian image discouraged ac-sations. Pierre Hunt, Giscard's okesman, remarked, "I don't think worthy of the presidential function have to justify oneself or give re-ies on reports which owe more to ander, or an orchestrated campaign, an to genuine news." The socialists onsidered the charges worthy of in-stigation. A French Watergate, per-aps? "Unlikely," a French professor ays. "Three-quarters of the press is ontrolled by the government. In fact, ie scandals do not seem to have gone ery far at all."

"The biggest question," says a schol-r who specializes in Francophone Af-ca, "is, To what extent has French pol-y gone hand in glove with Giscard's amily fortunes and investments?" It s no secret that for forty years Gis-ard's father, Edmond, was the head of OFFO, a company with holdings in Central Africa, and that Giscard's cous-n Jacques, an adviser to the French tomic Energy Commission, plays a rucial role in uranium development n Africa.

While the Giscard family's financial nanipulations are well-hidden, France's nilitary interventions are an open book. The overthrow of Emperor Bo-kassa is but the latest success of a mil-itary strategy that uses France's air force, foreign legion, and intelligence service to secure domination of former colonies. In the twenty years since African independence, France has sent its troops and planes to Gabon, Chad, Senegal, Western Sahara, Cameroon, and Zaire. There are approximately 12,000 French troops distributed among twenty African countries and several French naval-air island bases off the coast of East Africa. France's Indian Ocean fleet of twenty ships is second only to that of the Soviet Union.

The French minister of foreign affairs, Jean François-Poncet, stated in May, 1979, that "France's military actions have always had the sole aim of allowing tensions and conflicts to be settled by political solutions, arrived at by free debate." In 1964, when President M'ba of Gabon was overthrown, France's "political solution" was to send in paratroopers, who successfully reinstated the great friend of French capital and French oil interests.

France not only props up corrupt African leaders in its own former colonies but has been the main force supporting President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire, previously a Belgian colony. Mobutu is arguably the most corrupt leader in Africa today. The French have twice intervened in Zaire to save him, most recently in May, 1978, when troops from the French Foreign Legion routed Katanganese invaders from Angola.

Military incursions are only one aspect of France's interventionist role in Africa. Equally significant is France's economic domination. Most of the former French sub-Saharan colonies belong to the "franc zone," in which the currency of all member states is pegged to the French franc. Thus France's inflation is imported directly into Africa. When the French franc was devalued by 12.5 percent in 1969, the currencies of France's African client-states were automatically devalued without consultations with their governments.

Even more important to France than currency control are Africa's vast mineral resources. Giscard insists that the countries where France has intervened are "among the twenty-four poorest in the world. They have no natural resources, no mineral resources, and live on French aid."

There are diamonds in the Central

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African Republic, and there is oil in Chad and Gabon and bauxite in Guinea, which, after twenty years of isolation, has reopened its arms to French capital. France is committed to the development of nuclear power. By the end of this century it will provide 80 percent of the country's electricity. France's only sources of uranium are three countries in Africa: Niger, Chad, and the Central African Republic.

According to French government statistics published in May, 1979, public aid to Africa is in excess of 4 billion francs (roughly $919 million). At least a third of that aid goes to pay the salaries of the 10,000 *coopérants*, French technical advisers and teachers. The *coopérants* include members of the French army as well as civilians on private contract. Civilian *coopérants* earn $2,000 to $3,000 a month; military *coopérants* earn half that. Perquisites include a free colonial villa, a two-month paid vacation, and a round-trip ticket each year to France. The $50-a-month houseboy is not included.

In Bangui, most *coopérants* refer to their servants as "the boy" even though he may be forty-five years old. The servants, in turn, address their employers as "patron," the French equivalent of "Massah" or "Bwana." Jean Herben, a former *coopérant* who taught math in Bangui from 1975 to 1978, said that "the *coopérants* treat their servants worse than Americans did in the deep South 100 years ago. When you compare the salaries that the servants are given to the work they actually do, it is, in effect, slavery."

Unlike the American Peace Corps people, who rough it in the bush and earn approximately $250 a month, the *coopérants* live in relative luxury in the capital cities. According to a former deputy director of the Peace Corps, "the *coopérants* would no more consider living in a hut and eating *fu-fu* [an African staple] than jumping into a crocodile-infested river."

THE MOST INSIDIOUS aspect of French public aid is that a whole generation of young Africans is being trained to submit to the *baccalauréat*, an exam tailored to Europeans—an effective screening process that is a direct outgrowth of France's former colonialist doctrine of creating black Frenchmen. Africans who pass the *baccalauréat* a considered Frenchified enough to e ter the political machines of their spective countries. Africans who do pass are destined for a radish stall the marketplace.

France, through its control of Af can educational systems, is attempti to raise a future generation of serv leaders similar to those now in pow The current Francophone African pr idents have been groomed to shield t outside world as well as their own po ulations from any visible signs French exploitation. Presidents Se ghor of Senegal, Houphouët-Boigny Ivory Coast, and Bongo of Gabon ha chalets and investments in France a are in many ways more French th Chevalier and Brie. Even an unp dictable and psychotic bloodletter li Bokassa was sincere in his love f France when he exclaimed that his c onation "restored the imperial tra tion to Africa and guarded French v ues and history."

General Charles de Gaulle understo that imperial tradition when he offer France's colonies two versions of in pendence in 1958. The colonies cou either join the general's grand desi for a French Community complete w full French citizenship or renoun all links with the metropole. Color posters of the French president w indiscriminately plastered on city sl scrapers and bush huts. The electora most of whom were illiterate, were couraged by French government o cials to deify de Gaulle. Fetishist trib sacrificed chickens to images of general. Neo-Christian sects includ de Gaulle in their Trinity with the ther and Son. African leaders w made fully aware that a "*oui*" to Gaulle's referendum meant fat salari free mansions, limousines, servan and round-trip tickets to Paris ea year.

Barthélémy Boganda, leader for C tral African independence, put it s cinctly: "The choice was being lowed to drive your own battered Ch rolet with a nearly empty tank being chauffeured by a white driver a new Cadillac as far as you lik Needless to say, almost all the Afric leaders picked the Cadillac—except o

Guinea, under the leadership of med Sékou Touré, voted "*non*." month before the referendum, To stood on a platform in Conakry, G

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ea, alongside President de Gaulle and eclared to a cheering crowd that he referred "poverty in freedom to pros- erity in chains." Within three months, ll French personnel, technical assis- ance, and financial aid were with- rawn from Guinea. Under de Gaulle's rders, exiting expatriates ripped tel- phone wires from the walls, smashed ight bulbs, and tore up the pavement n front of government offices. Cona- ry, once known as the "pearl of Fran- ophone Africa," was turned into a asteland virtually overnight. France's ther colonies got the message.

Even after de Gaulle, France still roved it could take punitive measures gainst a recalcitrant colony. When 'resident Ahmed Abdalla of the Com- ros declared a Unilateral Declara- ion of Independence on July 6, 1975, 'rance withdrew the $38 million an- ual subsidy that accounted for 80 per- ent of the Comoros' budget. France, which in the past had seriously ne- lected this tiny Indian Ocean nation, ecalled all its personnel, including eachers and doctors, leaving only two ndigenous doctors for a population of 90.000.

France's concern for Africans is best llustrated by the immigration law of une, 1979. Four million migrant wor- rs living in France, most of them North Africans, could be deported at he rate of 200,000 a year. Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish migrant vorkers are exempt from the law since hey are members of the European Economic Community. Giscard's oft- quoted policy statement "Africa for he Africans" would be more suitably phrased, "Europe for the Europeans." (Five years ago, the French president lid treat a group of foreign garbage collectors to breakfast at the Elysée Palace.)

STILL, MANY African leaders cherish their French citizenship, none more so than Bokassa. The deposed monarch, unaware that the French had engineered his overthrow, flew to France after the coup. The French government refused to grant him asylum. The Association of Democratic Jurists in France issued a statement criticizing the government's refusal, arguing that since Bokassa was a former sergeant in the French army and the possessor of a French passport, he could not legally be kept out of the country. The association also called attention to an article in France's penal code that provides for the trial in France of citizens accused of committing crimes overseas. The jurists wanted Bokassa tried for murder.

France's minister of justice, Alain Peyrefitte, brushed aside the flagrant illegality of the French government's decision on moral grounds. Said Minister Peyrefitte, "How could we have tried a former head of state for crimes committed abroad? If we had, we would have been charged with colonialism, because in the past the Central African Republic was under France's tutelage." It did not bother the minister of justice that 1,000 French soldiers were at that moment in Bangui, keeping Africans under his country's "tutelage."

President Houphouët-Boigny of Ivory Coast, the consummate Francophile, solved France's embarrassing dilemma by granting asylum to His Majesty the child-basher. An Ivory Coast newspaper, *Fraternité Matin,* in a tribute to French farce, boldly supported Houphouët-Boigny's move, stating, "We preach by example to preserve the right to live of all people, citizens or foreigners, whether they be criminals or not." It is highly unlikely that Houphouët-Boigny granted Bokassa asylum without pressure from Paris. According to an investment analyst who lived in Ivory Coast, "When the shit hit the fan, France went to Abidjan and pulled in some of its I.O.U.'s."

The price is steep for most of France's former colonies. Whenever an African walks into a ministry in Ivory Coast, he sees that the No. 2 or No. 3 man is a Frenchman. In any decent restaurant in Abidjan, Libreville, Douala, Dakar, or Bangui, an African spreads Normandy butter on French bread and washes it down with Vichy water. France's Fifth Republic may speak of altruism and public aid. But behind the double-talk and farcical remarks of Giscard and his colleagues is a French empire in Africa that dwarfs American, Soviet, Cuban, Chinese, or British influence. Despite the recent scandals, France's position in Africa is stronger than ever, and it is unlikely that France will ever willingly release its former colonies from their French-ordained destinies. □

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KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT WISDOM

The clatter of experts

by Erwin Chargaff

IT IS MY IMPRESSION that the rise and the institutionalization of the specialist, the expert, the professional have driven out and made impossible what used to be considered scholarship, and that mankind thereby has been made poorer. In other words, where expertise prevails, wisdom vanishes.

The concept of the scholar reaches far back in history, and there may have been no literate times from which it was absent. (In that respect, even the Middle Ages were far from dark.) Scholarship was highly regarded —often poorly recompensed, but in a few cases well remunerated—and it comprised not only the humanities but also what then was considered natural science. There were scholar amateurs and scholar pedants; there were great philosophers and historians, philologists and linguists, astronomers and physicists, botanists, zoologists, anatomists, and physicians. They erected imposing philosophical systems, like those of Descartes or Malebranche, Leibniz or Spinoza, Kant or Hegel. Others destroyed the destructible: with passionate irony, Kierkegaard; with millenarian fierceness, Karl Marx. Dreams of historical generalizations were followed, but not replaced, by the assiduous collection of historical sources. Many wrote with great difficulty, humble before the enormity of what they had to express. Others were great poets in prose, placing a fermata, as it were, over what they had thought and written, so that the chords still sound in our impoverished century.

Even if outdated in all its particulars, scholarship lasts as a total achievement; that is, it did so until not long ago. The institutionalization of all intellectual activities; a misunderstood and misapplied scientism; a crude reductionism exerted on what cannot be reduced; a galloping expertitis, degree- and prestige-drunk; the general persuasion that anything new automatically deposes anything old—all those agents have caused scholarship nearly to vanish after having been in a slowly accelerating decline for the past 100 years.

The onset of the decline is probably marked by the appearance of the names of those predators of scholarship—one could call them sapientivores—the expert, the professional, the specialist. There must have been professionals in all times; but they probably referred to themselves as craftsmen. I am sure there were bakers in Sumer, and that they baked bread and it was good to eat. Now that we have highly specialized baking syndicates, I do not know whether they still knead their dough; but what they produce is inedible. I have learned that an expert is someone licensed to do things he cannot do.

Knowledge factories

REGARDLESS OF whether we think of Erasmus of Rotterdam or Grotius, Hobbes or Bayle, Albrecht von Haller or Alexander von Humboldt, the products of ancient scholarship reached a much wider circle of educated readers than could be found now. Gibbon's great work was certainly received, read, and understood by a proportionately much larger audience than that of, say, *Cambridge Ancient History*. Long before there were communications satellites and when real news therefore spread faster, Dr. Johnson was sufficiently well known in distant Königsberg for Kant to make a few

Dr. Erwin Chargaff is emeritus professor and emeritus chairman of the biochemistry department of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in New York. He was instrumental in the discovery of the structure of DNA, and has received numerous awards and honors in the scientific community.

unfriendly remarks about him in his *Anthropologie*. The indexes to the diaries of the poets Coleridge and Novalis display an immensely wider erudition than even nonreaders of *Scientific American* could muster now. I do not wish to imply that specialization and barbarization go hand in hand—I have met too many barbarians without specialties—but there is a connection.

I should find it difficult to define the period in which this process of encapsulation—the scholar making way for the specialist—began. That process probably had something to do with a change in the speed at which new knowledge was accumulated, and perhaps also in the conception of what constituted new knowledge. The triumph of the natural sciences has made people insensitive to the qualities of knowledge, one bit of information being as good as another. Moreover, nature is supposed to be grateful for every secret torn from her. The old dispute about the relative value of a Madonna and a cabbage as the painter's subject does not pose itself to the scientist: he finds what he finds. (Of course, he may be wrong, and there are differences, even beyond the winds of fashion, between important and trivial: but that is beside the point.)

In any event, universities and institutes began to function as knowledge factories and to neglect their real task: the education of the young. They became bureaus for the issuance of professional licenses, and these required, in turn, the proof that one had produced new knowledge. Although the faded aureole of the scholar still encircled the hapless heads of the searchers for scientific truth, the real substance had vanished long ago: the change in quantity had produced poor quality. Sir Thomas Gresham, looking down from the bankers' paradise, smiled benignly.

To the prophet of doom, time accelerates: his quick-motion eyes sometimes do not distinguish between fifty and five hundred years. The fate of that backward prophet, the historian, is similar. The changes that I am trying to describe also took longer to manifest themselves than any definite date would indicate. Still, an inconspicuous event, marking more than the clash between two generations, may help us to perceive the summit of the watershed.

Jacob Burckhardt (1818–1897) worked during his last few years on a history of Greek culture. He had for several semesters lectured on that subject in the courses he gave at the University of Basel, but the writing went slowly, and finally he abandoned the whole thing. The old grumbler's letters are full of complaints about the hopeless task which was indeed enormous. A reader of Burckhardt's best-known work, *The Culture of the Renaissance in Italy*, will know how much he subsumed under that designation. The pertinent portion of the Webster definition of *culture* sounds dry and remote: "the total pattern of human behavior and its products embodied in thought, speech, action, and artifacts." It meant extracting, clairvoyantly, the essentials from all surviving primary sources concerning the religious, social, political, intellectual, literary, and artistic life of that most gifted, high-spirited, and volatile of nations. I have emphasized the primary sources, which include, of course, the surviving works of art and architecture, for the old scholars—for me the only real ones—paid much more attention to those than to what other scholars had written about them. When they spoke, by the way, it was to a public considerably wider than their colleagues—something unthinkable to our culture, in which specialist addresses only specialist, with the people at large limited to carrying the cost of their lucubrations.

Burckhardt's course on Greek culture apparently was popular. He notes proudly in one of his letters that he had as many as fifty-three registered listeners; that, it is hard to believe, seems then (1873) to have been one-third of the total student body of the ancient and famous university. That his lectures found acclaim is not surprising, for he was a profound and illusionless thinker about man and his destinies. When Burckhardt died, he left the first half of the history more or less ready for the printer; the second half, including the particularly interesting end portion, remained in the form of elaborate and detailed lecture notes. The entire work, edited in an unusually tactful and reticent manner by Burckhardt's nephew Oeri, was published between 1898 and 1902. But times had changed: the expert had appeared. Burckhardt's unfinished masterpiece was "finished" (in the sense of being bumped off) by a man considered at that time the greatest specialist in Greek philology.

Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff (1848–1931), thirty years younger than Burckhardt, was at the height of power and influence at the University of Berlin when he administered the coup de grâce. In 1899, soon after the appearance of Burckhardt's first volume, this is what he wrote: "Finally, I should consider it as cowardly not to say clearly that the *History of Greek Culture* by Jacob Burck-

ardt does not exist for the scholar."*

I should add that if now, eighty years later, ou go to a bookstore in Vienna or in Zuch, you will find many of Burckhardt's ooks, but almost never one by his executioner. It simply is always so that the newest is deadlier enemy of the new than of the urdy old.

WHAT HAD MADE the great philologist so angry? Well, if you want a plain answer, I believe it was that Burckhardt had paid ttle attention to him and other great philogists of the time. The old historian had been ontent to read the Greek and Latin writers, ometimes in the antiquated editions of his outh, and certain emendations, corrections, nd substitutions—and even a few newly disovered papyruses—may have escaped him. reat philologists are inclined to exaggerate ie importance of their philology, just as mocular biologists tend to overrate their molecular biology. One of the most unlovable and upid traits of the mediocre scholar or scienst has in all times been the conviction that he s at the peak of attainable perfection, that he nows all there is to know. It is true that very generation could write its own book, arrying the title *On All That Can Be Known –De omni scibili*—and it would always be a mall book, and never the same small book or two generations.

Whereupon I hear the voice of my eternal nterlocutor—a retired devil on a small penion—and the voice points out that in our imes such a book would be enormous, of inumerable volumes, each much bigger than he largest encyclopedias of ancient China. This is not an argument in which I like to et involved, for I have no university diplona in thinking and I am, therefore, unable to liscuss, in a manner acceptable to college phiosophers, the true meaning of knowledge. Is t what you and I know, or believe we know? s it what the computer knows? Is it what the best-selling omniwriter knows? Who knows?

The profound philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein wasted, or sanctified, his life trying to gain certainty about the meaning of "certainty." His labors are lost on me. I am still sitting in the same fly-glass in which he found me in the beginning. There are skeptics, and there are born-again Baptists. They are presumably all endowed with some form of brain; but that important organ must be storing very different certainties in the one and in the other.

There is the kind of knowledge that is directly and immediately relevant to the individual who possesses it or can draw on it, and there is the kind of knowledge that is essentially irrelevant, though it may be nice to have. Most of the knowledge provided by the

"One of the most unlovable and stupid traits of the mediocre scholar or scientist has in all times been the conviction that he is at the peak of attainable perfection."



Perico Pastor

* Wilamowitz-Moellendorff actually employs the hrase "für die Wissenschaft nicht existiert." The erm *Wissenschaft* is not easy to translate, as the orresponding word *science* now is preempted by *atural science*. It is worth noting that here the pecialist hides behind a general designation, erecting *Wissenschaft* as the goddess rejecting poor, seile Burckhardt. Had one asked, "Which *Wissenchaft?*" what could Wilamowitz-Moellendorff have nswered? Greek philology, history of culture, hisory of antiquity, philosophy of history? What is noney to one specialist is wormwood to another. It s probable that Vico, Montesquieu, or Gibbon would have much better understood what Burckhardt had attempted to do.

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Erwin Chargaff

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT WISDOM

natural sciences is of the second kind, glorious though the mental achievement may be in some instances. In this connection I must make a horrible confession. I have been a scientist all my life; I am, among other things, a member of the National Academy of Sciences and belong, hence, to what an assistant dean, introducing me once to a gibbering crowd of young ladies, called the "crème de la crème." But in my daily life I still live under the Ptolemaic system: Copernicus leaves me cold; the sun rises every morning. Of course, I know—I have been told it so often—that the earth rotates around the sun and that the Darwinian scheme of evolution is correct; but even my scientific work would not in the least have been affected had it been performed on a flat and stationary earth and with organisms produced according to the gospel of Lamarck.

This can also be put differently. The assertion "I know that my redeemer liveth" signifies an entirely different quality of knowledge from that expressed by the outwardly rather similar statement "I know where my redeemer liveth." With the present impact of science on society, that information would, however, probably take the form of "I know a fellow who says he knows. . . ."

Intellectual spectators

WHENEVER I come upon a definition of our time, it seems to contain the prefix *post*, as if all present were past and no future were waiting. We live in the "postindustrial" age, which is also "postideological" and "postcapitalistic," and for all I know also posthumous and posthuman. One thing I have not heard it called is "postbourgeois." It seems that the proletarians of the world, by losing even their chains, also lost their identity; and everybody now is a little bourgeois or studying to become one. The young Karl Marx, so much better at diagnosis than at therapy, saw the Hippocratic facies of a class, but like all good prophets he underestimated the duration of the agony.

In any event, the modern phase of science and of scholarship began, in my view, with the rise of the bourgeoisie. Exploring and exploiting became synonyms, the collection of knowledge another form of the accumulation of capital; experts became two-legged Consols through which invested knowledge bore high and perpetual interest. Just as bonds were deposited with bankers, knowledge could be stored in special brains, to be called on, when needed, by the entrepreneur. Knowledge wa not just power but power infinitely augmenta ble; there were no limits, as there were t circulating money. Even now, as we are sur rounded by it, most of my colleagues will deny that there exists such a disorder as intellec tual inflation.

Fate favors the prepared mind; and so, a I write these lines, I receive a letter from th White House. My heartbeat quickens as open the envelope. "Who knows?" I say t myself. "Maybe Brzezinski asks an old Co lumbia colleague for help with the difficul German of Clausewitz; he must be readin him preparatorily, for is not the Cold Wa the continuation of peace by nastier means?" But no, it is only a bit of electioneering fluff a circular letter from the Science Adviser outlining the provisions in the 1981 budge for "basic research," which, incidentally, can not be inordinately basic, inasmuch as th largest increase (21 percent) goes to the De partment of Defense. The last paragraph o the letter reads:

> *In a recent ceremony at the White House at which the President awarded the National Medal of Science, he indicated that one of our most important National tasks is the continuing strong support of the search for knowledge. The budget reflects his commitment to that goal.*

Platitudes have a hypnotic effect. Who ca be against the search for knowledge? In goe $5 billion and out come 50 billion pieces o knowledge. What is (with a misplaced capital called the "National task" will make us eve richer. That knowledge produced on the as sembly line is actually worthless does no seem to be a conviction shared by many. A any rate, it is a conviction of mine: whereve I go, I hear the senseless clatter of the knowl edge industry.

IT HAS NOT always been so. Although th Golden Ages I have known in my lif have all been beastly, they differed i their attitudes toward scholarship and re search. The claim that knowledge is powe appealed to early imperialism; but there stil existed many islands where a kind of knowl edge was sought that was morally neutral o even laudable. Specialization had set in lon before my time; but the individual scholar o scientist had, in his student days, received broad education and was free, and, even mor important, he was able to roam. The variou nations did not yet consider it their obliga tion to function as forcing houses for th

wholesale production of "new knowledge." I do not believe that there existed anywhere an officially, and shamelessly, proclaimed "National task" of this sort; and even so, the President may not find it easy to jimmy his way into the pantheon in which the names of Pericles or an Augustus are preserved.

Thirst is a driving force only as long as it cannot be quenched. That applies also to the so-called thirst for knowledge. Nobody I ever met thirsted for knowledge. He may have been curious, ambitious, eager, imbued with a hunter's ardor, until finally *rigor vitae* set in, and he could not have done differently had he wanted it; but if he thirsted for anything, it was for the fame that goes with a reputation for having acquired knowledge, and he would have settled for celebrity and some cash. Real seekers of knowledge keep well hidden, and it is mostly not new knowledge they are after, but old and solid knowledge. I have always suspected Dr. Faustus of being a stage figure. In our times, all intellectual activities, all sciences (in the broadest sense), have become spectator sports, and the interest of the public is limited to knowing which fighter will slay which bull, and to hoping secretly that it will be the other way around. Had we been told in the newspapers that Relativity had revealed Dr. Einstein, we should have been satisfied equally.

Ours is about the most ignorant age that can be imagined. I should like to see our leading statesmen subjected to a simple placement exam like the one given to the hapless applicants for the New York police force. I believe even that most disillusioned of ancient Swedes, Count Oxenstierna, would shudder at the result, for he would hardly accept the excuse that with so many think tanks around, our politicians need do nothing but meet the press.

New shoes have to be manufactured, as do new telephone directories; the old ones can no longer be used. Similarly, Congress must go on making new laws, because the old ones have been broken. But that should not apply to most of what we call knowledge. Considering the good it did me, I should say that I could have learned my geometry in Euclid, my Latin in Donatus. In many respects the old editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* convey more solid knowledge than the newest one. How many books could there be if every writer had to make a vow, an enforceable vow, of originality? There are, of course, reasons for so-called scholarly books to be written in redundant profusion, and those reasons are mostly economic. The existence, for instance, of multiple competing textbooks has nothing to do with the thirst, or the search, for knowledge.

I shall be told—and I am inclined to agree in part—that the kind of books about which I seem to be talking here has nothing to do with new knowledge or the search for it, and that it is, in fact, the success of the search that renders those books obsolete so soon. My answer will be that new knowledge is worthless if the old knowledge is lost on the people. They may sit, watching a screen on which a fellow does something to Mars that they do not understand, or hearing a celebrity making a fool of himself; but they know no history, no geography, no languages.

"Whenever I come upon a definition of our time, it seems to contain the prefix *post*, as if all present were past and no future were waiting."

Wisdom is cheaper wholesale

THE PRINCIPAL general recipient of, and beneficiary from, new knowledge appears, therefore, to be the computer. That younger colleague of mine has given me a lot of worries, and I have always tried to stay out of its way. But what is the sense of blabbering about new knowledge if there is no money to repair the old subways, to rescue the old cities, to help the old people? We are being told that for this nation to stay on top, it must have the newest knowledge, the best science, et cetera, and that this would make it respected and even loved. Maybe so, although I always thought that he who declared he wanted to be loved was unlovely, and he who wanted to dominate was mediocre. Rome did not scream that it had to be No. 1: it was.

At the end of the second world war, exuberant when everybody else was prostrate, well-fed when everybody else was starving, the United States embarked on a crusade for knowledge and also, I am afraid, on the conquest of death. Later, fearing to run out of goals, America added the universe. It was the triumph of the Texas spirit: doing the impossible, with mirrors, on a cost-plus basis, and then calling a press conference. As the economic pressure that led to the creation of the short-lived paradise came mainly from the large number of scientists brought forth by the war effort, it is not surprising that the major attack was directed against nature. The private foundations that had done a reputable and reticent job in supporting small science were forced to relinquish the field, for gigantic spenders of federal billions had come into being: the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Office of Naval Research, and other agencies connected with

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Defense, Agriculture, and other departments. More recently, and for greater industrial diversification, smaller National Endowments for the Arts and the Humanities were created; and now there exists even a National Humanities Center.

We have, hence, for many years been geared up fully for the large-scale manufacture of intellectual goods; and since these are not perishable—although refrigeration helps—the storage space, I suppose, must soon be overtaxed. The production of scientific papers has indeed been enormous. Even now, when with inflation, the crash of the dollar, and general spiritual exhaustion the habitual rodomontades begin to sound a bit empty, American scientific papers amount to nearly half the world output. Whether the few important scientific principles discovered during that postwar period would not also have been found under the old provision cannot be decided, for one must keep in mind that too many acute thinkers thinking acutely at one time create a traffic problem. Moreover, an abundance of laws of nature, enthroned and deposed with exaggerated rapidity, confuses the mind.

THE MOURNFUL OBSERVER of human stupidity and greed never runs out of matter. Nowhere does the kaleidoscope of follies and vanities turn faster than in New York. Even the mailman, though no longer delivering letters, brings bills, solicitations, and announcements. I was, therefore, pleased not long ago to receive a brochure from the Grantsmanship Center in Los Angeles, inviting me to participate, for a fee of $325, in a training program. In my time I might have made a good student; but being much too hoary and dejected, I had to decline. And yet, the offer set me dreaming.

I thought about grants, about money and its mysterious lubricating effect on the mind. Money given, and no questions asked, can have a marvelous effect. Did Vergil have to submit a pink and a yellow copy of his application when he went to see Maecenas, that antique version of the National Endowment? Did he have to explain in what way his undertaking was novel or scholarly? Did he have to meet those Washington faces, iridescent with washproof sincerity?

Meditating about the fiscal way of creating culture where none will ever grow, I used to say that all money does is create takers, and much money, charlatans. What would have happened if van Gogh or Rimbaud had applied to the National Endowment for the Arts? If Baudelaire had put down the "title of the project" *Fleurs du Mal?* In the bes of cases, Kafka might have been encourage to apply for a grant in entomology, but h would not have passed the peer review.

Our lives are being governed by expert who may not be very bright but who kno where to look it up. Specialists of the sam discipline are usually of one opinion, excep when being paid by the two sides in a law suit: then they are of two opinions. Fron birth to tomb we are the objects of research The smallest fetus will not escape having it horrorscope cast from his chromosomes by cy togeneticists. When he grows up, despite th efforts of education experts, and receives hi Social Security number, he becomes the ob ject of statisticians, sociologists, political sci entists, census takers, economists, and the like In the later course of his life he will get int the hands of the biomedical profession; an when he finally reaches the other end, hi agony will be studied by thanatologists. Ethi cists will have deplored his morals, analyst will take apart his soul. Gurus, prophets, trend setters, and politicians will have misled an confused him. He is the universal grist, an he will figure in innumerable papers, books questionnaires, and study reports.

The low quality of our writing and our ar is not redeemed by courses in art appreciation or the interpretation of poetry. Dr. Dry asdust will not become more imaginativ when sprinkled with small amounts of publi money. Hegel's *weltgeist* has assumed th appearance of a giant eraser, as if all mem ory of what the human spirit had created wer to be extinguished before the final annihila tion. In the meantime, academic chaff of al sorts—cultural, scientific—is being ground t powder day and night. Blake spoke of th "dark satanic mills," but now that we hav unlimited nuclear energy, they are illuminate brightly and are doubly satanic. To say it i Diabolese, if the old knowledge has failed new knowledge will make us happy. Let u make it by the ton, for wisdom is cheape wholesale.

The absurdity of the knowledge industr was recognized a long time ago. There is a excellent anecdote that Kaiser Wilhelm I o Germany, Bismarck's old emperor, liked t tell. When he still was only King of Prussia he once visited the Bonn Observatory an asked the director a jovial question. "Wel dear Argelander, what's new in the starr sky?" The answer came promptly, and it wa another question. "Does Your Majesty alread know the old?" Whenever the emperor tol the story, he is said to have shaken wit laughter. □



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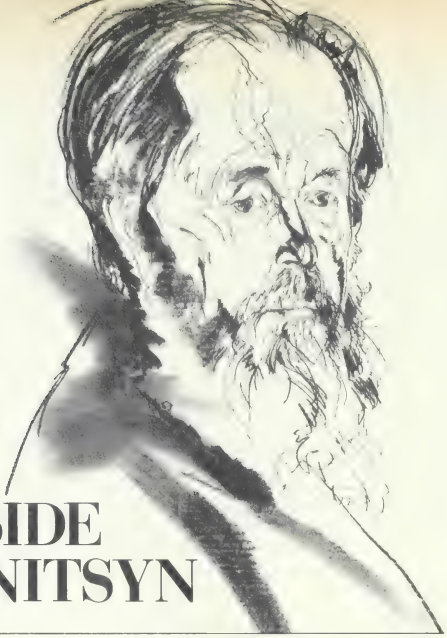
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THE DARK SIDE OF SOLZHENITSYN

In the manner of his enemies

by George Feifer

SHORTLY AFTER Zhores Medvedev, the dissident Russian biologist and writer, arrived in London in 1973, Macmillan in Britain published his book *Ten Years After Ivan Denisovich.* It was the first account, by an intimate, of the symbol of the opposition—"the mind and conscience of our nation," as a group of the least-compromised Russian writers had called Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Medvedev's episodic report revealed that his close friend was even more astute and heroic than we had suspected. The police and their literary minions, as well as unscrupulous volunteers, had assaulted the besieged writer. For example, the KGB's 1965 triumph of finding a store of Solzhenitsyn's notes and papers was no catastrophic accident but the work of one "Z," who, in recognition of his services, was soon permitted to emigrate. But this turncoat was Ilya Zilberberg, an early dissident who had also settled in London. I would have sworn that he was not a vile betrayer.

It seemed odd, this accusation of a man I had taken for an unsung, unsinging hero. Friends had hinted at the cost to Zilberberg of safeguarding Solzhenitsyn's papers. Although his courage was obvious in his opposition, thoughts of what discovery would mean for his wife and young children constantly tightened his throat. Only his belief in Solzhenitsyn's importance impelled him to carry on with the dreaded duty.

I telephoned Medvedev in London to inquire how Zilberberg had explained the loss of Solzhenitsyn's archive. After a hem and a haw, Medvedev said that he hadn't asked Zilberberg.

"You mean you wrote that rap without hearing his version?"

(Pause) "That's right."

No cub reporter would have failed to interview the subject of a far less alarming story. Could this internationally acclaimed dissident, this democrat and victim of persecution, this distinguished scientist not have bothered to telephone someone before publishing an account that could destroy his reputation? The implications were painful.

"But Zilberberg lives a few minutes from you. Why didn't you speak to him?"

"Alexander Isaievich [Solzhenitsyn] told me how they got the archive. That was enough for me."

The most probable explanation—that someone else's insufficient caution on bugged telephones led to the find—cannot be proved. Much less, however, could the insinuations about Zilberberg, for which the only evidence Medvedev produced was Solzhenitsyn's instructions for treating the matter. Macmillan

George Feifer has reported from Moscow for numerous publications and is the author of a novel, Moscow Farewell, *and* Our Motherland: And Other Ventures in Russian Reportage (*Viking*).

George Feifer

THE DARK SIDE OF OLZHENITSYN

quickly and quietly pulped the first, erroneous edition. The incident was not mentioned in the press, and no apology was offered the innocent victim.

What we have here is an introduction to Solzhenitsyn's underside and its effect on the opposition to Soviet rule he summons Russians to join. The stern preacher of the Christian ethic instinctively, and calculatingly, uses slander, intimidation, and rage in his own dealings with people who displease him, with or without cause. For something drives Solzhenitsyn not only to be ungrateful to, but also to turn on, one after another of his former helpers. He is just as quick to turn on the Western press that saved him, but his suspicion of pluralism and freedom of speech also provoke this particular dislike. And by prompting disgust in the democrats among the opposition, this something, converted into magisterial commandments and tainted politics, is contributing powerfully to its profound pessimism and disarray.

ALTHOUGH BOOKS about the angry genius will be written for another hundred years, the hypocrisy of his moralizing against the West is now clear. His thundering Harvard address last year attacked sins of the Western Sodom he considers more evil, in subtler ways, than his spiritual home in the archipelago. Thanks to the secrecy surrounding his own affairs, the torrent of soul-searching replies to this sermon contained few hints of how resourcefully and resolutely he uses the press, the courts, and other objects of his righteous condemnation. Together with a profound mistrust of the institutions vital to a free society, his fire and brimstone reveal an unwillingness to accept that free speech requires tolerance of drivel, stupidity, and opposition, including opposition to Solzhenitsyn. In his bones, rural Russia's faithful son is a mystical authoritarian, with a deep suspicion of democracy.

It is also clear that what has been passed off as Solzhenitsyn's ethical virtue is nothing of the kind, but rather an urge for self-assertion, nourished by extraordinary talent, courage, and demonic energy and powers of concentration. The temptation to cheer him now as a source of answers is greater than at any time since his emergence: the Soviet army invades Afghanistan, the leadership banishes Andrei Sakharov. When beatings and forced labor do not silence the handful of dissenters, psychiatrists inject mind-destroying drugs to turn them into human vegetables. How right Solzhenitsyn has been about these gangsters, and about Western weakness. The Soviet Union is revealing itself as a large labo camp, with rations and privileges dispense according to the prisoners' usefulness to th Mafia in charge. Who has fought this harde who better knows Soviet prisons? The rub i that his political pronouncements demonstrat neither moral strength nor, perhaps more t the point, practical wisdom for anything apar from marching toward his anachronistic Rus sia of the future. The cunning he cultivate to survive imprisonment and to fight the Po litburo-KGB axis unfortunately diminishes hi benefit to normal domestic and political life The skills and strength he developed for ex coriating evil rulers are largely sterile for th contributions needed after the decades of an ger and hate that have destroyed so much o Russia. In the name of healing, the superl but wrathful diagnostician opens new wounds of his own.

To put it another way, his cure for totali tarianism carries the germ of Russia's nex disease: a strain, predictably, of the old one The infection lies not so much in his ideas as in his temperament. His notions that the Rus sian people are "mentally free," that their suf fering has given them a higher spirituality that only non-Russian influences, Marxist and liberal, have prevented them from achieving political well-being are ill-founded but no dangerous. His antipathy to Western democ racy is more worrying, but not a menace o and by itself. Despite the alarming rise of old fashioned right-wing nationalism in Russia— accompanied by anti-Semitism and associated features—Solzhenitsyn's mystical elevation of the Russian people* would be, on its own, lit tle more than an extension of an old search for this backward, submissive, narrow-minded folk's place in a world too complex for it, an old attempt to explain their misery. Solzhenitsyn's error of translating their personal generosity, warmth, and artlessness into political assets—as political animals, they have been sheep for centuries—is a traditional one, and even his tendency to blame the revolution on the fifth column of liberalism is nothing more than a point of view.

The danger lies in his methods of putting it. As cleanly as Solzhenitsyn seems to break from Soviet rule, he often fits the pattern—debating by accusation, condemning outside

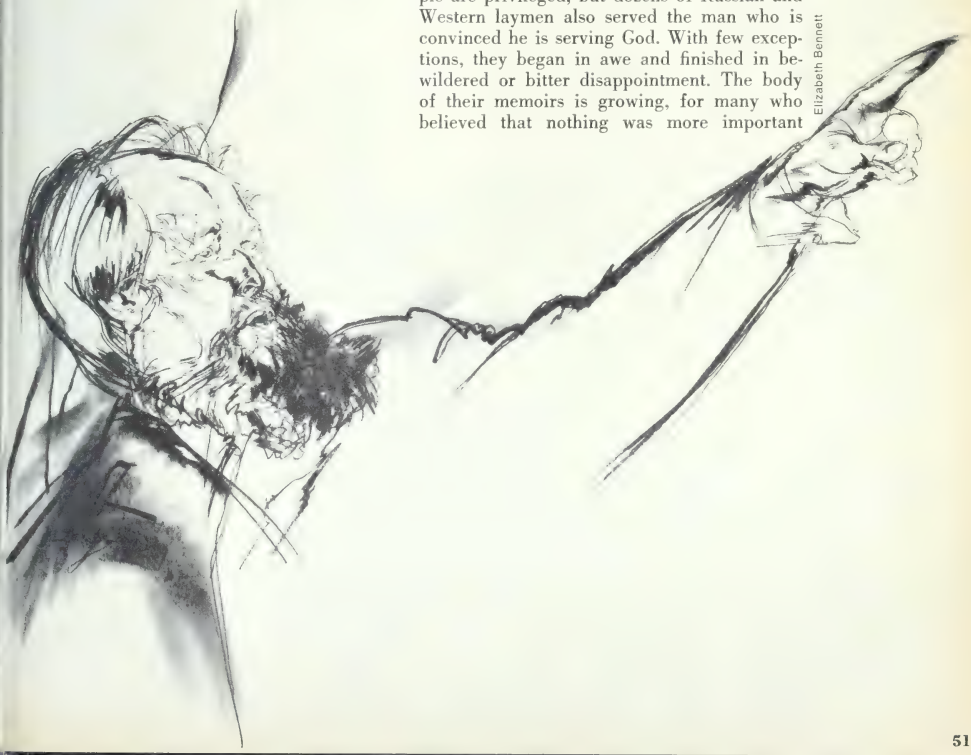
* Not actually the Russian people but the Russian peasant, who, in his view, embodies the highest spiritual and emotional virtues. One trip into the mud, vodka, despair, and obscurantism of the Russian countryside is enough to disabuse any objective observer of hope that the ragged, savagely exploited Russian peasant is the potentially responsible citizen that Solzhenitsyn envisions.

(cosmopolitan) influences, trampling and smearing for a higher cause—that spawned and sustains it. For all his detestation of Lenin in particular, Solzhenitsyn is closer to him on the most fundamental social and political questions than to prerevolutionary Russian, let alone Western, democrats. Wags touched something deep when they called *Lenin in Zurich* "Solzhenitsyn in Zurich." Apart from strikingly similar personal traits, the two prophets share emotional and philosophical attitudes. The counterpart of Lenin's all-answering Marxism, Solzhenitsyn's search for the "shining, sin-free, and unerring life" leads him to moralistic, painfully simplistic solutions to social problems. In both cases, the concept of spiritual rebirth that will remake society (Solzhenitsyn's New Spiritual Man or Leninism's New Soviet Man) derives from a zealous missionary mentality. Lenin's intolerance in ramming a minority party down Russian throats grew from a conviction that he had the keys to history. Solzhenitsyn's intolerance is reinforced by his possession of an "always unerring" intuition about people, a "spiritual mechanism" that permits him to penetrate to the depths of a stranger at a word or a glance, separating the good from the bad. The truth has been revealed to him; we must believe it.

Turning on his friends

ALTHOUGH A CORPS of admirers still try to represent Solzhenitsyn as a man of the highest integrity, more and more people with personal experience regard him as a scourge to all principles apart from his own. Winthrop Knowlton, one of his American publishers, who visited him in Moscow during a difficult time, will one day explain why he considers the laureate whose Nobel Prize lecture had just exhorted the world to practice greater morality "the most immoral man I know." Solzhenitsyn's English publisher has similar tales about feet of clay, and Fritz Herb, the Zurich lawyer who doggedly defended his interests during his hazardous last years in Russia, may someday reveal why he considers his former client "a great man but not a good man." Solzhenitsyn's communications with these professional people are privileged, but dozens of Russian and Western laymen also served the man who is convinced he is serving God. With few exceptions, they began in awe and finished in bewildered or bitter disappointment. The body of their memoirs is growing, for many who believed that nothing was more important

"As cleanly as Solzhenitsyn seems to break from Soviet rule, he often fits the pattern."



Elizabeth Bennett



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THE DARK SIDE OF SOLZHENITSYN

than his message of Soviet brutality now feel more strongly that his ruthless manipulation of people and his liberties with the norms of civilized conduct have revealed him as a menace.

By providing a clear picture of Solzhenitsyn's behavior, two forthcoming books will quash this "foibles of genius" interpretation. One book is by Solzhenitsyn himself: *The Calf Butted the Oak,** an account, among other things, of his conflicts with the literary and political-police establishments during the period 1962–1966, when a sample of his writing was published in Russia and a larger body was kept from being published. The second is by Vladimir Lakshin,** the leading literary critic of *Novy Mir,* the journal that published *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* when Solzhenitsyn was unknown, and ran most of the few subsequent stories by him that appeared in Russia.

The Calf Butted the Oak is another Solzhenitsyn slash to the jugular of allies who once risked their own well-being to help him. In this case, the principal prey is the members of the editorial board of *Novy Mir,* who immediately recognized and pledged themselves to *One Day*'s artistic and political significance. It was fortunate for Solzhenitsyn, and the rest of the world, that the manuscript came to them, with their combination of ideals and courage. Fortifying their political ingenuity and tenacity with personal dedication, the editors launched the literary career of the then-timid, hidden author. Had the densely typewritten pages gone elsewhere, they almost certainly would not have been published†—nor would anything else of his in the retreat from Khrushchev's de-Stalinization that began the following year.

Timing was crucial here, together with gifted leadership. It was provided by Alexander Tvardovsky, *Novy Mir*'s late editor, at whose funeral nine years later Solzhenitsyn would eulogize movingly. ("There are many ways of killing a poet. The one chosen for Tvardovsky was to take away his offspring, his passion, his journal. . . . They heaped the coals of disbandment, destruction, and mortification upon him; within six months these coals had consumed him . . . [and] he took to his deathbed.") A well-rounded man of peasant origin, Tvardovsky gained popularity as a poet, rose in the Soviet hierarchy, and—this must be said in keeping with his nature—tried to be honest and good. His innate dignity matched his capacity to grow, and when he grew into a force for liberalization, his solid "Soviet" background enabled him to win concessions to *Novy Mir*'s artistic and intellectual principles that kept alive hopes for Russian literature and democratic impulses.

But now, to read Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky's chief characteristic was his weakness in the face of the political authorities, as evidenced by his failure to publish Solzhenitsyn's subsequent works, chiefly *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle.* Even before Khrushchev's fall so much had changed in Soviet politics that Tvardovsky himself was besieged. The hard-liners had won; the liberals were in general retreat. Forgetting or ignoring his own pre-*One Day* caution, however, Solzhenitsyn complains, ridicules, *incriminates.* This is the same story of his inability to see the world from the vantage point of others (although some of his fiction does this wonderfully); of his unwillingness to accept limitations and restrictions of others when they interfere with his strategy; of his bullying weaker people, including some in even greater danger than he when he has acquired sufficient power. Although Tvardovsky is dead and the other most respected of *Novy Mir* editors are also unable to answer freely (all having been dismissed and condemned to a precarious existence in Russia), *The Calf* flays them with almost as much derision and contempt as *The Gulag Archipelago* flung at the Soviet rulers. It is the same dismal story of Solzhenitsyn showing himself to be above blame by blaming expendable others, whatever the cost to them. The difference now is that Vladimir Lakshin, a man of great stature, has defended Tvardovsky, providing enough information about Solzhenitsyn's methods in the process to end many mysteries about him. And with his reputation for literary excellence and personal honesty, Lakshin can be neither dismissed nor explained away—much less in the case of Solzhenitsyn and Tvardovsky, about whom, having been close to both, he knows the facts as well as anyone.

A FORMER ACADEMIC, Lakshin contributed skillfully and generously to Russian letters, especially to the rehabilitation of writers persecuted and mangled by ideology, but most of all to *Novy Mir,* of which he was a kind of managing ed

* A literal translation of the Russian title. The book will be published in May under the title *The Oak and the Calf: Memoirs of a Literary Life* (Harper & Row).

** *Solzhenitsyn, Tvardovsky and Novy Mir* (MIT Press).

† As Solzhenitsyn himself knew then—before he became a world figure. "Was I mad?" he writes about *One Day.* "Surely the editorial board didn't seriously believe they could publish it?"

or, getting the issues to press despite the crackdowns of censorship and interference by ie Central Committee's crowd of *Novy Mir*–aters. His own writing for the journal fea-ired accomplished essays. His appreciation f Solzhenitsyn earned him more savage at-icks than any leveled against *One Day* itself. Lakshin has not changed his opinion of Sol-henitsyn's literary importance.

> *I say it once again and for the last time: the significance of this writer is immense, the destructive and cleansing power of his best books is immeasurable. . . . He has done an immeasurable amount for all of us and for Russian literature, for which unending homage to him.*

What elaboration does this need? If the ussian novel was dead, Solzhenitsyn revived by applying his gifts of artistic insight. *One Day* and the short story "Matryona's Place" re masterpieces, and *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward* are among the most powerful ovels published anywhere. Much of the work ompleted before he became a celebrity and seer will outlive us all, as Tolstoy's novels utlive both his critics and his tortured teach-ngs.

In a country where literature substitutes for tifled political expression, only Solzhenitsyn's rtistry could have produced his monumental ocial and political contributions. Living in Moscow at the time, I watched from a window of the Lenin Library on the morning *One Day* ppeared in *Novy Mir*. I could almost sense he joyous relief of confession and truth. Dur-ng the following weeks, friend after friend old me that he had known everything about he labor camps, but admitted it to himself nly when *One Day* broke through the bar-iers that they had erected against the intol-rable reality to stay sane. Former inmates said they had never cried in the camps; they cried when living with Ivan Denisovich.

Gulag is even greater as an event than as rt. One of the twentieth century's grislier ruisms is that not even the victims, let alone outsiders, can comprehend the full horror of mass atrocities. But Solzhenitsyn's epic ag-gregation of scenes, statistics, reminiscences, black humor, historical sketches, cameo por-raits, and philosophical asides, all fused to-gether by his searing rage, puts an entire neb-ula of starved, shot, and spat-upon state slaves between covers. The larger facts had previous-ly been available. By forcing the world to con-front the detail, Solzhenitsyn stopped fash-ionable revolutionaries, Western Communist parties, and even Jean-Paul Sartre from assur-ing themselves that labor camps were a myth or a minor aberration.

To live now and not be aware of the disaster "is to be a kind of historical fool missing a crucial part of the consciousness of the age," as an English critic has written. Solzhenitsyn's effect has been so powerful, the attitude toward the Soviet Union so changed, that the intellectual wooziness of the pre-Solzhenitsyn era, a scant few years ago, is hard to recapture. Can anyone else have conceived a work equal to its immense subject? Nothing of this power and virtuosity has emerged from the Holocaust. The torrent rushes out on the 2,000 pages. The creator shapes them as if he invented the language—as well as scorn, fury, mockery, and contempt. This quotation begins a chapter on interrogation:

> *If the intellectuals in the plays of Chekhov who spent all their time guessing what would happen in twenty, thirty, or forty years had been told that in forty years interrogation by torture would be practiced in Russia; that prisoners would have their skulls squeezed within iron rings; that a human being would be lowered into an acid bath; that they would be trussed up naked to be bitten by ants and bedbugs; that a ramrod heated over a primus stove would be thrust up their anal canal (the "secret brand"); that a man's genitals would be slowly crushed beneath the toe of a jackboot; and that, in the luckiest possible circumstances, prisoners would be tortured by being kept from sleeping for a week, by thirst, and by being beaten to a bloody pulp, not one of Chekhov's plays would have gotten to its end because all the heroes would have gone off to insane asylums.*

What does it matter why a writer produces such epochal books or by what route he reached their terrible truths? As a protester and a chronicler, Solzhenitsyn is the archetype of Koestler's "neurotic who labors under the curse of experiencing a collective predicament in terms of personal pain [in this case a collective terror and horror] and has the simultaneous gift of transforming individual pain into social or artistic achievement." The personal motives behind such an accomplishment should play no part in its evaluation.

But they do matter when an artist offers political wisdom together with his literature.

"In a country where literature substitutes for stifled political expression, only Solzhenitsyn's artistry could have produced his monumental social and political contributions."

In temporary cause with democracy

It is not Solzhenitsyn the writer who is passed off and passes himself off as a symbol, but Solzhenitsyn the provider of remedies for our age's political and social ills. "To fight against untruth and falsehood, to fight against myths, to fight against an

George Feifer

THE DARK SIDE OF SOLZHENITSYN

ideology that is hostile to mankind" is Solzhenitsyn's statement of purpose. This is the notion that Lakshin's portrait devastates. *The Calf* accuses *Novy Mir*'s dead editor of cowardice, drunkenness, and debilitating pride. "I declare that everything said about Tvardovsky in this vein is either a blatant *untruth*," Lakshin responds, "or it is that nasty, slimy, slanderous kind of *half*-truth that is worse than a conscious lie." Lacking real ammunition, Solzhenitsyn resorts to typically Soviet petty slander about Tvardovsky's personal habits, adding the epithet "Stalinist" for good measure. *Novy Mir* was the rare Soviet office that usually enjoyed an atmosphere of genuine enthusiasm, in this instance generated by respect for Tvardovsky as well as by commitment to shared ideals. "When he was in his office, any colleague could go and see him at any time, and some of us abused this freedom," Lakshin writes. "I have seen many editorial offices in my time, but such a lack of 'lordliness' or office protocol, such unpretentious and natural egalitarianism I have never seen anywhere else." *

It bears repeating that in the period concerned, *Novy Mir* abundantly contributed to, and sustained hopes for, the kind of Soviet reform that was most likely to lead, if any type could, to the country's eventual democratization. In the early 1960s, it was the leading outlet for literature, journalism, and criticism, including social criticism; and Tvardovsky's stoic resistance to insults, attacks, stoppages, and bald lies—what Lakshin calls "moral thuggery"—earned him the affection and respect of friends, colleagues, and readers, the flower of the Russian intelligentsia's withered remnants after forty years of Soviet rule. His prestige was all the greater because he used it, together with his honesty and courage, to practice the moral conduct that Solzhenitsyn preaches. This is the mourned editor whom Solzhenitsyn pictures as having "almost no friends."

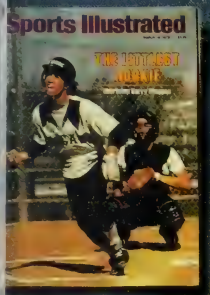
But in the long run, Solzhenitsyn's self-righteous misrepresentation of the journal and its staff is less important than his "doctoring" (Lakshin's word) of his ties with *Novy M* and, in turn, *Novy Mir*'s relationship with t political Establishment. "To fight for . . . o memory of what things were like—that is t task of the artist," in Solzhenitsyn's view. " people who no longer remember have lost the history and their souls." But memory is sele tive. Who could have guessed that the auth of *The Calf* had written Lakshin in 1970 th "personally, I have never known anything b kindness from *Novy Mir*"? One of the Sovi rule's worst cruelties is the rewriting of h tory to rob a ravaged people of their mem ries. The man who keeps explaining that t need to fight this Orwellian monstrosity what impelled him to write the monument *Gulag* and his partially completed series novels about the Russian Revolution (*Augu 1914* is the first) is busy rewriting his ov past to fit his conception of himself.

The truth is that Solzhenitsyn did not ha common, but only temporary, cause with Tva dovsky. Apart from how it could serve hi he cared as little for *Novy Mir* as for the b leaguered clusters of Russian democrats a reformers as a whole. For all they knew a suspected about him by then, *Novy Mi* sacked editors were dumbfounded when, aft the purge of the staff that had published mo of the Khrushchev era's best and most crusa ing literature, the author of *One Day* a proached the replacement hacks with a pr posal to continue business as usual. Despi the disloyalty required, despite the contrave tion of his own sermons, Solzhenitsyn's ta was to get Solzhenitsyn published.

FROM AN EARLY AGE, Solzhenitsyn had personal despotism that frightened h friends. Reporting others' infractio but cowing them into not criticizi him, he developed a sense of privilege and i fallibility to match his drive, usually succes ful, to be first in everything. This grew in an awareness of a predestination to save ma kind. The principal message of his recent p riod has been the need for moral order bas on traditional—Russian Orthodox—concep of good and evil. (It goes without saying th this incorporates the disarming of Comm nism, the source of the greatest present p litical evil, and of the greatest obfuscation the meaning of good.) Earlier in his life, was, ironically, the equally compelling ne for moral order based on Marxism-Leninis In a letter from the front on the eve of 194 Solzhenitsyn told his wife of his joy in havi her companionship and a cause to serve: t cause of world revolution. "I love you, lo

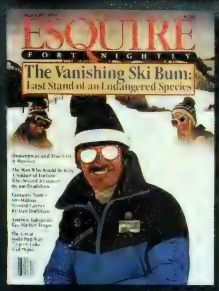
* Although Lakshin's admiration of Tvardovsky makes him an interested party, I have not known anyone among the "good people" of Moscow (democrats, liberals, despisers of the despicable) who would dispute his description. "The most varied collection of people worked for *Novy Mir*," Lakshin writes, "but I cannot think of a single one who would have treated Tvardovsky without respect. The majority of them quite simply loved him, deeply and sincerely, trusted whatever he said, and believed in his honesty. They respected in him his talent as an editor, his conscientious attitude to the job, and his scorn of empty formality."

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o one else," he wrote in his last letter* before his arrest. "But just as a train cannot move off the rails for a single millimeter without crashing, so it is with me—I must not swerve from my path at any point."

Only someone with his temperamental onging for an absolute could have so yearned o serve a secular deity. Only someone who elieved so devoutly, not to say fanatically, ould have been so violently disappointed. The atalyst effect on him of his eleven-year imrisonment and exile was in proportion to his postolic obsession. But the routine of the ferent Communist who changes camp without hanging mentality to become a fervent anti-Communist is not enough to explain Solzhenitsyn's switch. For as much as an ideology, it /as he himself as its agent who captured his magination and fueled his energy.

Even for an ordinary man, the thought of uffering for nothing was appalling. How to xplain to himself that he, who was destined o, who *must,* reveal something important to he world, was subject to the barbaric restrictions of Soviet imprisonment? By investing he experience with such significance that he ould cherish the hurt. If it happened to him, /as it not part of the grand design? Did it ot prove that labor camps put their inmates lose to God? Solzhenitsyn developed a strange levotion to what he called the "almost invisble, almost imperceptible . . . continent" /here perished millions of his fellow prisonrs. "My own eleven years there I have aborbed into myself not as something shameul, and not as a nightmare to be cursed. I ave almost come to love that deformed vorld." And to learn that spirituality cannot e nourished without suffering, that enlightenment can be acquired in imprisonment and nly imprisonment. The compensation for his ain was the keys to the human condition. "Is t not here, in our prison cells, that the great ruth is found?"

This revelation was his life's "most important turning point," and he would later express gratitude to the dehumanized netherworld he also despised. Here was a theme for his writing, imposing enough to satisfy his yearning for the transcendent, and an experience harsh enough to satisfy his affinity for sacrifice and suffering. Together with his attachment to his captivity and his conviction that the best place to apprehend life is a concentration camp, Solzhenitsyn acquired, or strengthened, particular ways of dealing with people. "My skills," he writes in *The Calf,* "are the skills of the convict, learned in prison camps." Actually, only the wolves among Gulag's millions perfected or wanted the skills Solzhenitsyn salutes. "If you sense danger, anticipate the blow and strike first," goes Lakshin's fair summary. "Pity no one; tell lies with ease and wriggle out of trouble; throw up a smoke-screen to escape an awkward situation. . . . Finally, adopt the habit of always believing the worst of others." Solzhenitsyn agrees that "I have always believed readily and more easily in the worst"; and as a tactical measure he pretends to Tvardovsky that he is the first person to read the manuscript of *One Day.* Once again we reach the ethical crossroads of the prophet who summons the world to pursue truth, humanity, and Christian love, while he exults in the skillful use of deception and seeks to affirm universal good by means of half-truths and lies.

"From an early age Solzhenitsyn had a personal despotism that frightened people."

The West take warning

THE CALF and the Lakshin reply appear when one can be forgiven for caring little more about the Soviet Union than how to deflate its martial lust. But the two books show how much deeper and longer-lasting is the philosophical threat in the future than the military one. Russia is heading toward permanent tragedy. The paradox is that only a will like Solzhenitsyn's can shout down a brutal state, igniting a spark among an apathetic, politically benighted people; but the qualities needed for this are most likely to beget another dictatorship instead of easing the country out of the dismal cycle. More than anything, it suffers from lack of tolerance in its political affairs, of humility in its leaders, of proportion between glittering ends and sordid means, of honesty in assessment of its problems. Nothing in Solzhenitsyn's past suggests he can bring the needed blessings closer.

Solzhenitsyn's salvation would free Russians from one delusion by fostering another—as well as the instruments for suppressing questions. Imagine life and liberty under a Solzhenitsyn state. (This is not so farfetched

* By asserting his copyright, Solzhenitsyn has prevented publication of a collection of letters to his first wife—another characteristic action by the social thinker who publicly reviles Western legalism together with Western liberalism, and privately takes full advantage of what legal means he can. "Man's salvation," he intoned in his Nobel Prize lecture, "lies in everyone making it his business to know everything." His Zurich lawyer would shortly be warning Western publishers that "Alexander Solzhenitsyn, as author, strictly forbids" and "never authorized" and "cannot tolerate" publication of his letters to his first wife. He and his lawyers have also fought to block publication of other works about him.

as it may sound. The dissolution of belief in Communism and its replacement by the caste system's corruption and cynicism make Soviet rule inherently unstable; the Leviathan may live another 100 years or collapse overnight. Solzhenitsyn's conviction that the Motherland will welcome him home has more foundation than Lenin's hope to return in 1916.) It would be another paradise—this time of peasants. The trouble would start when the long-suffering, earthbound muzhiks exhibited little of the self-sacrificing purity expected of them. Since the Leader and Teacher would not trust independent voices, his entourage would probably consist of henchmen who never challenge authority—the kind who would quickly restore a dictatorship in the disastrous disintegration sure to follow his death.

The illusions are damaging enough with Solzhenitsyn in opposition. He urges the Russian people to face death rather than to swallow more lies, even though as a prisoner he resolved to win the desperate battle for survival in the face of vicious pressures to collaborate, while others who acted on the pattern of his current advice did die. Having survived his gruesome trials and attained his formidable position, the fighter has adopted a moral absolutism he did not apply to himself when he was at the level of lesser men.

No reasonable person can condemn him for his compromises and tactical hesitations: no one who has not endured what he did has the right. Vastly enriched by his survival, we can only cheer his amazing toughness, resourcefulness, and luck. But not his denunciation of others' compromises and tactical hesitations, which only obfuscates the hardest moments of his own experience and confuses the difficult issues. His sermons, like the one at Harvard, easily resolve the eternal conflict between conscience and the desire for well-being. He answers the most painful questions of how to conduct oneself in a dictatorship by thundering "Good and evil!" and evading the dilemmas.

A posture of moral superiority that permits exemptions for the expositor is also fine for proclaiming lustrous national objectives without realistic advice for achieving them. How should Russians cast off their enslavement? Were "the strongest chains binding the prisoners . . . their own universal submission and total surrender to their situation as slaves," as Solzhenitsyn rages in *Gulag*? Or does Soviet rule survive because it is "inhumanly strong, in a way as yet unknown to the West," as the same work also explains? His counsel to the West to be strong is indeed valuable, but others—Sakharov prominent among them —make this point much more effectively b not overlaying it with quasi-religious ideo ogy. Otherwise, Solzhenitsyn's analysis is jumble, his advice inconsistent and often co tradictory. Even his inflation of the peasantry virtue is merely a campaign device, as that the proletariat was Lenin's. Together with h need to keep himself blameless, generaliz tion from his own circumstances at the ce ter of his universe makes him hopelessly pron to bombast and error—the deadliest of whic is his blame of others for Russia's affliction

It is a great pity that this hero has take on so many of the characteristics of the ty anny he opposes; and a greater pity for th troubled country. Russia knows that it is mo ally as well as economically sick. If it come the new revolution more and more Russian are waiting, but not working, for would prol ably release the fiercest reactionaries (eve more bigoted than the Communist bosses) t draw their torrent of blood. Unless this is a acceptable alternative, the only hope is fo slow evolution stimulated by the old *Nov Mir*'s relatively open forum and education function. But what hope is this when the jou nal has become a Soviet organ and its ove seers are turning even narrower and harder After the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 196 my Moscow friends almost burst with detest tion of Brezhnev; now they whisper that ever one else in the Politburo is worse.

In Russia itself life is imitating the art *Animal Farm*. Everyone, even Soviet officia in unguarded moments, murmurs that the sy tem has come to a dead end of privilege, lie and post-Stalin terror. (Now you merely los your livelihood, liberty, and sanity when yo make a fuss, rarely your life.) The potenti opposition to the discredited Communist ide —and, even more, to the despised new caste Communist exploiters—is considerable, but th Lakshins and the Zilberbergs cannot provid the needed leadership. The banished Sakharo Solzhenitsyn's temperamental opposite, talk sense about Russia, does not associate his ow fate with the nation's, and calls for practica deeds rather than gestures of defiant heroism He is a democrat, and attracts little followin even in Moscow. It is Solzhenitsyn who sti Russian souls, as it is he who would be a claimed as the new leader if let loose upo the hungry land.

I used to think my Moscow counterpar were indulging their pessimism when they pr dicted it would be at least a century befor Russia became as normal as even Spain. A quaintance with the opposition has change my mind; but my Moscow friends now sa two centuries.

Second Best Isn't Good Enough

Detente had a lulling effect on American attitudes toward Russia. A decade of lowered tensions between the superpowers beguiled many people into downplaying the Soviet threat.

Afghanistan changed that. The brutal invasion there has shattered any illusions about Soviet intentions, ambitions, and objectives. Despite negotiations, trade, touring ballet troupes, and toasts to amity, the Soviet regime has never wavered in its drive for world dominance.

In the wake of the Afghan takeover, Americans now perceive reality more clearly. Their mood has shifted. They look to their leaders to strengthen the nation's defenses.

The awakening comes late. For years the Kremlin has been exploiting every opportunity for political and military advantage around the world. During the 1970s, the Soviet investment in defense outstripped ours by more than $100 billion. Our government estimates that Soviet military spending last year was 50% higher than ours.

To redress the shifting balance of power, America must depend heavily on its technology. More than any other nation, we have the know-how and skill to build the best missiles, aircraft, ships, submarines, electronic systems, and other military equipment. To those Americans we ask to defend our freedom, we owe the best equipment we can provide.

Take fighter aircraft. America's front-line fighters are unmatched anywhere. Flown by the best-trained pilots in the world, they can outperform any other machines in the sky, Russia's included.

Because our planes represent the most advanced state of the aeronautical art, American pilots are rewriting the book on air combat tactics. They are doing things never before possible. Such capability comes from the technology embodied in the aircraft, principally in jet propulsion, aerodynamics, and electronics.

Technological proficiency in its highest order doesn't come easily or cheaply. It takes money and commitment. It poses technical risk. Teething problems arise. Breakdowns can occur. But solutions are found and fixes devised through continuing research, development, improvement, refinement, test, and re-test, even after the equipment enters service.

The results are superior products and systems ready to be deployed wherever and whenever needed.

Some people, lamenting the complexity and cost, have questioned whether such a high degree of performance and sophistication in military equipment is worth it. Why seek the last full measure of performance? Do we really need it? What's the difference between, say, 90% and 100%?

The answer is, simply, that it can be the difference between winning and losing, living and dying ... sometime, someplace, for some young American.



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CLUMSY OAFS, UNLETTERED LOUTS

Equal in the eyes of the schools

by George V. Higgin

"IT'S TELEVISION," the law school professor in Boston explained. "Television and some other things. You've been away from teaching, how long now?"

"Five years."

"Five years," he said. "Well, that was just long enough. See, in '73, '74—was that the last time you taught until now?" It was. "The weren't in the graduate schools then. The hadn't got there yet. They were being hande along through college, after they'd been han ed along through high school, which they g to when they were shipped along from junio high after the elementary-school teachers gav up hope on them. This is the 'Sesame Stree Generation. They didn't have to read for B Bird. When they got older, they didn't hav to read for Fred Flintstone. They didn't rea for Mister Rogers, but he didn't throw the out of his neighborhood.

"When they went to school," he said, "n body made them read. Oh, some teachers di because it filled out the time that was left aft they got through cutting up construction pap and visiting the zoos where you can touch th lambs and pet the snakes. Just before the bu left for the trolley museum where you can rin the bell. Ding. Dong. But the teachers wh made them read were dull, and they could h avoided by a determined kid who didn't wa to read and was the president of the camer club and the treasurer of the magic socie and the hope of the tennis team. Some kid read, but they were the wimps. Nobody in itated them. They only read because they ha acne and they couldn't break a tackle or h the curve ball."

"That isn't new."

"No," he said, "of course it isn't new. was the same thirty years ago. The kids wh went out for sports and played the games an were the cheerleaders: they were the ro models. The wimps read books and wore glas es and went home in the afternoon whe



W. B. Park

George V. Higgins is a lawyer and novelist. His most recent novel is Kennedy for the Defense *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

heir mummies gave them milk and cookies nd encouraged them to read because they ere realistic enough to know that they had iven birth to wimps who couldn't catch a orward pass, let alone throw one, and the kid ight as well read Emily Dickinson instead f getting his brains beat out trying to do omething that he didn't have the build for.

"The difference," he said, "the difference s that thirty years ago, the wimps went on to ollege. They got 725s on the College Boards ecause they really had the book learning. hat was all they had, but they had it. The alfback that could run through the first floor f an apartment building without opening a oor or breaking stride went to college and rampled linemen for four years before he raduated in phys. ed. or didn't graduate at ll, and then he got a pro contract. The wimp ent on to graduate from school and asso- iated with his kind.

"It was a nice, neat system," the law professor said. "Everybody knew where he stood.)h, there were some people who made everyody uncomfortable—the Pete Dawkins type /ho went to West Point, starred in football, nd also got a Rhodes Scholarship before gong off to Nam to win a Silver Star for combat eroism—but it was otherwise pretty much a ort of ad hoc feudal system reinvented: you ad your clerisy, your class clowns, and your thletic heroes. They were separate. Nobody xpected Mickey Rooney to make the crucial lock that led to victory over old Siwash—he /as off planning the Victory Dance. Nobody xpected the class genius to be pretty—she /as the new Madame Curie. And why the hell /ould any self-respecting male want to get her ants off?

"It was easier," he said. "It was a lot easier. t was painful and there were a lot of hurt eelings, because Madame Curie really did vant to get felt up, and the class clown would ave liked to make a B-minus at least once in while. The halfback had a glimmer of his uture, which was wearing a uniform of polshed cotton and humping refrigerators on a added two-wheeler out of a freight truck and p an elevator to the appliance floor, and he lid not like the prospect. But it was easier, just he same. Nobody had to be a Renaissance nan. Nobody was expected to be.

"Now," he said, "it's different. Now everyone is expected to be well-rounded—Renaissance men, no matter what the genital realities. But that, f course, is impossible, because people like hat don't appear in large numbers. That means that most people will not be able to meet the standards. Which, in turn, means that most people will feel inadequate—as, of course, they are, in one respect or another. I know a guy who climbed Mount Washington in the winter and skied the north face, which is about the most dangerous thing you can do in New England in the winter, and he's in perfect shape. The guy couldn't add a column of figures or read *The Sun Also Rises* without assistance, and I would certainly be killed if I tried what he did, going up or going down. Who's better?

"Neither of us. People do different things. But the educational structure is set up to deny that. Everybody is equal in everything. I don't mean the system says I should ski the north face and not get killed. I don't mean the system says he should be able to try a case intelligently in a court of law, which I could do because I am a wimp with impeccable credentials. What I mean is that the system decrees that I *can* ski the north face without injuring myself, and he *can* try a case intelligently, even though it is patently obvious to any fool that neither of us can do the same things. That way, he is not disappointed that he is not very smart, and I am not saddened because I am a clumsy fool.

"The trouble is that this is not true," the professor said. "I am, as a matter of fact, a clumsy oaf. He is, as a matter of fact, an unlettered lout. He is stupid and I am uncoordinated. It doesn't do any good to convince either of us of the contrary, and it can end up doing a lot of harm. I may end up killing myself on the north face, and he can waste his life attempting intellectual tasks utterly beyond his capacities. Our feelings have been spared, but the truth has not been served.

"That is the trouble with education now," he said. "We are always calculating from the lowest common denominator, because we don't want anyone to get upset. It starts in the first grade, earlier if there is a kindergarten. Sarah's mud pie is just as laudable an accomplishment as Scotty's house of blocks and Tommy's comprehension of the collected works of Dick and Jane. Teddy plays the flute and he does Mozart, while Julie kicks the soccer ball like a rocket and Ellen knows what Tolstoy had in mind when he wrote *War and Peace*. 'Aren't *all* the children doing so *well*?'

"Sure they are. But they are not doing equally well at all things. Ellen is likely to do better at higher levels of education than Tommy. But Tommy will probably do a lot better than Sarah when they get into high school, and Teddy really ought to concentrate on music because he'll never make a decent mud

" 'They only read because they had acne and couldn't break a tackle or hit the curve ball.' "

George V. Higgins

CLUMSY OAFS. UNLETTERED LOUTS

pie, and besides, it'll get dirt in his flute.

"Every single one of those kids," the professor said, "will come out of that initial experience in education with an evaluation of academic promise. The black kid is capable of breathtaking accomplishments because he knows all about dashikis. Teddy needs to spend more time with a second-baseman's glove and less with the flute, and it would help if he learned to read *Dick and Jane*. Scotty has a fine sense of spatial relationships, and should do well in math.

"As a result," he said, "they *all* do well. You look at the grade records that they get all the way through school, and they are magnificent. The black kid knows *Roots* and *Manchild in the Promised Land* by heart before he's twelve. Ellen couldn't play 'Tea for Two' on the piano if you held a gun to her head, but she has a definite point of view on the validity of Jesse Weston's disquisition on the legend of Parsifal, and she is only twelve. Tommy got a harpsichord for Christmas, and plays it to the delight of all visitors, but Tommy passed English with flying colors even though he never quite grasped *Silas Marner*. Scotty is a mathematical genius and should probably go to architectural school, but he gets an *A* in English even though he's still not sure what Dickens had in mind in *A Christmas Carol*.



"And every day," the professor said, "they go home after school and watch television. Now you think about what that means. To them. You can not lie to a kid successfully. This cannot be done. If you lie to a kid and tell him that he can do something when he knows very well that he cannot do it, he will try it. And of course he will fail. When you tell him that he has succeeded, he knows you are lying. He will never trust you again. He will be right.

"After you have lied to him in the fifth grade, he will be promoted to the sixth grade. There somebody else will lie to him. He will recognize it instantly. The same thing will happen in the seventh grade, all the way to high-school graduation. He will get the impression that people lie to him in order to get rid of him. This may be good training for the adult world, but it is poor training for performance in that world.

"He knows, in his bones, that there are a good many things that he cannot possibly do. He knows, in addition, that he has not done them. And he knows, simultaneously, that people have made allowances for the fact that he cannot do those things. He expects that they will continue to do so. He knows they are condescending to him, a realization he does not like, but one he will take. Because he has grown cynical. He knows that some Ellen will become the teacher's pet in English because she reads all the time, but he also knows that he will get a creditable grade in English even though he does not read at all because nobody wants to hurt his feelings. So he doesn't read. What he does learn to do is take tests, fake it, and wait for the next falsehood. He is never disappointed. Never.

"In time," the professor said, "he arrives at graduate school. By now he has been conditioned. Badly conditioned, but conditioned nonetheless. He has a little knowledge—very little—and that is dangerous. It is dangerous because what little knowledge he has is true.

"He knows, however dimly, that people have condescended to him, all the way along the line. He knows that they have lied to him. He knows damned well that he doesn't know very much. But he is pretty confident that people will continue to make allowances for him as they always have—and he knows why.

"Once the kid discovers the reason that people are letting him slide by," the professor said, "he becomes an academic version of the welfare recipient. The welfare official needs welfare clients, more and more of them, to keep up the caseload and justify the bureaucracy that employs him. He is a welfare recipient just the same as the welfare recipien

a welfare recipient: he needs welfare recipits to account for his own employment. So goes out and recruits them.

"University faculties," the professor said, eed students. University faculties get stunts from the same sources used by the facies of kindergartens, elementary schools, nior highs, and high schools: wombs. 'You ed 'em, we teach 'em.'

"Wombs haven't been delivering on sched-, not for several years. We're running short students. Haven't got enough students, n't need as many faculty. Not as much ministration. Not as much in grants from government and the foundations. Remember when the market for Beaujolais all of a dden skyrocketed, and a whole bunch of ench vintners started shipping *vin ordinaire* the States, with Beaujolais labels on it? g scandal. Same thing is happening now on campuses. Confounded women started ing birth control. Shortage of kids. Can't st take the cream of the crop anymore. hole crop isn't big enough. Therefore, got take the culls now. Don't take the culls, n't have enough kids sitting down to listen the learned professors. Classes get too small, urses get dropped. Courses get dropped, ofessors get dropped. Easy as that.

"Now," he said, "you keep in mind what I id: those kids are cynical, and they don't ow anything, but they are not stupid. By e time they get to college, let alone graduate m school, they understand what is going . You have the hangover of the Sixties, nen the kids got a say in running the univerties. You have the hangover of the Seventies, nen the kids coming into the universities re the kids coming out of the secondary hools where they never learned to read and pected every class to be like watching hnny Carson. That is two hangovers, two ngovers at a time. If you can imagine that. ou now have kids who don't read, demandg half-assed courses where they don't have read, from people who are supposed to be achers but are afraid to stand up to the kids cause *they need those kids.*

"So," he said, "on the undergraduate level we teach them macramé and call it comparative literature. We inflate the grades, as their teachers did in e other schools, and for the same reason—cause we have to. We give B. A.'s to a bunch clods who think Dante Alighieri was a tight nd for the Green Bay Packers when Vince ombardi was coaching. Because we need em and we are scared of them.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "I was at a dinner party and I got started on third-year law students who don't know the rules of evidence. This professor of journalism, graduate level, tells me he's got M.A. candidates who won't read newspapers. And then this medical-school prof chimes in and says: 'You ought to see what we're turning out—don't get sick.' "

"This isn't funny," I said.

"Funny?" he said. "It's pitiable. If they're strong and tall, we bring them in to play basketball, and we pass them. If they're short and rich, we bring them in to get the tuition, and we pass them. If they're members of some minority group, any minority group, we admit them and we get up new courses on the literature of the veld. Which they do not read. And we pass them. We turn out slobs every June, *magna cum laude.* And we know it.

"The sad part of it is," he said, "they know it too. They wait for Johnny Carson to do the monologue, and he always does. They hate him for it, and he gives them top grades. That costs a minimum of seven grand a year per student, and it's a joke. Not a very good joke, either."

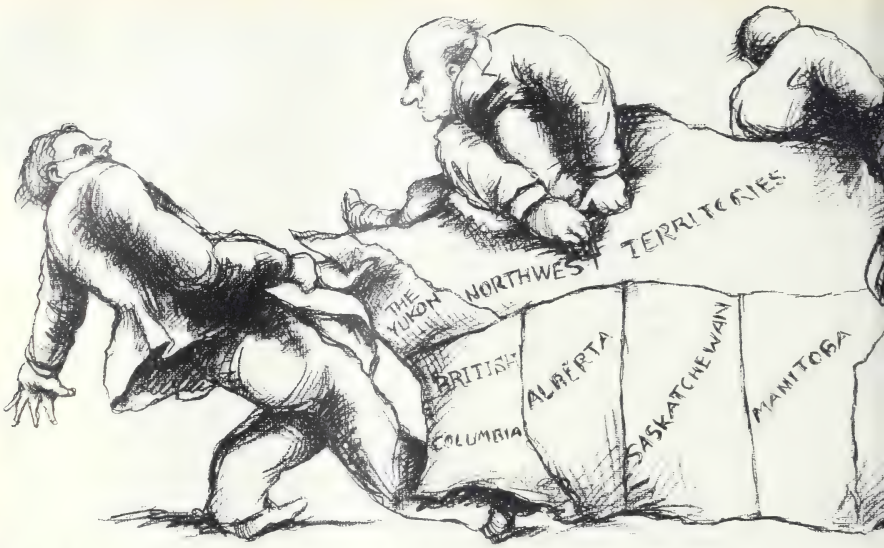
"I'm not laughing," I said.

"Neither am I," he said, getting up. "I've got a class." □

" 'Classes get too small, courses get dropped. Courses, get dropped, professors get dropped.' "

HARPER'S
MAY 1980





What is really happening t

"For the security of North America in the rest of this century, it may be that nothing is more important than the unity of Canada."
—James Reston, the New York *Times*

It is a cause of genuine wonder abroad that, even in the brief afterglow of the Tehran "embassy caper" and the return to office of Prime Minister Trudeau, Canadians should appear to have lost their bearings. *Canadians,* of all people—so blessed with natural treasure and political freedom.

But a rush of change has placed Canada and its federal system under serious strain. The danger is that, as Canadians pursue their *local* interests and identities, they find themselves on a collision course with others.

John Hirsch came to Canada from Hungary in 1974. "In Quebec now," Hirsch has said, "I am regarded as an Anglo-Saxon. In Toronto, I'm looked upon as a westerner in spite of my Hungarian accent—I am expected to ride on the back of a buffalo. When I go to Edmonton, I am called an easterner. I don't know where the hell I fit in as a Canadian." Hirsch concluded that there are "two ways to cope with it as a human being—to run away, or to stretch one's self."

To stretch one's self...that is the challenge for Canadians now.

What does Quebec want?

This question has resounded through Canadian life for two exasperating decades, until the English became as sick of asking it as the French were of answering it. In 1976, French-speaking Quebec elected a premier who for the first time seemed willing to answer that question. To answer it, for that matter, in a one-syllable word.

What does Quebec want? Quebec, declared Premier René Lévesque, wants "out"—of Canada. But what many urban and rural Quebecers share, and have shared for several centuries, is not a desire to get "out" of Canada, but an enduring *ambivalence* about it. They have considered themselves good Quebecers and good Canadians, and have rejected the advice of anyone wh them they cannot be both.

No aspect of the survival of than five million French-spe Quebecers as a distinct society in America has been more cloud misunderstanding than the ques language. Outside Quebec, ma glish-speaking Canadians seldom a language spoken other than own. They ask, even at this lat why anyone living in North A would insist on speaking anythi English—and why is the Que language so important anyway?

It certainly was true that imm arriving in English-speaking C could find their situations mirro American novelist James Baldw mark about class-conscious Britai open your mouth in England is t confessed your parents, your your school, your salary, you esteem and—your future." Bal remark applies—alas—to what meant to speak French in C through most of Canadian histor



ur good friends in Canada?

hen came the revolution: the not- uiet Revolution that shook Que- o its foundations in the 1960's, and ill shaking up old power relation- s and old ways of doing things in bec and in Canada as a whole.

l of this is a breathtaking change the Quebec of just two decades when frustrated students used to t: *"La belle province* how charming; e and see the peasants starving."

ut other ethnic groups feel ignored. Their esmen have protested cely against "special ileges" for French- adians. In truth, there never been a "typical" erience shared by all im- rants to Canada.

anadians have been ing talk of renewing the country on nder foundations for almost as long ey can remember. Now the issues far beyond Quebec. One serious plaint is that national policies of a tury ago do not reckon with a more mature western region. Today's western Canada is no one's hinterland any longer. It is the home of nearly one Canadian out of three, and flourishing with creativity in business, government and the arts.

What are the noblest words in the literature of democracy?

They may well be the three simple words that begin the U.S. Constitution —"We, the People." But how long has it been since the people of Canada spoke those words together? These days, Canadians too often psyche themselves into a state of mind where, instead of "We, the People," there is only a "we" and a "they."

We English-Canadians speak "the language of business, the language of North America"; *they* do not. *We* French-Canadians have our own profoundly original culture and identity, as well as our special privileges as a "founding race"; *they* do not. *We* in central Canada own "our" industries, and *we* in the western provinces own "our" resources—and *they* better not get in our way.

Living in a pluralistic federal Canada has its difficulties. Canadians can of course choose to live apart, particularly the English and French language groups—each large and powerful enough to break up the country.

There is a more promising choice. A country's political framework and values are not something to be knocked down this Monday and built anew by next Friday. They are more like a garden, to be nurtured in harmony with the landscape. The Canadian landscape began to shift two decades ago, and the season has come to change.

It should begin with recognition that the existence of two great language communities and many regional and cultural differences—which we often insist are problems that cripple Canadians—are in fact opportunities that can enrich and free us. For "they," in the end, is all of us.



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THE CULT OF MORMONISM



The religion that runs Utah

by Kenneth C. Danfort

SALT LAKE CITY, beautiful and strange. I started out in the Hotel Utah, with a room overlooking Temple Square. I had thought it might be inspirational to gaze out on the holy of holies of the Mormons—their big gray Temple. The Temple walls are supposed to be solid granite, but I had to take that on faith since gentiles (what the Mormons call non-Mormons, including Jews) cannot touch or enter the Temple. The big iron gates don't even open. Saints with "Temple Recommends" from their bishops go through a heavily guarded little passageway off to one side. Over all, from the topmost spire of the Temple, the angel Moroni blows his golden trumpet. In the nearby visitors' center, which gentiles *are* encouraged to enter, there are giant pictures of the six greatest men in history besides Jesus. They are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Peter, and Joseph Smith, Jr.

It was convenient being across the street from all that, but the Hotel Utah (which the Mormon Church owns) was extremely austere. Other guests were earnest pilgrims, and they sat in the pallid lobby reading *Church News*. I had known in advance that there was no bar, but I had hoped the hotel dining room might provide beer in some discreet opaque container. The waitress said no, and suggested that apple juice would go well with steak.

"Mormons" is a neutral nickname for members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The term was a pejorative in the nineteenth century, and only gradually has it become less spiteful. "Saints" or "LDS" still sounds more polite. I never came across or who wasn't courteous, helpful, poised, an the sort you'd trust to run an errand. They' nice, the Mormons I've met. They see the duty and they do it. For example, a bisho who was the manager of a canning factor pointed out one of his workers to me an whispered, "I purposely keep old Bob the on poverty wages so he won't have enoug left over to get drunk on."

Other Americans for almost a century brazenly plundered and harassed the Sain that they seem, to themselves at least, to hav earned some immunity from persecution. T make sure of that, they have also donned th seamless robe of super-Americanism. It is much a part of their raiment as their pr scribed sacred underwear.

Extreme privation in their early decad taught the Mormons that economic securi was the best way of guaranteeing that tru in the Lord was not misplaced. Today, th business prowess of Mormons is prodigiou Frank W. ("Bill") Gay was head of Hughes all-purpose Summa Corporation when he r cruited Howard Hughes's six nurse warden Examples of corporations that have, or recen ly had, Mormons in their top management a Phillips Petroleum, Safeway, Nabisco, An conda, Del Monte, and Western Electric. Th J. Willard Marriotts are leaders of a hug hotel chain. Mormons say their religiou training helps them to be successful; from a early age they are taught to get up in fro of groups and express themselves. Practical every Mormon who makes it to the crest

Kenneth C. Danforth is a writer from Arkansas.

his church's hierarchy does so by first achieving some extraordinary success in the business world. LDS President Spencer W. Kimball is typical in that he was enjoying high profits from his own big insurance and real estate company in Arizona at the time he was called to membership in the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

I PRAY IT WAS NOT taken as anti-Mormonism when I checked out of the Hotel Utah and moved over to the Salt Lake City Hilton—a Babylon in downtown Zion. It had three wicked cocktail bars and a swimming pool where a girl who wore a bikini that looked like tearaway black underwear would fetch iced Coors to my chaise longue (where I lay studiously absorbing the Book of Mormon).

It's a wonder that such a pleasure dome can exist in Salt Lake City, for, of all the cities of the Western world, none is so firmly in the moral, economic, and political grip of a prudish cult. Mormon liquor laws force gentile funmakers to go around to night spots with brown-bagged bottles in their hands and pay bartenders a dollar or more for an empty glass—ice or no ice. The system encourages drunkenness, for hardly anyone will go home with just a few drinks remaining in a bottle.

Every time I looked up at a building on Main Street, there was a 30 percent chance that it belonged to the Mormon Church. Most of the rest of the structures belong to lay Mormons, who turn 10 percent of their *gross* incomes over to the general authorities of the church. Most of the employees in those buildings are tithers too.

Tithing is only part of Mormon wealth. The church owns or controls three insurance companies, thirteen radio and television stations (including New York City's WRFM, one of the city's most listened-to FM stations), newspapers (including a hunk of the *Los Angeles Times*), clothing mills, department stores, a village in Hawaii, book-publishing companies, U & I, Inc. (formerly Utah-Idaho Sugar Company), bookstores, a Salt Lake City shopping mall, three hotels, and a 285,000-acre ranch in Florida. The church also owns dozens of big modern office buildings in downtown Salt Lake City, including those housing Union Pacific, Utah Power & Light, Kennecott Copper, J.C. Penney, Beneficial Life, and Medical Arts.

The church has a reputation for fighting tax assessments and never paying an uncontested penny. On much of its income it pays no taxes at all. For example, the $33 million Church Office Building, which is used neither for worship nor for charitable purposes, gets off tax-free. The church-owned Deseret Gymnasium, a big health club that competes with private enterprise, refuses to pay taxes. The Mormons answer criticism by saying the church runs a welfare program for Mormons ("Mormons take care of their own," goes the popular slogan). The welfare program is self-sustaining through volunteer labor, so it is not much of a drain, if any, on Mormon profits elsewhere.

All told, this monolithic enterprise brings more than $3 million a day—more than a billion dollars a year—into one central apostolic kitty.

"All told, this monolithic enterprise brings in more than $3 million a day."

Two Associated Press reporters, Bill Beecham and David Briscoe, have come as close as anyone to cracking the granite wall the Mormons have built around their finances. It took them six weeks of investigating, peering through hard-to-obtain and scattered records and interviewing more than fifty sometimes fearful persons, but finally they put together the most comprehensive picture we have of the Mormon financial empire. Sigma Delta Chi, the journalism society, gave them an award. A comparable piece of reporting on the secret dealings of the Establishment of any other city would have earned large acclaim for the reporters. But not a single newspaper in Utah published their story. Other American newspapers picked it up, however,



Black Star

The Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City

Kenneth C. Danforth

THE CULT OF MORMONISM

and clippings drifted back into Utah.

For the first time in the seventeen years since the Mormon gnomes had decided public access to their financial operations was "not desirable," Utahans had some reliable information on these operations. The church that chose their Congressmen and governor and used its 70 percent majority of the population to control Utah has sent its tentacles out into the boardrooms of America. In pursuit of the Mormon belief that treasures built up on earth are convertible in heaven, the church has become one of the nation's top fifty corporations.

"Today," Beecham and Briscoe wrote, "Mormon leaders have direct control of a business empire more extensive than that controlled from the headquarters of any other U.S. church." (The large Roman Catholic portfolios and land holdings are generally controlled by the local diocese.)

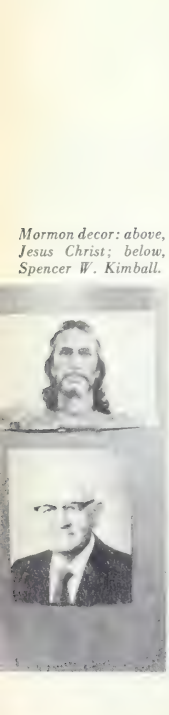
The two reporters had, of course, asked N. Eldon Tanner, the Mormons' economic sorcerer, to help them with the story. Tanner said, "I don't think the public needs to have that information."

I asked Wendell Ashton, executive vice-president and publisher of Salt Lake City's *Deseret News*, how many people besides Tanner knew everything there was to know about the church's wealth. "I guess you could name them on the fingers of one hand," he said.

"I assume everything is on the up and up," I said. "If so, why do they object so strenuously to opening the books?"

"These are men of the Lord!" Ashton said. "They feel it is not in the interests of the church to disclose financial information. And that's that. Looking at our first presidency, seeing what kind of men they are, wouldn't you trust them?"

Mormon decor: above, Jesus Christ; below, Spencer W. Kimball.



David Burnett/Contact

Charm and tall tales

TRUST. FAITH. A catch that predates No. 22 by several thousand years. If I see no reason for believing in a thing, then someone who does believe will tell me I need faith. (A guide at Temple Square had reduced pure faith to empirical dyspepsia. "You will know that these things are true, for you will receive a burning in your bosom," he confided to a group of tourists.)

Mormonism rests on faith in the truthfulness of one man, Joseph Smith, Jr. Before he started the Mormon religion, Smith was best known as a necromancer who convinced farmers, but not judges, that he could see buried treasure far beneath the soil. He wa denounced in court as a "disorderly person and an "imposter." But Mormons permit n a jot of doubt about Smith's Book of Mormo

The human tradition of tall tales neithe began nor ended with Smith's account of h supernatural visitations. What he had tha many other soothsayers lacked was immens personal charm and powers of leadership tha are a marvel from any point of view. Hi elaborately constructed and largely origina theology has survived 150 years of scorn. Hi small band of followers has grown to 3. million putative Saints.

In rural New York State in 1820, man sects were vying for adherents. Joseph Smit couldn't make up his mind among them, s he went into the woods to pray. God an Jesus appeared and let him in on the first c many secrets: those vociferously competin religions were *all* wrong. Stand by.

Smith thus took it in stride three years late when Moroni hovered near his bed and star ed telling him a yarn about a golden boo that contained the history of the "former in habitants" of the Americas. Four more year went by before Moroni let him take out th golden plates and two peepstones. (Smit could peer through the latter and the "re formed Egyptian" figures wriggled themselve into modern English.)

This was the Book of Mormon. It told of tribe of Jews that had sailed from Arabi eastward to America about 600 B.C. unde the leadership of Lehi. There they built great civilization. They were called Nephites

Meanwhile, back in Palestine, Jehova begat Jesus upon Mary in the flesh.

Soon after Jesus rose up to heaven (a previously reported in the New Testament he rematerialized in America among th Nephites. He spent many days in the Ne World, healing, preaching, and doing the sort of things that had attracted so much attentio in the Mediterranean area. Evil eventuall prevailed, however, and the Nephites went t war against a tribal offshoot, the murderou Lamanites (whose descendants you call "In dians"). During a time of bloody fighting i what is now the eastern United States, a ma named Mormon finished gathering the mas sive records of the Nephite civilization an abridged them onto golden plates. Mormo was killed, as were all the Nephites save onl Mormon's son, Moroni.

Moroni buried the golden history on hilltop in A.D. 420 and went on to be an angel He showed up in Smith's bedroom 1,400 year later. When Smith had completed his transla tion of the Book of Mormon, Moroni tool

back the golden plates and the peepstones, and they have not been seen again.

At the core of the Nephites' religion was the message that Christianity had failed in the Old World. Both Catholics and Protestants were dead wrong, for the true church had been "restored" in the New World. Smith said the Bible is true "as far as it is translated correctly," and that it is a sacred work like the Book of Mormon.

LDS is also a religion of continuing revelation. Smith had 112 revelations, of which 88 dealt with economic matters, putting a Godsent emphasis on wealth at the very foundation of Mormonism. Smith asked God "how much thou requirest of the properties of thy people for a tithing." God replied, "I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my church in Zion." A gentile who visited Smith's community of Saints in 1837 later wrote that they had a "too great desire for the perishable riches of the world—holding out the idea that the kingdom of Christ is to be composed of real estate, herds, flocks, silver, gold,' etc., as well as human beings."

The power of "prophet, seer, and revelator" has been passed on to successive Mormon presidents. In practice, they have added little to the complex dogma that Smith built up throughout his lifetime.

Two examples of Smith's later revelations stand out for their dire consequence to Mormonism. One of them, in the last quarter of the twentieth century, still imposes a formidable barrier between Mormonism and the better nature of the United States.

AT A TIME WHEN Smith was ready to branch out, God commanded him and his more prosperous apostles to take as many wives as they could provide for. Thus would the Saints fulfill that ancient injunction to replenish the earth. (They're still *against* birth control and *for* enormous families.) By the time polygamy became full-blown in Utah, it had elsewhere made *Mormonism* a dirty word on a level with *demon rum* and *carpetbaggers*.

The first person to take offense at the new doctrine was Mrs. Smith. When Joseph Smith's brother, Hyrum, got back from breaking the news to Joseph's wife, Emma, he reported, "I've never got such a talking to from a woman in my whole life."

Today, among the poundage of printed matter put out by the Saints, one finds the claim that the patriarchs had to be scourged to their duty by a stern-visaged God. "The announcement of this doctrine was a severe shock," says one Mormon booklet. "Shortly after Brigham Young heard of the doctrine he saw a funeral cortege passing down the street, and he is reported to have said that he would gladly trade places with the man in the coffin."

Nevertheless, Brother Brigham rounded up his ewes, and before he was in his own coffin he had had to build a special two-story dormitory just to house them. He took on twenty-seven carnal wives and wed a large number of other women, living and dead, to give them advantages in the celestial realm. To attain statehood for Utah the church ultimately renounced polygamy. Now when it is practiced, it is practiced clandestinely.

The second potentially destructive revelation of Joseph Smith's was an attempt to put blacks in their place. When white racists on the frontier suspected the Mormons of wishing to elevate blacks, the Mormon God moved swiftly. Through Smith, He declared that Negroes were accursed in His eyes and could not, therefore, participate fully in His religion. The prophet's basis for this far-reaching addendum to Mormon doctrine was *not exactly* revelation. What happened was that travelers brought some Egyptian writings to Smith's community and sold them. Without peepstones this time, Smith relied on some obscurely obtained talent and translated the documents himself.

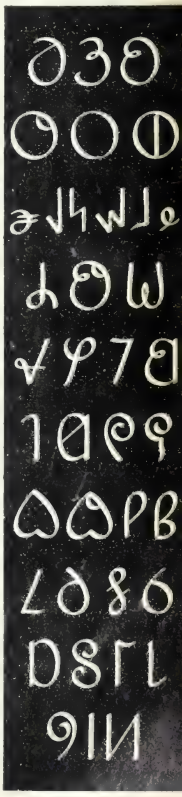
Some of them, he announced, revealed God's curse of the Negro. But this time the prophet overreached. The golden plates had been spirited away by Moroni, but portions of this new batch of old writing fell into the hands of renowned hieroglyphists. They said none of it had anything to do with what Smith said it did. They pounced on his translation with words like *spurious* and *impudent fraud*. Nevertheless, succeeding Mormon presidents have taken Smith's anti-Negro text as the word of God, which only He can alter.

Once, on the "Today" show, LDS President Spencer W. Kimball was asked, "Why can't blacks become ordained to the priesthood?"

"Well," said the eighty-five-year-old prophet, seer, and revelator, "it is a policy that was established by the Lord before the world was created and it has continued on. We love the black people. We have many members. We give them full consideration in their membership, and they have as much authority and right and privilege as black members of this church as they would, or more than they have, in any other church."

"May I ask you," the interviewer said, "if you ever foresee the time when the Mormon

The Deseret Alphabet, whose invention is attributed variously to Joseph Smith, George D. Watt, O. Pratt, and W. Phelps, was introduced by Brigham Young in 1857 and used to print the Deseret News, *in an edition of the Book of Mormon, and as a precaution against spies.*



Kenneth C. Danforth

THE CULT OF MORMONISM

This sea gull monument, which stands in Temple Square in Salt Lake City, honors the birds that saved Mormon crops.



Black Star

Church's position would change on that as it did, for example, on polygamy?"

"That we do not know," Kimball said serenely, "because this is an establishment of the Lord, and when He makes it known that it should be changed, it would be changed—if and when. We believe, you see, in a program of revelation. This church is established by revelation and runs by it. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."

"So it is possible that could change?" the interviewer said with hope in his voice.

Kimball shrugged: "Well, it's possible."

"Who would receive that revelation?"

"That revelation would come to me as long as I'm president of the church, yes."

In 1978 Kimball did finally get word from on high that blacks can be non-servant citizens of God's church. God, however, has organized vehement opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment. According to Bruce R. McConkie's scriptural gloss, *Mormon Doctrine*, "Woman's primary place is in the home, where she is to rear children and abide by the righteous counsel of her husband."

I asked Wendell Ashton about that, and he replied, "A woman could never be a General Authority of the church because she can't enter the priesthood. We say the roles of men and women are different. Men can't have children! I'm no better than my wife, but her role is different. Generally speaking, a man's skills are more inclined to management than women's are. We don't believe a woman ought to try to outdo a man in a man's field."

"You don't like competition?"

"We also don't believe a man ought to try to outdo a woman in a woman's field."

"Like making quilts?"

"Yes, that would be one example. Let me remind you, a woman shares the blessings of a priesthood with her husband."

LONG BEFORE women or blacks became a problem, trouble stalked Joseph Smith and his followers wherever they went, from New York to Ohio to Missouri. Gov. Lilburn W. Boggs of Missouri issued an order in 1838 saying, "The Mormons must be treated as enemies and *must be exterminated* or driven from the State, if necessary for the public good. Their outrages are beyond all description."

Most of the Mormons escaped across the Mississippi River. They built the largest city in Illinois—Nauvoo. It was there that Smi made his fatal error. Imbued with his pow as absolute ruler of his people and preenir general of his 4,000-man army, he reacte against a critical newspaper by ordering i presses smashed. This was the last straw f the people of Illinois, who hated the Mormor anyway. They bundled Smith and his brothe Hyrum, into jail, and before long a mc rushed in and shot them dead.

Brigham Young then took over the chose people and led them on one of history's mo dramatic migrations. After 1,350 increasing arid miles, Young looked out from Emigratic Canyon and learned what the word *dese* really meant. The Great Basin was white, ir mense, void, utterly flat. One glance at th Great Salt Lake told that it was monstrous different. It did not catch the light of the sk the way other lakes did. Itself long dead, would have no interest in sustaining any ne life that might come to its putrid shores. Th rapacious gentiles would find nothing of prof to them here. The Saints would, they hope be forever left alone.

They brought down water from the W satch Mountains. They put in their crops an built their towns along the base of the mou tains. The great desert beyond was, and sti is, desolate.

In spite of the forbidding drawbacks of th site, Young built a monopolistic theo-busine that within thirty years was raking in a mi lion dollars a year. His ambition took win He drew the map so that his State of Deser (after the Mormon word for a favored syn bol, the industrious honeybee) encompasse most of the West, all the way to San Diego. Bu the United States government had oth plans. It hacked away most of Deseret an named the remainder Utah (not caring th Utes were Lamanites, i.e., Indians). Fc decades, the federal government was co sistent in its policy toward the Mormon Stated politely, it was *Thwart them.* Don let them have seaports, statehood, or a theo racy. Above all, don't let them keep harem

Keep harems? The phrase sounds dated an prejudicial. Yet, that is the image that cause the Mormons so much trouble. The feder government sent hundreds of polygamists t prison for "unlawful cohabitation" and mad the Mormon community fugitive. An act c 1887 nullified many Mormon territorial law and tried (with success, it seemed then) t destroy the vast economic power of the church The church corporation was dissolved, churc property was seized, children of plural ma riages were disinherited, and anyone suspecte

f favoring polygamy was disenfranchised.

The Lord, seeing His lusty patriarchs hassed into near impotence, withdrew the olygamy command in 1890. (It is expected nat the practice will resume at the millenium.) The federal government began to slow own the prosecution of "polygs" and "coabs" and belatedly permitted Utah to join he Union in 1896.

The feds had not, however, descried that he Lord's main reason for wanting statehood ras to get local law enforcement transferred o the Utahans themselves. Polygamy, although fficially an offense of "gross wickedness," ontinued to flourish in divers canyons of the Vest, and it still does. More important for he rest of us, the Mormon Church soon crambled back from the brink of economic uin.

The Lord's base

THE FRONTIER AIRLINES 737 brought us over the Wasatch Mountains and there was the Great Salt Lake, an opaque gray spread of liquid to which he Winnebago people come to prove they :an float and then move on. Standing up near he southern shore are the towering smoke-:tacks of the Kennecott Copper Company. They pour out a dense putrescence, and only he shifting of the sparse desert breeze determines whose neighborhood it will next in-:ade.

On the way into town, my cabbie said busiess was so slow that he thought he would drop me off, get himself a bottle of Cutty Sark, and settle in for a weekend with a paperback. "You must not be a Mormon," I said.

"I'm a jack Mormon," he said, using the common term for a Mormon whose skepticism (or bad habits) has alienated him from the church. "Mormons don't read novels."

"What do they read?"

"LDS literature."

"Where does 'jack Mormon' come from?"

"Damned if I know."

"Did the church kick you out?"

"Naw. I'm one of those 4 million faithful members."

"If I wrote about the Mormon Church and said that it really 'rules' Salt Lake City, would I be right?"

"Oh, *shit* yeah!"

The power of the church has been demonstrated rather directly against black sheep. A few years ago a Mormon Congressman was nabbed while chatting suggestively with two decoy policewomen. Everybody took it for granted that the church would pull the rug out from under him, and it did, not waiting for anything to be proved in court. The church that had remained silent about the crimes of President Nixon, whom it much admired for his stand on law and order, now issued a bold statement against public immorality. The hapless Congressman could consider himself discarded. His campaign workers, who had thought him a great man one day, got the message from the elders the next, and they abandoned him in the middle of his campaign for reelection.

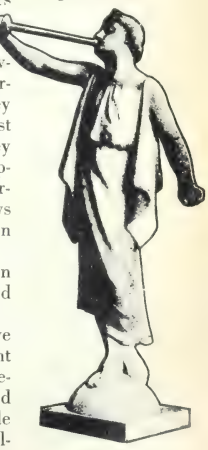
Although many gentiles have moved into Salt Lake City in recent years, bringing more liberal attitudes with them, their influence is limited. Their children are the strangers on the block. A concerned Mormon who joined me in a bar for a glass of orange juice sadly admitted, "Every non-Mormon in Utah feels the oppression of the Mormon Church. It is run virtually as a dictatorship."

"In each of the twenty-one elevators is a sign with a tidy maxim under the general heading: 'Elevate Your Thoughts.'"

On the top floor of the grandiose Church Office Building, the tallest in Utah, the most exalted of the Saints can scan the heavens or look way down on the state capitol. In each of the twenty-one elevators is a sign with a tidy maxim under the general heading, "Elevate Your Thoughts." In chambers high in the east wing, the aged prophet, his two ancient counselors, and his twelve old apostles preside over the church. Their lofty fastness is guarded against intrusion. They have been keen on security since the 1960s, when there were rumors that blacks were going to storm their quarters.

The LDS Public Communications Department is in the west wing, twenty-eight floors above the city. Fifty workers there are loaded with slick material on aspects of Mormonism they want to promote. How clean living makes them so healthy. How lucky Mormons help disaster-struck Mormons. How they spend countless hours in the world's largest genealogical library tracking pedigrees so they can decide which of the dead ought to be baptized. How Christ came to America. How Mormons (the seed of Joseph) are so close to Jews (the seed of Judah). How Mormons excel in many fields.

Angel Moroni



It seemed that every time I asked a question they handed me six new brochures and rushed me down the hall to see another movie.

Mormons believe literally that they have been "called by the Lord" to their present stations. In conversations with them, I frequently was stunned by a pious statement and forced again to realize that this is their whole life. In whatever they do, devout Mormons al-

Kenneth C. Danforth

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ways have the gleam of the proselytizer in their eyes. I doubt if most Baptists or Catholics realize what a cell-soaking religion Mormonism is.

For example, the nights of the week are so taken up with church activities that the church publicizes—as an innovation—its official program of "Family Home Evening" every Monday. The Saints, in other words, are so captive to the daily demands of their church that they formally have to set aside an evening in order to have some time with the kids.

WHAT ABOUT MY INTERVIEW with President Kimball?" I asked the functionary.

"We hope to have an answer for you soon," he answered.

They liked to keep me busy *being ready* for an interview with Kimball. "When you go in to see him, I think you would feel more comfortable in a suit," one suave optimist said.

The news that my audience with God's own revelator was canceled came with the final denial of my standing request for an interview with Apostle Ezra Taft Benson. Benson, who was President Eisenhower's Secretary of Agriculture, will succeed to the Mormon throne if he outlives Kimball. Now he's president of the Council of Twelve Apostles. (The Mormons have never had a president who was born in the twentieth century, and Benson wasn't either.)

"I've run into a stone wall on your appointments with President Kimball and President Benson," the go-between said. "They just don't have a minute."

"All right," I said.

"But say, I know how determined you are to meet President Kimball, so I have a suggestion. Why don't you show up at eight o'clock in the morning? Maybe if we were to wait in the foyer you would get to shake his hand."

"Are you serious?"

"It might work!"

As I talked to people in Salt Lake City, I kept hearing references to the large proportion of the CIA that allegedly is made up of Mormons. More than 23,000 young Mormons go out as missionaries every year. Many of them go overseas for two-year stints. (An astonishing number of them do not convert a single soul to Mormonism. A woman of about seventy told me her son had spent two years as a missionary in West Berlin, the world capital of espionage. She was proud that in that length of time her son and his missiona partner had converted *one German* to M monism.) Conditioned from the cradle American chauvinists and living abroad wi time on their hands, they make compelli targets for CIA recruiters. Countless Sai who first went overseas as missionaries, learn the local languages, and made many conta have gone back in the guise of employees big U.S. corporations.

The more I learned, the more it becar apparent that the qualities that made Howa Hughes turn his empire over to Morm wraiths were those of sobriety, stealth, a "Can do!" obedience to authority. In fa since it has been established that Hughes oft lent his gigantic enterprise to the CIA, it logical to assume that the Mormon Connecti was more crucial than most of us may ev know. One question I put to Wendell Asht was, "Why is it that such huge numbers Mormons are attracted to the CIA?"

"The question," Ashton said without blin ing, "is, 'Are our young men attracted to t CIA or is the CIA attracted to them?' Morm youths are sober youths. They are *loyal.* this shouldn't be anything surprising."

One day I went over to the Mormon Ta ernacle to a "Sunrise Service" to hear Benson, who has embarrassed even sor Mormons with his championing of the Jo Birch Society.

Speaking to a Tabernacle full of true b lievers, Benson explained what made t United States "choice above all other lands

"It didn't just happen," he said. "It was an accident. It was all an integral part of t divine plan for America. . . .

"The Mormon people, from the inceptio of the church in 1830 and through the yea to this very day, have always declared allegiance to the Constitution and the flag the United States; and they will do so in t future, for America is the Lord's base operations, which shall be preserved, and t Mormon people have a duty as sentries securing the command post. I say to you *If liberty fails here, it will have failed ever where!*"

America is the Lord's base of operatio Just so. He must have a base of operatio of course. I had not thought of it befo Ecuador is too small and the Vietnamese a ungrateful and Canada is too cold and t British pound is unreliable and the Algeria are excitable and the Greeks are lazy a India is unsanitary and the Russians are ath ists. An obvious choice, America: that's whe Utah is.

MOURNING PABLO NERUDA
by Robert Bly

Water is practical,
especially
in August,
water dropping
into the buckets
I carry
to the young willow trees
whose leaves
have been eaten off
by grasshoppers.
Or this jar of water
that lies
next to me
on the carseat
as I drive to my shack.
When I look down,
the seat all around the jar
is dark,
for water doesn't intend
to give,
it gives anyway,
and the jar of water
lies there
quivering
as I drive
through a countryside
of granite quarries,
stones soon
to be shaped
into blocks for the dead,
the only thing
they have left
that is theirs.

For the dead remain
inside us, as water
remains
in granite—
hardly at all—
for their job is to go away,
and not come back,
even when we ask them,
but water
comes to us—
it doesn't care
about us,
it goes
around us, on the way
to the Minnesota River,
to the Mississippi River,
to the Gulf,
always closer
to where
it has to be.
No one lays flowers
on the grave
of water,
for it is not
here,
it is
gone.

(from Talking All Morning, *a collection of poems by Robert Bly published this month by the University of Michigan Press)*

MY INHERITANCE
by Mary Jane Dickerson

Is the pull of blood in memory,
There the rising moan of longleaf
Pines swaying in winter wind;
Pans of crackling bread, their aromas
Steaming from an oven door;
Anna's black skin, moist and beautiful
While she balanced a wooden flat
Of dewberries on the plane of her turbaned head;
The magnolia leaves, their patterns moving
Black and white over the moonlit wall,
Bearing me toward sleep, toward dream.

In my body move the rhythms of all
These, and more:

On Sunday afternoon rides, my father pulled
The green Ford to a dusty stop
Alongside the edges of fields that stretched
Far into haze, the waves of heat.
There I held out my palms to receive the slender
Stalks of grain, brittle and top-heavy
With clusters of rye, barley, oats and wheat.
Their nut-like tastes, the shapes of their ripening
Heads, the earth sounds their names made on my lips:
These I learned, these rhythms
Moving in my body's words.

Always I will see berries staked in curving
Rows, my mouth stained purple the month of June;
Bright-leaved tobacco wilting in late afternoon heat;
Cotton fields swelling, white under September sun.

Their growth toward ripeness my season as well,
That harvest mine.

Through the years now, through distances
I have placed between us, that land recedes
But still I am pulled southward always
Toward red clay, the loam crumbling
And falling through fingers, my grandfather's
And yours, my father, until I too reach out
Through years and miles, and cup my hands
To receive the soil, the land, grain by grain
Into my own blood beating, falling, warm.

In my body move these rhythms. In my mouth
These words move, failing like my blood, father,
Father. In my flesh, in my heartbeat the soil of home.

IN OUR TIME

by Tom Wolfe

The Evolution of the Species



No. 2: The Eligible Bachelor

1880

"He's rich, he's good-looking, but all he can talk about is patent machinery, unexplosive petroleum, chemical manures, and the Porcellian."

1980

"He's rich, he's good-looking, but all he can talk about is ludes, amies, vertical skiing, and skinny boys at Hammamet."

THE ASSEMBLY

A short story by Mavis Gallant

M ALEXANDRE CAISSE, civil servant, employed at the Ministry of Agriculture, bachelor, thanked the seven persons sitting in his living room r having responded to his mimeographed vitation. Actually, he had set chairs out for fteen.

General Portoret, ret., widower, said half ıe tenants of the building had already left ır their summer holidays.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau, widow, no profes- on, said Parisians spent more time on vaca- on than at work. She could remember when vo weeks in Brittany had seemed quite ıough.

M. Louis Labarrière, author and historian, ife taking the cure at Vichy, said that dur- ıg the Middle Ages Paris had celebrated 230 eligious holidays a year.

M. Alberto Minazzoli, industrialist, wife ıought to be living in Rome with an actor, aid that in his factories strikes had replaced eligious feasts. (All smiled.)

Dr. Edmond Volle, dental surgeon, married, aid he had not taken a day off in seven years.

Mme. Volle said she believed a wife should ever forsake her husband. As a result, she ever had a holiday either.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said it depended on he husband. Some could be left alone for ıonths on end. Others could not. (No one new Mlle. de Renard's aunt's name.)

M. Alexandre Caisse said they had all been orry to hear Mlle. de Renard was not feeling ell enough to join them.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece was t this moment under sedation, in a shuttered oom, with cotton stuffed in her ears. The lightest sound made her jump and scream vith fright.

General Portoret said he was sure a brave woman like Mlle. de Renard would soon be on her feet again.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said it was probably not easy to forget after one had been intimately molested by a stranger.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece had been molested, but not raped. There was an unpleasant story going around.

M. Labarrière had heard screaming, but had supposed it was someone's radio.

M. Minazzoli had heard the man running down five flights of stairs. He had thought it was a child playing tag.

Mme. Volle had been the first to arrive on the scene; she had found Mlle. de Renard, collapsed, on the fifth-floor landing, her purse lying beside her. The man had not been after money. The stranger, described by his victim as French, fair, and blue-eyed, had obviously crept in from the street and waited for Mlle. de Renard to come home from vesper service.

General Portoret wondered why Mlle. de Renard had not run away the minute she saw him.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece had been taken by surprise. The man looked respectable. His expression was sympathetic. She thought he had come to the wrong floor.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said the man must have known his victim's habits.

Dr. Volle said this was simply the cunning of the insane.

M. Labarrière reminded them that the assault of Mlle. de Renard had been the third in a series: there had been the pots of ivy pilfered from the courtyard, the tramp found asleep in the basement behind the hot-water boiler, and now this.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said no one was safe.

Mavis Gallant lives in Paris and is the author, most recently, of a collection of short stories entitled From the Fifteenth District *(Random House).*

Mavis Gallant

THE ASSEMBLY

Mme. Volle had a chain-bolt on her door. She kept a can of insect spray conveniently placed for counteraggression.

M. Alexandre Caisse had a bronze reproduction of *The Dying Gaul* on a table behind the door. He never answered the door without first getting a good grip around the statue's waist.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece had been too trusting, even as a child.

M. Minazzoli said his door was fully armored. However, the time had come to do something about the door at the entrance to the building. He hoped they would decide, now, once and for all, about putting in an electronic code-lock system.

M. Alexandre Caisse said they were here to discuss, not to decide. The law of July 10, 1965, regulating the administration of cooperatively owned multiple dwellings, was especially strict on the subject of meetings. This was an assembly.

M. Minazzoli said one could arrive at a decision at an assembly as well as at a meeting.

M. Alexandre Caisse said anyone could get the full text of the law from the building manager, now enjoying a photo safari in Kenya. (Having said this, M. Caisse closed his eyes.)

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said she wanted one matter cleared up, and only one: her niece had been molested. She had not be raped.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau wondered how mu Mlle. de Renard could actually recall.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece h given a coherent account from the beginnir an account from which she had never w vered. The man had thrown her against t wall and perpetrated something she called " embrace." Her handbag had fallen during t struggle. He had run away without stoppi to pick it up.

Dr. Volle said it proved the building w open to madmen.

M. ALEXANDRE CAISSE asked if anyo would like refreshments. He cou offer the ladies a choice of tor water or bottled lemon soda. T gentlemen might like something stronger. (thanked him, but refused.)

M. Minazzoli supposed everyone knew h the electronic code system worked and wh it would cost.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau asked if it wou keep peddlers out. The place was infested wi them. Some offered exotic soaps, others ivo trinkets. The peddlers had one thing in co mon—curly black hair.



M. Labarrière said the tide of color was sing in Paris. He wondered if anyone had ɔticed it in the Métro. Even in the first-class ction you could count the white faces on ıe hand.

Mme. Volle said it showed the kind of mon- being made, and by whom.

Black, brown, and yellow, said M. Labar- ère. He felt like a stranger in his own coun- y.

Dr. Volle said France was now a doormat r the riffraff of five continents.

M. Alexandre Caisse said the first thing for- gners did was find out how much they could ɛt for free. Then they sent for their families.

General Portoret had been told by a nurse ıat the hospitals were crammed with Africans ıd Arabs getting free operations. If you had ıe bad luck to be white and French you could t in the waiting room while your appendix ırst.

M. Minazzoli said he had flown his mother Paris for a serious operation. He had paid very centime himself. His mother had needed have all her adrenalin taken out.

Mme. Volle said when something like that appened there was no such thing as French r foreign—there was just grief and expense.

M. Alexandre Caisse said it was unlikely ıat a relative of M. Minazzoli would burden ıe taxpaying community. M. Minazzoli prob- bly knew something about paying taxes, hen it came to that. (All laughed gently.)

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said all foreigners ere not alike.

General Portoret had commanded a regi- ıent of Montagnards forty years before. They ad been spunky little chaps, loyal to France.

M. Labarrière could not understand why Mlle. de Renard had said her attacker was lue-eyed and fair. Most molested women poke of "the Mediterranean type."

General Portoret wondered if his Monta- nards had kept up their French culture. They ad enjoyed the marching songs, swinging appily along to "Sambre et Meuse."

M. Minazzoli said in case anyone did not nderstand the code-lock system, it was some- hing like a small oblong keyboard. This key- oard, affixed to the entrance of the building ust below the buzzer one pressed in order to elease the door catch, contained the house ode.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau asked how the post- nan was supposed to get in.

M. Labarrière knew it was old-fashioned f him, but he thought a housephone would e better. It was somehow more dignified han all these codes and keyboards.

M. Minazzoli said the code system was cheaper and very safe. The door could not be opened unless the caller knew what the code was, say, J-8264.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau hoped for some- thing easier to remember—something like A-1111.

M. Labarrière said the Montagnards had undoubtedly lost all trace of French culture. French culture was dying everywhere. By 2500 it would be extinct.

M. Minazzoli said the Lycée Chateaubriand was still flourishing in Rome, attended by sons and daughters of the nobility.

Mme. Volle had been told that the Lycée Français in London accepted just anyone now.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau's daughter had spent an anxious au pair season with an Eng- lish family in the 1950s. They had the curi- ous habit of taking showers together to save hot water.

M. Alexandre Caisse said the hot-water meters in the building needed to be checked. His share of costs last year had been enough to cover all the laundry in Paris.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said a washing ma- chine just above her living room made a rocking sound.

Mme. Volle never ran the machine before nine or after five.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau had been prevented at nine o'clock at night from hearing the President of the Republic's television inter- view about the domestic fuel shortage.

M. Minazzoli said he hoped all understood that the security code was not to be mislaid or left around or shared except with a trusted person. No one knew nowadays who might turn out to be a thief. Not one's friends, cer- tainly, but one knew so little about their chil- dren.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt wondered if any- one recalled the old days, when the concierge stayed in her quarters night and day like a watchdog. It had been better than a code.

M. Labarrière could remember how when one came in late at night one would call out one's name.

General Portoret, as a young man—a young lieutenant, actually—had given his name as "Jack the Ripper." The concierge had made a droll reply.

M. Alexandre Caisse believed people laughed more easily then.

General Portoret said that the next day the concierge had complained to his mother.

Dr. Volle envied General Portoret's gener- ation. Their pleasures had been of a simple nature. They had not required today's thrills and animation.

"Dr. Volle said it proved the building was open to madmen."

Mavis Gallant

THE ASSEMBLY

M. Labarrière knew he was being old-fashioned, but he did object to the modern inaccurate use of *animation*. Publications from the mayor's office spoke of "animating" the city.

M. Minazzoli could not help asking himself who was paying for these glossy full-color handouts.

Dr. Volle thought the mayor was doing a good job. He particularly enjoyed the fireworks. As he never took a holiday the fireworks were about all he had by way of entertainment.

M. Labarrière could recall when the statue of the lion in the middle of Place Denfert-Rochereau had been painted the wrong shade. Everyone had protested.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt had seen it—brilliant iridescent coppery paint.

M. Labarrière said no, a dull brown.

Dr. Volle said that had been under a different administration.

General Portoret's mother had cried when she was told that he had said "Jack the Ripper."

Mlle. de Renard's aunt did not understand why the cost of the electronic code system was to be shared out equally. Large families were more likely to wear out the buttons than a lady living alone.

M. ALEXANDRE CAISSE said this was an assembly, not a meeting. They were all waiting for the building manager to return from Kenya. The first thing M. Caisse intended to have taken up was the cost of hot water.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt reminded M. Caisse that it was her grandfather, founder of a large Right Bank department store, who had built this house in 1899.

M. Labarrière said there had been a seventeenth-century convent on the site. Tearing it down in 1899 had been an act of vandalism that would not be tolerated today.

General Portoret's parents had been among the first tenants. When he was a boy there had been a great flood of water in the basement. When the waters abated the graves of nuns were revealed.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said she often wished she were a nun. Peace was all she wanted. (She looked around threateningly as she said this.)

General Portoret said the bones had been put in large canvas bags and stored in the concierge's kitchen until a hallowed resting place could be found.

M. Labarrière said it was hard not to yearn for the past they were describing. That wa because he had no feeling for the future. Th final French catastrophe would be about 208

General Portoret said he hoped that th last Frenchman to die would not die in vair

M. Alexandre Caisse looked at his watc and said he imagined no one wanted to mis the film on the Third Channel, an early Fe nandel.

General Portoret asked if it was the on where Fernandel was a private who kept do ing all the wrong things.

Mme. Volle wondered if her husband's pa tients would let him get away for a few day this year. There was always someone to brea a front tooth at the last moment.

General Portoret was going to Montreux He had been going to the same pension fo twelve years, ever since his wife died.

M. Alexandre Caisse said the film woul be starting in six minutes. It was not th one about the army; it was the one wher Fernandel played a ladies' hairdresser.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt planned to tak her niece on a cruise to Egypt when she fe strong enough.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau and her daughte were traveling to Poland in the footsteps o the Pope.

M. Labarrière knew it was dull and old fashioned of him, but he loved his countr and refused to spend any money outsid France.

M. Minazzoli was taking a close friend t Greece and Yugoslavia. He believed in Eu rope.

M. Alexandre Caisse said sometimes it wa hard to get a clear image on the Third Chan nel. He hoped there would be no interferenc with the Fernandel, which must be just abou starting.

Dr. Volle said he was not likely to see tha or any other film. He went to bed every nigh before ten. He rose every morning before six

M. Alexandre Caisse said he thought the would all be quite safe if they left, now, to gether, in a group. (He held the door open.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said she thought th assembly had been useful. Her niece woul feel reassured.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said perhaps sh would not feel impelled to open and clos her bedroom shutters the whole time.

Mlle. de Renard's aunt said her niece slep all day.

Mme. Berthe Fourneau said yes, but no all night.

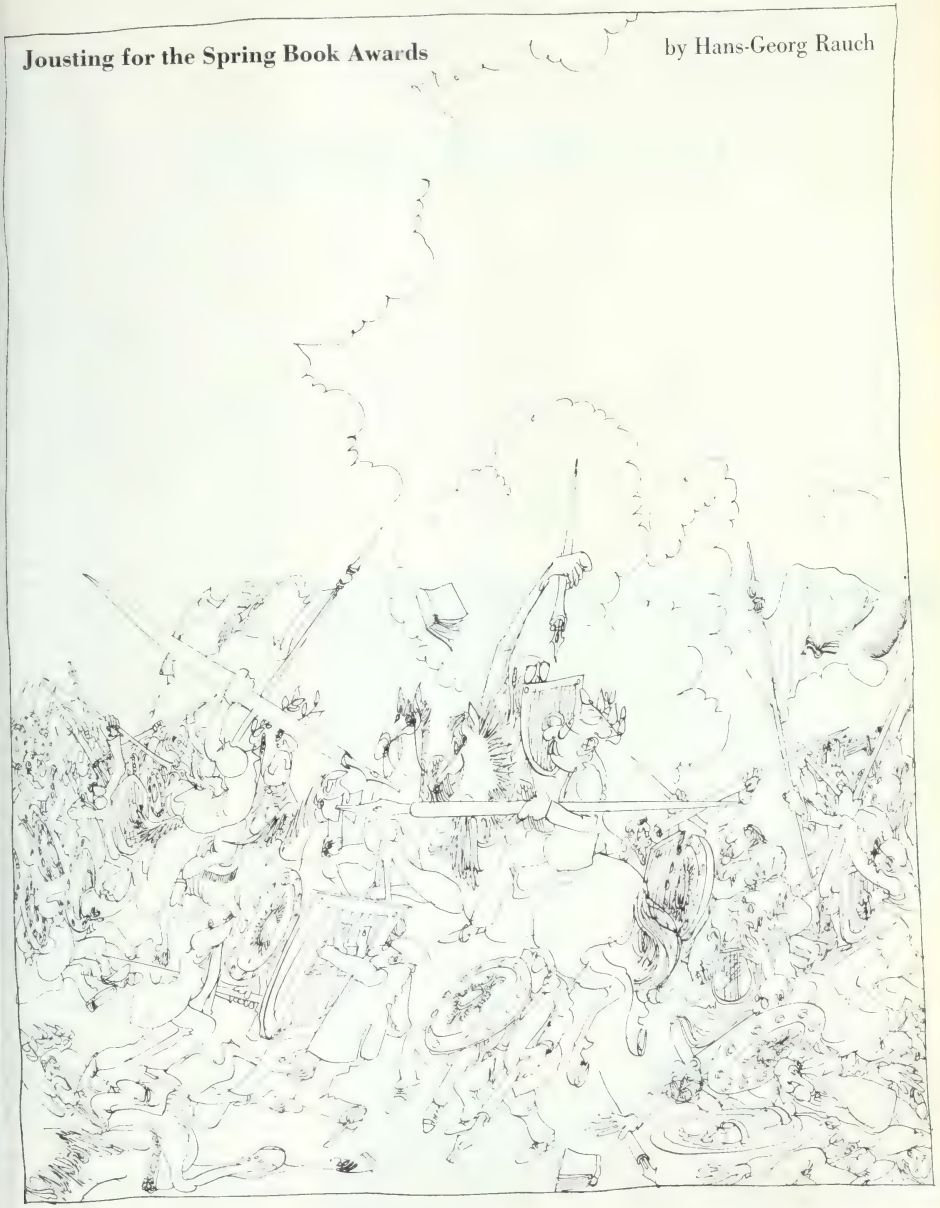
General Portoret said, After you.

M. Labarrière said, Ladies first.

(All said goodbye.)

Jousting for the Spring Book Awards

by Hans-Georg Rauch



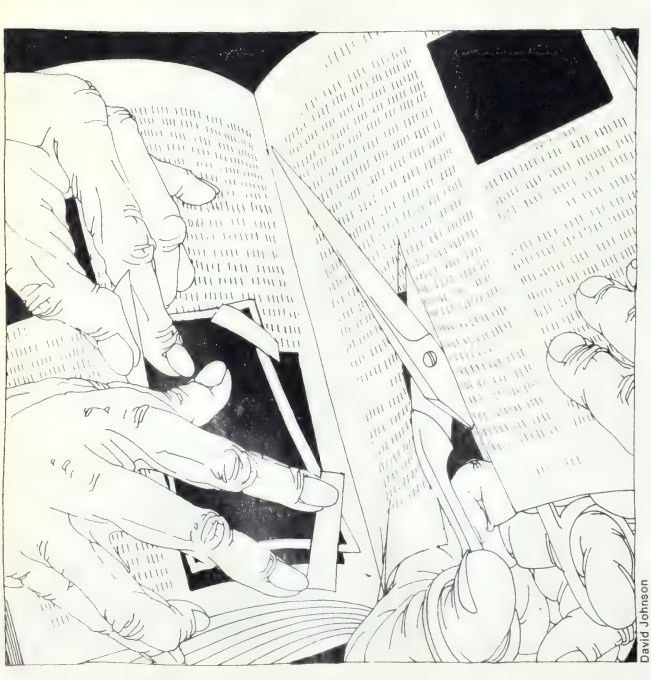
TEXTBOOK AMERICA

The teaching of history

by Walter Ka

WRITING American history is a harmless occupation, but teaching it to American schoolchildren is a political act with far-reaching consequences. The reason for this is clear. You cannot recount the past without making fundamental political judgments, and you cannot deliver those judgments in a classroom without impressing them deeply on the minds of future citizens. Children know a great deal about many things, but about public affairs they know virtually nothin Most of us carry to our graves scar ly altered the political lessons we i bibed half-consciously from long-f gotten history textbooks. Professors American history erect Gothic cath drals of erudition on political axio acquired from their fifth-grade "soc studies" readers. To teach Americ history to a great mass of Americ schoolchildren is to exercise genui political power. Yet of all forms of p litical power, the power to teach h tory to children is the only one Am icans have handed over without struggle to a remote and unaccoun able few, commonly known as the e ucational establishment. *America R vised*, by Frances FitzGerald,* is attempt to describe what the educ tional establishment has done wi that power through the years.

Walter Karp is a contributing editor of Harper's. *His most recent book is* The Politics of War *(Harper & Row).*



David Johnson

FitzGerald's main achievement is t scutwork. She has pored through t pages of hundreds of musty Americ history textbooks, something nobod I believe, has ever done before. She scribes their contents, delineates the overall "philosophy," and shows h they changed from generation to ge eration. About what it all signifi however, she has only confused a contradictory notions. She never rea understands that her subject is the e ucation—and miseducation—of a se governing people. Still, FitzGeral material is invaluable; when cast in

*Subtitled "History Schoolbooks in t Twentieth Century." 240 pages. Atlanti Little, Brown, $9.95.

political history of which FitzGerald ems blissfully ignorant, it reveals great deal about the way we are cur- ntly ruled.

THE HISTORY BEGINS just before the turn of the century, when the first school managers powerful enough to im- ose their conception of history on a rge number of children introduced ie first American history text to the ublic schools. Until then what little his- ry American schoolchildren learned ey had direct from their school- iarms by way of a sort of oral tradi- on. What they learned, however, they arned so well that historian Mark ullivan blamed nineteenth-century choolmarms for delaying our entry nto the first world war. The only his- ry they taught, Sullivan complained n his six-volume chronicle *Our Times*, as the American Revolution, and the ay they taught it had made it im- ossible for most Americans to believe nat England was fighting for "de- nocracy against autocracy" in the enches of France. The schoolmarms' merican Revolution is readily recon- ructed. On one side stood the tat- ered sons of liberty, whose forebears ad come to an unknown continent in earch of religious freedom. On the ther side stood a tyrannical king and is arrogant Redcoats, foredoomed in neir pride to a stunning defeat. What etter way than this to inculcate love f liberty and hatred of tyranny in the uture citizens of a free republic?

Since American educators always laimed they were providing "train- ng for citizenship," the first history extbooks might have been expected o fortify the oral tradition of the choolmarms. In fact, they did exactly he opposite. According to FitzGerald, he first history text taught children hat the colonists had come to Amer- ca for "commercial motives" and not or religious freedom at all. With that remise laid down, FitzGerald writes, he texts "looked on the American Revolution as a matter of practical pol- tics more than anything else." In- tead of the sons of liberty, the pio- neer texts offered the sons of the dollar; nstead of a revolt against arbitrary ower, squalid maneuvering for eco- nomic advantage. The obvious lesson of these texts is that Americans who profess to fight against tyranny are probably hypocrites trying to make money, an excellent lesson if you happen to favor tyranny. Such was the "citizenship training" offered by the pioneer textbooks. Most American schoolchildren never read them, however, since they were used exclusively in a few big-city school systems "to Americanize" (as the phrase went) the children of immigrants. The first exercise of the power to teach history was an attempt to corrupt the utterly defenseless. It was also a harbinger of what was to come.

"Americanizing" native Americans was a far more delicate problem, and educational leaders were long reluctant to try it in any systematic way. The problem became inescapable, however, in the early years of the twentieth century, when, for the first time, Americans in large numbers began attending public secondary schools. This new turn of events, so far from being a source of pedagogical satisfaction, threw educators into a panic and set off the greatest crisis in the history of American education. The crisis was this: the public secondary schools, which had catered chiefly to the well-to-do and successful, adhered to a traditional liberal-arts curriculum of history, language, and literature—the "arts that liberate," as Montaigne has called them. With the children of ordinary people attending high school, American educators found themselves face to face with the specter that had haunted Europe for a century: the danger of educating people *beyond their station*, or, as the National Education Association preferred to put it, leading them "away from the pursuits for which they are adapted." The danger was largely political. By teaching the liberal arts to commoners, the new secondary schools might well become the spawning ground for popular tribunes, politically ambitious guttersnipes, and similar dangerous malcontents. As J. E. Russell, head of Columbia University Teachers College, put it in 1905: "How can we justify our practice in schooling the masses in precisely the same manner as we do those who are to be their leaders?"

Something had to be done quickly or democracy might one day break out. Educational leaders quickly worked out a solution. Let the secondary schools teach the children of workers



what was fit only for workers. As Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, sternly advised the Federation of High School Teachers: "We want one class of persons to have a liberal education and we want another class of persons, a very much larger class of necessity in every society, to forgo the privilege of a liberal education and fit themselves to perform specific difficult manual tasks." Since there was no way to stop "the masses" from entering high school, the only way to meet the crisis, in short, was to prevent them from learning anything liberating when they got there. Instead, the educational leaders said, the new secondary schools should offer vocational training in particular and something called industrial education in general. This, the influential Douglas Commission said in 1905, was a "new idea" in education, and in truth it was. Until ordinary Americans began attending secondary school, no secondary school in the civilized world had ever seen fit to teach its students a trade. FitzGerald attributes this vulgar innovation to the supposed fact that lofty university presidents like Wilson and Russell had *lost* their influence over public education—a perfect example of thoughtless snobbery.

The "new idea" must have been somewhat perplexing to schoolmarms of the old-fashioned sort. The public schools were supposed to train citizens, yet here were the country's leading educators—"we"—insisting they regard their pupils not as future citizens but as future working hinds, whom Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard, urged teachers to "sort" by their "evident or probable destinies." If the schoolmarms were troubled, however, a stalwart band of educational reformers stood ready to reassure them that training Americans for their industrial "destiny" was the heart and soul of "democratic" education. By far the most important of the reassurers was John Dewey.

NEITHER THE subtle reasoning nor the ardent idealism of the famed educator mattered much in the history of American education. What proved important were a few of his salient principles. Suitably adapted, they have supplied educational leaders with the lasting framework for a pedagogical system designed to prevent "the masses" from ever learning in a classroom what a free people ought to know. For that purpose, Dewey's most important contribution was his conviction that democracy has little to do with politics and government. Democracy, according to Dewey, was "primarily a mode of associated living," which for most Americans chiefly meant working together in factories. Having stripped democracy of its political character, Dewey and his colleagues, who prided themselves on their "realism," went on to redefine it as "industrial cooperation." With this new, "realistic" definition, they effected a permanent pedagogical revolution. For one thing, it enabled the Deweyites (and more interested parties) to sever the venerable ties that bound the common schools to the needs and requirements of popular government. The schools were to be adapted instead, Dewey wrote in 1897, "to the circumstances, needs, and opportunities of industrial civilization." Instead of the American Republic, the American economy would call the tune. The new "realistic" definition of democracy even stripped public education of its *theoretical* republican objective, which was, as Jefferson had said, to teach future citizens "how to judge for themselves what will secure or endanger their freedom." Such knowledge was unlikely to enhance, and might well impair, "industrial cooperation." The new object of "democratic" education, Dewey said, was to teach every child "to perceive the essential interdependence of an industrial society." Thus instructed, the future citizen (i.e., factory worker) would develop what Dewey called "a socialized disposition."

With economic "interdependence" as its subject and a "socialized" worker as its goal the new "democratic" curriculum had little place for history. For *political* history, which recounts the diverse deeds of men, there was to be no place at all. Jefferson had urged the schools to teach children political history so that Americans might "know ambition under all its shapes and [be] prompt to exert their natural powers to defeat its purposes." From the political past they would learn to detect the would-be despot wearing the cloak of the popular tribune and the oligarchy masquerading as the enlightened and the elect. How could free me protect their liberties if they nev learned from political history that li erty, in fact, has ambitious enemies To Dewey, on the other hand, politic history was "undemocratic" (and Fit Gerald wholeheartedly agrees wi him) precisely because it deals wi the deeds and intentions of ambitio men. The doings of the high ar mighty, in Dewey's "realistic" vie were no business of American scho children, who were to share in t public life of America by leading socialized life" in the American wo force. Instead of political history th were to be given "social studies which would teach them, among ot er industrial matters, about the mo ern division of labor ("how milk brought to the city") and, in the lo tier grades, about the "evolution" American industry. Given such instru tion, Jane Addams noted in her 190 work *Democracy and Social Ethi* American children would not only d velop a cooperative disposition, b they would find their adult toil "mu more exhilarating," realizing, as th did, the useful slot they were filli on the national industrial "team."

Stripping Deweyite "realism" of i idealistic trappings proved but t work of a moment to the education leaders, who knew a good thing wh they saw one. In 1911, a committee the National Education Associatio the largest and most influential of t teachers' organizations, urged the n tion's high schools to drop histo altogether, on the Deweyesque groun that it failed to promote the "soci efficiency" of the ill-bred. Social stu ies, history's fledging rival, would better able, said the committee qui correctly, to "accommodate youn sters to existing conditions." That w not what Dewey had in mind, but was latent in his "cooperative" pr cepts, and the educational leaders we not the only ones to realize it. Revea ingly enough, the first public-scho system organized on Deweyesque lin was established in 1907 in Gary, I diana, a one-year-old company tow founded by, and largely in thrall t the U.S. Steel Corporation. J. P. Mo gan knew a good thing when he sa one too. So did the United States Co gress. Under President Wilson's lea ership, it began funding "vocation education" in the public schools, t

st serious federal attempt to shape e content of public education.

To the purblind Deweyites political story was elitist; to the powerful w it was politically dangerous—then id always. "Throughout history," as tzGerald rightly notes (though, alas, ly in a passing remark), "the man- ers of states have with remarkable nsistency defined good citizenship a rather small degree of knowledge , and participation in, public af- irs." To replace political history with eweyite social studies was the per- ct means of meeting the educational quirements of the powerful. In social udies, American youngsters would arn that America was chiefly an in- strial system and not a republic at l, that a "good citizen" is a worker ho gets up when the alarm clock ngs and speeds to his job on time. social studies, too, they would learn at the "real" history of America is e "development" of American in- stry—history without politics in it, hich teaches the most corrupt of po- ical lessons, that politics does not atter. Pedagogical wit could scarce- devise a better instrument for en- ring "a rather small degree of knowl- lge of, and participation in, public fairs." To replace political history ith social studies has been the abid- g goal of America's educational aders since ordinary Americans be- an attending high school. Interest- gly enough, it took them more than alf a century to register a complete iumph.

FITZGERALD DOES NOT TRY to explain why American par- ents, teachers, and local school boards resisted, circa 1911, hat Americans since 1965 have ac- epted without demur. The general xplanation, perhaps, is that corrupt- ng a venerable republic is not the ork of a day.

For one thing, the "new idea" of ndustrial education was a new idea even decades ago. At the time, mil- ons of Americans believed strongly hat America was a democracy cor- upted by industrial capitalism, alias the money power." That America vas nothing more than industrial apitalism—the essential axiom of so- ial studies and Deweyism—had never rossed their minds. Indeed, it was still a fairly new idea even to advanced intellectuals. Americans were still a political people who thought in political terms. Samuel Gompers, the British-bred trade unionist, used to complain bitterly about the political proclivities of America's trade-union members. Instead of "bargaining at the workplace," as all good workers should, they insisted on contesting elections, backing insurgent candidates, and behaving for all the world as if they were citizens. Not surprisingly, Gompers was an ardent champion of "industrial education." Because Americans thought in political terms, they cared greatly about "the money power" but little about the division of labor. As for history, the only idea they had of it was political. In a history book you read about armies, wars, generals, rulers, heroes, and villains—George Washington on the one hand, George III on the other. What social studies was designed to root out of the popular mind had yet to be rooted out when the NEA urged the high schools to replace history with social studies.

The old habits of thought would no doubt have proved a flimsy barrier had the educational leaders enjoyed in 1911 the power to impose their will on America's decentralized public education. Today, a quite small number of educators have virtually unchecked sway over the curriculum of America's public schools, which have become, as one educator put it in 1962, "a monolith under oligarchic control." The "textbook philosophy" (FitzGerald's phrase) the educational oligarchy propounds is the "philosophy" the textbook publishers dispense—one that the large majority of school districts will buy, and pass on to the overwhelming majority of students. In 1911 the educational elite had no such sweeping power. Local control of the common schools, though waning, had not yet become a sham. To a degree, it could still meet the purpose for which it was originally intended: preventing the "managers of states" from teaching a republic's children that "good citizenship" consists in "a rather small degree of knowledge of, and participation in, public affairs." The usurpation of local control in the years after World War I was to be an essential element in the corrupting of a venerable republic.

Events on the national political stage



proved a still more formidable barrier to the designs of the educational leaders, and almost derailed them completely. When "industrial education" was first concocted, Americans had seemed a thoroughly defeated people. A handful of finance capitalists controlled the economic arteries; a disciplined Republican party held national politics in thrall. A powerful few seemed to reign supreme in virtually every career and profession. America, as Henry Cabot Lodge said at the time, had at last become "an aristocratic republic." Then, quite suddenly, middle-class Americans awoke from their slumber and discovered that they were as powerless as everybody else. To the shock and dismay of Lodge—who thought it the end of civilization as he knew it—middle-class Americans, a complacent bourgeoisie for decades, began pouring into the public arena, determined to overthrow "the machine," to curb monopoly and bring the "money power" to heel. Just when the leading educators were urging the schools to look on America as an "industrial society," middle-class Americans—who did the teaching, served on the school boards, and voted in the school board elections—had suddenly remembered that America was a republic, and an endangered one at that.

Traditional modes of thought, the absence of an educational oligarchy, and the middle-class political revolt combined to produce a surprising result. Although the new "industrial" pedagogy made rapid headway, America's schools, despite the united urging of big businessmen, trade unions, and leading politicians, refused to let go of history. Instead they fortified the curriculum with the only American history texts ever used that were not intended to corrupt future citizens. These texts flourished in the years between 1910 and 1930, which FitzGerald terms the "Hundred Flowers" era of American history texts. Written by trained historians, representing diverse points of view, the new texts, born of the Progressive revolt, were intensely political and remarkably free of cant. Their virtues are well worth noting, because eliminating those virtues was to be the immediate task of the educational establishment, which had to put off for another generation the extinction of political history.

THE MOST POPULAR textbook of the period was *American History*, by David Saville Muzzey, first published in 1911. It was the antithesis of "industrial education" in every respect, since the grand lesson of Muzzey's text was that politics matters greatly, and matters to every citizen. Muzzey's readers learned, first and foremost, that the actions of people made American history and that the high and the mighty, in fact, have power—a liberating truth in itself. Moreover, the powerful bore constant watching, for villainy was not unknown in high places. In Muzzey's history President Polk, for one, was a bastard who instigated an unjust war with Mexico in order to grab some territory. Readers of Muzzey learned that democracy in America, too, bore watching. Indeed, Muzzey's history of America is largely the history of the vicissitudes of democracy. A Yankee Republican of the old school, Muzzey seems to have viewed all modern life as one giant menace to liberty and self-government. The major problem of the age, he warned young readers, was "the corruption of the government by the money power." American democracy needed defending, and it had nothing to do with industrial cooperation.

Muzzey's most successful rival was Willis Mason West, whose textbook *American History and Government*, published in 1913, seems to have been a rejoinder to Muzzey's. Whereas the latter thought democracy in America had gone from a Golden Age to the dogs, West, more a man of the Left, commenced his history with the bold assertion that "democracy has as yet been tried only imperfectly among us." Politically divergent though they were, the two leading texts agreed on the main point. American history was essentially political history, and the dramatic theme of that history, the impulse of political life and the catalyst of action, was the struggle over democracy itself.

While texts such as these were circulating (often in watered-down revisions), the educational leaders seem to have bided their time until they were powerful enough to eliminate from the curriculum history lessons so inconducive to "social efficiency" and so unlikely to "accommodate youngsters to existing conditions." All through the post-Versailles years nascent educational establishm backed by state legislators, streng ened its hold on the public sch and on the schools that train pub school teachers. During those ye the number of local school distr was cut from 120,000 to less than that number. State educational co missions were established to red still further the formal autonomy the remaining districts. By a do different devices—licensing laws, st guidelines, and so on—control of curriculum passed completely out the hands of citizens and into the g of an increasingly tight-knit, ingro professional oligarchy. All it nee to emasculate the lingering "Hund Flowers" tradition was a sharp cha in the political atmosphere. With outbreak of World War II the olig chy struck at once, and the traditi FitzGerald says, came "abruptly" an end. For the next twenty-five ye every new textbook used in the sch was written on the assumption that readers were potential subversives.

In the new textbooks, which s swept the country, political history came a hollow and meaningless fo Politics was reduced to acts of g ernment, and villainy in high pla vanished from the past. All Ameri wars were now righteous and all Am ican Presidents virtuous men who FitzGerald writes, "as well as co be expected given difficult circu stances." Imperialism, a term fre applied in the earlier texts to Am ica's seizure of the Philippines, now reserved exclusively for overs ne'er-do-wells. Jingo nationalism, freshingly absent in the "Hund Flowers" era, pulsated through ev page of the new propaganda te "There is a fascination with patri symbols," FitzGerald reports, " flag, Independence Hall, the Statue Liberty." Readers were adjured to cept, admire, and adore virtually erything about America except its publican institutions. In the propaganda texts—and this is the tale of their calculated corruptnes democracy ceased to be the theme catalyst of American history; it ex ed no strife, inspired no banners, suffered no defeats. Instead it beca the fixed and unchanging attribute the United States, like the spots a leopard—"a Platonic form abstr



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ed from history," as FitzGerald well puts it. Severed from history, democracy ceased to be menaced by anything except foreign enemies and their domestic agents, whose activities in the neighborhood, one textbook advised, should be promptly reported by "young people" to the FBI, "in line with American traditions."

Even as a "Platonic form," however, democracy was too dangerous to describe at length. From the new textbooks readers learned that democracy meant the right to vote and nothing more, a definition that does not distinguish America's republican institutions from the totalitarian politics of the Soviet Union. Even reduced to a nullity, democracy, to the educational establishment, was still too dangerous to praise too highly. The fear that citizenship might break out haunts the pages of the propaganda textbooks. Instead of lauding democracy, the textbooks found subtle ways to denigrate it. One of the major texts of the era, FitzGerald says, "concludes with an essay extolling the virtues of freedom not for its own sake but merely as the greatest asset in the world struggle." A more common technique of denigration was the textbooks' insistence that what was truly great about America was its enormous gross national product. The textbooks, FitzGerald says, were "far more enthusiastic" about the GNP than about the Bill of Rights. Without eliminating political history entirely, the textbooks, which devoted considerable space to "industrialization," were hearkening back to the corrupt basic tenet of Deweyism —that America was not a republican polity but, far more important, an industrial system. Times had changed, however. Whereas "cooperation" had been the dubious deity of the original industrial pedagogy, the new deity enshrined in the propaganda texts was productivity pure and simple. One prominent junior-high-school history text argued, for example, that slavery was not all that bad because it alleviated America's chronic shortage of labor. Whereas Lincoln had said that if slavery were not evil then nothing was evil, this modern school text, still in use ten years ago, taught children that nothing is evil if it enhances production—the common principle of the capitalist, the commissar, and the tyrant.

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SUCH WERE the corrupt histo textbooks the educational igarchy inflicted on a republi children, from the bombing Pearl Harbor to the bombing of No Vietnam. Around 1965 that textbo era, too, came to an end with wh FitzGerald calls "the most drama rewriting of history ever to take plac in America. The cause of this eluc her, but it was quite obviously t civil-rights movement that provid the main spur for revision. At a stro it exposed the sham of the propagan textbooks. American democracy cou hardly remain a "Platonic form a stracted from history" while Am icans were out in the streets and on t hustings fighting for political liber Moreover, insurgent blacks demand a place in the history texts, which h ignored their very existence for d ades. Thanks to the civil-rights mo ment the time was peculiarly ripe restoring to American classrooms deeper and more exacting political h tory than even Muzzey and West h provided. Here was yet another ucational crisis, almost comparable the construction of high schools at t turn of the century. Educational formers hit on a solution at once. the corrupt political-history texts w doomed, what American schoolch dren should get in their stead was political history at all.

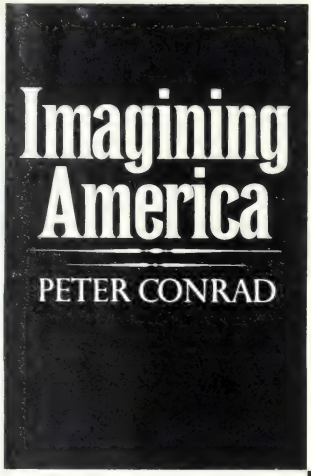
One group of reformers, known "The New Social Studies Movemen urged the educational establishment teach sociology instead of histo Whereas the established social stud made do with crude notions such the division of labor, the New Soc Studies would teach budding schol how to use such refined social-scien concepts as "role," "status," and "c ture." This, the reformers said, wo sharpen their "cognitive skills," as had so manifestly done for profess of sociology. The American past cou remain in the curriculum, but only a "laboratory for testing social-scien concepts," to quote a New Social St ies manifesto. Grinding American h tory into sociological mush read recommended itself to the educatio bureaucrats in the Kennedy Admir tration, which supported the endeav with the customary avalanche of gran

A second group of reformers urg the school managers to offer textboo that were "relevant" to the immedi

roblems of "disadvantaged" minorties. What these disadvantaged needed, heir self-appointed spokesmen said, vere history texts that enhanced their thnic and racial "pride." Since no olitical history of America could posibly make anyone proud of being corned, proscribed, betrayed, or enlaved, the new ethnicity, too, won apid and pious approval. Through a udicious blend of "social-science conepts" and sops to ethnic pride, the ducational establishment has found nother way to secure "a rather small legree of knowledge of, or participaion in, public affairs." It is not really iew, however. It is simply the old inlustrial education dressed up in a new lisguise.

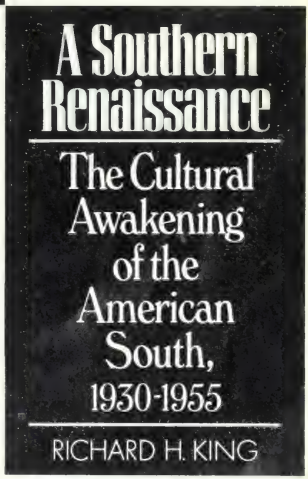
As in the old industrial pedagogy, he first principle of the contemporary extbooks is that America is not a reublican commonwealth. It is merely society like a dozen others, includng outright tyrannies and totalitarian egimes. That, of course, is fundamenal to any system of corrupt education n America, as educational leaders had realized more than half a century before. Over the years, however, industrialism had lost its savor. The new America of the textbooks is not an industrial society anymore. It is now, FitzGerald says, a "multiracial, multicultural society" composed of distinct ethnic groups and races, each with its own history, achievements, and heroes —César Chavez for Mexican-Americans, for example. This new textbook America, with its "multiple perspectives," FitzGerald regards as an intellectual advance over the "outdated" view of America as a nation-state. On the other hand, she notes, taking both sides of every issue from sheer inability to decide what is important and what is mere cant, this new textbook America is indistinguishable from Yugoslavia, or, for that matter, the Ottoman Empire. America's future citizens, previously taught to regard themselves as workers, are now taught to regard themselves as ethnic tribesmen—"We're family"—who must learn to live harmoniously with other tribes cohabiting on the North American continent and especially with American Indians, who, being the most tribal, are the most admired figures in the contemporary history texts. Millions of young Americans, for example, know more about Ishi, the last "wild

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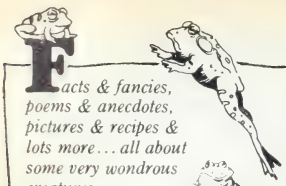
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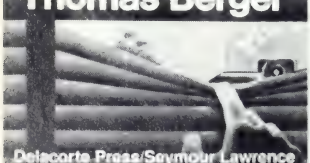
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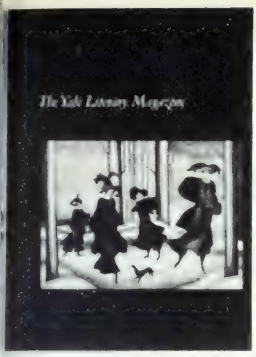
Indian"—he was captured in 1911—than they do about the Founding Fathers. A number of contemporary history texts begin with glowing accounts of the Aztecs and the Mayans in line with the basic textbook principle that America is a lot of tribes living in North America. "Poor Columbus," FitzGerald writes. "He is a minor character now, a walk-on in the middle of American history." So, too, is the American republic.

Like the old social studies of "industrial development," the new history texts offer a past shorn of politics and virtually devoid of people. The educational leaders have at long last triumphed over the very idea of political history. In the new textbooks no man and no deed is responsible for anything. History, in the social-science "laboratory" of the textbooks, is now the product, FitzGerald says, of "impersonal institutions and faceless social forces," which she regards as more "democratic" than political history—exactly what it is not and can never be. On the other hand, she is dismayed to discover that "there is no known case of anyone's creating a problem for anyone else" in this wonderland of abstractions. It is impossible for anyone to do so. In the new sociologized history texts, no human being has ever enjoyed sufficient power to do anything for good or ill. Famous men, in this "democratic history," are loci of impotence with illustrious names attached. Watergate, in the latest texts, is something that *happened* to Richard Nixon, and history in general is a slew of forces, pressures, and disasters inflicted by fate on the high and the mighty, who appear as hapless men of goodwill. "There are," FitzGerald says, "no human agencies left."

To erase every trace of human action, the textbooks perform prodigies of verbal mendacity. In one typical textbook, FitzGerald says, the authors attribute the "problems" facing post-Reconstruction America to "the era of Reconstruction," as if an "era" can possibly cause anything. In the no-action history of the textbooks, abstractions do everything because humans are forbidden to do anything. At all costs the readers must never be allowed to suspect that people are capable of making a difference. Like the Stone Age tribes they are asked to admire, our children are now taught to regard the American past as an in comprehensible destiny as empty human purpose as the landscape the moon.

With the extinction political history the edu cational oligarchy has nally resolved the gran crisis of twentieth-century educatio how to prevent the masses fro learning what is fit only for the leaders. From the new textbooks, th children of the American republ will never gain knowledge of, or th slightest incentive to participate i public affairs. Nor will they ever lea from their sociologized texts how detect "ambition under all its shapes What the new textbooks teach on e ery page and with every passive ver is that, for all practical purposes, the is no such human activity as publ affairs and no such human motive political ambition. How can there when "faceless social forces" mak our history and the high and th mighty appear only as the victims fate? No reader of these degraded tex will ever learn from them how "judge for themselves what will s cure or endanger their freedom." Th new textbooks have snuffed out th very idea of human freedom, for tha freedom at bottom is precisely the hu man capacity for action that politic history records and that the textbook are at such pains to conceal. In th "multiracial, multicultural" America the textbooks every citizen is a tribe man and every tribesman the hapless subject of powers and dominions does not even know exist. Such "good citizenship" in the corrupte common schools of contempora America.

The educational establishment, Fit Gerald concludes, has deprived Ame icans of their "birthright," a person loss she sincerely laments, but th judgment scarcely covers the groun What the *political* history of the tex books reveals is that a powerful fe gaining control of public educatio have been depriving the American r public of citizens, and popular gover ment of a people to defend it. And th American history textbook, so inn cent-seeming and inconsequential, ha been their well-chosen instrument.



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FIELDER'S CHOICE

The Softball School of Literary Criticism

by Jeffrey Burk

Walking on Air, by Pierre Delattre. 256 pages. Houghton-Mifflin, $10.95; paper, $4.95.
My Uncle Oswald, by Roald Dahl. 245 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95.
Hit Me with a Rainbow, by James Kirkwood. 372 pages. Delacorte, $9.95.
Muckaluck: A Curious Episode in the Cavalry's Winning of the West, by Richard Andersen. 206 pages. Delacorte, $8.95.
Bullies, by George W. S. Trow. 156 pages. Little, Brown, $9.95.
Days and Nights of a French Horn Player, by Murray Schisgal. 252 pages. Little, Brown, $10.95.
Creator, by Jeremy Leven. 490 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $11.95.
Preparations for the Ascent, by Gilbert Rogin. 192 pages. Random House, $8.95.
Falling in Place, by Ann Beattie. 352 pages. Random House, $10.95.

SEMINAL TO FEW and useful to fewer, the Softball School of Literary Criticism endeavors to categorize a large number of fictional works according to the informal constraints of a sport played by quasi athletes for whom the hardball moves too fast. The categories are flexible; the constraints should be invented as a need for them arises. The batting order may be numerical, alphabetical, or botanical (in the event of florid prose full of purple patches). The batters, of course, are the authors, each of whom bats once per game. If it's a hit, he or she goes to the showers to get ready for the tours and interviews. As the umpire, I call 'em the way I see 'em. Play book!

Jeffrey Burke writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Frances Taliaferro.

THE OUTFIELD—a three-strikes-you're-outfield—consists of Delattre, Dahl, and Kirkwood. In and coming out of left field is Pierre Delattre with *Walking on Air,* a novel about a traveling circus whose unusual performers and acts are an inane tribute to the days of the flower child. This is the Tom Robbins genre of literature—verbal cartoons for adolescents afflicted with mystical inclinations or chromosome damage—but being less inventive and more earnest, it is, finally, banal. *Walking on Air* will serve the once and future hippie as well as center fielder Roald Dahl's *My Uncle Oswald* will serve the prurient college jock, for Dahl has written a one-joke novel centered on the discovery of the world's most powerful aphrodisiac, the Blister Beetle. The discoverer, an industrious womanizer, parlays his find into a fortune while a lot of names and pairs of pants are dropped. To be read aloud at post-game keg parties while wearing a lampshade.

James Kirkwood, author of *Hit Me with a Rainbow,* occupies right field. Alas, this is not a tale of masochism in Oz. A wildly famous actress with a dark secret flees her husband—former opera star and current Mafia protégé—and seduces a young publishing tyro who has his own dark secret. Once they get to her director-friend's ideal Ensenada beach house, the talk and tussling are elaborations on "I'll show you my dark secret if you'll show me yours." For comic relief the homosexual bodyguard cracks Polish jokes. To judge from the occasional glimpse of insight or good writing, I suspect that Kirkwood is not entirely comfortable keeping to the slick and shallow. For those narcoleptics among his fans I recommend pages 31, 104, 13 187, 201, 237, 245, 248, 272, 331, 34 368, and 371, on each of which o character or another awakens.

On windy days, when the makeshi newspaper bases popular in softb games are blowing away, these boo will make admirable paperweights, they may be used as bases themselv Either use, however, holds the dang that a runner, waiting to be advance may pick one up and begin reading —an indiscretion known as "steali a base," for which the thief receives fine for lack of discernment. So th they can be nearer the crowd they pl to, I am moving the entire outfield foul territory, where, in addition, o can field what another hits. Beside the rest of the team might be adverse affected if what's ailing those three catching—though I don't think i even communicable.

The infield has a couple of we points, but fundamentally it's soun At third base is Richard Anders with *Muckaluck,* a novel that takes from a brief war in 1873 between t U.S. cavalry and the Muckaluck I dians, in which thirty-five of the lat tortured and killed hundreds of troo ers before being captured or kill themselves. Andersen adds a com satiric twist to the otherwise famili tale of repeated treachery that preced the fighting. Along with details Muckaluck daily life, he describes timid shaman who thinks of himself The Wiz and a couple of homosexu transvestites named Beaded Hat a Funny Walk who are unjustly blam for ambushing a wagon train becau they were found nearby—doing th laundry. These are Andersen's bro strokes; much of his style is subtl a tongue-in-cheek demystifying of t

oble savage that reduces him, despite is real victimization, to the level of ie inept, pompous, indifferent soldiers id civilians. At this level the two des go at each other brutally, and ndersen relates it all flatly, having tablished that neither side is worth ooting for. Considering the historical ontext and Andersen's prefatory acnowledgments in which he states at he wrote the book for his "amuseent" as well as the reader's, I can sily resist being sucked into *Muck-'uck's* moral vacuum. On the other and, third basemen usually possess ie qualities of vacuum cleaners, so ndersen should do well there. But if e relies for a hit on pulling the ball much as he does on pulling my leg, e's going to end up in foul territory ith the others.

PARODY AND SATIRE and a touch of madness are the distinguishing features of *Bullies,* a collection of pieces short and long y George W. S. Trow (which rhymes ith *throw,* as in "T'row me duh all"). His lighter satire deals with ids, fashions, and human foibles, like ie relationship, born of the self-help eventies, between a divorced man and is rug in the opening story, "I Ex- and My Horizons":

> *Like my ex-wife, my rug wants to exist in a nonjudgmental atmosphere. "I am not here to meet your expectations"—that's what my rug says to me.*

hough an undertone of quiet desperaon may creep through even those ghter pieces, Trow continually amuses ith his absurd or effectively silly deails. In "Mrs. Armand Reef Likes to ntertain," one of society's beautiful overs and shakers is anatomized by ostly subtle modulations of the oriinal fluffy text—a *People* profile?—n which the parody is based: "One ock of her famous red hair is tucked asily into her mouth." There, *famous* s the narrative persona's word, *easily* s Trow's arch contribution. In the onger pieces, most of which describe crumbling resort called Alani Beach, he satire is darker, and Trow signals shift from familiar contexts to surreal ones by suggesting malevolence in what elsewhere were innocently absurd details. The "he" in the following might easily be Trow's version of Frank Sinatra:

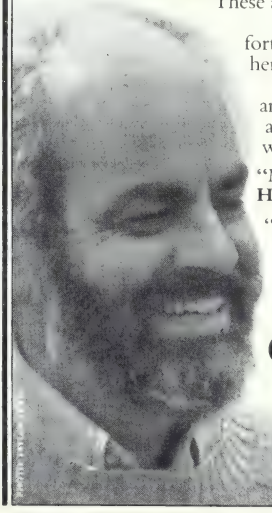
> *There was a time when he carried a small knife in a place just under his arm. There was a time when he was taken through the crowds by Tom Jussy and Frankie Vers, who knew how to squeeze and press a limb until it was dead.*

Because he is such a careful writer and yet so stylistically adventurous, Trow is easily one of the best humorists around, as well as one of the few whose literary merit permits him to be taken seriously. He is a consistent hitter who usually sends one up the hole and stretches a long single into a double, at times a triple. His range, his ability to have his reach and grasp coincide, convince me to put him at shortstop, where he'll be able to handle the hard liner, the one-liner, the double play on words, and, of course, the t'row to foist base.

I'm assigning two rookies to first and second base. These are positions I myself have often occupied, especially at the beginning of the season, when my prowess evokes expletives from my teammates and guffaws from the opposition. However unheroic I think them, they are nonetheless positions where a measure of competence can now and then blossom into excellence.

At second base is Murray Schisgal with *Days and Nights of a French Horn Player.* He does okay for a rookie (he has written plays, like *Luv,* but never a novel). His hero reviews forty-five years of life, seeking to recover the innocence and fulfillment of his passion for playing the French horn, which he abandoned for a successful career as a television game-show producer. While the quest is a serious one, the tone is ironic, distancing, a defensive posture that lets the hero laugh at himself most of the time. Schisgal plays for laughs from the reader as well, and will likely draw quite a few; but the frequently repeated structure of setup and kicker wears as thin as a nightclub audience after three hours of stand-up *shtick.* In short, Schisgal strains for effect, and when the moment in question is emotional or serious, the strain is often evident, the effect lost. The problem is one of confusion about when to

"Blindness is all that is really wrong with me.... my life has never been better."



These are the words of Andrew Potok—A talented painter who, in his early forties, began to go blind from an inherited eye disease, *retinitis pigmentosa.* Yet, Andrew Potok's story is anything but depressing. It is fierce and funny, sexy and bursting with an enthusiasm for life.

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laugh, about whether the hero is a stock *schlemiel* or a human being, whether the deformities of his childhood playmates, his father's transvestism, his wife's neuroses, and his own unthinking infidelity are proper objects of merriment. Despite these problems—a matter of taste for some—Schisgal is a confident, even slick, writer whose moment of excellence comes toward the end of the novel with a piercing death scene (reminiscent of the pivotal car accident in Scott Spencer's exquisite *Endless Love*) done in eleven terse lines. Schisgal resembles Pete Rose: not too good-looking up close but always hustling, good for a ground-rule double if one of the crowd happens to touch his high-bouncer.

First baseman Jeremy Leven will probably get a base on balls for his ostentatious first novel, *Creator*. According to one of its characters, *Creator* is, in part, "another postpubescent *Judenschmerzbuch*," "a rehash of the Old Testament," and "crap." Within the novel's sprawl the principal story concerns a seventy-year-old Nobel Prize–winning biologist who, while experimenting with parthenogenesis and teaching music appreciation to a nineteen-year-old self-acknowledged nymphomaniac, writes a novel whose main character resembles him as a young man, particularly in his loss of the woman he loves. Writing the novel is cathartically therapeutic for the scientist, as I am led—by the pointed dedication, "In memory of Susan Roberts, 1943–1966"—to assume it was for Leven. If books were people, this one would be a bright college graduate who did his senior thesis on "Life and Death in Western Civilization" while minoring in pre-med, and who is bursting with outtakes from his seminars and labs. In other words, along with the novel within the novel and the assorted permutations on the theme of creativity, the book is so full of intellectual baggage that it—not to mention an abundance of intentional humor, good and bad—cannot be taken seriously. Leven, unfortunately, although a marvelously inventive writer, has left himself open to the charge of being merely clever. He would do well to catch some of Trow's economy of expression before getting up to bat again. As for this time around, he has overswung and undercut the ball for a high-flying shot that will probably get him on if the winds of fashion keep it from drifting foul.

ON THE PITCHER'S MOUND is Gilbert Rogin with *Preparations for the Ascent*. I give him that topographically elevated position (though on most softball fields I've known, the mound is a rut or depression—and that, too, would be appropriate for Rogin) out of sympathy for his central character, Albert, a scion of the struggling little guy found in the writing of Robert Benchley and James Thurber. Faced with an airplane dinner, Albert puts salt and pepper on the mashed potatoes, then sees that they are covered with cellophane. After snapping off the cellophane and covering himself with salt and pepper he finds that what he thought was potatoes is banana pudding. Against the sad and comic major and minor difficulties—"Doggerel, like the form and substance of so much of his life"—with which the book's eleven episodes confront him as he moves through his forties, Albert protects himself with the solidity of facts. The dictionary, train schedule, and algebraic proof would be his icons, the allusion or quotation his antiphon. Knowledge provides the illusion of power because it can be ordered in the mind and summoned when necessary to act as a buffer against life's unreliability. Albert is an unwilling, never an unwitting, victim, but one who will be overcome by the cumulative effect of disillusionment:

> *As other men are undone by avarice, ambition, grand passions, he will sink—is sinking—under a burden of tender sorrows, which, like snowflakes, singly are nearly weightless, but heaped on a roof can buckle it.*

Unlike many professional pitchers, Rogin bats well—a soft-line drive that carries for a stand-up double right past the opposition, who were distracted by the antics in foul territory.

So, at last, comes the catcher, Ann Beattie, author of *Falling in Place*, a novel about people approximating life in the normalcy of Connecticut and Manhattan. People like Cynthia and John and Peter and Nina; Cynthia who teaches John's daughter in summer school and lives with Peter, her lover, who used to be Nina's lover, the same Nina who is John's lover a[nd] might be his wife if he ever divorc[es] the one he has now. As familiar [as] the territory seems, Beattie reveals [it] anew through a gifted ear for dialogu[e] a sense of the original character th[at] is both fully drawn and typical, a[nd] the substitution, in most instances, [of] marijuana for alcohol. Her position [as] the team *vis-à-vis* Rogin follows fro[m] their shared thoughtfulness and the[ir] belief that passivity or paralysis is t[he] ruling trait in contemporary huma[n] affairs. With Rogin's Albert it is [a] stated preoccupation; with Beattie characters it is a perception that form[s] gradually from what seem to be sig[ns] of normal, active life. In fact, thin[gs] happen accidentally (the relationshi[ps] above are coincidental), if at all, [but] eventually, because everyone believ[es] life is a process of things falling [in] place. Like Alison Lurie's *War B[e]tween the Tates*, this is acute comed[y] of manners, but where Lurie sharpen[s] the cutting edge of her satire with [a] narrative voice expressive of bare[d] tacit disapproval, Beattie backs o[ff] lightens the satire, making her pre[s]ence as writer felt only in the unr[e]lenting expression of stasis.

It's convenient, since she exchang[es] certain signals with Rogin, that Beatt[ie] be the catcher. She is also the writ[er] I'd most like to find at home. Despi[te] her being a member of the fair se[x] she bats with the best of them, aid[ed] by her perceptive eye and the oppos[i]tion's mistake of playing her too sha[l]low. She slams one just over the[ir] heads, a solid shot that has legs wh[ich] it hits and keeps rolling to let her sli[de] in for a triple.

THE SOFTBALL SCHOOL of L[i]terary Criticism, I regret [to] say, cannot create heroe[s] even at the extremes [of] whimsy that help to cure the cab[in] fever brought on by spring trainin[g]. A triple is more than respectable an[d] doubles are not uncommon, but the[re] are no home runs. Among the hu[n]dreds of novels that come up to b[at] each season only a very few do n[ot] belong in the minors, however brig[ht] their uniforms or bigmouthed the[ir] agents and PR men. It might be othe[r]wise if reading were our nation[al] pastime.

SPEAKING FOR BLACKS

ace problems at the *New York Review of Books*

by Randall Kennedy

NEGLECT, exclusion, and the stifling mediation of well-meaning white friends have long been the bane of black ntellectuals. As early as 1827, the open-ng editorial of the first black news-aper in the United States, *Freedom's ournal*, objected to the near-monopoly xercised by whites over the interpre-ation of black affairs. "We wish to lead our own cause," the editor de-ared. "Too long have others spoken or us. Too long has the publick been eceived by misrepresentations in ings which concern us deeply."

A hundred years later, leaders of ne Harlem Renaissance complained nat the standards of white taste and ne power of white-owned media forced lack writers to take back seats to hites as interpreters of black life. Thus it was *Nigger Heaven*, by white ovelist Carl Van Vechten, that be-ame the era's best-selling portrait of abaret Harlem in the 1920s, while he musical drama *Porgy and Bess*, by DuBose Heyward and the Gershwins, ecame the most popular rendition of outhern black folkways. The first re-ording of *Porgy and Bess* used white ingers because blacks were not con-idered good enough, and no blacks vere among the scores of writers em-loyed to produce it for Broadway and Hollywood. This helps explain why *Porgy and Bess* is considered a classic y many white observers of American ulture, while to many black intellec-uals it merely calls to mind Langston Hughes's lament: "You've taken my lues and gone."

By the 1960s, the Black Power novement, the assertion of a "black aesthetic," and the demand for black studies raised black intellectuals to a higher status than they had ever before enjoyed. But despite the decade's emphasis on "authenticity," media entrepreneurs tended to prefer white views of black realities to the views of Negroes themselves. June Meyer ably documented this pattern in an article in *The Nation*, in which she concluded that the "preferred format of communication, black to white, is *through* a white intermediary." In the pages of *The Nation* itself, and of its liberal rival, *The New Republic*, blacks were counseled, analyzed, pitied, and championed—but seldom heard from. Indeed, in 1967 *The Nation* ran a special report on violence featuring five articles on black and Hispanic ghetto rebellions—all by white reporters. Nor was book publishing any better. Although the publishers abandoned their manifest indifference toward black society when racial turmoil sparked popular interest in black life, the beneficiaries of the contracts were often not long-neglected black scholars but well-connected white ones. No blacks, for instance, were among the editors of *Black Voices: An Anthology of Afro-American Literature*, published by New American Library, or *Black Protest in the Sixties*, published by Quadrangle, or *Negro Protest Thought in the Twentieth Century*, published by Bobbs-Merrill. Is it any wonder, then, that black intellectuals became increasingly resentful of the privileges accorded white Negro-ologists and the presumptions these privileges helped to encourage?

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RALPH ELLISON eloquently criticized the pretensions of white-on-black documentary in polemical exchanges with Irving Howe, editor of *Dissent*, and Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, in 1967. Addressing himself to the latter, Ellison observed how amazingly often "white liberals, possessing little first-hand knowledge of any area of the society other than their own, eagerly presume to interpret Negro life while ignoring their primary obligation as intellectuals—which is to know what they are talking about." Liberal "experts," Ellison said, claim authority

> *they've neither earned nor been intellectually honest enough to admit they don't possess. Instead, like absentee owners of tenement buildings, they exploit the abstract sociological "Negro" as a facile means of getting ahead in the world. Worse, when decked out in the trimmings of social science, their nonsense sometimes catches the eye of powerful politicians seeking accurate data on social reality, and then the whole nation suffers.*

Largely as a result of protest from Ellison and other black writers, a few magazines—I think again of *The Nation* and *The New Republic*—have become sensitive to the temptations and dangers of cultural imperialism. But most journals supposedly committed to informed opinion (including *Harper's*) still suffer from an absence of

participation by black intellectuals.

One in particular whose tradition of racial exclusiveness remains firmly entrenched is the *New York Review of Books*. The *Review* warrants special attention not only because it is so widely respected, but also because of its politics. The *Review* is a left-liberal journal that has, to its credit, exposed and excoriated many of society's worst failings, including the racism that remains etched so deeply into American psyches and institutions. It is precisely because the *Review* represents much that is best in American critical thought that its record with respect to black writers is so disturbing. That record shows how subtle varieties of racism can stubbornly reside within even the most intellectually sophisticated communities.

R.W.B. Lewis once commented in the *Review* that "even those among us who consent to Negroes being accepted as human beings, don't really want them to be writers." It would be difficult to find a more apt description of the *Review*'s own editorial imagination. In its pages the black occupies a prominent role as a slave, a slum-dweller, or a victimized child. Yet his status as a writer approaches invisibility. Between 1963 and 1973 the *Review* published blacks as reviewers on fewer than ten occasions; between 1973 and 1978 blacks appeared only twice.* Indeed, during its entire history only two black writers have been published in the *Review* as critics of fiction: James Baldwin in 1967 and Darryl Pinkney in 1978 and again in 1979.

Blacks are simply not included among those networks from which the *Review* draws its writing and editorial talent. They are generally not among the "name" professors at the most prestigious American and British universities. Nor are they among the loose coterie of New York intellectuals. It takes no conscious effort from the *Review* to exclude black writers, only laziness. The problem of having to grapple with the perceptions of black critics seldom arises; blacks are not, as a rule, members of the club.

Every magazine depends on writers' and editors' networks; these are, in fact, its bloodlines. But a truly distinguished periodical should constantly seek to revivify itself and its audience by finding and presenting talent that may reside outside the ranks of its circle of friends. Some journals simply cannot attract new talent. Such is not the case with the *Review;* its prestige would assure an eager receptivity among many of the finest black American or black African writers. But its editors seem peculiarly at a loss to know how to give black voices a hearing, even on themes directly concerning African or Afro-American life.

A CHARACTERISTIC RESPONSE to this criticism is the assertion that writers should be published not on account of their race but only according to the merit of their work. I agree. What is exasperating about this response, however, is that it is seldom used to challenge the barriers that prevent black writers from being published or gaining proper recognition—barriers that have nothing to do with talent. Instead, assertions of the need for meritocratic integrity are used to defend a profoundly unmeritocratic status quo. In publishing, as elsewhere in society, racial oppression is ignored, while those who protest against it are castigated as "racists in reverse" and portrayed as vulgar levelers unconcerned in high standards. Concern for racial equality is rendered the adversary of quality in education, job performance, or, in this case, art. Yet the relationship between standards of excellence and the practice of democratic ideals is not antagonistic but complementary. The more artificial fetters are removed from the creative enterprise of neglected minorities, the greater will be their contribution to our national culture.

I am not saying that race should be a criterion of literary worth, nor that a writer's background is a substitute for study and the skill to translate perceptions into engaging language, nor that a writer's cultural or racial identity—let's say the fact that he is black—necessarily ensures sharper insights into his own group's experience than those offered by an outsider. During the 1960s, I.F. Stone, a Jew, wrote with far more "soul" about the aspirations of young black militants than did Carl Rowan, the most widely read black journalist in America. Yet the racial or cultural identities of writers do make for differences in concern and sensibility that are valuable.

Editors may deny that writers' social identities should be considered when writing assignments are distributed, but their publications show how well they recognize that a writer's identity can be of decisive importance. This certainly is true of the *Review*'s commentary on the Middle East: the writers are almost invariably Jewish Israelis, and, somewhat less frequently, Palestinians and Arabs of various nationalities. Hence the articles by I. F. Stone, Bernard Avishai, Mattiyah Peled, Abba Eban, Amos Elon, Guido Goldman, Shlomo Avineri, Elias Tuma, and Sara Hussan.

This combination of subject and

WHO IS IT ACCUSES US?

by Linda Pastan

Who is it accuses us of safety,
as if the family were soldiers
instead of hostages,
as if the gardens were not mined
with explosive peonies,
as if the most common death
were not by household accident?
We have chosen the dangerous life.
Consider the pale necks of the
children
under their colored head scarves,
the skin around the husbands'
eyes, flayed
by guilt and promises.
You who risk no more than your
own skins
I tell you household Gods
are jealous Gods.
They will cover your window sills
with the dust of sunsets;
they will poison your secret wells
with longing.

* I have derived these and subsequent figures from rereading back issues of the *New York Review of Books* and noting the authors of articles having to do with black America or Africa. Because the *Review*'s coterie of "experts" on black affairs comprises a small number of well-known white intellectuals, identifying black authors was not very difficult; exceedingly few in number, blacks who have broken the color barrier at the *Review* are also well-known. Although my search for black authors was mainly confined to articles on racial themes, I suspect that an analysis of black participation in other subjects would also lead to gloomy conclusions.

nmentator makes sense. The deep d directly personal stake that these iters have in their subjects charges ir arguments with an urgency and uitive understanding that is the spe- l privilege of the articulate insider. course personal experience is but material that discernment and elo- ence make meaningful. But in the s of reporting and essay, experi- e deserves respect. A writer's so- l identity *is* important because it scapably influences his experiences d thus, indirectly, the form and con- ns of his work. To be a black writ- in America, for instance, is neces- ily to be subject to certain pres- es no white writer, regardless of empathic powers, will ever be able feel. Similarly, a black writer's ra- l identity provides him with an trée to sources of knowledge and derstanding—the barbershop, the urch, the backyard cookout—that are nply unavailable on the same terms his white colleagues.

Just as a writer's social identity apes his sensibility, it also helps to fine his relationship to his subjects d to his audience. Jack Beatty, lit- ary editor of *The New Republic,* lled attention to this recently when compared travelogues by two writ- s of Indian descent, the brothers iva and V.S. Naipaul. Beatty noted at one reason why he found V. S. ipaul's writings on India more strik- g than Shiva Naipaul's writings on rica was that in reading the former, e felt that "his soul was on the line: was an Indian castigating his own lture, so he had a moral warrant for ying such harsh things." Shiva, on e other hand, "has no warrant in frica. He is on moral holiday there."

In publishing the writings of Jews, raelis, and Palestinians, the *Review* s recognized their special warrant discuss the Middle East. Yet no such cognition has been accorded to black fricans or Afro-Americans in discuss- g African affairs. Most recently, the *eview*'s regular Africanists have been an Smiley, a white English journal- t, and Conor Cruise O'Brien, the nnicompetent Irish man of letters. One looks in vain in the *Review* for ticles by talented black African writ- s like Wole Soyinka, Chinua Achebe, gugi Wa Thiong'o, or Alex La Guma. ll one finds are white spokesmen r black grief. Similarly, when cover- ing Uganda, the *Review* overlooked the clusters of emigré Ugandan intellectuals who tried desperately to alert the world to the savagery of Idi Amin's regime. It presented instead the analyses of two white Englishmen, one of whom, Dennis Hills, had been a captive of Amin's. Hills noted in his article that the white world took serious notice of Amin's crimes only when he began menacing a few white lives. True enough. But analogous to that blindness was the deafness of the *Review* and other "enlightened" publications to opinions voiced in other than white accents.

The *Review* has presented an authentically African point of view only in essays by such white Africans as the distinguished South African novelist Nadine Gordimer. Gordimer is a fine writer with a keen sense of social justice. In 1976 she wrote for the *Review* a chilling portrait of the black rebellion in Soweto and the ruthless violence used to suppress it. But for all

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her disgust with apartheid and sympathy for its victims, she necessarily views its infernal workings as a privileged observer. Gordimer herself has trenchantly analyzed, in the South African situation, the mentality that refuses to hear black voices but allows white articulation of blacks' grievances. She does this in the context of describing how the apartheid regime strictly censors black writers but reluctantly allows dissident white writers a bit more freedom.

> *Tolerance has operated in one small area only, and provides a curious half-light on the psychology of white supremacy. Literature by black South Africans has been successfully wiped out by censorship and the banning of individuals. . . . But white writers have been permitted to deal, within strict limits, with the disabilities, suffering, hopes, dreams, even resentments of black people. Are such writings perhaps tolerated because they have upon them the gloss of proxy? In a strange way, although they may indict white supremacy, they can be claimed by it because they speak for the black man, as white supremacy decides for him how he shall live.*

There is, of course, a world of difference between South African white supremacists and the white liberal community that shapes the *Review*. Yet the logic of cultural domination ensnares not only its most self-conscious advocates, but also opponents unaware of their own susceptibility to it.

THE RACE PROBLEM at the *Review* is not simply the subtle absence of black perspectives. The more visible failing is displayed by some of the *Review*'s critics in their attitudes toward black culture, a complicated set of responses whose hallmark is arrogance. Perhaps this seems odd given the *Review*'s leftish leanings; political radicalism is often associated in our minds with cultural openness. But racial exclusiveness and politics bear a peculiar relation to each other at the *Review;* its radicalization during the 1960s seemed to intensify its preference for white writing on black life. In the *Review*'s early, liberal days, its contributors often displayed a healthy self-consciousness with regard to their status as outsiders. H. Stuart Hughes frankly acknowledged that he and most of his readers "have no knowledge at all of the Negro majority. . . . Most of the time we see our fellow Negro citizens only from the outside as people remote and alien." Later, however, radicals like Andrew Kopkind and Eugene Genovese would have none of this caution. Indeed, Genovese was so impressed by his own commitment to black rights, felt so confident in the authenticity of his radical credentials and so unencumbered by his whiteness, that he actually began referring to blacks as "niggers," without quotation marks, a brazen act of assumed kinship that black intellectuals bitterly resented.

This combination of radicalism and presumptuousness was startlingly evident in the August 24, 1967, issue of the *Review*. The cover of this issue displayed a detailed model of a Molotov cocktail, and inside was a critique by Kopkind of Martin Luther King, Jr., and an account of the Newark riots by Tom Hayden. The third piece of this grand mosaic of white on black was Philip Rahv's review of William Styron's *Confessions of Nat Turner*, a fictional reconstruction of a historical slave rebellion. Rahv praised *The Confessions of Nat Turner* effusively, extolling Styron's ability to get inside his black characters' psyches. Rahv suggested that "whereas Faulkner's Negroes are still to some extent the white man's Negroes, Styron's are strictly themselves." He also declared that "Styron thoroughly explores the Negro militant's hatred of whites." One might question Rahv's familiarity with the vaunted black hatred he credits Styron with re-creating so well. But that aside for the moment, what is most reprehensible about Rahv's review is his assertion that only a white southern writer could have successfully portrayed Turner's insurrection. "A Northerner," he says,

> *would have been too much "outside" the experience to manage it effectively; and a Negro writer, because of a very complex anxiety not only personal but societal and political, would probably have stacked the cards, producing in a mood of unnerving rage and indignation a melodrama of saints and sinners.*

Emotion would have overpowered a black novelist's imagination and ski
(Ralph Ellison, are you listening
But, declares Rahv, Styron "at or
seizes upon his own background a
transcends it."

Ignorance of black literary histo
helped prepare the way for Rah
belittlement of black creative achie
ment, and, even worse, for his disp
agement of black creative potenti
He states, for instance, that the the
of black rebellion against slavery h
"never before [been] attempted on
large scale by a modern Americ
writer." In 1936, however, Arna Bo
temps, a black novelist, wrote *Bla
Thunder*, a fictionalized account
Gabriel Prosser's aborted slave upr
ing in Virginia. Though highly
garded by knowledgeable students
Afro-American literature. *Black Thu
der* received little attention when pu
lished. Beacon Press reissued it
1968 in an attempt to popularize t
undeservedly neglected work by c
italizing on the tremendous stir creat
by Styron's effort. But again *Bla
Thunder* was ignored, and the *Revi
was among the publications that n
lected it.

Having promoted Styron's *Nat Tu
ner*, the *Review* also defended it.
the September 12, 1968, issue an ar
cle by Eugene Genovese was publish
that responded *not* to Rahv's
view but to ten black writers who h
published a book of essays sharp
critical of Styron's novel. Genov
mounted a major polemical assault
Styron's black critics to counter wh
he described as the "ferocity and h
teria" of their charges. Several
Genovese's most important criticis
were correct; as a group, the bla
critics had ascribed motives to Styr
that were simply implausible and h
attacked him along lines that h
little to do with pertinent literary c
teria. But Genovese repeated Rah
mistake when he suggested that Styr
had rescued Nat Turner from "obsc
rity." And he erred also when
sought to blame black intellectuals f
the increasing racial tensions buildi
up within academia.

In answer to Genovese, black hist
rian Vincent Harding corrected the r
tion that Styron had served as sor
sort of cultural archaeologist. He poi
ed out that in the poetry and fiction
Arna Bontemps, Sterling Brown, Ro
ert Hayden, Margaret Walker, a

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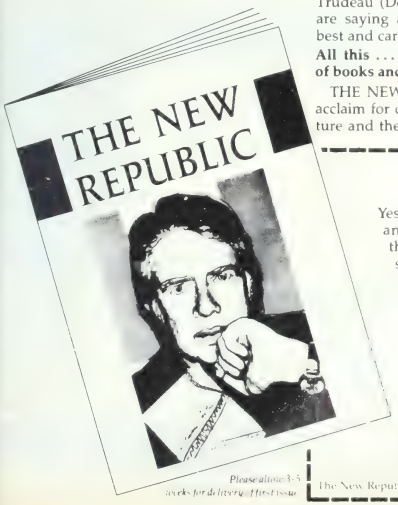
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many other black artists Turner's rebellion and the tradition of black resistance to slavery has been ably memorialized. Harding declared that "the 'obscurity' in which Nat Turner and other slave rebels languished was created out of the same material as the 'darkness' of pre-sixteenth century Africa: the blindness of white observer-experts." Furthermore, he proposed that black intellectuals' hostility was provoked not so much by black nationalism as by "non-black authorities on black life who are certain that they have eaten and drunk so fully of our [black] experience that they are qualified to deliver homilies to us (at the least provocation) on how that experience should be understood, recorded, and lived." Genovese's response to Harding was conciliatory. He praised Harding's scholarship and that of other black intellectuals and agreed that for too long their efforts had been shamefully overlooked. He could have documented his point with the fact that for all the *Review*'s many articles on the history of black slavery, not once has it published the ideas or research of a black historian.

THE NAT TURNER affair was a major instance of racial effrontery. But the *Review*'s racial snobbery also expressed itself in small, annoying pebbles of insult. In 1969, in a review concerning American slavery, British historian J.H. Plumb gratuitously chided blacks for what he described as "the new black contempt for the white, . . . a hatred of white democracy, a growing insistence on authoritarian, almost totalitarian, attitudes within the black community." By 1969, of course, black contempt for whites was anything but new. And perhaps blacks *should* hate democracy when it is, to quote Plumb, merely "white." But more to the point, one doubts that the professor, comfortably ensconced in Cambridge, England, knew anything much about "authoritarian," or any other, attitudes then current within black communities. Or listen to Virgil Thomson, a composer and music critic who describes himself as "an unreconstructed Confederate." During the course of a review of books concerning black music, Thomson patronizingly suggested that "with our black friends punctuality is not to be counted on." He then posited that blacks possess "an oral culture . . . radically opposed to our literate culture"—as if the rich, though neglected, black literary tradition now represented by such acclaimed artists as Toni Morrison, James Alan McPherson, and Ishmael Reed never existed. It used to be thought that blacks, though gifted musically, were doomed to literary incompetence. But by 1974, the year of Thomson's article, one would have thought that such stereotyping would be confined to cultural backwaters, and certainly not to be found in a journal with the *Review*'s aspirations. Or consider Diane Johnson's article on the mass suicide in Jonestown last year. She writes that "black leadership, in its zest to cure whites of their racism, has done little to encourage black people to value education, and the powers of analysis and penetration that education supposedly confers." Obviously, Johnson, a white novelist, knows little about the history of black leadership. For despite the many failings of this leadership, one of its primary themes historically has been the value of education. In fact, from Booker T. Washington to W.E.B. DuBois to the NAACP's fight for school desegregation to Jesse Jackson's current campaign to encourage academic excellence, black leadership has, if anything, oversold education as a panacea for deprivation and inequality.

Despite the willingness of certain reviewers to interpret, indeed criticize, aspects of black life from postures of ignorance, it must be said once again that the *Review* has published some excellent articles on racial and African topics. Eric Foner's defense of black nationalism, Catherine Hoskyn's analysis of Patrice Lumumba, and Andrew Hacker's commentary on the persecution of the Black Panthers, for instance, were models of humane, informed analysis. And during the 1960s, the *Review*'s coverage of conditions in inner-city schools was exemplary. The *Review* has also performed a service by lancing bloated literary reputations. Among black writers, James Baldwin is the one whom it has stalked mercilessly. (Yet with one recent exception, the reviews of Baldwin's work have all been written by whites.) Still, the *Review*'s biting analyses of Baldwin's descent into literary mediocrity have been a welcome respite from the obligatory praise that has gushed for elsewhere from other liberal white cri ics.

Unfortunately the *Review* has seeme far more intent on discrediting Baldw and a few other less stellar black wri ers than on shedding light on genuin ly talented but overlooked black craft men such as John Wideman and Leo Forrest. This is partly a reflection its critical style; the *Review* has mad a virtue of intellectual malevolenc Some white liberals flatter black effor only to proclaim their own triump over prejudice. But writers for th *Review* often display a willed refus to be impressed in order to demo strate their freedom from bias and li eration from guilt. Note Elizabe Hardwick, on the occasion of th funeral of Martin Luther King, J standing on tiptoe to be critical:

> *King's language in the pulpit and in his speeches was effective but not remarkably interesting. His style compared well, however, with the speeches of recent Presidents and even with those of [Adlai] Stevenson.*

The *Review*'s editors, like all editor must to some degree accommoda their audience's demands. To this e tent, the *Review* roughly mirrors i readers' values and concerns. There lies the larger significance of the jou nal's racial exclusiveness, for it do not just represent a failure of effort ar imagination among the relatively fe people who create the *Review*. It su gests as well the myopia of thousand of highly educated readers who hav allowed the neglect of black intelle tuals to continue unabated and unn ticed. In their passivity, however, rea ers cheat themselves. It is especially th readers who are impoverished by th homogeneity that deadens so many cu tural enterprises. At the *Review* this u willingness to explore the riches of d versity shortchanges blacks and whit alike. For instead of transcending th insularity that has always blighted th nation's intellectual life, the *Revie* simply perpetuates this dismal par chialism. Ever eager to criticize na row-mindedness "out there," the *Ne York Review of Books* is itself provi cial. But then it is always at home th ideals meet their truest, most difficu test.

CINEMATYPES

ɔing to the movies

by Susan Allen Toth

ARON TAKES ME only to art films. That's what I call them. anyway: strange movies with vague poetic images I don't vays understand, long dreamy mov- about a distant Technicolor past, en longer black-and-white movies out the general meaninglessness of e. We do not go unless at least one ɔutable critic has found the cinema- ɡraphy superb. We went to *The Dev- Eye,* and Aaron turned to me in the ddle and said, "My God, this is *fun-* ," I do not think he was pleased.

When Aaron and I go to the movies, drive our cars separately and meet the box office. Inside the theater he s tentatively in his seat, ready to ɔve if he can't see well, poised to leave the film is disappointing. He leans ay from me, careful not to touch the re flesh of his arm against the bare sh of mine. Sometimes he leans so far I am afraid he may be touching the woman on his other side. If the movie is very good, he leans forward, too, peering between the heads of the couple in front of us. The light from the screen bounces off his glasses; he gleams with intensity, sitting there on the edge of his seat, watching the screen. Once I tapped him on the arm so I could whisper a comment in his ear. He jumped.

After *Belle de Jour* Aaron said he wanted to ask me if he could stay overnight. "But I can't," he shook his head mournfully before I had a chance to answer, "because I know I never sleep well in strange beds." Then he apologized for asking. "It's just that after a film like that." he said. "I feel the need to assert myself."

Susan Allen Toth teaches English at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota, and is writing a book for Little, Brown.

PETE TAKES ME only to movies that he thinks have redeeming social value. He doesn't call them "films." They tend to be about poverty, war, injustice, political corruption, struggling unions in the 1930s, and the military-industrial complex. Pete doesn't like propaganda movies, though, and he doesn't like to be too depressed, either. We stayed away from *The Sorrow and the Pity;* it would be, he said, just too much. Besides, he assured me, things are never that hopeless. So most of the movies we see are made in Hollywood. Because they are always topical, these movies offer what Pete calls "food for thought." When we saw *Coming Home,* Pete's jaw set so firmly with the first half-hour that I knew we would end up at Poppin' Fresh Pies afterward.

When Pete and I go to the movies, we take turns driving so no one owes



Steven Guarnaccia

anyone else anything. We leave the car far from the theater so we don't have to pay for a parking space. If it's raining or snowing, Pete offers to let me off at the door, but I can tell he'll feel better if I go with him while he finds a spot, so we share the walk too. Inside the theater Pete will hold my hand when I get scared if I ask him. He puts my hand firmly on his knee and covers it completely with his own hand. His knee never twitches. After a while, when the scary part is past, he loosens his hand slightly and I know that is a signal to take mine away. He sits companionably close, letting his jacket just touch my sweater, but he does not infringe. He thinks I ought to know he is there if I need him.

One night, after *The China Syndrome*, I asked Pete if he wouldn't like to stay for a second drink, even though it was past midnight. He thought a while about that, considering my offer from all possible angles, but finally he said no. Relationships today, he said, have a tendency to move too quickly.

SAM LIKES MOVIES that are entertaining. By that he means movies that Will Jones in the *Minneapolis Tribune* loved and either *Time* or *Newsweek* rather liked; also movies that do not have sappy love stories, are not musicals, do not have subtitles, and will not force him to think. He does not go to movies to think. He liked *California Suite* and *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, though the plots, he said, could have been zippier. He saw it all coming too far in advance, and that took the fun out. He doesn't like to know what is going to happen. "I just want my brain to be tickled," he says. It is very hard for me to pick out movies for Sam.

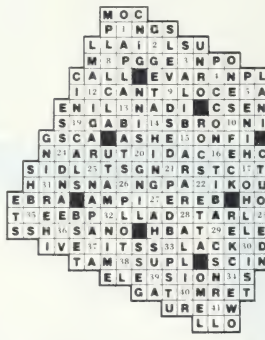
When Sam takes me to the movies, he pays for everything. He thinks that's what a man ought to do. But I buy my own popcorn, because he doesn't approve of it; the grease might smear his flannel slacks. Inside the theater, Sam makes himself comfortable. He takes off his jacket, puts one arm around me, and all during the movie he plays with my hand, stroking my palm, beating a small tattoo on my wrist. Although he watches the movie intently, his body operates on instinct. Once I inclined my head and kissed him lightly just behind his ear. He beat a faster tattoo on my wrist, quick and musical, but he didn't look away from the screen.

When Sam takes me home from the movies, he stands outside my door and kisses me long and hard. He would like to come in, he says regretfully, but his steady girlfriend in Duluth wouldn't like it. When the *Tribune* gives a movie four stars, he has to save it to see with her. Otherwise her feelings might be hurt.

I GO TO SOME MOVIES by myself. On rainy Sunday afternoons I often sneak into a revival house or a college auditorium for old Technicolor musicals, *Kiss Me Kate, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, Calamity Jane*, even, once, *The Sound of Music*. Wearing saggy jeans so I can prop my feet on the seat in front, I sit toward the rear where no one will see me. I eat large handfuls of popcorn with double butter. Once the movie starts, I feel completely at home. Howard Keel and I are old friends; I grin back at him on the screen. I know the sound tracks by heart. Sometimes when I get really carried away I hum al with Kathryn Grayson, remembe how I once thought I would fill ou formal like that. I am rather glad I never did. Skirts whirl, feet acrobatic young men perform im sible feats, and then the camera solves into a dream sequence I kno can comfortably follow. It is not, th God, Bergman.

If I can't find an old musica settle for Hepburn and Tracy, vint Grant or Gable, on adventurous d Claudette Colbert or James Stew Before I buy my ticket I make sur will all end happily. If necessary, I the girl at the box office. I have ne seen *Stella Dallas* or *Intermezzo*. O the years I have developed other p cadilloes: I will, for example, see a thing that is redeemed by Thelma ter. At the end of *Daddy Long L* I wait happily for the scene when F Clark, no longer angry, at last po Thelma a convivial drink. They sm at each other, I smile at them, I they are smiling at me. In the mo I go to by myself, the men and wor always like each other.

HARPER'S/MAY



Solution to the April Puzzle

Notes for "Eight-Course Feast"

The unclued words were vegetables: *eggplant, broccoli, zucchini, rutabaga, kohlrab snapbean, shallots,* and *scallion.*

1. com(ing)-plain; 2. l(egg)ings; 3. unravels, anagram; 4. corn-p-one; 5. e(n)pl(an)e anagram; 6. organize, pun; 7. tomatoes, anagram; 8. pall mall, homonym; 9. val.-I'd-ate 10. con(fin)es; 11. cu(star)ds; 12. CL-in-l-cal.; 13. can-nib(reversal)-Al; 14. dan-ishe two anagrams; 15. brocades, anagram; 16. con-(per)fects; 17. check out, two meanings 18. drop (out)s; 19. ca(gin)ess, partial anagram; 20. st(ash)ing; 21. Pa-rading, hom onym; 22. rare-bits; 23. bellhops, anagram; 24. scalding, anagram; 25. naturals, tw meanings; 26. stamping, anagram; 27. p(umpkin)-edaling, anagram; 28. battered, pun 29. at(tack)e-r; 30. nickeled, anagram; 31. bran-dish; 32. Pamplona, anagram; 33. pu (reversal)-h(aving)-ball; 34. (arti)c(hoke)-i-(stern)s; 35. s(herb)ets; 36. bee-hives; 3 animates, anagram; 38. timeless, homonym; 39. upstages, anagram; 40. moisture, ana gram; 41. mellower, hidden.

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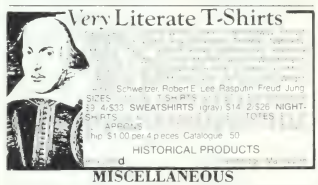
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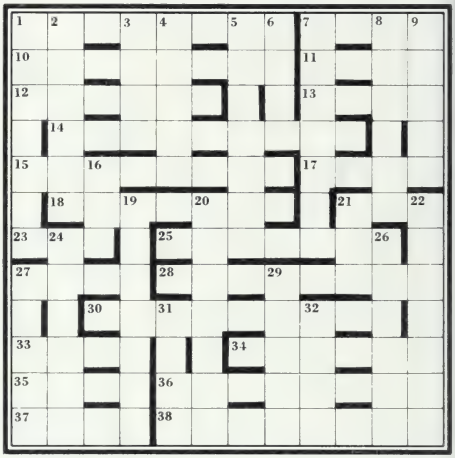
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:

3D in 16D 22D 14A,
24D, 13A 30A,
27D, 21D 4D 7A 1D
is a seasonal quotation. The author is 1A.

Clue answers include three proper names. 12A is not in all dictionaries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 100.



CLUES

ACROSS

10. Seducer's fate: hair disheveled with love (8)
11. Chase away, dash in after this: sure winner (4)
12. The heart of a country preserves and frees logs (6)
15. Capitol topper, taking conclusion from branch of the House (8)
17. Leave the top off bug and fly repellent (4)
18. Poles entering a contest for Arab? Just the opposite! (7)
21. Porter is valet at heart (3)
23. I'm gray, faceless, yet I'm outgoing and bright (3)
25. Left tip to give a warning (7)
27. Count drops queen without feeling (4)
28. Loosely connected long poem about me and my native land (8)
33. Fold, snip back, and knot (4)
34. Being depressed in bar brought back the larger picture (6)
35. Old worker seen broken up (4)
36. SEC, worried about the return of bank depositor, makes crack (8)
37. Upstanding lumber boss (4)
38. Had an inclination to complain about *The Bad Seed*? Quite the reverse! (8)

DOWN

2. Donors arranged for music (6)
5. If rank follows name it's smarter (7)
6. Desert island with sailor on it (4)
7. Eastern posse recklessly captures university support (7)
8. This announcer gives the company pitch (6)
9. With fire that's true in the heart of . . . of God (5)
19. Breed apart, around Great Britain, is criticized (7)
20. British change lawmen (7)
26. Bum is sued for unemployment (6)
29. Indian god encompasses lake and forest (5)
31. Breed right on one spot (4)
32. Fly makes pronounced painful spot (4)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Quotation Marks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by May 12. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the June issue. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Crossing the Bar," are: Barbara Hill, Burlington, Massachusetts; Dave Morse, Fort Collins, Colorado; and William A. Delavey, Houston, Texas.

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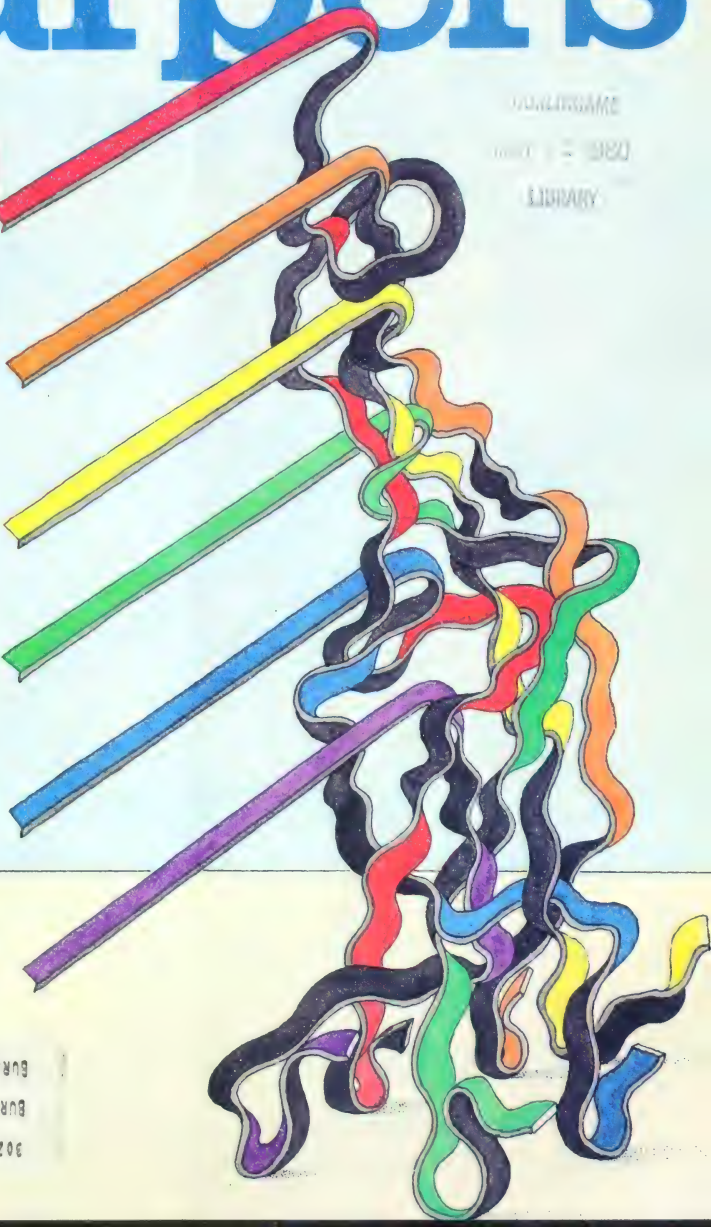
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LETTERS

Military pluck and luck

Jeffrey Record's "The Fortunes of War" [April] is impressive in its picture of the military but, to me at least, simply astounding in its thesis: that something called *Fortuna*, or chance, somehow plays along with a knowledge of history. It seems to me that chance by its very definition cannot be depended on to repeat itself; therefore history should have no bearing on it whatsoever.

Mr. Record is clearly on firm ground in his contention that the leading military schools perform badly, teaching little more than arrogance and elitism. And, I think, he has reached the heart of military incompetence when he speaks of its failure to learn from the disaster in Vietnam—a perfect example of ignorance of or inability to understand history, and, I may add, of failure to use the rational mind. But I cannot agree with Mr. Record in his feeling that the slippage has been recent. Among the combat infantry of World War II the feeling was general that West Pointers were not only incompetent but, because of their arrogance, dangerous to have around. Fortunately, we rarely saw a West Pointer at the front lines.

WAILES GRAY
Nyack, N.Y.

There is no question that there has been a "decline of the study of war's history as the foundation stone of the military curriculum" at West Point; it is even more serious than Mr. Record implies. The required course in the history of the military art, the only required course in military history, has been reduced from two semesters to one as part of this liberalization. The total reduction in lessons was about 25 percent. As Mr. Record probably would guess, the most significant reductions came from the period prior to the American Civil War and from World War I, th accentuating the ethnocentricity ar emphasis on total war in the machir age to which he alludes. In additio the course lost its pride of place as a offering to senior cadets as a capstor course and now is offered to all classe A two-semester elective-course offerir is available in lieu of the standar course for those cadets who wish t "examine the impact of man's cre tive intelligence on his application military power, and to trace the ev lution of warfare from ancient tim to the present." About one-fourth one-third of the cadets exercise th option.

I would like to see more time spe on the study of military history, an indeed, one benefit of the more-ele tive curriculum is that an opportunit is provided to some cadets to stud more military history while they ar at the academy. That is not to say, Mr. Record implies, that there is som thing wrong in the emphasis give engineering, tactics, and other no history courses. The fact of the matte is that cadets are required to take fe er engineering courses today than the were five years ago. More importan in many ways the nonhistory cours are of more immediate value to th cadet than the study of Napoleon operations or Gustavus's tactics Breitenfeld. Graduates of the aca emy become subaltern officers at on and have to cope in an increasingl complex army as junior leaders wit in months of graduation. They becom senior officers at various institution

One of Mr. Record's primary e rors, then, is the leap in logic that h takes from the curriculum at the aca emy to the inadequate tutoring of th officer corps in the history of the mi itary art. Cadets are not officers—the are preprofessionals. Moreover, the represent only a fraction of the army annual influx of lieutenants. The We Point curriculum may be symptomat of an army-wide condition, but it i

hardly causative. West Point is the only army school in which a significant course in military history at the operational level, the level where chance is most evident, is a required course of study. Mr. Record would do better if he sought the cause of the officers' ignorance of the higher practice of their trade in the curriculum of branch schools, the Staff College, and the War College.

Finally, one must address Mr. Record's metaphysical awe of chance. He calls it *Fortuna*. Chance is many things, but it is not metaphysical. It is the combination of real things, some of which are controllable, some of which are not—some of which are knowable, some of which are not. If, as Mr. Record says, "Great commanders are invariably lucky men," we might forget the instruction in both history and technique and try to find a test to identify the lucky men. Unfortunately we have no such test. Besides, closer examination usually reveals that great commanders made the most of their own luck. The action of chance should cause commanders to do two things. Rather than being frozen in awe of its potential, they must work to minimize its effect. This must come from practical experience as well as the study of history.

RICHARD M. SWAIN
Major, U.S. Army
Department of History
West Point, N.Y.

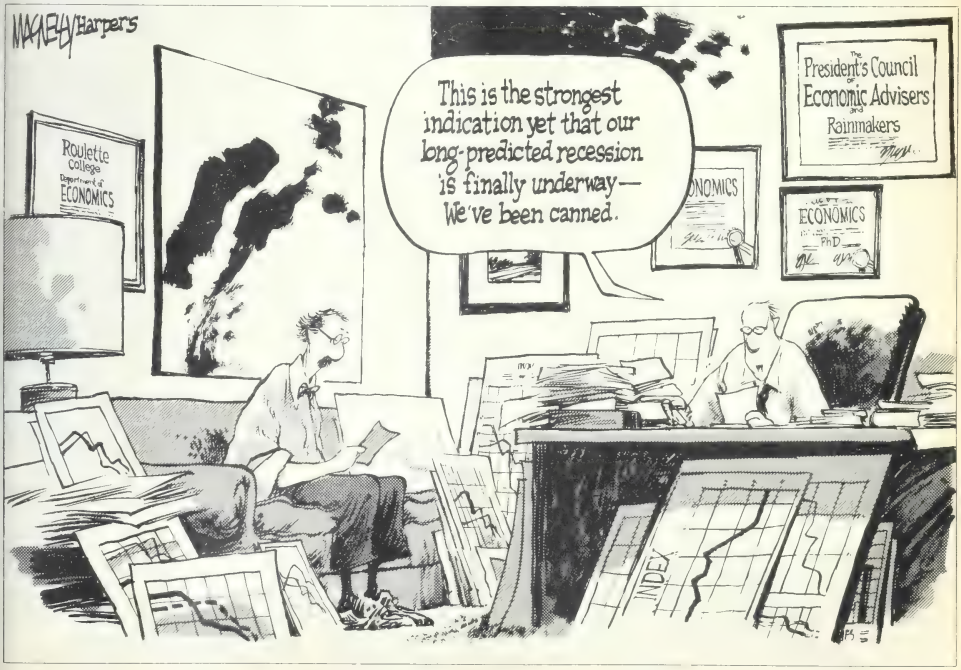
JEFFREY RECORD REPLIES:

Mr. Gray appears to have missed the point of my article, judging from the first paragraph of his otherwise excellent letter. It not that "*Fortuna* . . . plays along with a knowledge of history" but rather that a knowledge of history breeds a proper respect for the degree to which the outcome of battle is influenced by factors over which commanders have no immediate control. The unexpected event or circumstance is, by definition, unexpected. It is acceptance of the certainty of encountering the unexpected—and the ability to adapt to it—that provides the foundation for success in the art of warfare.

I am pleased that Major Swain is "fundamentally in agreement" with the thesis of my article, although I am disturbed to learn that the decline in the study of war's history at West Point "is even more serious" than I implied.

I do not recall, however, suggesting that "there is something wrong in the emphasis given engineering, tactics, and other nonhistory courses" at West Point, only that not enough emphasis is given to history, a view apparently shared by Major Swain, who writes that he "would like to see more time spent on the study of military history."

I certainly agree with Major Swain that West Point is in the business of producing military officers and not professional historians, and that for the modern military officer (as I stated in my article) technological expertise is essential. As for my "metaphysical awe of chance," I can only suggest that Major Swain reread my article, in which I explicitly rejected such a Tolstoyan notion. What concerns me is not the prospect of our commanders being "frozen in awe" of *Fortuna*, but



of their being frozen in awe of technology and managerial techniques in the belief that we can make war without leaving anything to chance.

The Greensboro chronicle

Robert Watson's criticism of the news-media treatment of the Greensboro shootout ["Media Martyrdom," March] is exactly the kind of reporting that a hundred newsrooms could undertake. They could do the job as expertly as Mr. Watson does it. Investigative and interpretive reporting are cherished nonpareils of today's journalism. Neither kind can be produced under the gun—they take time, money, effort, and even a certain portion of wisdom. Such stories don't come easy, they're not cheap, they eat up space and scoff at deadlines. And so they're not common. But when we get them we're a lot closer to knowing what happened, and why, than we'd be if we had only who, where, and when.

MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY
Professor of Journalism, retired
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

In Robert Watson's review of the events in Greensboro on and after November 3, 1979, he asserts that misguided reporters, mistakenly seeing an issue of race, gave the nation several wrong impressions.

What happened "had a prologue," he tells us, and the Communists were not "as many originally thought, secretly ambushed or assassinated." He then proceeds with an account that could have been gleaned from any newspaper or magazine of the time, local or national. The handbill "prologue" that Mr. Watson breathlessly discloses, for example, as if the world had overlooked it, is in the third paragraph of the account in *Time*, November 12, 1979.

Most dangerous, however, is the thrust of Mr. Watson's assertion that the Communists brought five killings on themselves and thereby deserved them. "The Workers knew that those in the Klan, mostly poorly educated, country-boy fanatics, don't like their bravery questioned." In one sentence he implies that handbill distribution ought to be considered a capital crime and that "country-boy fanatics"—so unlike you and me in polite society—ought to be thought of as little more than mad dogs.

Finally, the fact that the original demonstration and the burial took place in black neighborhoods Mr. Watson sees as attempts to "inject . . . the false issue of race." Here is where the media, he charges, were most complicit, in giving an unsuspecting nation the idea that race—that is, prejudice—was an issue. If Mr. Watson does not recognize that the environment surrounding the Klansmen supports and encourages them, he is in no position to suggest that reporters are misguided. If he does not see racial prejudice as thoroughly entwined with the labor movement in America—especially, but not exclusively, in the South—he is the one who is misguided.

"The coffins were unloaded from the waiting hearses and set on wheeled contraptions that looked like oversized shopping carts." The author of that supercilious sentence represents an attitude in America that is far more dangerous than fascism or Communism. If the dead and aggrieved are accorded no more dignity than that, and if we accept Mr. Watson's efforts as proper journalism, then we have truly learned nothing.

JEROME R. ADAMS
Winston-Salem, N.C.

ROBERT WATSON REPLIES:

Mr. Adams correctly finds me unsympathetic to both the Communists and the Klan/Nazis. I wonder, though, why he feels that my unsympathetic view of these two violent groups "represents an attitude that is far more dangerous than fascism or Communism." If Mr. Adams finds it incredible that the Communists used the deaths of their slain comrades as the occasion to fabricate for the media a misleading picture of racial conflict, then he is naive.

Perjury and Alger Hiss

William Rodgers's pathetic and desperate attempt to rewrite history ["Witches and Woodstocks," March] should not, and I am sure will not, go unanswered. Perhaps we will see a response from Allen Weinstein in your next issue, though Rodgers, not surprisingly, did not mention *Perjury*.

DAVID E. BAU
Tallahassee, Fl

WILLIAM RODGERS REPLIES:

People who complain to *Harper* that I made no mention of Allen Wei stein, whom they exalt as an authorit on the final version of a politic crime committed against Alger His demand more than Weinstein can eve give them and more than my own se sibilities can bear.

As the last translator of the His Chambers history into necromancy with the exception of William F. Buck ley, Jr., Allen Weinstein has simpl become too discredited for me to dea with, even lightheartedly. Weinstein credentials tremble on ashes. For ex ample, the courts compelled him to pa $17,500 to one victim he lied about i his book *Perjury*. True, *Time* maga zine marketed him and his book int momentary fame. But *Time* was de fending itself and claiming prescienc for sheltering Chambers as an edito after his life among the Communis barbarians. William Buckley did no complain to me or to *Harper's* directl but devoted his syndicated column o April 5 to a paroxysm of invectiv against my article.

Buckley and Whittaker Chamber had a kind of Damon-and-Pythias re lationship, once Chambers defecte from his life of espionage, atheism and Bolshevist pursuits. Buckley write that it was Chambers's "sacrifices an nobility" that exposed the perfidie and dedication to Communism of A ger Hiss. My article was, as Buckle analyzed it, "sleazy, lies, distortions. He says that I am "depraved" an have "fits of vapors"; that peopl backing Hiss have been "fronting fo Communists"; that John Lowentha who produced an epic film about th Hiss case, is tainted for once bein interested, as a young law student, i the case; that the lawyer now helpin Hiss, one Victor Rabinowitz, specia izes in working for fellow travelers.

Chambers had a nobility of charac ter about equal to Buckley's passio for clear, spare prose. Buckley's he roes, the odious victors of the witch hunt era, are largely gone. What h has left is Weinstein, his own years a a familiar serving J. Edgar Hoove and his fossilized fixations.

HOW GM "PROJECT CENTERS" CREATE CARS

FROM CONCEPT TO CUSTOMER IN THREE YEARS AND THREE BILLION DOLLARS

Throughout the history of the automobile industry, product change was almost always evolutionary. But in 1973, GM determined that the times required revolutionary changes. It started its first Project Center—which by itself heralded a revolution in the use of science and technology to meet the changing demands of the marketplace. A few months later, the Arab countries launched the oil embargo. Fortunately, machinery was already in motion in GM to create and develop new cars and components in a new way and faster than ever before.

GM's first Project Center brought out totally new full-size cars: smaller, yet roomier, and far more efficient than their predecessors. The advertisements said they were "designed and engineered for a changing world"—and they were. Another Project Center, begun in 1975, developed the immensely popular GM X-cars.

Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, forward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

In the "concepting" stage, a new car is conceived. If the car is to be sold to customers three years later, construction of new plants must begin and basic tooling must be ordered.

The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and repairability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

Advanced product engineers and research scientists work with the one hundred fifty to two hundred people at the Project Center and thousands more in the staffs and divisions to transfer new science and technology to the new car. Components are hand-built and "cobbled" into existing models for road testing.

Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than $250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

After almost four million miles, nearly three billion dollars, and nearly three years of work, the new cars—quite unlike anything before them—start coming off the production line at a rate of better than one a minute.

There are now eight Project Centers in General Motors. Four are developing new cars using hydrocarbon fuels, one is creating an electric car, and others are working on computerized engines and emission controls, a new kind of automatic transmission, and the inflatable restraint system.

New and revolutionary cars can't be mass produced for the road overnight. But by putting all the parts of General Motors to work together, we found a way to speed up the process. We have integrated the creativity of thousands of human minds to make invention into reality when it's needed.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

ON RISK, IGNORANCE, AND OIL

Notes from a journal

by Lewis H. Laphar

On the conservation of risk

THE LAW OF the conservation of risk holds that risk behaves in a manner analogous to heat and light: it doesn't disappear, but it can be made to move around in time and space as if it were the ace of diamonds in a game of three-card monte. The current wish to escape risk results only in its displacement—from the particular individual to the society at large and from time present into time future. Some examples:

The declining standard of literacy. The debasement of American education (for the obvious political reasons) excuses the individual student from the burden of rigorous study. Even if he doesn't learn to write or to think, his degree secures him a place within the corporate, academic, or government honeycombs. The risk shifts to a society governed by a generation of incompetents. It isn't even so much a matter of people incapable of art or diplomacy. It comes down to a question of lawyers who write inept contracts, of doctors who mismanage routine surgical procedures, of automotive engineers who design inefficient cars.

The dismantling of the military draft. The policy works to the advantage of the individual who can afford to do something else. The nation is obliged to rely on mercenary troops barely capable of being trained to operate modern weapons.

Nuclear energy. If the response of the citizens of Harrisburg can be taken as a fair measure of the general opinion, and if the residents of every American village and town refuse to endure the risks associated with the proximity of a nuclear generator, then the country has no choice but to depend on Arab oil and to accept the political conditions imposed by OPEC and the PLO.

Inflation. Possibly the perfect example of shifting risk forward into the future. If people prefer not to work too hard or to take too many innovative chances (thus exposing themselves either to hardship or to the possibility of failure), they can inflate the currency. The swindle makes up the difference, at least temporarily, between their own fear and laziness and the price they can get for their goods in the world's markets.

"No growth" and "the steady state." Magical phrases reflecting an acute consciousness of risk and therefore a bias against innovation in all but its most salable and least disturbing forms. No such thing as a steady state exists in nature. Either a lotus flower prospers or it dies. The same thing can be said of an economy or a political idea.

The cringing habit of mind that has been characteristic of American thought for the past ten or twelve years makes itself manifest in a variety of otherwise unrelated phenomena—the multiplication of government regulations, the declining birth rate, the contraction of the capital markets, the homosexual life-style, the sterility of the arts, and the raising up of the pyramids of bureaucracy. The rage against the future seeks to protect, either by incantation or by the payment of increasingly exorbitant ransoms, the purity of the American state and the safety of the American soul.

On the valor of ignorance

TOGETHER WITH everybody else in the country old enough to drink distilled spirits and hold opinions, I have a theory as to what constitutes a proper education. Given the restlessness of the times, and in keeping with the fashion for revolutionary fiat, I would eliminate almost all the courses of stud currently being taught in America schools and universities. Although po sibly too arbitrary, the policy migl attract enough attention to force th argument out of the closets of sophism

For more years than I care to r member, first as a graduate studer and now as the editor of a magazir that receives as many as fifty manu scripts a week from disillusione scholars and academic officials (all whom blame not only each other bu also inflation, the weather, and th Russians for the corruptions in aca deme), I have labored through the fa miliar discussions about the balanc between the arts and sciences, abou declining verbal aptitudes and mora standards, about ESL, ETS, SAT, an open admissions, about programs fo the gifted, the poor, the foolish, th outnumbered, and the inept. All thes discussions assume the existence "the educated citizen." To the best my knowledge I have never met suc a person, and so I conclude that th phrase refers to a mythical figure, po sibly resembling the griffin in a m dieval bestiary. Even the idea of "a educated citizen" strikes me as pr posterous.

I can conceive of a "self-educatin citizen," and I have had the good fo tune to meet a number of people wh can be so described, but none of the has had the temerity to proclaim hin self educated. Without exception the possess the valor of their acknow edged ignorance, conceiving of educ tion neither as a blessed state of b ing (comparable to membership in th Century Association) nor as a mat rial good sold in a store (even at Ha vard's rate of $9,000 per annum) bu rather as a ceaseless process of lear ing and relearning. If in sixteen yea they have spent 10,000 hours in classroom (roughly the equivalent

Lewis H. Lapham is the editor of Harper'



Should you be punished for being born with a high IQ?

History teaches us that the punishment for exceptional talent and intelligence is the indisputable fact of solitude.

But history teaches also that being alone is quite different from being lonely.

In fact, the mind's most ingenious revenge against its own limits is the limitless, joyful creation of mirrors—in music, in movies, in mathematics, in cities, in great ideas.

I would like to invite you to experience first hand the friction and exchange of exceptional (but not necessarily similar) minds in the pages of Harper's Magazine.

Since 1850, Harper's Magazine has been a battlefield for the best American minds, a place where unorthodox thinking collides with great style, some pain, and fresh laughter.

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Furthermore, you may examine your first issue and then cancel, if you like, at no cost whatsoever.

However, Harper's is so different from other magazines, I suspect you may decide you don't want to be without it.

I sincerely hope that is the case.

Yours,

James A. Alcott

James A. Alcott
President and Publisher

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The battlefield of the mind. Since 1850.

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thirteen months), they expect to spend another fifty years revising what they thought they had learned in school. Even then they come no closer to a state of rest or repletion. No matter how extensive their knowledge, the vastness of their ignorance recedes before them like an empty and desolate plain.

By defining an education as a commodity instead of an intellectual journey, the schools attempt to replicate a lifetime's learning in the alembics of abstraction. They offer the student a simulacrum of an examined life. Everybody would be a lot better off if the schools confined themselves to two fairly modest tasks: 1. the teaching of languages and mathematics, and 2. the instilling of intellectual confidence.

If the schools fail in either of these objectives, then all the rest, whether source readings from the synopticons of Western civilization or lectures on contemporary affairs from *ci-devant* secretaries of state, amounts to little more than a succession of entertainments presented on an academic talk show. These entertainments might serve the fund-raising purposes of the officials commissioned to harry the alumni, but to the students they offer little more than the chance to cadge from a visiting celebrity a word of recommendation on their résumés.

The study of languages and mathematics provides a student with the tools to work at the trade of learning. If he studies Latin, he will read Horace or Cicero or Juvenal, if French, Montaigne or Voltaire or Flaubert. It doesn't matter whether the student comes to appreciate the much-advertised "greatness" of these authors, or whether he can place them accurately within the chronologies of literary criticism. He reads the classical texts because they induce the habit of thought. If the student hopes to put the keenest possible edge on his mind in the available time, then a single chapter of Aristotle serves his purpose more effectively than the collected works of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. A thorough knowledge of a few writers instills in the student a confidence that he cannot derive from selected passages, usually in bad translation, in an anthology chosen by a committee of pedants. If by the age of seventeen the student acquires fluency in three or four languages, this further bolsters his pride of intellect. He learns to distinguish between the hard coin of his own accomplishment and the inflated currency of fashionable opinion. If he knows that he can learn Greek or Latin or French, then he has no reason to feel bewildered by the prospect of learning Russian or Chinese or Arabic.

So also with the study of mathematics. The modernist sensibility rests on an architecture of numbers, and yet most of the students graduated from the nation's leading universities think of mathematics as a magical sequence of runes, known only to the druids at IBM, NASA, and the IRS. Even the sight of an algebraic fraction fills them with holy dread. A thorough knowledge of high-school geometry would make them feel less anxious in a world that makes such common use of calculators, computer printouts, and Einstein's equations. In the same way that the classical authors provide texts for the mastery of languages, the natural and physical sciences provide texts for the mastery of mathematics. If the study of Montaigne or Cicero induces the habit of thought, the study of biology or astronomy imparts a sense of structure.

As for the courses in economics, music appreciation, sociology, and political science, most of them contribute little or nothing to an understanding of their nominal subjects. Their deletion from the curricula would compare with the deletion of adjectives from a sophomore's impression (submitted to a course in creative writing) of the moon rising over Sorrento. A summer spent working in a brokerage house or a brothel promotes a clearer understanding of economics than does a textual analysis of all the maxims of John Kenneth Galbraith; a casual but habitual reading of the Paris newspapers offers more insight into the nature of French politics than a seminar conducted by a government functionary under the rubric, "Mitterrand, d'Estaing, and the Invisible Left."

So much of what passes for education in the United States deadens the desire for learning because it fails to awaken the student to the value of his own mind. The pedagogues intimidate the student by affixing the labels of "greatness" to the representative celebrities of the human soul. By presenting the realm of thought as a cab (somewhat comparable to the boar room of the Mobil Oil Corporation and at the same time denying the st dent the tools necessary to the wor of learning, the schools encourage a attitude of passivity and apprehensio

Who owns the earth?

THE QUESTION that incites wars The Arab nations at the mo ment lay claim to most o the available oil in the world if they continue to exploit the resourc as a means of extorting ransom mone from the other inhabitants of the earth then how will it be possible to avoi World War III? The *New York Time* this morning reports that the Sovie Union estimates diminished produc tion in its own oil fields during th decade of the 1980s. This in turn woul suggest that the Russians might hav something other than an ideologica reason for seizing the Persian Gulf.

Oil differs from grain or corn i that crops must be planted and har vested, and thus they reflect the labo of men. But what labor resulted in th seas of oil or the fields of the ocean By what right can any nation clai to own the residue of the evolutionar past? Just as money is the fossil rec ord of creative labor, so oil is the fos sil record of the death of billions upo billions of organisms, all of them th common ancestors of man.

Who owns the Atlantic or th Mediterranean? Who owns the bio sphere or the outer reaches of space The nations of men hold some thing in common—ports, airfields, the weath er. So also they hold technology i common, as well as the community o knowledge. The Arabs buy building in New York, load their oil into Gree ships, and send their kings to surgeon in Cleveland. The same logic that in vites them to share the seas of inte ligence would seem to grant other pe ples the right to share the seas of oi

Why should not all commodities e sential to human life be held in com mon? Perhaps this is a futile an idealistic question, but it is one tha not enough people ask. The failure t discuss the question in the voices o reason shifts the argument into th bombast of war. □

A new light under the deep blue sea.

Someday, pulses of light may carry voice, data and television signals through glass fibers on the ocean floor. An experimental glass fiber communications cable is being tested in a simulated ocean environment at Bell Labs in Holmdel, N.J.

The one-inch diameter cable is only half the size of the latest undersea cable now in use. But the experimental cable can potentially carry at least twice as many telephone circuits—more than 8,000.

Designed by Bell Labs, first models of the cable have been made by the Simplex Wire and Cable Company of Portsmouth, N.H., using ultra-transparent fibers manufactured by Western Electric. The experimental cable has at its core a stabilizing steel wire surrounded by hair-thin glass fibers. Around the core are steel wires for strength and weight, a power conductor and watertight barrier, and a layer of high voltage insulation.

The artificial ocean beneath the lawn of Bell Labs' Holmdel facility can simulate the nearly freezing temperatures and 10,000-pound-per-square-inch pressures that occur under four miles of ocean water. We're trying to make a cable that is extremely reliable and long-lived because it's expensive to pick up and repair a cable that is miles under the ocean surface and stretched across thousands of miles of ocean floor.

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It has 4-wheel indepe ent suspension to keep y from going like this on b roads.

And front-wheel drive give you responsive ha dling even in bad weath

In back, there's a trunk large it can hold six suitca

All standing up.

And inside, there's ro enough for a family of f

Got it yet?



Well, maybe it would help
know that for all its im-
essive performance on the
ad, this car still turns in a
etty spectacular perform-
ce at the gas pump.
It gets an EPA estimated
] mpg, 40 estimated
ghway. (Use "estimated
og" for comparisons. Your
ileage may vary with
eather, speed and trip
ngth.
Actual highway mileage
will probably be less.)

You <u>still</u> don't know?

Then we should probably mention one last thing.

This car doesn't look like what it is, and most people have a hard time guessing.

So why don't we just tell you.

We call it the Jetta.

Of course, Autoweek had a different name for it.

They called it, "another winner from Volkswagen."

THINK AGAIN.

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DEFEATIST FRANCE

The heritage of Vichy

by Walter Laqueu

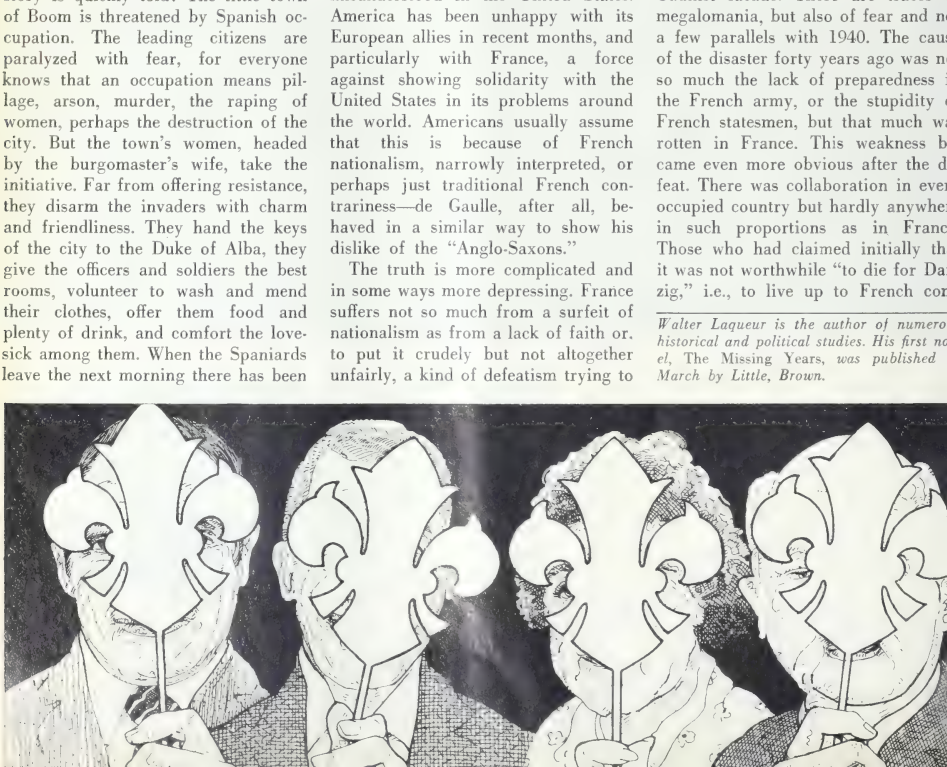
WE WERE DISCUSSING politics, and my friend said, "Our politicians are very clever," adding as an afterthought, "They have cool, analytical minds like the ladies in *La Kermesse Héroïque.*" I had seen the film years after it was first shown —the English title was, I believe, *Carnival in Flanders.* An impressive prewar movie, it was set in a small seventeenth-century Belgian town imitating, from a distance, the pleasant outlines of Brueghel (who makes an appearance) and Frans Hals. The story is quickly told: The little town of Boom is threatened by Spanish occupation. The leading citizens are paralyzed with fear, for everyone knows that an occupation means pillage, arson, murder, the raping of women, perhaps the destruction of the city. But the town's women, headed by the burgomaster's wife, take the initiative. Far from offering resistance, they disarm the invaders with charm and friendliness. They hand the keys of the city to the Duke of Alba, they give the officers and soldiers the best rooms, volunteer to wash and mend their clothes, offer them food and plenty of drink, and comfort the lovesick among them. When the Spaniards leave the next morning there has been no damage, the town is rewarded with a year's remission of taxes, and everyone is happy. The message: Be nice to the invader and he will return the favor.

The film was first shown in Paris in December, 1935; five years later the Germans arrived, and, however nicely they were treated, they did not go away until compelled to do so. After the war the film and its makers came in for some criticism, and it is not difficult to see why. It is of interest even today as a key to French political behavior, which is frequently misunderstood in the United States. America has been unhappy with its European allies in recent months, and particularly with France, a force against showing solidarity with the United States in its problems around the world. Americans usually assume that this is because of French nationalism, narrowly interpreted, or perhaps just traditional French contrariness—de Gaulle, after all, behaved in a similar way to show his dislike of the "Anglo-Saxons."

The truth is more complicated and in some ways more depressing. France suffers not so much from a surfeit of nationalism as from a lack of faith or, to put it crudely but not altogether unfairly, a kind of defeatism trying to masquerade as an unemotional strategy. There has always been something I suspect in extreme French nationalism —fretting and fuming against all foreigners, and collapsing in the hour of danger. True, there is a Gaullist tradition in modern French history, but there is also the heritage of Vichy, and it is not at all certain that the Gaullist tradition has prevailed of late. At a time of real crisis, such as today in the Middle East, de Gaulle would not have hesitated for a moment to rally to his allies.

His successors have kept only the Gaullist facade. There are traces of megalomania, but also of fear and not a few parallels with 1940. The cause of the disaster forty years ago was not so much the lack of preparedness in the French army, or the stupidity of French statesmen, but that much was rotten in France. This weakness became even more obvious after the defeat. There was collaboration in every occupied country but hardly anywhere in such proportions as in France. Those who had claimed initially that it was not worthwhile "to die for Danzig," i.e., to live up to French com-

Walter Laqueur is the author of numerous historical and political studies. His first novel, The Missing Years, *was published in March by Little, Brown.*



uitments, proceeded to argue that one ıould not die for Paris either, and, ·onically, ended up exhorting their ɔmpatriots to die for the defense of lazi Germany.

NEW GENERATIONS have come along, but has the trauma of Vichy been finally overcome? Contemporary appeasement has many guises: It appears under the mask of superior wisdom, experience, and statesmanship, as well as under the slogan of a special relationship" with the Soviet Union. Washington is accused of overreacting in the Afghanistan crisis, but f it had acted more "prudently" it ·ould have been charged with cowardce, and French politicians would have laimed that America could not be reied on as an ally.

How real is the claim that France, lone in Western Europe, is conducng an independent foreign policy? With its allies, from whom it has ıothing to fear, this is certainly corect. Toward the Soviet Union and ome radical Third World countries ts behavior has been less courageous. As Jean-François Revel, the editor of *L'Express*, recently put it, the more ıggressive the Soviet Union, the more ·onciliatory French policy becomes. There is a term for this kind of ap·oach, but it is not independence.

How real is the assertion that ?rance is a great military power, or almost one? A French weekly noted ·ecently that the French nuclear force ·ould destroy 80 percent of the Soviet Union. Such announcements may ıave their uses for domestic consumtion but have not created great apprehension in Moscow. France, in fact, has fewer tanks than many middle powers, and the only French army that can be deployed outside the country is slightly smaller than the Soviet military units now operating in Afghanistan.

It is said in Paris that the explanation for official French benevolence to the Soviet Union is much less complicated than is commonly believed abroad. There is a powerful French Communist party, which more or less unquestioningly follows the Soviet lead—the delusions about independent Eurocommunism may still find some defenders in American universities, but in Europe they have vanished like yesterday's snow. Through the French Communist party the Soviet Union has a hold on Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and incidentally also on François Mitterrand, the leader of the Socialists, who has no earthly hope of winning an election except in collaboration with the Communists. If Giscard would take a tough line against the Soviet Union, the Communists could threaten the present government by cooperating with the Socialists.

True, other European governments, too, are exposed to pressure and even blackmail: there is Bruno Kreisky, the Austrian chancellor, concerned about events in neighboring Yugoslavia but not at all excited about Afghanistan or Iran; the Danes, most reluctant to annoy the Russians; the Norwegians, against whom most of the current Soviet displeasure is directed; even the Germans, who have reason for treading carefully, fearing that the Russians might again turn the pressure on in Berlin. It is much easier to feel sympathy with others than with the French, because they do not pretend that their caution is rooted in superior wisdom, nor do they want to destroy what remains of Western unity.

SINCE THE MOTIVES of French policy cannot be openly discussed, French official spokesmen offer all kinds of explanations, ranging from the amusing to the deceitful. They argue, for example, that with France following an "independent" line there is a good chance that Eastern European countries, too, will break ranks and that the blocs will cease to exist; that Poland surely will emulate France, as will Hungary and others. This kind of humbug was one of the less attractive features of Gaullism. It still survives, even though experience has shown time after time that France's lack of solidarity with its allies has had not the slightest effect on the Soviet camp. The French may have obtained some commercial contracts from Third World countries that they might not have received otherwise —helping Iraq to develop nuclear power—but even this is not certain. France got little by way of a reward for supporting Khomeini.

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Another official explanation is that deep down Russia is a weak, fearful, and insecure country and that the impression of "ganging up" against it should therefore be avoided at all cost. Whatever the shortcomings of the Soviet leaders, they suffer from neither weak nerves nor feelings of insecurity. Alternatively, it is proposed that there should be a division of labor, with America threatening the Russians, and the Europeans, led by France, maintaining the dialogue with Moscow. While such subtleties of the Gallic mind may cause some confusion in Western capitals, the Russians are unlikely to be taken in. Last is the argument that détente, in contrast to what Americans may believe, is divisible—that whatever the Soviet Union may be up to in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, it has no intention of launching a military attack in Europe. Few serious Western observers have argued that such an attack is likely, provided NATO continues to act as a shield. France, in other words, wants the security provided by NATO without any of the obligations.

Such a policy is not just cynical, it is also quite impractical, and this, inevitably, raises the question of whether there is an overall French concept that has been thought through. In a recent interview, the French foreign minister, Jean François-Poncet, talked about France's "privileged position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union." *Le Monde*, in a reply to a speech made by American Ambassador Arthur A. Hartman, said that "Europe and France are not America," that there are differences of interest, but that this does not mean that "they will not find themselves in the same camp when the Soviet tanks start rolling." Such assumptions show little grasp of reality. Once a Soviet attack has started, it will be too late to extend effective help; the French will find themselves in the other camp.

The idea that America will always be there to help, quite irrespective of how often France has sabotaged its allies, betrays not only excessive optimism concerning its partners' patience but a mistaken faith in American magnanimity. Any Western country could have a "privileged position" with Russia—Germany, if it gave up NATO for the sake of German unity; the United States, if it would pass the word to Moscow that Western Europe should be regarded from now on as part of the Soviet sphere of influence. French leaders seem to believe that while every European country would prefer to be neutral, only the French have the courage to play this game. This legerdemain again is part of the heritage of Gaullism, but there is an important difference: fifteen years ago these were, more or less, harmless fantasies. Today, with the weakening of the West, the premises of such a policy have disappeared—from the realm of fantasy French leaders have moved on to fiction. Could it be that the basic facts of international political life, known to everyone else, have not registered in Paris? Perhaps so. Frenchmen, excluding always a few experts, have never been particularly well informed or indeed interested in the outside world: the intricacies of their own affairs absorb so much of their attention that they have not much time or energy to concern themselves with the problems of others.

There are other reasons. Many Frenchmen tend to think about the outside world in stereotypes—about Russia and America as well as about Germany. These delusions have little to do with contemporary realities. In foreign affairs the French genius frequently shows itself by overlooking what is obvious and by a fascination with what is doubtful and speculative —if there are two interpretations it will almost always reject the straightforward, obvious one.

THOSE WHO CONDUCT French foreign policy have come to resemble a circus artist about to perform in the arena, only dimly aware that not only the safety net but also the high trapeze have disappeared. But they are reluctant to accept the idea that they can no longer engage in their solo performances, except at suicidal risk. And so they continue to go through the preliminary motions as they did so often in the past.

It is doubtful whether the analysis of French motives can be taken much further. No one can say with certainty to what extent French behavior is influenced by fear and to what degree by ignorance, overconfidence, or national pride, where *folie de grandeur* turns into self-Finlandization, and how the whole strange mixture is rationalized into some pseudological concept with which educated people can live and which will not affect their self-respect.

That political life in France does not now offer much ground for optimism goes without saying. But there is an element of high comedy. Connoisseurs of the theater of the absurd will be intrigued by the scene in which Sartre protested against Afghanistan and the arrest of Sakharov while Giscard and his friends tried to wriggle out. But the overall political context inspires no more hilarity than it did in 1938–39. And yet, despite widespread belief, history seldom, if ever, repeats itself. If everything were foreordained, if 1980 were just a repeat performance of 1940, it would be futile even to write about France. But French history has more than one example of recovery from seemingly hopeless political decadence suddenly and without apparent reason. In the late 1930s, during the heyday of appeasement, it was quite customary among the political elite to admit one's fear openly. As a hero in one of Jules Romains's novels, a Cabinet minister, said, "For men like us there is no longer anything to be done." There was no way out; France could only be the loser. It is an encouraging sign that no one in authority could now openly admit to such fatalism.

When Marc Bloch, the great historian, was pondering the deeper reasons for the strange defeat during the darkest days of the last war, he mentioned above all the fact that the French government had never informed the people about the real state of affairs. The situation in this respect has changed greatly. The public is more aware of realities than most leading figures, and it is not very happy about their conduct. And since the French are, on the whole, an intelligent as well as a proud people, it may be only a question of time until the foolishness of the present policy, not to mention the dishonor involved, will register. Intelligent people seldom commit the same mistake twice, and we may rely on the Russians to expedite their education. □



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A TASTE FOR CALCUTTA

This terrible, beautiful city

by Simon Winchester

I RETURNED TO CALCUTTA last November after a year away; it was like coming back to an old and trusted friend, someone who fascinated and enthralled me, someone whom I would defend against all critics and all foes. There was much of the poignancy and allure of a homecoming about my arrival, even though the city had never really been more than a cherished way station on my many progresses through eastern India.

The Indian Airlines plane was terribly late: I arrived from Madras at three in the morning, which at least meant the city was cool. Badal, a trusted Bengali taxi driver I knew from earlier visits, picked me up, shaking my hand with delight as though I were some long-lost relation.

As always, the sidewalks I passed were heavy with the shawl-wrapped bodies of the sleeping homeless—rank upon rank of apparently headless, armless bundles from which protruded, in every case, a pair of mahogany feet, gnarled by their constant application to the searing roadways. Small coal fires smoldered in brass pots. Pye-dogs would rouse themselves, sniff, and scratch, as we passed noisily by.

Here and there, a late worker: a man pushing a long barrow of iron reinforcing rods, or carrying some sinister-looking mass under a piece of sacking. The barrow would weave its way down an unlit lane, the man sweating with its weight, even in the coolness of the hour. Muttered conversations could be heard at corners: a pair of Bengal policemen chatted in a doorway, their *bidis* glowing dully in the velvet night. There were no neon signs anywhere, just the glowing braziers, the temple lamps before the image of Durga or some other less-exalted deity.

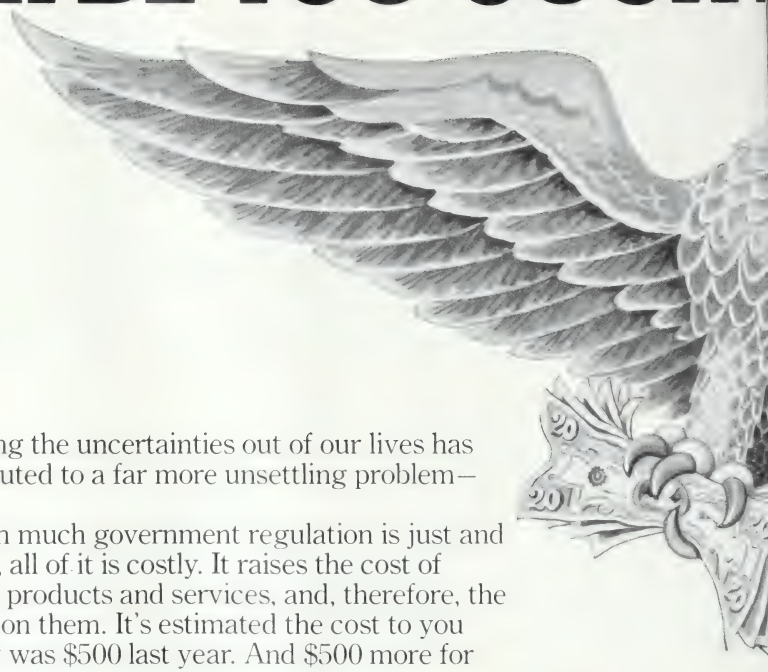
One should always approach Calcutta like this, stealthily, by night—just as one should always approach Manhattan by sea at dusk or dawn, or Istanbul by train on that long lazy curve around the Sea of Marmara. The impressions of the rough complexity of the place, the Steichenesque dignity of sleeping mankind, the gentle nocturnal rhythms of the Hindu—all these flood gently in at night and mix with the snatches of scent that are so familiar to the Indian dark: the odd mixture of dung and coal and sandalwood and incense and urine and jute-smoke and curried meats and attar and cardamom and fenugreek and pepper. By day, the light invokes ill temper and noise and garish color; the diesel exhaust and the sweating masses and melting tar pollute the air, obscuring the charms of night. The British novelist Paul Scott once described an Englishman rising at dawn in an Indian village to catch "the scent behind the smell." In Calcutta, nighttime brings out this scent, while the rush of daytime disguises it with the viler odors of reality.

Simon Winchester, chief American correspondent for the Daily Mail *(London), is a host of National Public Radio's foreign-affairs program "Communiqué."*



Liaison

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My visit came at the time of the attack on America's diplomatic mission in Teheran—an event that provoked a brief and sympathetic offering of violence by some of the wilder Muslims who still live in Calcutta. The American consulate, on Ho Chi Minh Street, was subjected to a brief tirade and a putative fire-bombing; but Calcutta policemen are well used to dealing with the mob, and a few blows with a well-aimed *lathi* put paid to most of the rioters: a *lathi* is an unpleasant weapon with which to tangle, and the few Mussulmen who were rapped across the skulls with this peculiarly Asian piece of bamboo-and-iron declined to repeat their demonstration, no matter that things got decidedly worse in their sister city in Iran.

For the next few days, while the *Statesman* and the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* were black with headlines from Iran (though those about the failing power supply were nearly as dramatic), the city seemed oddly at peace with itself. It was almost as though, while the rest of the world was starting to unravel, Calcutta, of all places, had become an island of tranquillity and sanity, bent on her own problems, standing quietly by the tail waters of the Ganges and letting the growing madness on the outside storm away on its own.

There may be many reasons why India in general, and Calcutta in particular, seem so calm of late. The Western legacies in Iran, and in much of the Islamic world, are of such a nature as to invite rebellion and the harsh critiques of nationally minded purists. In Iran, there is American entertainment, there are American cars, and American foods and jeans and magazines are on sale—all contributing to the hatred felt by the more obsessed Shiites. The Western influence on too many nations is such as to invite degradation, which is one of many reasons, I believe, why the present instabilities have occurred.

But in India, the thirty-three years of independence have not invited domination by the Western cultures—even though Donna Summer's records may play nightly at Trinca's and the Moulin Rouge. Such Western legacies as have been left in India tend to be useful, hallowed institutions: the railway network, the court system, the telegraph, the army, and the navy. Not the kind of memorials that even the most impassioned of the Hindu devout could find offensive, one would have thought. Generally, the influence of the West in India—and in Calcutta the influence is noticeable by its absence—is considerably less obtrusive than that to be found in Teheran, Abadan, or Islamabad. India may not enjoy the "progress" that Western culture brought to Iran, but it may not have to pay the price, nor the West its price, by rebelling against that progress and choosing the more sedate life of the national religion.

Calcutta's potential for resentment toward the outside world is thus minimal. And her religious beliefs, unlike those of the Islamic world, are such as to accommodate all other beliefs, and to negate none and be offended by none. The relative lack of Westernization has given India a rigidity that lies behind the recent quiescence of the country. True, internal troubles still rage from time to time—but they are troubles of evolution, not revolution, and they are not directed at some unseen enemy from without.

There was a time when every good guidebook to India would call Chowringhee "one of the greatest streets in the world"—Calcutta's glittering, sweltering answer to Madison Avenue or the rue de la Paix. And it was once, undeniably, a magnificent thoroughfare. But to grieve over Chowringhee's recent loss of elegance is no more than conceit. The truly shocking aspect of the place today is the way in which the terrible realities of Calcutta spill over into its reliquary grandeur. Like sores on the face of a Madonna, you just do not expect what you see now on Chowringhee. A visitor to this terrible, beautiful city knows he can find degradation aplenty in the *bustees*, or slums, behind the facades left behind by the Raj; but it is when the wretchedness oozes out and into the promenades of Britain's former haughtiness that one feels suddenly, bitterly responsible for the way the city has declined.

It must have been four o'clock one recent afternoon. I was walking north along Chowringhee, bound for an appointment on Dalhousie Square (itself a fine example of the name-changer's art: it is now called Behoy-Badal-Dinesh-Bagh, a name that doesn't fit to well onto the tram-car destinatio boards, and thus is always reduced t its initials).

The sun was sloping over the Och terlony Monument. Already the bu queues were beginning to form besid the piles of mud left by the under ground armies who are currentl trying to build a subway system fo the city. The traffic was beginning t swell to its evening peak: lumberin Leyland omnibuses, listing alarmingly careened northward belching blac smoke from front, back, and sides.

The sidewalks were crammed wit Bengali humanity. There were sour faced *babus*, plastic briefcases clutched in hand, hurrying from their offices a Hindustan Motors or British Paint (Private), Ltd. There were old men carrying the tails of their *dhotis* in one hand, as is the local custom, wander ing contentedly with all the appearance of being in a trancelike devotion t Kali. There were bellowing hawkers sly fellows offering the ministration of their convent-educated sisters o their sweet-faced younger brothers ebullient men with pineapples an mangoes and glasses of orange juice men offering tiger skins and panthe heads; touts from the silk shops o the Hogg Market; and beggars an cripples—always beggars and cripples in insufferable abundance.

At the corner of Lindsay Street a old woman was squatting on th ground. She must have been seventy though it should be said that the night mares of Calcutta can quickly make thirty-year-old look antique. She had torn cotton sari covering her thin ol shoulders. Beside her was a bundle wrapped in a sack: it was a heavy looking bundle, of irregular, angula shape; it might have been part of bed frame, or scrap iron, more likely The woman had evidently been carry ing it on her head and had—or so i seemed, at first glance—set it dow for a moment's rest.

Then I suddenly realized that he face was not displaying the saturnin stoicism with which the faces of th Indian poor are invariably set. Fa from it. This woman was doing some thing few people anywhere care to b seen doing in public: she was weeping Her shoulders shook with convulsiv sobs, and tears had cut pale channels i the dust that caked her cheeks. Her lip

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moved, almost soundlessly: just a faint wail of human misery, reedy and desperate.

It became clear why she was weeping so. The old woman must have been in quite terrible pain because—and it sounds almost ridiculous to relate it—someone in that crush and stampede that is afternoon Calcutta had stamped on her bare foot. It is bad enough to go barefoot on any city street in summertime: the melting tarmacadam sears the sole, the fragments of glass and the smoldering stubs of *bidis* present unavoidable hazards. But to have some lumbering Bengali heavyweight step on your foot—I could imagine the pain; and all kinds of questions welled up inside me. What kind of a place, what kind of society is it that consigns a woman of such an age to carry sacks on her head on a crowded city street in the heat of afternoon? What kind of people are these who would push and jostle and stamp on an elderly woman? What nightmare place is this?

THERE MUST BE a million reasons to make a visitor loathe Calcutta, and a thousand writers have. From Churchill's sarcastic dismissal of the place—"I shall always be glad to have seen it, for the reason that it will be unnecessary for me ever to see it again"—to Kipling:

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed
So it spread
Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built
On the silt
Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride
Side by side;
And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death Looked Down.

And, possibly the most powerful of all recent harangues against the world's least-favored urban mass, the closing words of Geoffrey Moorhouse in his magnificent *Calcutta* of nine years ago:

Perhaps there will be another kind of disaster before Calcutta is left to its plague, though this one threatens only the rich in their nightmares. In this haunting horror, the night comes when every poor man in the city rises from his pavement and his squalid bustee and at last dispossesses the rich with crazy ferocity. . . . The poor shadows will come quietly out of the deeper darkness and they will pick off the first few rich in small handfuls, hauling them out of their cars and butchering them on the spot; and when the rich reach for their defences they will be overwhelmed and buried by the numbers of the poor. There will be a signal for this nightmare to become reality and it will be given by the rickshaw men who have pulled so many rich men around Calcutta like animals all their lives. . . . As any rich man walks the streets that night he will be followed wherever he goes, from one pool of light to the next, by this dull anvil ring of rickshaw bells. Tap-tap-tap, the signal will pursue him mysteriously down each street; and there will be no shaking it off. It will tell him that his time has come.

The time for compassion will be past.

Nine years later, and the rickshaw bells sound no more menacing, though, than they did when Moorhouse wrote that famous passage—famous, since almost every Calcuttan knows of it, even if the frequent banning of the book forced the words to be passed around by mouth, not page. At the time he wrote them, he was well justified in thinking the city was about to explode in sordid rage. The Naxalites—those fervid Maoists who had all Bengal in their guerrilla grip—dominated the cityscape; each night policemen would be butchered; and the bloated bodies of strangled men, made white and spongy by some mysterious chemical property of the river, would be found below the *ghats*, or landings; the smell of killing was in the air, and the demands of Mao sounded a bass continuo to the crazed rhythms of the unhappy city.

But what Moorhouse missed in that passage—and who can blame him? Calcutta was in an appalling frenzy nine years back—was that the mere strain of living forces on the average Calcuttan a fierce mandate to cooperate, to behave, to live within the structure poverty imposes on him. He may choose to kill and maim if education has given him the notion that the true path to social Elysium is to be found through the barrel of a gun; but those less fortunate and less literate than he have to get their daily rice ration and chase away the terrier-size rats and tend to wailing children and protect their own from the less-obvious predators. Put simply, Calcuttans are too busy and too preoccupied to concentrate their anger. It becomes, in other words, an Indianized form of anger—voices eternally by enraged and well-fed intellectuals, ignored or forgotten by the street-dwellers and the rickshaw wallahs, for whom the sheer mechanics of living are too exhausting to allow even the thought of revolution.

Teheran, by contrast, is a city bursting with energy and with anger: the symbols of the West are there, inviting pillage and sacking; the masses are fed and housed well enough to act in an orchestrated fashion, to pillage and sack at will, once the leadership has given the word. The contrast between Teheran and Calcutta—between a Westernized Muslim society and an Indian Hindu society—is instructive, and policy planners should not forget it.

THERE ARE MANY who think that, despite Paul Scott and his *Raj Quartet*, and perhaps despite Forster, too, the finest Western observer of modern India was Kipling, and the best book about the mysteries of India was *Kim*.

It was Kipling who christened Calcutta "The City of Dreadful Night." A recent advertisement in the *Statesman* mirrored Kipling's lines about Death looking down on "the packed and pestilential town." (The *Statesman* is a paper that, along with the *Irish Times*, I would rather read than any other. Both papers have an elegant and Edwardian gait to them; their style is endearingly pedantic, their choice of news eccentric or exotic, and often both. Some of the finest examples of journalism as craftwork are to be found in the pages read in the coffee shops of Dublin and Calcutta; the homogeneity of the rest of the world's papers has not been visited on these two cities yet.)

The notice that reminded me of Kipling appeared, by odd coincidence, beneath a fuzzy wire-service picture of Senator Kennedy on a campaign trip. Beside it was the kind of story Indian readers love: it was about Pakistanis "sneaking" into Germany from Austria. In full, the notice read:

You don't know me, I realize . . .

But, I want you to have this before it's too late.

Hello . . . My name is Bud Weckesser. I'm 46 years old and I own a small company in Dunkirk, New York. Our phone number is 716-366-8300.

A number of years ago I lived in an apartment in Kent, Ohio. I had no savings and a beat-up old station wagon that still wasn't paid for.

One night my wife and I were playing cards with some friends. Mary mentioned casually that—on our budget—she was sure she knew 101 ways to fix hamburger. That hurt. So I challenged her. "If you'll type up the recipes," I said, "I'll take out a small ad in the National Enquirer and we'll see if anyone will pay $3.98 for your collection of recipes."

I rented a P.O. Box in Kent and placed a small ad. It was surprisingly cheap.

Several weeks later I stopped by the post office. I walked over to my box. When I looked through the little glass window on the door, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed —full of letters. All of them contained checks for $3.98—and they'd come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

The next few days were hectic, to say the least. My wife typed the recipes. I had them duplicated, stapled them together and our crude little book was born. But, every day, orders continued to pour in. And every day we'd bank the money and send out our stapled recipe booklet.

I decided to try another ad. This time I placed a classified ad for some of my beer and wine making recipes in Popular Mechanics. Again, the orders poured in. Over $1,000.00 in just several weeks. And, as our business grew, I corresponded with other people . . .

• A husband-wife team from Santa Barbara put together a booklet about how to "win at card games." It pulled $14,870.00 in just 5 months . . . all cash orders . . . all from a small ad . . . all by mail.

• An Oregon man informed me he had made over $14,000.00 selling his small booklet about getting rid of moles and gophers in your yard. Again . . . all by mail.

• A Maryland man wrote an 8½" × 11" booklet of business advice. So far it's brought him over $140,000.00 . . . all by mail.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

Perhaps you're saying to yourself, "Yes, but this only works for a few lucky people." If that's your thought—and I don't blame you for being skeptical— please try this simple little test. It won't cost you a cent.

1. Go to the library and get some year-old issues of magazines with classified ads—like Popular Mechanics and Sports Afield, etc.

2. Select current issues of the same magazines.

3. Compare the classified ads. Look at the current issue then at the back issue. Note how many of the same classified ads are still running, ONE YEAR LATER. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

Let me give you some more amazing facts about this unique little business:

★ You can start at home . . . in your spare time . . . quietly . . . it won't interfere with your present job.

★ You can take out a test ad for as little as $13.50 in a variety of well-known national magazines.

★ You don't even have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you how to obtain "how-to" booklets at wholesale prices—or below. They're already written, already printed and ready to sell. Even better, you don't have to buy them until you've tested your ad and have the cash orders in hand. In short, you don't tie up any money in stock or supplies of books.

★ You can set your own hours. All you need is a post office nearby.

★ You can deduct up to 33% of the expenses on your home if you set up your office at home.

★ You can travel whenever you wish—or just loaf much of the time. All you need to do is pick up your mail twice a week—or have someone do it for you. You'll open orders, remove the checks (95% of them don't bounce, believe it or not) and bank your receipts.

★ In the afternoon or evening, you can type the labels for the small envelopes you'll use to ship your booklets. Drop them off at the post office and you're done. No bosses, no layoffs, no strikes, no rat race.

I've put all of my instructions—every secret—in a simple Starter Guide. And if you're wondering why I'd share my business with you—especially if it's so profitable—here's why:

The range of topics and ads is almost infinite. I won't be competing with you nor you with me. I've got a whole drawer full of ideas I haven't even tried yet. There's plenty of room for everyone.

I'll show you—

• How and where to get national ads for only $13.50 . . . ads you can run month after month.

• How to obtain FREE ADS—YOU PAY ONLY IF THE AD IS SUCCESSFUL.

• How to start with no money in books or supplies.

• Where to obtain hundreds of pre-printed booklets—at super low wholesale prices.

• How to word your ad—I'll include various sample ads.

• How to set up your office in a spare room or basement.

• I'll also include a giant list of "how-to" topics.

• Plus . . . all the sample ads, forms, lists, addresses, and details you'll need to get started within only 10 days.

If you're still skeptical, let me offer you a most unusual guarantee. I'll send you my Starter Guide to inspect. Keep it for one year. That gives you plenty of time to actually try my materials. If, at the end of one year—or anytime in between—you want your money back, just return what I've sent you. I'll issue you a full refund **within three working days**—no nonsense, no delays. That's our iron-clad guarantee.

Also, please feel free to POSTDATE your check THIRTY days. If you're not satisfied with my materials just send them back within 30 days and I'll return your original UNCASHED CHECK.

To begin, just write the words, **Dollars In Your Mailbox** on a piece of paper. Enclose your check or money order for $12.95 and send it to me, Bud Weckesser, at my address: Green Tree Press, Dept. 169 , 10577 Temple Road, Dunkirk, N.Y. 14048, If you wish First Class Air delivery, please add $1.00.

Or, you may charge it to your MasterCharge or VISA card—be sure to include your account number and expiration date.

For EXTRA FAST SERVICE, call us at 716-366-8300 and give us the credit card information over the phone. You'll receive my materials for one year at absolutely no risk to you. That's our unconditional guarantee.

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OUTBREAK OF ENCEPHALITIS! PEOPLE ARE TO TAKE PREVENTIVE MEASURES!

Outbreak of Japanese encephalitis has taken place in a few blocks in the districts of Burdwan, Birbhum, Hooghly and West Dinajpur. The common symptoms of the disease are:

a. Continuous high fever
b. Restlessness
c. Severe pain in the head
d. Convulsion and unconsciousness (in some cases)

This disease generally affects the people of low socio-economic groups, especially those living with pigs and cattle.

In order to get rid of the disease please take the undernoted protective measures.

a. Sleep within a mosquito net.
b. Keep the household surroundings neat and clean.
c. Keep the pigs and cattle in a completely separate shed.
d. Contact government health staff as soon as symptoms are noticed.
e. Hospitalize the patient affected with the disease immediately.

Issued by the
Government of West Bengal

The result of this unremitting assault of horror—be it leprosy on the streets or unpleasant Nipponese bugs on the loose in the city—is that nearly every visitor, jute magnates or the crew of British or Thai jets, does his best to insulate himself from the rigors, real and imagined, of the city.

The Grand Hotel, although ostensibly in the heart of Chowringhee, caters to the visitor who demands such insulation. When your taxi arrives there you pass along a hundred-foot tunnel and through two sets of double doors: the cacophony of the street, the beggars' cries and the rickshaw bells, fades in an instant. The cavernous lobby is cool and silent. You cannot even see the city outside; and once deep inside the fortress only the servants, and the kites wheeling lazily overhead, remind you that outside is India.

Nearly all those foreigners who come will stay beside the Grand's legendarily luxurious swimming pool, for protection as well as for keeping cool. Only infrequently do they go outside, and then only in taxicabs, the windows of which they roll up, to prevent importunate lepers from thrusting their stumps into the car and demanding rupees before they will withdraw.

It's not only the visiting *boxwallah*, or businessman, who turns away from the reality of Calcutta. The resident foreign community, too, keeps well away from the heat and grime and the pullulating masses of the city dwellers. Down in the lush avenues of Alipore the *firinghees* (a disparaging term for Westerners) surround themselves with high brick walls and employ legions of *durwans* (porters) and *chokidars* (watchmen) to keep away inconvenient callers or reminders that this is not Scarsdale. Drink, too, offers high impedance to the currents of Bengali life.

I once met a splendid man who worked as a part-time public-relations wallah for one of the largest of the surviving jute and tea firms in the city. It was ten on a Friday morning, and to judge from his well-veined nose of bright vermilion it was clear he considered the sun to be already well over the yardarm. "Come upstairs and have a glass of gin," he bellowed, staggering to the lift. "We must celebrate Poet's Day, old boy!"

Poet's Day? What poet? I wondered aloud. What poet could be commemorated in Mangoe Lane (where his offices were) with Gordon's and angostura? Tagore, perhaps? Yeats? Shakespeare? The mind went blank.

"No, no!" my friend rejoined, shaking the pink tincture from the glass. "POETS Day—Piss Off Early, Tomorrow's Saturday!"

And three gins later he was off to his club for luncheon, his weekend well in hand, his nose winking like a beacon.

So it is possible to gain the impression, at least from a casual visit to this "London of the East" (Lahore, Pakistan, was similarly called "The Paris of the East"; and Kipling, who liked to employ a well-turned phrase as often as possible, actually called both places "The City of Dreadful Night"), that just about everyone is trying to avoid real contact with the place.

BARELY, BUT INEVITABLY, it is possible to find someone who claims to love Calcutta—an inhabitant of long standing who offers the visitor something other than temporary asylum, someone who will plunge gleefully into the noise and dust and seeming hopelessness of the place and, like a deep-sea diver, co up for air clutching a pearl of ines mable beauty. With care and consta visitation over the years I have ma aged to assemble a coterie of peo like this, and they have succeeded opening my eyes to a city that is a d ferent and altogether more pleasa place.

Desmond Doig has been writi about Calcutta—a city, according one of his book's dedicatory opening that is "much abused. much loved a always interesting"—for thirty yea He is an Irishman. born in India. a a man afflicted with a consuming lo for Bengal and the Himalayas. H sketches of the old city, which used t appear each week in the *Statesma* presented readers in the Sixties with fragile impression that there was, i deed, more to Calcutta than charn houses and charcoal smoke and drea disease and dirty drains. Like Oxfor Calcutta is a city that offers up i secrets unwillingly, as though it almo prefers to remain a legendary nigh mare town.

So it was Doig who first led m through his writings, to Job Charnock ugly old tomb in the grounds of S John's Church (Charnock being t East Indian who founded this unb lievably young city: New York is good deal more senior) and to the i numerable charms beyond. He showe me items, like the two Burmese statu smiling Hooghly-ward, on the riv edge of the Eden Gardens. Small ple sures, like the Mogul monument o Strand Road that turns out to be memorial to the Glorious British Dea of the victory at the Battle of Mahara pore, and which lists among those memorializes no less a figure tha Sepoy Ganga Din. "And it loo good there by the river," Doig go on, "and it feels good with the riv breeze flowing through and around and the boats going by. For a quic rest or a nap, where better?"

In the least-expected places, the od est things. At the end of one scruf alley, a small garden thick with marb statues of superbly endowed nudes– Venus, Ceres, and the rest of t gang, all imported from Italy and s proudly on plinths of sandstone carve by masons from Jaipur. There is Wa ter Macfarlane's wrought-iron confe tion of a tram shelter, once a fountai and now submerged in the mud an

ime of the tube-train excavations. It as made in Glasgow more than a ntury ago.

The Marble Palace of the Mullick mily, seething with statuary and glass id ormulu and paintings—two Ru- ens, at the very least, and several tons Sèvres ware. The Zoffany, said to be orth half-a-million pounds, molder- ig away in the steam of St. John's. he haunted porte cochere at Hastings ouse where, even reliable friends tell e, a phantom carriage rumbles up ich midnight, two attending flunkies, ith flaming torches, dismount, and ie carriage proceeds with a clang of eel and a crunch of gravel, to the oint where the ghostly visitor boards or his journey home.

The four great cities of India—Delhi, ombay, Madras, and Calcutta—are iore varied than the four greatest ities of any other country on earth. n part, of course, this is because they re peopled by Indians of vastly dif- erent cultures and language.

Delhi, with its impossible summer eat, its crooked *sardarji* traders, and ts small army of diplomats and gov- rnment servants, is a dull and lifeless lace. Bombay, a huge city that has ts eye cocked relentlessly to the Gulf nd the West beyond for its cultural uccor, comes across as vulgar and *parvenu*. Madras, sleepily Tamil, is eater than the other three cities, alive with religious pedantry, intolerance, nd ill-tempered xenophobia: it is al- ways damp with the monsoon or the lrenching sea-spray from the Bay of Bengal.

But to know Calcutta is to get a sense, I believe, of early-nineteenth- century London—the London of dingy alleyways and malodorous gutters, of crammed coffee shops and untidy park- land, of ideas and discussion and keen debate, of courtesans and artistic fer- ment and social unrest. The London of Mayhew and Faraday and Byron, of the Gordon riots, the cylindrical print- ing press, the steam railway engine, the spinning frame, and the Social Con- tract—all of these have their echoes in the Calcutta of today.

The huge jute mills on the riverside north of the city, and on the reclaimed swampland to the east, might have been torn from the pages of Dickens: gaunt factories belching smoke, their endless galleries crammed with clank- ing, whirring machinery and thrum- ming leather belt drives. Their air is heavy with the burgundy dust of dry- ing gunny-cloth, and the insufferable heat and noise make working condi- tions unspeakable. The early days of the Industrial Revolution can be seen in a modern jute mill, like the Empress Mills, or the Victoria Jute Factory—you expect to see half-naked children pulling carts of swarf between the en- gines.

The greasy, coal-crusted locomotives puffing their way out of the caverns of Howrah Station, the majestic spider web of the steel bridge that spans the Hooghly at its narrowest point, the hundreds of thin black chimneys pour- ing out oily smoke: this might be East London, 1830—except that the Calcut- ta rats are bigger than those at Lime- house Reach, and carry indescribably nastier ills on their yellow fangs.

WHILE MY AFFECTION for Calcutta derives largely from the buildings, red- olent as they are with memories of Empire, there are other aspects of the city that have never ceased to beguile me. More than any other, it is because Calcutta is a city of Bengalis that makes it so endearing, and often so infuriating.

The intellectual ferment of Hanover- ian and Victorian England is alive in modern Calcutta, too. Beside the ant- hills of the various Bengali universities are dozens of tiny coffee shops where, at tables scratched and stained by a million wandering thinkers, stu- dents talk with passion and verve from dawn until late into the night. It is one of the views of Doig's Calcutta that gives one hope, and yet it can send chills of fear down the backs of those who wonder for the future of the city. A crowd of excitable, young, bearded men and of lithe and beautiful woman, jabbing the air with polemics, gesticu- lating with frenzied debate. It is a charming scene and at the same time a scene that makes one realize why West Bengal has been so difficult a place to govern, why Communism, al- beit a cafe-Communism that makes the purists blanch, has flourished so in Calcutta. (West Bengal has one of the few popularly elected Marxist gov- ernments in the world, but it is a Hin- duized form of Marxism that would be almost unrecognizable to a Muscovite.)

What worries the seers is that the in- tellectual frenzy of Calcutta will even- tually drive the government into all manner of extremism: "They're not doing too badly, I'll admit," is how moderate Calcuttans review their pres- ent government, "but my guess is they're just consolidating themselves. A couple of years and Bengal will be really Marxist, commissars and collec- tives from Dinajpur to Darjeeling."

Bengalis, such bright, talkative, argu- mentative, intellectually demanding, pedantic, romantic, poetic, impractical people! Ask a Bengali to repair a car—he will not have the first idea. Ask al- most any Calcutta schoolboy to outline the theme of *Women in Love* and he will offer a treatise on Lawrence that will take half a night of your time. Sometimes I want to shake my Bengali friends for living so obstinately in so isolated and impractical a way; some- times I envy their easy tranquillity, the serenity that stems from the arrogant acceptance that all non-Bengalis are less than human, and that while Ben- gali life may be less than ideal, the mere fact of Bengali-ness makes even the hell of a Calcutta summer more bearable than Paradise might be for a Punjabi, an American, or a Muslim.

On my last night in the city I had dinner with a professor at Jadavpur University: his name, typically Ben- gali, was Dr. Roychaudhury. He talked at length about the merits of Marxism and of the evils of Western civilization; he wanted a return to Hindu purism, asceticism—and eroticism, no doubt, to judge from the number of elegant female students who danced attendance on him.

And then the lights went out. The fan stopped. The stove went cold. The curry stopped bubbling. An electric failure, the third of that day, and yet no one seemed to notice. Western tech- nology had had its hour—the night be- longed to Bengal. The professor droned on. The girls danced in the velvet night. And then the taxi arrived: Badal, for the last time, taking me away to catch the night plane to Lon- don. I stole away, leaving the city, and the Bengalis, in a darkness more de- lightful and revealing than one might suppose.

The only lights we saw on the twelve hours home were those of Teheran. It seemed an appropriate reminder. □



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CONSTITUTIONAL COMPLAINTS

What ails America

by Henry Fairlie

A MAJORITY OF COMMENTATORS and others seem to be agreed that the American political system is out of true. There is plenty of evidence to which they can point in support:

—an electorate that generally votes in such small numbers that some elections seem barely to confer legitimacy on those elected;

—a primary system that has run riot, no longer has rhyme or reason, and that in turn has infected the caucus system—conferring on the wrong people, at the wrong stage in the process, in response to the wrong kind of question, the choice of candidates for election;

—the influence of the public-opinion polls, of television, and, to a lesser extent, of the press, with their emphasis on personality and political chitchat, and their intolerance of serious debate of the issues;

—the effect of gimcrack reforms, especially of the campaign laws, that do not achieve their avowed objects, but predictably do have baleful consequences;

—the growth in their place of what, for shorthand, we call single-interest or single-issue politics, which is, by definition, bound to make attention to the general interest even more difficult to command;

—the accompanying decline of party organization and discipline in both chambers of Congress, and companion to that, the reckless proliferation of Congressional subcommittees;

—and at the summit of it all, a procedure for electing a President that, as it is chic to say, almost ensures that the successful candidate will be unfit for the office.

Even when stated so baldly—and it could be lengthened—this is a sizable bill of complaints. I agree with much of the description, but with the important reservation that I do not think that it is therefore an adequate diagnosis, and thus likely to point to the remedies.

If only to avoid any later confusion, I will begin by emphasizing one of my convictions. The political system may be out of true, but the fault cannot be found in the Constitution. There is no provision in the original main body of the Constitution—Article I to Article VII, and the amendments that directly modify them—that needs or ought to be altered to meet current forebodings. One has only to give the Constitution one more careful reading, asking where and how one would alter it, and its wisdom speaks as clearly as it has for 200 years. ("The brevity, the laudable brevity, of the Constitution," Bryce exclaimed; and how much of its wisdom, indeed, is to be found simply in that. It speaks where it must speak; it is silent where it can be.) Whatever is out of balance cannot be located here: not in the arrangements and procedures that are prescribed by the Constitution for the distribution, exercise, and transference of political power. We may hope that its bicentennial will not be overcast by calling a new convention to tinker with it.

Within the settled framework of the Constitution, the system is always adapting to new circumstances. It does so largely by changes in habits and practices that are often not noticed at once, and that usually constitute a more effective way of amending any Constitution than would calculated reforms. In the past decade we have seen the failure of what,





Henry Fairlie's most recent book is The Seven Deadly Sins Today *(New Republic Books).*

again for shorthand, may be called "Common Cause" reforms. We are surely entitled to hope that, as a result of this experience, the politics of healthy-mindedness has had its day. (The League of Women Voters and the American Bar Association might also be used as shorthand for this kind of crassness.) Most of the reforms for which the healthy-minded have pressed, and some of which they have achieved, have been meddling and tinkering of the worst kind; they have not accomplished the good that was promised, as in the supposed reforms of campaign financing.

It is my contention here that the political system in America is under strain as a result of social and even cultural changes in the nation, and that during this unsettled period we must expect its performance to be erratic until the changes have subsided. They need time to settle, like a geological fault. If we understand this, we will be less easily tempted to wring our hands and leap to make fancy and ill-considered reforms; perhaps as important, we may also be able to recognize more clearly what is happening in this year's elections. We may even waste less time in unlearning the wrong lessons that were taken from Watergate and the intervention in Vietnam, and so not jump nervously in the course of a decade from bemoaning the imperial Presidency to decrying a too-assertive and meddling Congress. The proposals first to put the intelligence agencies in a straitjacket and then to restore their freedom much as before are the result of trying to make explicit reforms when much more would have been achieved by day-to-day changes in political behavior and relationships.

The fragmented majority

Let us begin with elections, the source of power in a democracy. The problem that faces any democracy is how to ensure that the people are sovereign, and can act together as such, while at the same time restricting their participation in the day-to-day workings of politics. There is no occasion on which the people can act more surely as the sovereign than at an election—*as long as* the issues and choices are put clearly and directly enough for them to have some basis for decision; *as long as* they are so organized that they can bring their numbers to bear at the point where they will tell; and *as long as* the institutions on which they must be able to bring pressure are also so organized that they know where and when and how to apply it. The people act most effectively as the sovereign when at an election they are able to throw out o "bunch of scoundrels"—or, as Lord Salisbu put it when political discourse was more civ one "set of gentlemen"—with no more hea ambition than to replace it for the time beir with another set of gentlemen who in their tu will also be turned out. It is in this simp threat and act of dismissal that there lies t only true source of their supreme lawmakir power.

We are understandably so wary of the pow of majorities in this century that we are ofte tempted to belittle the fact that the first obje of democracy is to enable the rule of the m jority to prevail. The majority ought to b made sovereign. It is wholly adequate for ou purposes to say that the majority, in the sens of "We, the People," is to be found in on or the other of the main political parties, an that insofar as those parties are weakened th majority will always to that extent be less abl to make its views tell. In place of the majorit will be substituted the activity of minorities This is the situation in America at the mo ment: it is what we mean when we speak o single-issue and single-interest politics; and th political system is unhinged by it. It is one o those moments in American history when on is reminded of Macaulay's observation to a American in 1859 that "Your Constitution i all sail and no anchor."

But the parties do not exist, breathe, or fin their vitality in isolation. The people in an democracy are able to act most effectively a sovereign when their voice is filtered throug stable and familiar institutions—trade unions churches and temples, families, ethnic commu nities, and neighborhood and workplace net works—that are able to bind the interest and aspirations of individuals into a commo endeavor and then have the capacity to pursu it with continuity and perseverance over number of years. Parties are the most single mindedly political of these associations. All o them have been weakened in America in th past thirty years—the end of the second worl war, with its release of wartime technology t create a relative but still extraordinary abun dance in peace, was clearly a watershed—an single-issue or single-interest politics has agai been substituted.

All of this largely accounts for an apparen paradox. There is in America today a grea deal of political activity—politicians hav never been so mercilessly badgered by pressur groups and organized minorities in their con stituencies—yet the people are perhaps mor inarticulate and powerless than they have ev been. (This may well be one reason, as will b argued, why so few of them bother to vote.)

This substitution of mere activity for power is exactly what could be expected of the notion of "participatory democracy" that took wing in the 1960s, and that has engendered many of the changes that have been made by the politics of healthy-mindedness in the name, but not with the effect, of needed reform. Politics is agitated, but unable to accomplish.

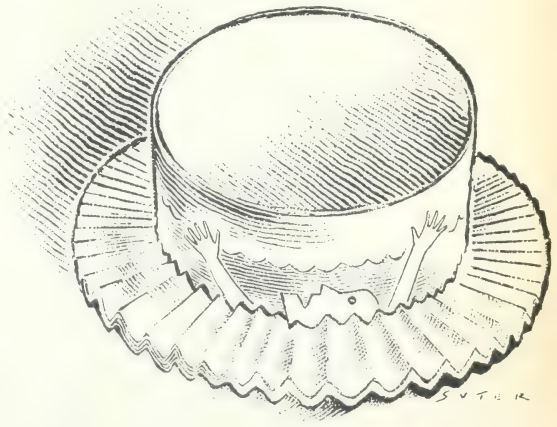
I have been perplexed, during the past decade, to watch some of my liberal friends, imagining themselves to be reformers (or radicals), send off their checks to Common Cause in the belief that they were advancing the cause of democracy. The underlying thrust of Common Cause reforms has been to weaken the political role of the very associations that give power to the otherwise powerless, and in the name of this misguided notion of participatory democracy, Common Cause increases the opportunities of the already influential to extend their privileges. John W. Gardner himself recently said that the American political system has become a "special-interest state," in which the "sheer range and variety of interests cancel each other out and the system lies paralyzed. The fragments of our government have no effective way of working or thinking together. The government is an organization without a cerebral cortex." Fine words! But it is precisely the kind of reforms he and his Common Cause have sponsored that have hastened this fragmentation and paralysis.

It is not surprising that those who today seek to extend their own privileges feel that they must announce themselves as minorities, for it is indeed to privileged groups of the few that weight has been given by the changes in recent years. (What are these minorities, as the word is now used, but special interests?) But we must not overlook the perhaps even more instructive fact that many of my liberal friends who were sending their money to Common Cause in 1972 were also sending cash to George McGovern; for the more one gazed 'round that Democratic convention at the moment of McGovern's seedy triumph, the more one realized that it was an assemblage of groups of the few (even when they were advertised as springing from the many and the weak) who were claiming forms of participation for themselves at the expense of the majority. As one trade unionist put it, "They are having their own party, but I have not been invited." The McGovern movement was one of the most reactionary and undemocratic ever to have disguised itself as a reformist crusade; the reforms it imposed on the Democratic party, some of which have sifted into the rest of the political system, have been equally reactionary and undemocratic.

The genesis of indifference

"Common Cause increases the opportunities of the already influential to extend their privileges."

SINCE THE PEOPLE act most effectively as sovereign at an election, the level of voter turnout is obviously a matter of concern. (I am not impressed by those who find in the increased *activity* in some of the early primaries and caucuses this year the longed-for evidence that the American people are once again going to flock to the polling stations.) Unavoidably something will seem to be awry when only 28 percent of the eligible voters are able to make Jimmy Carter the President, only 15 percent make Brendan Byrne the governor of New Jersey, and only 12 percent make Ed Koch the mayor of New York—only three of the possible illustrations that one could draw from the national, state, and local levels. It is enough to put a committee of the American Bar Association into a fright, but if one then looks at the remedies it proposes, they seem mundane when compared with its alarm: changing national and state election laws to encourage more participation, reforming the primary system, yet again, holding elections on weekends or national holidays, and some tinkering elsewhere with the system. (To such effect does a committee of the ABA labor, but it is enough to make James Reston huff and puff at its wisdom.) The truth is that it is easy to register in the United States, and then easy to vote, as blacks in the South have shown since the mid-1960s. It is also difficult even for a hermit not to know when an election



is taking place. If half of those who are eligible do not vote, it is not for mechanical reasons such as these. A deeper obstacle or discouragement is surely working.

But we must first put the problem in perspective. In the Presidential elections in this century, we find a decline in voter turnout from 1896 to 1912; a reversal of that decline in 1916; the maintenance of this increase in the 1920s, a period of political calm, the participation reaching 52 percent in 1928; further increases in the turnout during the 1930s, after which it rose to 59 percent in 1940 and fell slightly in 1944; a sharp drop to 51 percent in 1948, the lowest percentage since the Coolidge election; a sudden rocketing to 62 percent in 1952; a still high turnout of 59 percent in 1956, again during a period of political calm; a consistently high but slowly falling participation in the 1960s—63 percent in 1960; 61 percent in 1964; 61 percent in 1968—and then the dive to 56 percent in 1972, and to 53 percent in 1976, which is the cause of the worries now. There must be some meaning in these figures.

A clue can perhaps be found in the argument of commentators that the low participation from 1896 to 1912 was owing to the fact that the new immigrants had not yet been absorbed into the political system, and that the steady increase in participation that began in the 1920s and then continued into the 1930s and the 1940s reflected the fact that their absorption was well under way. But by the 1950s this absorption was all but complete—the new wave of immigration had nothing like the same political or social impact as those in the past—and one might have expected the level of participation to subside. Instead it remained high during the Eisenhower years, through the Kennedy-Johnson years, and into the first Nixon election. I believe that the clue supplied by the role of the earlier immigrants can suggest an explanation that has an even broader significance, and will suggest only in passing that we are still waiting for the full effect of the internal migration and effective enfranchisement of the blacks and the still-rising flood of Hispanic immigrants.

The heightened participation of the earlier immigrants was in part caused by the creation of those associations and networks that not only brought them into the political process but, in fact, culminated in it. In the 1950s those associations were still lively and effective—they were still at the core of the lives of the majority, even as the forces that have weakened them were beginning to gather—and the politics of Kennedy-Johnson in the 1960s then artificially extended their lease on life. Americans were political during this period, even in the networks that framed their every day. No one then had cause to say that the majority was silent! It had the means to make its voice heard, and it did.

I often think that the mythology of the 1950s seriously underestimates how "at home" Americans then were in their own land. They were not only confident in their country—in its prosperity, its power, its opportunities; in its ability to provide for the pursuit of happiness—they knew their way familiarly about it. I believe that the nostalgia for the 1950s is *sui generis*, a nostalgia for old and familiar ways and their promise. The social changes we will notice in a moment were already having their impact, but the civil associations and networks that have been mentioned were still the caul of daily life. Whether a Democrat or a Republican took office, the majority was visibly and audibly the majority, knew itself to be the majority, and was organized to make itself felt as the majority. The power of the sovereign was not splintered. No one would have found it necessary to give this majority the special name of "middle Americans," which is needed only because the majority seems to have become a minority in its own country. The polling stations were only the last—known and accepted, trusted and used—step in a process that ruled the rest of the majority's activities. Unions, churches and temples, families, neighborhoods and workplaces—all were still active, energetic, and influential; and through them the majority did indeed become "We, the People."

EACH OF THE SOCIAL CHANGES that in the past half-century, but especially in the past twenty years, has helped to wear away this fabric is familiar enough in other contexts. It is only when we set out their cumulative influence that we can see what dire effect they have had on the political system, how they underlie the bill of complaints with which we began, and how far they explain why the electorate that is voting this year will be so unlike that which voted only two decades ago. They also show how cultural changes—changes in the *mores*—are the handmaidens of social changes. It is not now the same electorate to which John Kennedy was able to appeal in a fairly conventional manner, that Lyndon Johnson was able to knit together in one last and almost anachronistic assertion, or even among which Richard Nixon was able to scavenge.

We can summarize what has happened as follows:

What do Americans think about economic growth?

New survey reveals that Americans reject no-growth future; technology and business seen as forces for growth.

Eight of ten Americans favor economic growth; they think it benefits them personally.

Americans cite inflation, big government and energy as the principal reasons they expect less economic growth in the future than in the past.

Technology and large corporations are seen as important generators of growth, government as a critical impediment.

A majority favors tax cuts for business.

Most Americans say government is too large and should be cut back.

A majority thinks government should do more to help business grow, thereby creating new jobs and products.

Union Carbide recently commissioned a national opinion survey by Roger Seasonwein Associates to measure public attitudes on economic growth and support for steps to restore it. The telephone survey (a national probability sample of 1,000 adults) reveals strong support for policies to renew the nation's productive base, which has become older, less efficient, less innovative and less productive than many of our overseas competitors.

Eight out of ten Americans, for example, want the economy to grow and a majority wants government to help business grow. The public cites technology and large corporations as important generators of economic growth and there is majority support for tax cuts for business, especially if the saving stimulates investment in new plants and new jobs.

Various proposals to help restore economic growth are now under consideration in both houses of Congress and in the Administration. Some measures for example, would limit government spending to a certain percentage of GNP, thereby restraining inflation and restoring the economic stability necessary for expanded capital investment by business. The Capital Cost Recovery Act would also encourage the creation of new plants and jobs by reducing business taxes through liberalized depreciation schedules. And there is growing recognition of the need to reduce the cost and uncertainty of government regulation.

Government has no higher priority in the 1980's than reducing inflation and restoring real growth in the economy. In the present climate, the "growth/no growth" debate is moot for most Americans. The issue now is how America's policymakers can point the nation toward the economic growth its people want.

How to get a copy of the complete growth survey:

For a copy of the 92 page report
write "Growth Survey"
Union Carbide Corporation
Box H-42, 270 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

UNION CARBIDE

Henry Fairlie

CONSTITUTIONAL COMPLAINTS

1. The steady movement of the population to the suburbs caused a radical separation between the places where people work and those where they live. This separation in turn caused a profound and even violent disturbance in their lives and opened the way to other fragmenting influences.

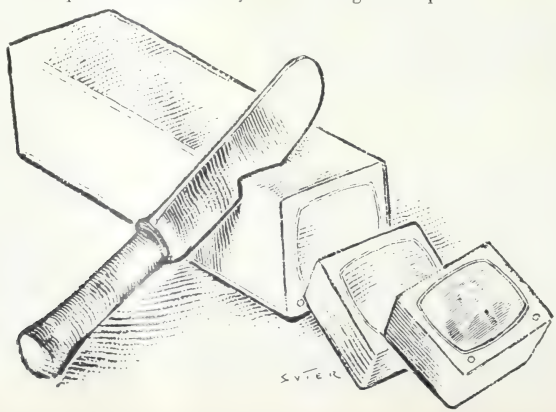
2. Above all, it changed the nature and relationships of the various local associations. When the unions were strong and played a key role in the political life of the community, for example, their sphere of activity was not confined to the workplace but reached into the neighborhood: into the churches, ethnic organizations, and taverns, and even the more informal networks of families, which in turn had their feet planted firmly in both the workplace and the neighborhood. If men were union men, the wives were union wives, and families were union families. But today the unions are not at home where the homes of their members are. Similarly a church that serves a residential community today is unlikely to have even the barest knowledge of or contact with the scattered places where the members of its congregation work.

3. The services people expect in their residential communities are more and more dissociated from their workplaces. It may still be through their occupations that they receive such rock-bottom services as Social Security and unemployment compensation. But many needs and expectations are now met by the residential communities that exist by and unto themselves.

4. This change has been reinforced and quickened by the almost silent revolution in the nature and function of welfare services. These are no longer expected to supply only the minimum needs of the unfortunate. Welfare programs must now satisfy ever-widening definitions of citizenship for the reasonably well-to-do. As conservative candidates hav discovered to their surprise and chagrin, it i their own relatively prosperous supporter who today claim welfare as their right. Th welfare services are expected to meet ever narrower claims of individuals and minoritie —claims that are hard to refuse. Local com munities and their Congressmen are now ex pected to provide and support whatever ser vices the old, the unmarried mother, the single father, the handicapped, and all those wh clamor that the world and the odds are agains them may claim.

5. Accompanying these developments ar the cultural changes. These may be summa rized for the moment by saying that (a) they nourish the hedonism and self-regard of the individual; (b) they place a greater empha sis on personal, face-to-face relationships than on wider social associations; and (c) they appeal to the individual as a consumer rather than as a producer or agent. It is to these attitudes that the mass media—especially television and the popular magazines—respond and in turn foster. The total effect is to weaken both social controls and all efforts at self-control; and this weakening can be best observed in the family and the schools.

People ask why parties are weakened and the politician is regarded with scant honor! The underlying answer is that politics is no longer regarded as an exceptional and unique activity, no longer even as a culminating one, but only as one activity among many. It is increasingly hard to define and excite understanding of and loyalty to any general interest, because the general interest is more and more subordinated to the short-term, narrow, and self-regarding interests of individuals who organize themselves only into ad hoc pressure groups—the alleged minorities of today. Hence single-issue politics.



David Suter

Symptoms of distress

LET US RETURN to the bill of complaints in light of all this.

An electorate that generally votes in small numbers in national elections. Why should the electorate bother to vote when their narrow and personal interests —which is the false and shortsighted way in which they now define their self-interest— can best and most immediately be gratified by forming local pressure groups?

A primary and caucus system that has run riot. But as the primaries and caucuses have developed since the Common Cause–McGovern reforms, they are almost tailored to the needs of the narrow and short-term interests of the pressure groups. These minorities can in effect hijack the process, and that is what they increasingly do at each national election, as they learn more and more cunning in taking them over. These minority or pressure groups, by the very nature of the interests they seek to gratify, are also unstable in purpose and membership. The new primary and caucus system is ideally suited to their disjointed activity.

The influence of the public-opinion polls and the mass media, with their emphasis on personality and political chitchat, at the expense of serious issues and care for the general interest. The polls and television can be lumped together, partly because both are mirrors of society, but also because they are primarily interested in people as consumers and appeal to them as such. The polls study the political forum as if it were a marketplace. Opinion analysts used to make most of their money out of the consumer market, and they have made fortunes from politics by treating the political arena as a market. They study the voters generally as consumers of short-term and self-regarding gratifications.

The decline of party organization and discipline in both chambers of Congress. When one tries to explain the proliferation of subcommittees in Congress—there are now more than 250 of them, and they make almost any organization and discipline impossible—the surface reasons (such as the ambitions of freshmen) simply will not do. The fact is that the subcommittees are the corollary to the minority pressure groups to which they are subject. What these groups fully understand is that they need what they call access. The subcommittees provide the kind of access they want. That is why most of the subcommittees are virtually autonomous in relation to what are supposed to be their parent committees.

The intermediaries between the pressure groups in the constituencies and the subcommittees are the public-interest groups. At least by an Orwellian twist of language they say that they serve the public interest. But most of them serve the opposite of the public interest—especially those that in the past decade have multiplied in rabbit warrens all over Washington—and in truth serve the interest of the self-proclaimed minorities. There are today few more brazen rip-offs of the federal government than the tax-free status that is allowed to the public-interest firms. It is no wonder that one reads affecting stories of how graduates of Harvard Law School give themselves selflessly to these firms. They know where the idle—in more senses than one—money is most readily to be found. Most of the public-interest lawyers do much what their fathers did: provide access to the political system for those who basically are already privileged.

It is hardly necessary to set out the paternoster that John W. Gardner has taught so well how to intone: "Our Father which art in each one of us, Hallowed be our names. Our kingdom come. Our will be done in heaven, as it is on earth. Give us this day our health foods. And forgive us our trespasses, but not those who trespass against our environment. Lead us not into population growth, but deliver us from the crowds. For ours is the earth, and the air, and the water, forever. Amen."

But there is another direct influence that the pressure groups have had on the political process, and that also is related to the proliferation of the nearly autonomous subcommittees in Congress. Few developments in recent years have so over-extended government in this country, and therefore weakened it, as the deluge of federal regulations that issue from the regulatory agencies. Contrary to popular belief, these are not generated by an ever-encroaching bureaucracy; and contrary to conservative belief, neither are they generated by liberal ideology. They are spawned by the public-interest groups, bred by the public-interest theology. Access to the regulatory agencies goes hand in hand with access to the Congressional subcommittees. Agencies and subcommittees, the handmaidens of each other, are handmaidens of the public-interest lobbies. They are the misbegotten children of those whom we have been identifying: of the ad hoc pressure of minority groups in the constituencies. It is to these that the false notion of participatory democracy is in service. I am not the only person I know who is almost driven to believe that it is the public utilities and private corpora-

"If the Presidents show no power of command, it is because they do not want the nation to command."

tions that serve the majority. It is not surprising that it is the director of Congresswatch, one of Ralph Nader's groups for the self-serving, who says that the efforts to pare the regulations are attempts—Lord, have mercy on the facile and self-serving words!—"to roll back the consumer and environmental advances of the past." They are attempts to roll back the access of relatively privileged minorities to the political process, and they will indeed roll back Ralph Nader, and roll back the regulatory agencies, and roll back the 250 subcommittees.

The election as President of men who are unfit to be President. They may be unfit to be President, but are they not the kind of men whom the people want, at least those who vote in the primaries and caucuses? They want men who will speak to them on the level of their daily and local concerns; who will not interrupt the access to the political system they have established through their own neighborhoods; who do not want to be much disturbed by assertions of the national power. If all who are brought forward every four years are men who will be weak Presidents, where is the evidence that they seriously have any desire for strong Presidents? If the Presidency is weak and entrusted to weak men, is it not because the United States is in one of those periods when the nation is weak, when any assertion of the national power is regarded with suspicion and frivolously repudiated, when nationalist sentiment is overborne by a shortsighted and small-minded particularism?

If the Presidents show no power of command, it is because they do not want the nation to command. The most telling interpretation of the mood of the present Congress is that its members have not wanted to do very much because the people do not want them to do very much. The Congressmen are right even if they are also abject. It is not even clear that the majority of the people want very much done about inflation. How many are really being hurt by inflation? Far fewer than the cries of woe might suggest. The people have placed themselves in the position where they can screw compensations for inflation from every local and national authority, in which inflation is in fact *provided for* and not resisted. Wage contracts increasingly take into account the likelihood of inflation's continuing. As welfare programs and services have been sought and provided higher and higher up the income scale, they in turn have increasingly been used to soften the impact of rising prices. That inflation destroys a nation's fiber, that it weakens a nation's will, that it corrupts a nation's soul—we do not hear that even from those who inveigh most vehemently against it.

If the Presidency is weak, it is because the nation is weak, and few want it to be stronger. The accurate image of the kind of leadership Presidents must now try to exert was provided in the summer of 1979, when President Carter sought to excite the will of the nation by taking a ride on a pleasure steamer and jumping on and off at landing stages. Landing stages are as much of an arena as the people are willing to provide just now for assertions of national authority. Martin Schram has said in the *Washington Post* that Presidential candidates must today sell their goods like Tupperware in "every living room and lodge hall in the few small states" whose pretensions are now obsequiously stroked by television. It is only the natural extension of this when President Carter then tries to govern by staying in these living rooms overnight as if the Presidency cannot afford a decent room in a hotel. It is not that the living rooms are exalted by his presence, but that the Presidential and national power are reduced.

The greater good

Few pages of Tocqueville are more interesting or prescient than the chapters in which he argues that an excessive individualism is a danger in all democratic societies, but that Americans combat this individualism by the use they make of public associations in civil life and the connection of these associations to the political life of the nation. He is not satisfied to observe that "Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form associations," but argues that these associations ought in democratic nations—as they do in America—"to stand in lieu of those powerful private individuals whom the equality of condition has swept away," stirring the individual's participation in the political life of the country, because "when the members of a community are forced to attend to public affairs, they are necessarily drawn from the circle of their own interests and snatched at times from self-observation." It is my argument that the associations that should resist an excessive individualism have today been grievously weakened, and that this is the profound social change with which the political system is trying to cope, for the associations substituted do not resist but nourish the inclination to "self-observation."

Tocqueville's descriptions of the effects of

Too Many Me-Firsters

American society is becoming increasingly fragmented into single-minded segments. This is giving rise to factionalism of a mean-spirited sort that threatens to impede solutions to national problems and to dampen progress toward social and economic goals.

More and more, it seems, people are coalescing around specific issues and pursuing their favored causes to the exclusion of all other public concerns. An ugly result is single-issue politics.

Single-issue constituencies spring up around abortion or nuclear energy or gun control or environmentalism or any of a score of other matters. . .yes, including some bearing on corporate interests. Causes are pushed with overweening ferocity. Bitterness breeds.

Adherents draw up "hit lists," targeting officeholders for defeat solely because of their stand on one issue. Of no relevance to these zealots is the totality of an official's record or the principles he or she may have espoused over a span of issues through years of public service.

"Armed with computer mailing lists and single-minded zeal," one observer has written, "the moral vigilantes can range up and down the political landscape knocking off enemies. The inclination to compromise, even the talent for it, seems nearly extinct."

Pluralism is one of America's strengths. Special interests and activists are an essential part of our democratic process. People and groups have always banded together to work for what they believe in. Activists carried out the Boston Tea Party. Our system fosters multiplicity of voices and interests, speaking up and acting and voting according to their visions of a better society. Out of such interplay comes the consensus that leads to action on the nation's agenda.

But it's worrisome the way the country is being split up into combative groups embracing narrowly selfish interests they view as overriding all else in priority. Each group presses its cause with uncompromising fervor. Shrillness drowns out the voices of reason. Dialogue degenerates into name-calling.

To all too many causists, an issue is either black or white; there's us and there's the enemy. There is no merit in opposing opinions. There is no room for the accommodation and compromise that are necessary to get done the things that demand doing.

Perspectives are knocked out of whack. Priorities become muddled. Consensus gets difficult to achieve. Needed programs are stalled. Good people are driven from office by single-issue advocates. Worthy potential candidates are intimidated from entering the arena.

Clear thinking and rational action are required to overcome the challenges facing us as a nation. More than ever, we need unity of purpose and a sense of pulling together toward goals serving the broad national interest. The increasing fragmentation of our society into me-first segments ill serves that interest.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft • Carrier • Otis • Essex • Inmont • Sikorsky
Hamilton Standard • Mostek • Elliott • Jenn-Air • Norden • Research Center

an unbridled individualism might have been written for our own time. He notices that the word was a novel expression when he wrote, "to which a novel idea has given birth"; that it encourages the individual to form "a little circle of his own," so that he "willingly leaves society at large to itself"; that at first it "only saps the virtues of public life, but in the long run it attacks and destroys all others, and is at length absorbed in downright selfishness"; that it is of "democratic origin, and it threatens to spread in the same ratio as the equality of condition"; and that as it runs its course it throws the individual "back forever upon himself and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart." There have been no contemporary tracts against the current absorption with the Self that have put the matter so starkly, and none that points so clearly, even across a century and a half, to the undermining in our own time of those associations that alone can combat the individualism that now threatens the political life of all democracies. It is a trivialization of the problem to talk archly of the "Me Decade." We are witnessing throughout the West the culmination of a long-prepared assault against the claims society levies against the individual, and the most ominous fact is that the excessive individualism that has always been the worm in American social life now meets little or no resistance, and that the cultural and ideological leader of the West is unable to demonstrate how the social bonds may be secured.

Political and national authority in the United States now are reduced to making a series of unrelated compromises with the narrow, shifting, trivial, self-absorbed claims of relatively well-to-do people who have little care for the past or the future and not much more for the present. A working society—one that will work from generation to generation—has a common endeavor. That endeavor is found and sustained by associations in which one joins one's own interests and aspirations to those of others, in which the individual assumes some of their hopes and wishes and cares as his or her own and feels hardly less allegiance to them. This is the very basis of self-government, which is what Tocqueville was describing. Self-government is self-control. But put it that way today, and the very idea is jarring. The associations that have been developed in America in the past few decades have not been intended to foster self-control in their members; they demand no obligation at all except further to feed the individual's own perception of his self-interest.

The family now exists to nourish the particular selfishness of each of its members. Churches reduce religion and morality to the level of personal gratification and the claims of society to that of interpersonal relations. The new celebration of one's ethnic background is little more than a trivial interest in one's personal heritage. The unions barely touch the private lives of their members and are incapable of arousing any wider social concern in them. And all the time television and the advertising that accompanies it reach every night into the homes and neighborhoods where the people's lives are now centered, carrying with them the message that the consumption not only of goods but of feeble face-to-face relationships can indeed be the food of their daily existences. These are the people from whom those who decide the primaries and the caucuses are drawn. To these the world looks for steadiness of purpose.

My argument is not one that can or necessarily should lead easily to a prescription. Whenever one reads other attempts to meet the problem, and to suggest what should be done, the proposals point to little more than mere tinkering, as I said at the beginning, which might only make matters worse by further institutionalizing the very weaknesses they are meant to overcome. We must have the courage to say that there is little to be done. The world must wait until the United States works its way out of one of its recurring periods of unrestrained individualism and resistance to both social control and assertions of the national power. The only trouble is that in the past there was always time in which America could do this at its own leisure. America's power and responsibilities now involve it night and day in the affairs of the rest of the world. In the past there was always the time for the preachers and the teachers, the poets and the novelists, to shoulder the burden and show society how to regulate itself. Then the politicians could take up the work.

Perhaps we have just to cross our fingers for a little longer. There is hope in the fact that so banal a popularization of mere trends as Alvin Toffler's *The Third Wave* has met with a fairly widespread response of impatience and disdain. Perhaps we are overlooking the first signals of hope. But meanwhile it will be a distraction and only worsen the condition if either the Constitution or the political system is wrongly and ignorantly blamed, and subjected to yet more meddling. □

ENTANGLED FREEDOMS



Eighty years of red tape

by Peter Meyer

"The problem with the United States," a young French economist was telling me, "is that there is too much freedom."

It was almost nine at night. The man pointed to a building across the street from my lower-Manhattan apartment, to a crowded, fluorescent-lit third-floor factory loft where a couple of dozen Oriental women could be seen bent over rows of sewing machines. They had been there, as usual, since about eight that morning. They were still there at nine

Peter Meyer is the author of James Earl Carter: The Man and the Myth (*Andrews & McMeel*).

Drawings by Jack Tom

that night, and every night. I had often watched them from my window as they turned out yards of sportswear for a firm whose name I cannot pronounce. I admired their ceaseless laboring, the apparent ease and speed with which they turned a bolt of fabric into a dozen shirts or skirts or pairs of pants, and their common sense in shooting the finished product down a taut rope strung between the fire escape and a NO PARKING sign on the street below, where it was loaded onto trucks. Their energy was inexhaustible.

"Those people are victims of a system with too much freedom," my visitor said, motioning toward the little sweatshop. "Exploitation."

I asked him what he meant. But just as the Frenchman began to declaim on freedom's excesses, a large semitrailer truck roared up the street. The driver gunned his motor as he passed and muffled the monologue.

"You see!" my friend shouted as the diesel disappeared into the night, "that's exactly what I mean. That man has too much freedom. He shouldn't be allowed down this street."

"But," I protested, "that's why I moved to this neighborhood. I happen to like trucks. You're saying I shouldn't be able to listen to them?"

"*Fou!*" he exclaimed, brushing aside this "eccentricity," and continued his romp through the history of freedom's excesses.

WHEN THIS CONVERSATION took place—in late 1978—it seemed almost anachronistic. The "conservative backlash" was then the new rage in America. The country, emboldened by Proposition 13, was replacing spendthrift Congressmen and cheering every call for deregulation. That November a fellow named Ed Clark carried the banner of the six-year-old Libertarian party into California's gubernatorial election and found almost 400,000 voters willing to support his proposals for the dismantling of government. A Democratic President was usurping traditional Republican principles and presiding over the deregulation of the airlines and the price of natural gas.

Today, in 1980, Mr. Carter eschews wage-and-price controls (even in the face of double-digit inflation), and Milton and Rose Friedman are on all the bestseller lists with a book, *Free to Choose*, that complains not of too much freedom but of the nation's course "down the 'road to serfdom.'"

Even the Supreme Court, guardian of civil liberties, has been subject to criticism for hastening the erosion of freedom. Last fall Sidney Zion, a former *New York Times* reporter and assistant U.S. Attorney, berated the Burger court for trifling with inalienable rights.

"It seems safe to say," Zion wrote in the Sunday *Times Magazine*,

> *that, until fairly recently, most Americans believed they possessed certain rights that were so fundamental no governmental authority would dare challenge them, much less take them away. They went without saying, these beliefs—they were the "givens" of our American heritage.*

Among those rights he said are in jeopardy: the right to a trial by jury, the freedom of the press, the right to legal counsel, the right to privacy, the right to be free from slander by government officials. "We do not have the rights we thought we had," said Zion. "Indeed, we are told we did not have them in the first place."

The Supreme Court is a sterling example of how rocky the road to—or away from—freedom is, how it is pitted by special interests and the prejudice of custom.

In 1905, for example, the high court struck down an 1897 New York law that had established a maximum sixty-hour work week in bakeries. And it ruled succinctly that "statutes . . . limiting the hours in which grown and intelligent men may labor to earn their living are meddlesome interferences with the rights of the individual."

That seemed like a valid expression of the "givens" of the American heritage. In fact, as Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan has pointed out, "from the last decade of the nineteenth century into the fourth decade of the twentieth century the Supreme Court repeatedly declared that the due-process clauses forbade labor legislation." But suddenly it all changed. Congress passed the Fair Labor Standards Act in 1938, the high court reversed itself, and now, after forty years of "statutes . . . limiting the hours in which grown and intelligent men may labor," Americans have come to consider minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws as guarantors of rights, not infringements of them.

In 1928 the first wiretapping case came to the court with *Olmstead* v. *U.S.* Read today, that decision would horrify a civil-libertarian. But at the time Chief Justice William Howard Taft and the majority found no infringement of freedom. They believed that

> *the reasonable view is that one who installs in his house a telephone instrument with connect-*

ing wires intends to project his voice to those quite outside, and that the wires beyond his house and messages while passing over them are not within the protection of the Fourth Amendment.

Despite Justice Louis D. Brandeis's famous dissent —"As a means of espionage, writs of assistance and general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wiretapping"—the *Olmstead* decision was not reversed until 1967.

IF THE DRAMATIC SWINGS of the country's constitutional oracle illustrate freedom's tenuous state, then it is no wonder that the nation constantly debates whether its problems are a result of too much, or too little, freedom.

It would be reassuring if there were some fixed principle of freedom around which the world turned. Justice George Sutherland tried to say that there is in the high court's landmark decision in 1926 upholding the constitutionality of zoning regulations. He argued that

while the meaning of constitutional guaranties never varies, the scope of their application must expand or contract to meet the new and different conditions which are constantly coming within the field of their operation. In a changing world, it is impossible that it should be otherwise.

That may sound like judicial eloquence, yet one still wonders how a constitutional guarantee can be unvarying even as it contracts and expands.

It seems more true, though less reassuring, to say simply that freedom adapts to a world in flux. And, in doing so, its meaning changes. Thus when, in 1898, passport clerk Gaillard Hunt wrote a history of this peculiar travel document (*American Passport*), he remarked proudly that "in time of peace a law-abiding American citizen has always been free to leave the country without the permission of the government." Had he been around in 1978, Mr. Hunt might have been shocked when Congress, for the first time in American history, made it illegal for U.S. citizens to leave the country in peacetime without a passport. "The reason for making them mandatory," a spokesman for the State Department told me, "was because most foreign countries require them—a simple matter of convenience to American travelers." Would Mr. Hunt have been impressed with the rationale?

Without ever relinquishing freedom as a goal—or doubting its present reality—each generation fashions its own definition of freedom. Seldom does the goal seem clear or its meaning exact. "As they use the term," Robert L. Heilbroner wrote of Milton and Rose Friedman, "economic freedom means the right to pursue one's livelihood in the marketplace, and the allied right to enjoy as little public restraint as possible in that pursuit." Heilbroner, author of *The Limits of American Capitalism*, is not against freedom; he simply believes "there is another view."

Economic freedom can take the form of laws that set men free from the pressures of the marketplace, for example by enabling them to demand a legal minimum wage, or to go on welfare rather than perform distasteful work.

Thus goes the bout between the velvet glove and the invisible hand, freedom being each contestant's trainer. It may be impossible to discern which "view" is right. It is not impossible, however, to know which is ascendant.

IT IS CERTAIN that since 1900 the road to freedom has become increasingly dangerous for those who prefer to mark their own path and safer for those fearful of highwaymen. In the past eighty years hardly an individual prerogative has not succumbed to public restraint through the machinations of government. Individuals have tossed their private freedoms into a common pot and given government the responsibility of redistributing them as it sees fit.

In this century, property owners have been put in the ambit of zoning commissions, and banks have bowed to a Federal Reserve System, employers to minimum-wage laws, and employees to "union security contracts." Parents have been given tax exemptions for bringing children into the world and then compelled to send them to school. Farmers have been made to carry their federal marketing cards, aliens their visas, workers their Social Security cards, travelers their passports, poultry-handlers, architects, tattoo artists, photographers, miners, and social workers their licenses. A government permit has become necessary for everything from getting married to hiking in the wilderness.

Turning out our purses, we find a nest of indispensable plastic cards strung together by an endless line of numbers that begins and ends at a

computer terminal one hopes is not called Big Brother. Two years ago *U.S. News & World Report* claimed that there were "about 11,000 computers of all sizes and types," which were "scattered throughout the bureaucracy," and the government was then buying or leasing new systems

> *at a rate of better than 1,500 a year. Some 3.9 billion records on individuals now are stored in the personal-data systems of 97 federal agencies. . . . Most of these records are available at the touch of a button and, in combination with records of other agencies, can produce a full picture of the financial, medical, political, and personal life of almost any American.*

One of the more phenomenal examples of the way we have controlled the exercise of freedom in this century is through licensing mechanisms. Occupational licensure has enjoyed such popularity during the past eighty years that now almost no job can be done without first asking some local, state, or federal body for permission.

Federal income taxes are also, on a continuing basis, new to this century, and now absorb some 15 percent of America's gross national product. But whatever the macroeconomic impact or their merits as a means of redistributing income or their value in public services rendered, income taxes have also spawned a huge subterranean and illegal economy that has made criminals of much of the population. They have created a monstrous loophole industry of lawyers, accountants, and tax specialists.

With their incentives and deductions and exemptions, the authors of tax laws pass out endless numbers of permissions and privileges in much the same way that eighteenth-century French monarchs had to hand out *privilèges* to authors before their books could be published (a practice that also nourished a large underground industry). Americans may now buy state and municipal bonds or invest in foreign corporations, charitable organizations, and farmers' cooperatives and not pay the penalty of a tax on the dividends; they may change their residence if the move is business-related (and deduct the expenses); they may travel and eat and sleep if the job requires it (and deduct the expenses); they may open an Individual Retirement Account (and deduct their payments), or buy into "regulated" investment companies and real estate investment trusts (and not be taxed on their dividends). These, and the thousands of other deductions and exemptions handed out since 1913, are actually domestic-activity passports.

To compile a complete list of the laws and regulations that now shape our freedoms would be a physically possible task. It would entail reproducing the entire voluminous set of Public Laws, the floor-to-ceiling shelf of the United States Code, the dozens of tomes of the United States Code of Federal Regulations, and the thousands of pages of Supreme Court decisions, state laws, and city ordinances. In Congress and legislative and judicial halls across the country this mass of closely printed procedure and proscription is being updated daily. And at a dizzying pace.

It is remarkable to consider how feeble and frail that list would have appeared just eighty years ago, and to see how it has evolved into something so serpentine. So accustomed have we become to the pulse of regulation and the whir of the computer that life would be unimaginable without Form 1040, SS #540-60-8302, DL #104506231, Green Cards, W-2 forms, drug prescriptions, passports, IRA exemptions, Keogh plans, H & R Block, certified public accountants, EPA-approved exhaust systems, licensed architects, federally approved levels of toxicity, the ICC, the FCC, the CAB, the FTC, marriage licenses, minimum wages, maximum hours, building permits, income taxes, sales taxes, gasoline taxes, gift taxes, death taxes, quotas, subsidies, and parities.

The chronology that follows is my attempt to suggest how thickly the body politic has wrapped itself in red tape in less than eighty years. It is not complete, but it is not random either. I began my research in a manner that might be called directed free association, and, gathering up some of the myriad regulatory strings that attach themselves to our daily lives, I traced them back to their origins. If the trail led to a point earlier than 1900, I abandoned it (though I was surprised how many got their start in this century). Every attempt was made to discover the beginning of the trail, but in many instances it was impossible to find; it was also hard to locate secondary sources willing to assert that a particular law was "the first" of its kind. (I found that many regulators, while expert at sifting through the maze of current law, are at a loss when it comes to a regulation's pedigree.)

As much as possible, however, every entry is meant to represent a precedent, a freedom previously unregulated, an activity that theretofore was unrestricted by legislation. Finally, this chronology is intended to represent only those "events" with some bearing on the present.

RULES TO LIVE BY

1900. With morticians and animals leading the pack, the licensing fad is beginning. By this time some twenty-four states require undertakers to have licenses. In 1899 Michigan said that horseshoers needed them, and five years earlier New York made dog-owners get them. (By 1969 all fifty states were licensing embalmers, while forty-four also licensed funeral directors. Horseshoers, meanwhile, had fallen on hard times and by 1969 warranted attention in only three states.)



1901. New York State gives villages the right to "prohibit the pursuit or exercise without a license of . . . the running of public carriages, cabs, hacks, carts, drays, express wagons, . . . auctioneering, hawking and peddling, . . . the doing of a retail business in the sale of goods of any description, from canal boats, . . . circuses, theatres, . . . the keeping of billiard saloons, bowling alleys, shooting galleries, . . . the giving of exhibitions."

Connecticut restricts automobile speed to 12 miles per hour in cities and 15 m.p.h. in the country. (In 1973 President Nixon asks that a national maximum highway speed of 55 m.p.h. be imposed.)

1902. New Jersey passes an "act to regulate the practice of architecture." (Today architects must be licensed in all fifty states.)

1905. The Supreme Court upholds a Massachusetts law requiring smallpox vaccinations. (Today all states have immunization laws, most of them requiring vaccination against diphtheria, polio, tetanus, pertussis, measles, and rubella.)

1906. Guns purchased in Mississippi must be registered. (In 1938 Congress made the registration of guns a federal law.)

The federal Food and Drug Act says that all manufacturers of patent medicines that contain opium must label their products accurately.

1907. Osteopaths must be licensed in New York (a requirement of all fifty states today).

Automobile drivers in Connecticut need licenses.

Coal miners in Pennsylvania need certificates of competency.

1909. A federal corporate excise tax exempts nonprofit religious, charitable, educational institutions. (In 1918 foundations for the "prevention of cruelty to children or animals" are exempted; in 1921, literary trusts; in 1954, groups "testing for public safety.")

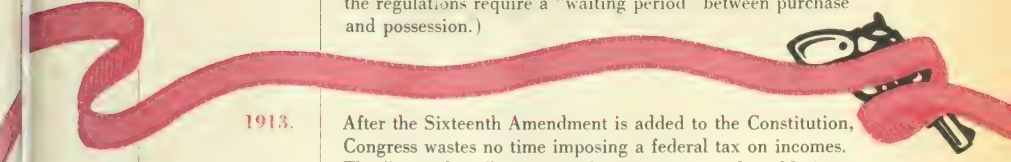
1910. No smoking in New York City subways. In 1890 a Louisiana court upheld a New Orleans ordinance prohibiting smoking in streetcars. Said the court, "Smoking in the streetcars . . . caused to a great majority of the people using them material annoyance, inconvenience, and discomfort. This is particularly so in the winter season when the cars are closed. There is not only discomfort, but positive danger to health from the contaminated air." (Despite periodic prohibitions, smokers prevailed until the watershed years of the late Seventies. Between 1975 and 1978 thirty states passed forty-two different laws limiting smoking in public places.)

Customhouse brokers must be licensed by the federal government.

By this time Wisconsin is licensing doctors, veterinarians, pharmacists, midwives, nurses, embalmers, and barbers. (By 1969 more than eighty occupations, from abstractor to wildlife-exhibit manager, had been added to the list.)

Columbia University says that its beginning medical students must have high-school diplomas.

1911. No one in New York State may possess a handgun without a police-issued permit. (Today almost every state has some sort of gun-permit statute. Like marriage laws [see 1924] most of the regulations require a "waiting period" between purchase and possession.)



1913. After the Sixteenth Amendment is added to the Constitution, Congress wastes no time imposing a federal tax on incomes. The "normal tax" was a modest 1 percent and could rise to as much as 7 percent on the largest incomes. Fewer than one-half of 1 percent of the population had to pay any tax at all. (By 1975 some 40 percent of the population had to pay federal income tax.)

The Federal Reserve Act consolidates most U.S. banking operations under a federal regulatory umbrella. National banks must subscribe to the capital stock of a Federal Reserve bank, establish minimum-reserve requirements, and open their records to federal examiners. (By 1976 Congress had passed almost 300 Reserve Act amendments and laws regulating banks.)

1914. Congress says that only licensed doctors and pharmacists may sell drugs containing large amounts of opiates or cocaine.

The Federal Trade Commission is established to ensure "vigorous, free and fair competition in the marketplace." The FTC was given authority to prevent false or deceptive advertising, price discrimination, and any interstate business activity that would tend to lessen competition. (Today, in addition to its authority under the original act, the FTC is responsible for enforcing more than a dozen different federal acts, while its own regulatory offspring take up more than thirty different sections and thirty-eight pages of fine print of the United States Code, dozens of other sections of the Code where the 1914 law is invoked as legislative authority, and almost 800 pages in the Code of Federal Regulation. See 1961, 1970, and 1971.)

1916. Operators of warehouses that store agricultural products for interstate commerce must be licensed by the Secretary of Agriculture.

As part of its war "preparedness program" Congress imposes an inheritance tax.

A comprehensive zoning code is adopted by New York City. In recommending the ordinance a special Commission on

Building Districts and Restrictions notes that "if the plan had been presented only a few years ago the protestants would doubtless have been legion. A great change has come about in the way that people look at this question. Zoning, instead of being regarded as confiscatory, unconstitutional, arbitrary, and impractical, is now generally regarded as reasonable, obvious, and absolutely necessary for the preservation of the city and of the property interests affected. . . . No plan for the development of public facilities can be complete and effective unless there goes with it a comprehensive plan for the control of building development on private property." (The commission was right. No major American city, except Houston, is now without its zoning code.)

1917. California says that real estate brokers must have licenses. (A requirement of all fifty states today. By 1969 California was licensing aquatic-plant dealers, automobile dismantlers, garbage feeders, rainmakers, and more than 100 other occupations.)

Individuals may deduct charitable contributions from their income tax.

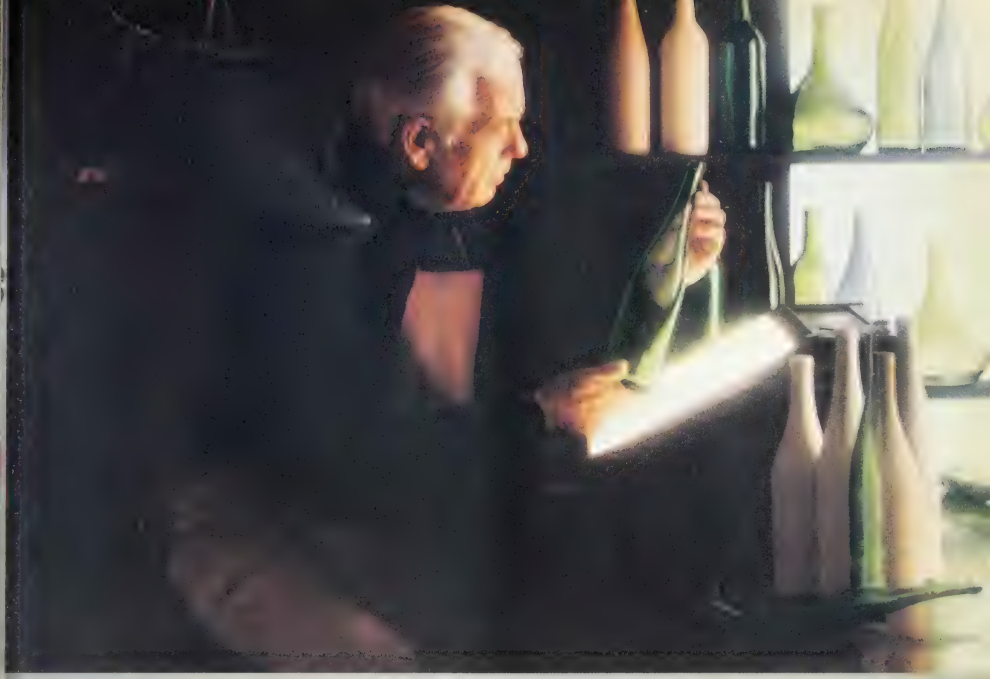
1918. Everyone must now go to school. The first mandatory school-attendance law had not been passed until 1852 in Massachusetts.

1919. Oregon adopts a gasoline tax. By 1929 every state had followed suit.

1920. Construction and operation of water projects like dams, water conduits, reservoirs, and powerhouses must be licensed by the federal government.

1921. Iowa adopts a tax on tobacco. The federal government had received significant revenues from a tobacco tax since the Civil War.

An immigration quota system is established. The number of foreign nationals entering the country is limited to 3 percent of the foreign-born people of that nationality who were living in the United States in 1910. No federal law regulated immigration until 1875, but even at that time, and up to 1921, the legislation was limited to the exclusion of specific nationalities —e.g., the Chinese and Japanese—or paupers, polygamists, and epileptics.



BECAUSE fine wine is sensitive to the light's rays, the bottlemaker creates a special color in the glass to shield our delicate Chenin Blanc from the light. Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

THE WINERY OF ERNEST & JULIO GALLO



Chenin Blanc of Calif.
Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA

"Engines run on a mixture of air and fuel. Fortunately air is free. But unfortunately natural atmospheric pressure limits its supply," states top Audi engineer Franz Hauk. "This poses a natural limit to the amount of power that can be extracted from a given displacement before an engine simply runs out of air. Making an engine larger will increase power but this will necessarily compound the inefficiency inherent to any naturally aspirated engine design."

Enter the impeller-turbine wheel – key component of the new Audi 5000 Turbo's turbocharger.

This simple device makes horsepower out of thin air for the new Audi 5000 Turbo.

"The turbine wheel fixed to the left of this shaft is spun by an unusual power source – exhaust gases, a combustion engine's waste product. It spins the impeller wheel on the right which is actually a fresh air compressor." Under peak engine load and rpm the impeller will deliver air to the engine under pressure of up to one-and-a-half times the atmosphere's. The result is a greater volume of air and a near 30% increase in power on demand.



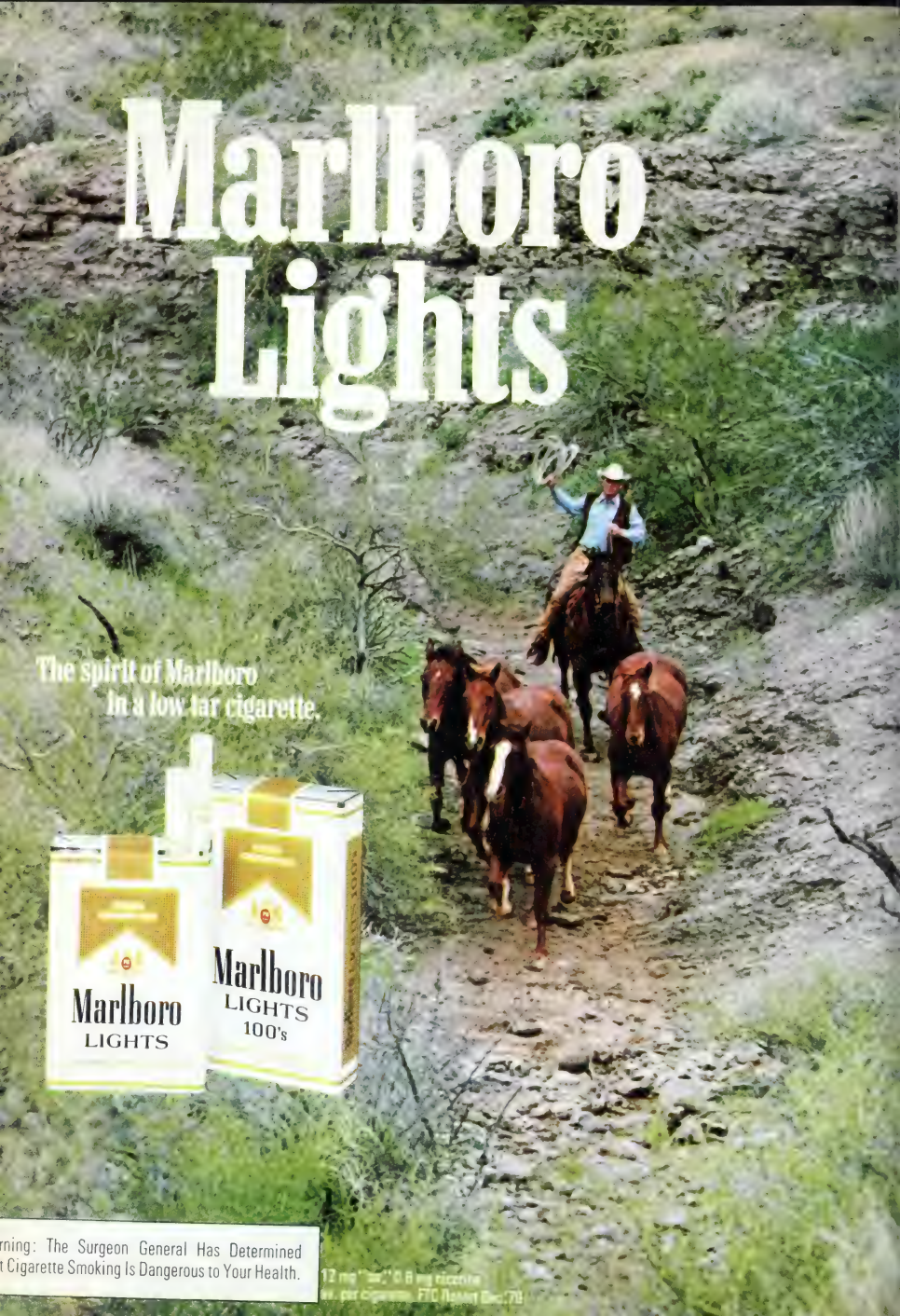
Thus, this simple device, spinning at up to 100,000 rpm, increases the output of the Audi 5000 Turbo's engine in a way that is far more efficient than adding an extra cylinder – the Turbo's extra power is



Franz Hauk, Engine Designer, holding the impeller-turbine wheel.

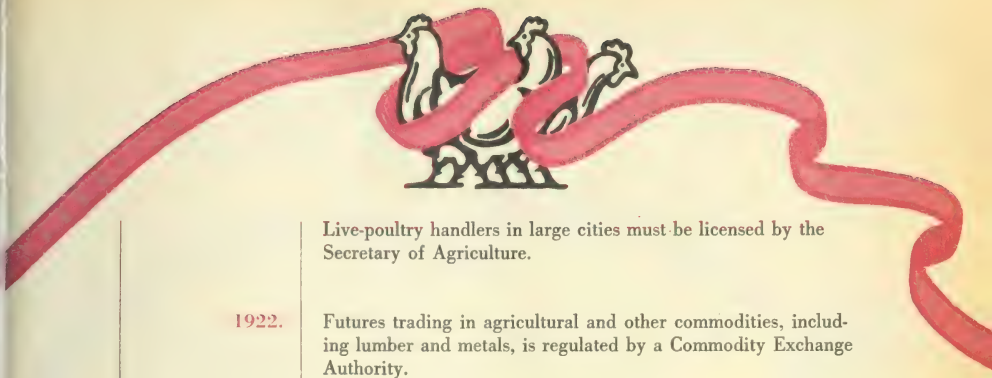
there only when you want it. But there is more to the Audi 5000 Turbo. "We set out to build a thoroughly refined high performance luxury sedan. This involved developments on all fronts. From the dynamic safety and handling built into its front-wheel drive layout to the thoughtful luxury and convenience of its interior, my colleagues and I feel we have succeeded. But we would like you to see for yourself."

Porsche+Audi: Nothing even comes close. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.



rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
t Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '78



Live-poultry handlers in large cities must be licensed by the Secretary of Agriculture.

1922. Futures trading in agricultural and other commodities, including lumber and metals, is regulated by a Commodity Exchange Authority.

1924. Aliens entering the United States must have visas issued by American consuls abroad.

By this time every state requires licenses of those who want to marry. Maine had passed the first such law in 1858. (Today, paradoxically, fourteen states still officially recognize the validity of common-law marriages.)

A federal gift tax is imposed "upon the transfer by a resident by gift . . . of any property wherever situated." The law was repealed in 1926, but reimposed, with modifications, in 1932.

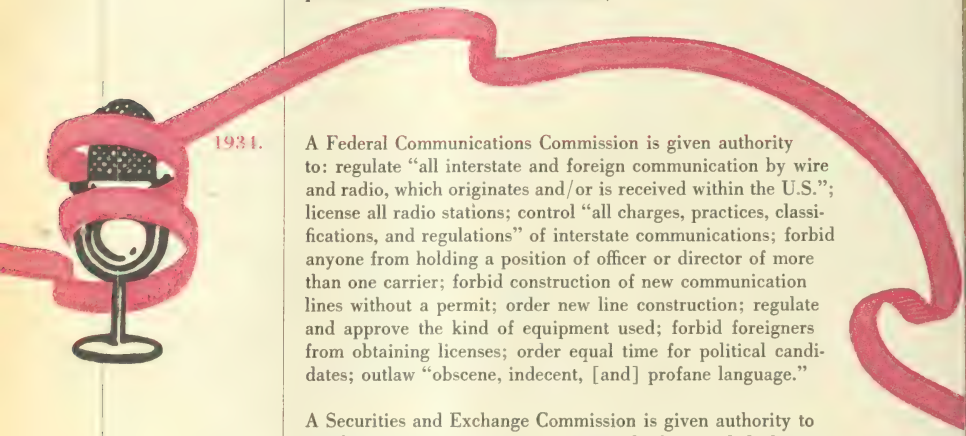
1926. The Air Commerce Act makes it illegal to "navigate any aircraft . . . in interstate or foreign air commerce unless such aircraft is registered," and illegal to "serve as an airman in connection with any aircraft registered as an aircraft of the United States . . . without an airman certificate."

1930. Thirty states now have miscegenation prohibitions on the books. (The Supreme Court did not rule such bans on interracial marriages unconstitutional until 1967.)

1931. Six states now have a general sales tax. (By 1937 the number had increased to twenty-four.)

1932. A federal gasoline tax is imposed, of less than 1 cent per gallon. (By 1979 the tax was 4 cents a gallon, but the Carter Administration was considering raising it to 50 cents within ten years.)

1933. The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution is repealed. Nine states immediately write minimum-age drinking laws. (Today all states have minimum-age requirements and more than 400 counties still prohibit the sale of alcohol. In 1979 Americans, for the first time since 1862, were allowed to make beer and wine in their homes without paying a tax or asking permission from federal authorities.)



1934. A Federal Communications Commission is given authority to: regulate "all interstate and foreign communication by wire and radio, which originates and/or is received within the U.S."; license all radio stations; control "all charges, practices, classifications, and regulations" of interstate communications; forbid anyone from holding a position of officer or director of more than one carrier; forbid construction of new communication lines without a permit; order new line construction; regulate and approve the kind of equipment used; forbid foreigners from obtaining licenses; order equal time for political candidates; outlaw "obscene, indecent, [and] profane language."

A Securities and Exchange Commission is given authority to regulate security transactions, require brokers and dealers to register the sale with the SEC, complete application forms that provide detailed information about the security to be traded, and issue periodic reports about the security.

1935. All motor vehicle "common carriers" that use public highways need a "certificate of public convenience and necessity." Anyone offering transportation for sale (i.e., a transportation broker) needs a license from the Interstate Commerce Commission. The ICC, established in 1887, was the first federal regulatory body and originally had jurisdiction over fees charged by railroad companies. Its jurisdiction was expanded in 1906 to regulate ferries, terminal facilities, bridges and expressways, and sleeping-car and pipeline (exclusive of those carrying water or gas) companies. In 1910 Congress gave it authority to regulate telegraph, telephone, wireless, and cable companies (transferred to the FCC in 1934); buses and trucks in 1935; certain water-borne carriers in 1940; and freight forwarders in 1942. (Today it is estimated that the ICC has on its books some 400,000 tariff schedules and 40 trillion rates regulating the transportation industry.)

Corporations are permitted to take income tax deductions for contributions to tax-exempt organizations.

Job-seekers need to show a Social Security identification card to prospective employers. Some 35 percent of the labor force is affected by the law. (See 1961, 1967, and 1976.)

Some states begin requiring blood tests of persons applying for marriage licenses.

Unions may require employees to pay union dues in order to keep their jobs if there is a "union security contract" with the employer. In 1947 Congress gave states permission to exempt workers from the requirement to join a union. (Twenty states now have so-called right-to-work laws.)

Employers must now not only withhold income taxes from the wages of their employees but also pay an excise tax and unemployment insurance for each worker.

1937. Federal Marijuana Tax Act passed: one dollar an ounce for those using the plant for defined medical and industrial purposes; up to $100 an ounce for others. (By the 1950s a few states had proposed the death penalty for those violating marijuana-possession statutes. By the 1970s states had "decriminalized" possession. The federal government allows importation of sterilized marijuana seeds, normally used as bird feed.)

1938. Drug manufacturers need licenses to market their products. Certain drugs cannot be sold without a prescription. (Today every drug sold must be registered with the Food and Drug Administration.)

A Civil Aeronautics Authority (later the Civil Aeronautics Board) is given power to regulate the "transit in air commerce." Air carriers need CAA certificates to operate, may not abandon a route without CAA approval, may not change rates and charges without CAA approval, may not merge or consolidate without CAA approval.



All farmers producing tobacco, corn, wheat, cotton, and rice are given mandatory marketing quotas. The Secretary of Agriculture has authority to set acreage allotments and penalize farmers for producing more than their quota. Farmers must show proof of their planted acreage and its yield with such things as marketing cards. (Much of the marketing-quota program is still in effect. Other federal programs since 1938 have expanded regulations for "setting aside" otherwise productive land, though not without giving farmers financial incentives.)

All agents or representatives of foreign businesses, political organizations, governments, or private persons must register with the Secretary of State.

The Fair Labor Standards Act sets the maximum work week at forty-four hours for those employed by firms engaged in interstate commerce; sets a mandatory minimum wage of 25 cents per hour; sets minimum-age requirements. About 11 million workers (some 30 percent of the labor force) are affected. (Today the work week is forty hours, the minimum wage $3.10 per hour, and the law applicable to 54 million workers, more than half the labor force.)

1940. Foreigners living in the United States must be registered and fingerprinted.

Anyone operating a motorboat weighing fifteen gross tons or less and measuring less than sixty-six feet in length and carrying passengers for hire must be licensed by the Coast Guard. As early as 1871 licenses were required of pilots, engineers, and watchmen on steam vessels operating in waters under federal jurisdiction.

The Parimutuel Racing Law of New York State creates a horse-racing commission to license and set rules for betting.

1942. Armed Forces service flags and service lapel buttons may not be sold without a license.

The Opium Poppy Control Act provides for the licensing of the production and sale of the opium poppy.

1946. No one may transfer or receive in interstate commerce, manufacture, produce, transfer, acquire, possess, use, import, or export any atomic utilization or production facility without a federal license.

Anyone whose principal activity is lobbying Congress must register with federal authorities and file information reports. (Efforts are now underway to expand the definition of a lobbyist.)

1952. The Council of State Governments reports that at least seventy different occupations now require licenses from state authorities.

1955. Minnesota allows income tax deductions for political contributions up to $100.

1958. Companies that want to promote and assist the growth of small business concerns need licenses from the Small Business Administration.

1959. Presidential Proclamation #3279: No crude or unfinished oil may be taken from a warehouse for consumption nor may finished products be taken except by persons licensed by the Secretary of the Interior (now under the jurisdiction of the Department of Energy).

1961. Social Security numbers must be entered on individual income tax returns.

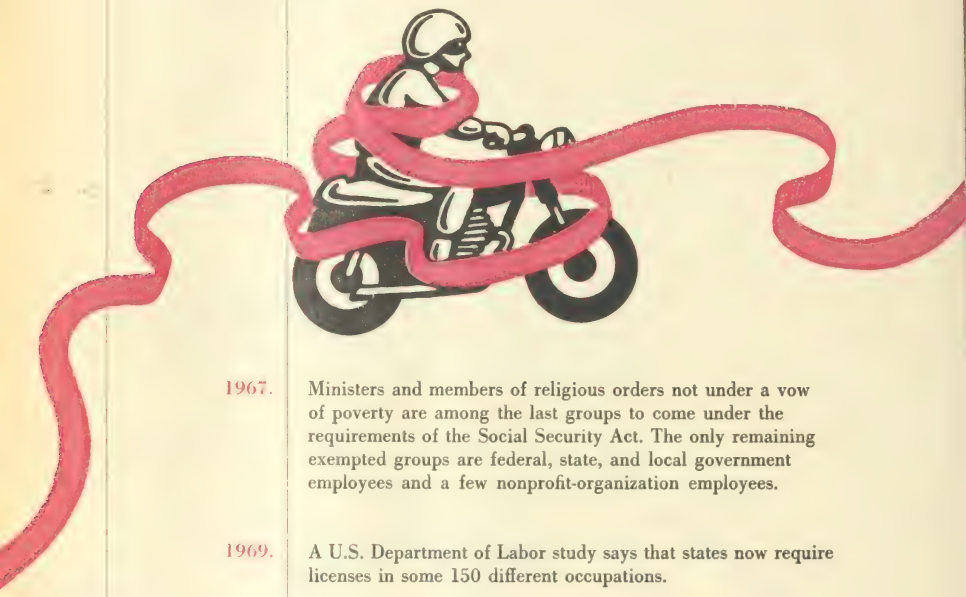


The Federal Trade Commission rules that the term "Mouton Lamb" can be used only to describe "the skin of a lamb which has been sheared, the hair straightened, chemically treated, thermally set to produce a moisture-repellent finish."

Professional football, baseball, basketball, and hockey teams are exempted from antitrust laws when they pool their resources to negotiate telecast rights to games. The courts had consistently given professional sports organizations exemptions from antitrust laws, but this was the first time Congress made any exemption explicit.

1966. Operators of auction sales where dogs and cats are sold must be licensed by federal authorities.

Georgia passes a law requiring motorcyclists to wear protective headgear. (By 1979 twenty-two states and the District of Columbia had mandatory helmet laws.)



1967. Ministers and members of religious orders not under a vow of poverty are among the last groups to come under the requirements of the Social Security Act. The only remaining exempted groups are federal, state, and local government employees and a few nonprofit-organization employees.

1969. A U.S. Department of Labor study says that states now require licenses in some 150 different occupations.

1970. The Newspaper Preservation Act says that no joint operating arrangement between two or more newspaper owners for publication of two or more newspapers may be made without prior written approval of the U.S. Attorney General.

Wig and hairpiece manufacturers must label their products indicating whether the hair is of animal, human, or synthetic origin.

Federal authorities are empowered to regulate work conditions in all work areas of the United States, and to enter and inspect "any factory, plant, establishment, construction site, or other area, workplace or environment where work is performed by an employee of an employer."



Anyone buying, selling, or transporting eggs must have permission from the Department of Agriculture.

1971. The FTC rules that "tapered candles and irregularly shaped decorative candles which are either hand dipped or molded are exempt from the requirements of section 500.7 of this chapter which specifies that the net quantity of contents shall be expressed in terms of count and measure (e.g. length and diameter), to the extent that the diameter of such candles need not be expressed."

1972. The U.S. Parks Service requires "back-country" permits for the use of some federal wilderness areas.

Manufacturers cannot distribute any new product without first notifying the Consumer Product Safety Commission, describing the product, and certifying that it conforms to all applicable consumer-product-safety standards.

1973. The Hobby Protection Act: All imitation numismatic items —coins and bills—must be "plainly and permanently marked 'copy.'"

1974. The Employee Retirement Income Security Act puts almost all private pension plans and employee health-insurance plans under federal rules, regulating the incorporation, organization, operation, and termination of such programs.

1975. The use of X-ray security systems at U.S. airports is authorized.

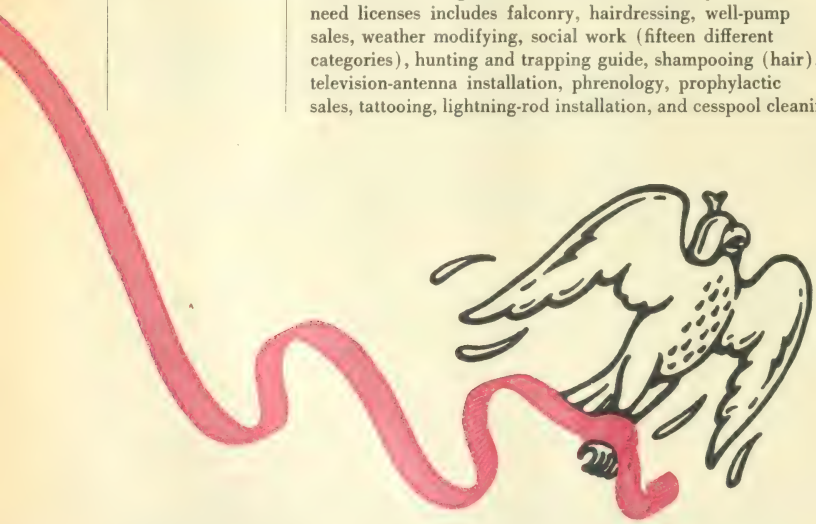
1976. States and localities are given permission to use the Social Security number in the administration of any tax, general public assistance, driver's license, or motor vehicle registration law for the purposes of establishing identity.

1978. With certain exceptions, all Americans who leave and enter the United States must carry a passport.

The United States Olympic Committee (incorporated by an act of Congress in 1950) is made the coordinating body for amateur athletes competing in major international games, and is given the right to establish eligibility requirements and to recognize one particular organization in each sport as "the national governing body" for that sport. Congress appropriates $16 million for the training of amateur athletes under USOC auspices.

1979. Anyone convicted of robbery, bribery, extortion, arson, assault with intent to kill, violating a narcotics law, or perjury is prohibited from working with a labor union or with an employee-pension-plan program, or from acting as a labor-relations consultant, without first obtaining a Certificate of Exemption from the U.S. Parole Commission.

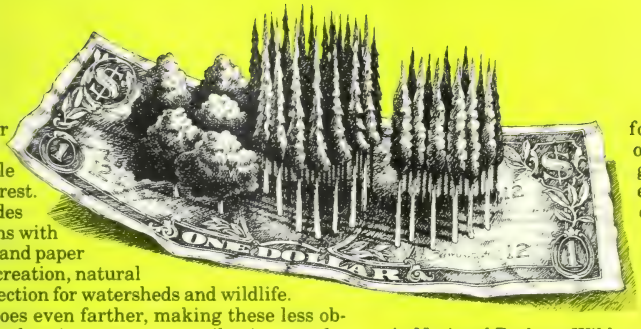
A study being conducted by the Labor Department finds that some 350 different occupations are now licensed by state authorities and another 500 occupations require state certification or registration. A cross section of jobs that now need licenses includes falconry, hairdressing, well-pump sales, weather modifying, social work (fifteen different categories), hunting and trapping guide, shampooing (hair), television-antenna installation, phrenology, prophylactic sales, tattooing, lightning-rod installation, and cesspool cleaning.



A report on the great American forest.

Money does grow on trees.

(And vice versa.)



Consider the wonderfully versatile American forest.

It provides all Americans with useful wood and paper products, recreation, natural beauty, protection for watersheds and wildlife.

But it goes even farther, making these less obvious, but no less important, contributions to the country's economic well-being:

Jobs — millions of workers in the woods, in the factories that turn wood and fiber into thousands of essential products, and on construction sites all over this growing land.

Taxes — billions of dollars a year, going to support schools, hospitals, public safety, countless other vital public services.

International trade — wood products we export help strengthen the American dollar and improve the nation's balance of payments.

Inflation deterrent — the more productive the forest, the more likely that the nation's supply of wood and paper products will be adequate to meet sharply increasing demands — and will be available at reasonable prices. Thus, a productive commercial forest, growing trees for today *and* tomorrow, becomes a significant inflation fighter.

Your stake in the commercial forest

So every American has a stake in increasing the productivity of the commercial forests. (*Commercial forest,* as defined by the U.S. Forest Service, is *all* forestland — whether owned by individuals, government or the forest industry — that is capable of, and potentially available for, growing repeated crops of trees for harvest. It includes land in National Forests but not in National Parks or Wilderness areas.)

So far, the commercial forest has been able to cope with all the demands made on it. But we can't expect it to continue to provide its benefits automatically.

Why trees need money too

If wood supply is to keep up with the predicted doubling of demand in this nation over the next 50 years, expenditures for replanting and regeneration will have to be substantially increased.

And the greatest potential for improvement is on publicly held land.

So that means the nation needs to establish policies and take actions to encourage productivity — not only in the National Forests but in other forests as well.

If you'd like to be better informed on how important it is to keep America's forests productive, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150 for a free booklet, "The Great American Forest."

The great American forest. Trees for tomorrow. And tomorrow. And all the tomorrows after that.

Trees. America's renewable resource.

A Nation of Clerks

by Hans-Georg Rauch



GOOD MORNING TO YOU, LIEUTENANT

A short story

by Larry Heinemann

WE CAN STAND at the crest of the town's one good hill, James, you and I, and pause to get quiet and comfortable and still, and listen to the night sounds. At this late hour of the night the tranquil murmuring hum of the river, cascading over the rock-and-cement spillway under the bridge, yonder, is almost the only sound to be heard. That constant rush of water is the hush that has lulled many a strapping newborn infant to sleep in its time. That hush is the last sobering sound heard suddenly, abruptly, in many a death-bed room, as clean and even and smooth as the curl in the neck of a glass cider jug.

But that is not the only night sound to be heard in that town, James. We can sit on the thick slate curb, under the parkway walnut trees, and hear the squeak of wicker chairs; the tumble of ice melting to slivers in glasses of Coke and tea and whiskey; the whisper of bedroom conversation that is all hisses, and the snapping and popping of buttons; women flapping and fluttering their light, summery dress fronts like bellows; the shrill squeal of children racing through swirling clouds of fireflies with quart canning jars, a game better than tag; the sudden crackle and crunch of someone rumpling a beer can, then a clatter of cans; someone spitting on dry pavement; the snick snick snick of the tails of a loose pack of town dogs on the schoolyard blacktop. Then the sound that all but stops the others, even the dogs—the tap, step-tap, tap, step-tap of that gimpy kid wounded in the war, that guy Paco, who washes dishes by hand at the Texas Lunch, that greasy spoon across the way from the Greyhound depot.

All those night sounds bristle, brushing back and forth under the trees, and everyone who's sitting back, listening, hears. And you and I hear, don't we, James—the river pouring over the spillway, the ring of jar lids, the giggles, the clear click of the cast-brass tip of Paco's cane.

And that girl, with the rooms across the hall from the head of the stairs at the transient hotel where Paco lives, listens too. (The girl, James—her name Cathy—small-breasted and bony-armed, built small like a smooth-faced, tallish boy, and whenever Paco sees her she is wearing a man's dress shirt with the cuffs rolled a time or two to the middle of her forearms, the shirttails loose at her thighs, a collar as stiff as a military uniform tunic.) Nearly every night the girl will sit on the broad, dusty sill of the alley window over the head of her bed with her small, clean feet drawn up under her, and lean her cheek against the filthy screen. She listens to the river the way a meditative person will gaze into a bonfire, but she doesn't pay it so much as a never-you-mind; doesn't give it so much as a shake of her hair. No, no. She perks her ears with a deliberate and uncanny intentness,

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arry Heinemann

GOOD MORNING TO YOU, LIEUTENANT

listening ever so keenly for the sharp click of Paco's black hickory cane on the asphalt, and the sure and steady slight off-rhythm of his walk—tap, step-tap, tap, step-tap. Her moist sparkling eyes will dart this way and that around the room, and she'll glance out the window, rubbing the cool, smooth, nut-brown skin of her knee (her whole body as brown as toast, James) with the breezy heat of the tin-and-tar back-porch roof rising in her face, and she'll try to count the courses of smoothed herringbone brick in the alley below. She will absentmindedly stare at her own fingers as she strums a limp gold anklet with manicured fingernails. In her mind she will see Paco's hands, bleached-white and water-wrinkled, the sweat-soaked shirt clinging to the hard flat of his stomach; will see that glazed-over, glossy look in his eyes, which in most people is simply work weariness.

EVERY NIGHT when she hears the snap of his cane on the asphalt change to the mellow, hollow thump of the stoop, she will uncurl herself and crawl crablike across her bed. She will primp on the move and brush herself down, using her fingers for a whisk, smoothing down that lime- or peach- or cocoa-colored dress shirt (opened a couple of buttons at the neck), and strike a pose leaning against the warm wood of her door. Sometimes she will hold the door open just so far with her head leaned into the hall as though she's dripping wet and doesn't want to drip on the hallway rug, but the front of that shirt will be nearly all unbuttoned, and there's enough light shining down her front to be teasing, enticing. And sometimes she will put just her head in the light, with her body to one side, and she'll have a glittering gleam in her eye as though she doesn't have a stitch on. And you've got to know, James, that some nights she doesn't, but those nights are for *her* benefit, not Paco's, because being buck naked when she smiles that smirk down at Paco makes her feel so goosey and juicy and naughty, and sometimes she can't help but giggle. She will wait for Paco to come in the front, and stop at the bottom of the stairway and stand stoop-shouldered, leaning so heavily on that goddamned cane some nights it will bow. She will wait for him to raise his eyes and look up through the railing rungs, and see her in the dim amber light of the hallway (the light shining on the smooth, browned skin of her legs and face, looking like dry oval slivers of yellowed, antique ivory). She will stir slightly, waiting for that look in his eyes that is unmistakable in a man who has not been with a woman for a long time. And Pac will nod, almost imperceptibly, and *then* wil begin the race, the struggle to get to the to of the stairs before she slips back into he room and closes the door. It is the one soli rule of her game, James. If he can get s much as the tip of his cane in the door befor she shuts it, he may come in. ("You can fuc me, Sugar.")

And Paco has struggled up those stair many a night, ass-whipped tired, his legs tin gling and throbbing, wobbly even, his fee sore and sweat-soaked, and that goddamne lye-soap rash on his arms as red as rope burns Washing dishes by hand ain't no pleasure an it ain't no joke, James.

But tonight, getting in Cathy's doorway doesn't happen. No, no. Tonight he comes u the street and into the hotel, hits the stairs and just keeps coming. Tonight Paco has beer sitting on the damp hard clay of the riverbank down by the spillway, listening to the skinny dippers horsing around in the sand-bottome shallows, downriver from the railroad trestle, drinking beers with Jesse (that lanky, rangy cat with the brown ponytail) half the night, waiting for the air to cool, and there's no telling what time it is.

He limps up the hallway to the left with his skeleton key in one hand and his black hickory cane in the other, works the door open, steps in, and closes it behind him with a slow and heavy click (as firm and final a sound as we are likely to hear in that hotel, James). The hall light vanishes from the room except for a flat, slender sliver of light under the door not any bigger than a piece of oak lath. Paco squeezes his head against the warm and sticky door, squeezing his eyes shut from the pure relief of being home, taking a bit of a breather. Paco's got a still and stuffy, smothering little room, with a crumbling 8 x 10 linoleum sheet, a ragged mahogany dresser with the veneer shredding to splinters, and a coffee-colored bedstead with a brown bedspread. There is a scum of dust in all the corners, and fuzzy, flowered wallpaper you would swear was flocked if you brushed against it in the dark. He rattles around in his darkened room, peeling off his T-shirt, unbuckling his belt and unzipping his fly, scooting his pants down, skivvies and all. Then he flops back on his creaking bed, the way drunks do. His head and arms loll this way and that, and his legs hang over the edge of the bed with the balls of his feet brushing the floor. He sets his hands wide on the raspy, grayish sheets, stares hard at the curling chips of paint above his head, then takes a good long breath, and with a sudden, sharp exhalation, lifts his legs onto



Frances Jetter

Protecting Chemical Workers

How we're improving one of the best health and safety records in U.S. industry

According to National Safety Council figures, chemical workers are 2.3 times safer than the average employee in American industry. In fact, they are far safer on the job than off. But we're still not satisfied. Here are some of the steps we're taking to make the working environment healthier and safer:

1. Improving detection techniques

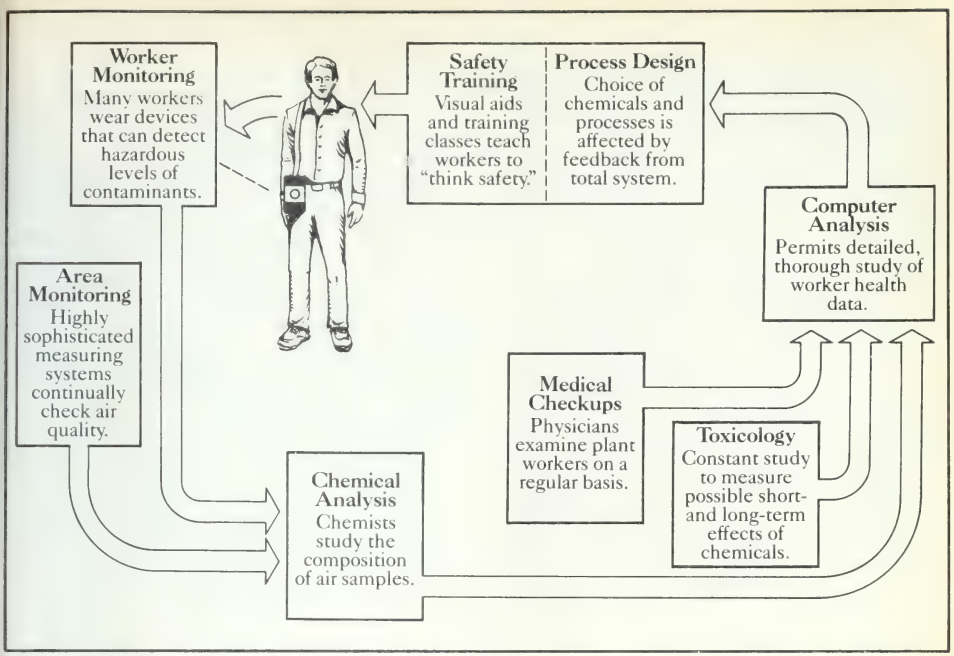
New and more sophisticated devices for monitoring the environment are worn by many workers. Many plants have "area monitoring devices" spotted in strategic locations. Some of these devices change color or sound an alarm to alert workers to even minute traces of contaminants. Others, like the gas chromatograph-mass spectrometer, measure contaminant quantities as low as one part per trillion—equivalent to one second in 32,000 years. Data from these and other measuring devices are analyzed by computer and compared with employee health records to help make sure that exposure is kept at safe levels. (See illustration.)

2. Upgrading educational programs

Chemical companies are intensifying their safety education programs, especially with videotapes and other visual aid techniques. One company has an 82-page listing of videotape cassettes. It also has an index of safety standards that runs to about 60 pages. And each standard can run as long as 50 pages. The effect of this training goes beyond the plant. Chemical workers learn to "think safety." So they have fewer accidents than the average industrial employee—not only at work, but also on their own time.

3. Expanding laboratory studies

Throughout the chemical industry, thousands of people are working on new and faster ways to determine the long-term effects of chemicals. It is not an easy job. Doing a study on just one chemical can take over three years and cost more than $1,000,000. To advance this work, 30 chemical com-



Worker Safety Protection System: Data from health exams, monitoring devices and laboratory studies are continually analyzed to identify situations that may require immediate action and to provide information for possible improvements in process design and safety training.

panies have joined to create the Chemical Industry Institute of Toxicology located near Raleigh, North Carolina. The Institute shares its findings with the entire industry, the U.S. Government and the public.

4.
"Engineering out" risks

When tests cast suspicion on the safety of a substance, we often find substitutes. Example: At many plants, toxic materials have been replaced by safer chemicals. In other cases, we may redesign the entire manufacturing process to make it safer.

5.
Closer monitoring of employee health

The number of industrial hygienists has tripled in the past 10 years. And they are only part of the picture. Chemical companies now use *interdisciplinary* teams to monitor employee health. A typical team consists of industrial hygienists, physicians, toxicologists and engineers. These teams then multiply their effectiveness by using the latest computer technology to process and study the data they collect. The results help chemical companies anticipate and control threats to worker health and safety better than ever before.

For more information, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. BH-06, 1825 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

America's Chemical Industry

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arry Heinemann

GOOD MORNING TO YOU, LIEUTENANT

the bed. And it's god-awful painful, James. Sometimes the pain shoots straight up his legs and thighs (he can hear the pins grinding against the bone) to his back and arms and fingers, up to his eyes (oh, the grimacing squint wrinkles he will have). The very tips of his fingers tingle as though someone has pricked them.

He takes a long moment to settle in—to get his sore, throbbing legs and the small of his back just so among the lumps. The air is hot and heavy around him, and the sheets are as itchy and scratchy as snapping-dry flannel. (Everything has been warm and sticky and uncomfortable all day, every day, and all the night through, for weeks now. Bread won't rise right. Beer foam looks pale and greasy and slippery. Your clothes bunch thickly at the crotch and cling to your back and down under your arms, for instance, and folks are awkward and ill-tempered most of the time.)

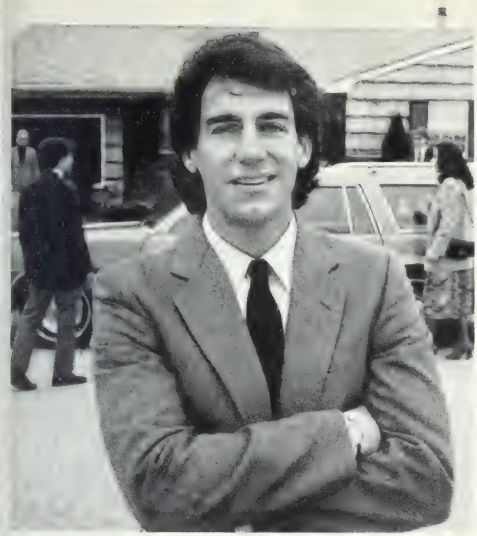
WE CAN TAKE a pause now, and lean down over Paco's thighs and knees and calves, James, you and I, even in this little light of his room (there *is* a slice of moon, the 40-watt back-porch light, and the glow of the yellow hall light reflected into the room under the door; this faint, burdensomely warm and oppressive light that gives his room a welcome and intimate air nonetheless, as still and smothering a place as we are likely to come across these warm and stuffy nights, unrelieved by comfort), if we lean down, I say, we could see the many razor-sharp, razor-thin surgical scars, the bone-fragment scars (going every which way) the size of pine-stump splinters, the puckered burn scars (from cooked-off ammunition), looking as though he'd been sprayed with a shovelful of glowing cinders, the deadened, discolored ring of skin at the meatiest part of his thigh where the Bravo Company medic wound the twisted tourniquet, using Paco's own bandanna, though the time for a tourniquet had long since passed. The sallow, thin-faced medic slapped the crook of Paco's elbow to get a vein, and Paco and half the company could hear him grumble, "Come on, you dumbshit grunt motherfucker, give me a goddamned vein," and Paco's arm stung like a son of a bitch, and the medic's dog tags jangled in Paco's face (the same as his old man would rattle the buckle end of his belt in Paco's face before he commenced a licking). And if we looked at Paco's arm we could see the scar of the gouge at the inside of his forearm the size of a pencil stub where the catheter ripped loose when those geek-fucking, shit-for-brains Bravo Company litter-bearers dropped Paco down a rain-slick footpath, litter and all. ("You goddamned bullshit fucking Bravo Company Jesus Christ I hope you motherfuckers all die shit!")

We could lean down and take a good hard look, and see all that, James, even in this little light. We could back away, now that we know what we're looking at, and those scars will seem to wriggle and curl, snapping languidly this way and that, I swear, the same as grubs and night crawlers when you prick them with the barb of a bait hook. It is only an illusion, James, a sly trick of the eye. But that is the way many a frightful thing in this world comes alive in the dimmest, whitest moonlight, the lowest lamplight.

He lies on his bed, trying to nod off, trying to get as comfortable as the muggy air and sweaty-filthy sheets and teasing, tickling ache will allow, but out his window, just the other side of her window, kitty-corner to his, he hears the girl, Cathy, and she's honey-fucking the everlasting daylights out of some guy (Marty-boy, she calls him). There's no mistaking that sound, the bed squeaking effortlessly and meekly. (Fucking the girl is something Paco has dreamed over and over, James, sprawled spraddle-legged spread-eagle on his creaking, coffee-colored bedstead bed with the filthy brown bedspread, with this flaccid cock flopped to one side of his aching thighs—oh, how his legs would ache on those nights—his pubic hair fluffy and prickly, almost crackling in the heat, like dry grass.)

Paco doesn't have to strain any to hear, because his bed is shoved alongside the wall under the window. He can slide his hand and arm out the window—over the dust and blistered nicotine streaks and coffee-cup rings—lean out a little, and fingertip touch the top of her hair. Cathy sighs slowly and calmly and soothingly—involuntary and contented, Paco thinks to himself—brimful of peace and pleasure.

Now, Cathy had heard Paco fiddle with his key in the lock, heard him fumbling around in his dingy little room, smelled the very beer on his breath. (She thinks his room is depressing—faded wallpaper, no telling *what* the motif was, and that tacky, shabby linoleum. And he's a dingy, dreary, smelly, shabby, *shabby* little man.) And now, with each slippery thrust, she stretches her thin little neck and exhales audibly toward the window. She pulls on Marty-boy's pale, shuddering hips, clawlike, with sedately manicured nails, and sways from side to side as though she were cooing and cuddling an infant (with her thin, pinkish lip between her teeth and a slap-happy





One of these men drives himself to work, drives himself home and drives up his cost of living.

He doesn't see it that way. He's been driving himself to the office every day for several years now. He actually enjoys the ride.

Problem is, with today's energy crisis, the man on the right is wasting both fuel and money. Gas prices alone make the trip expensive. And his auto insurance premium is higher than it has to be.

The man on the left has decided to conserve and save. When the gasoline shortage began, he and some neighbors started carpooling to work. So together they consume less gas. That cuts expenses right there. What's more, because each of them drives fewer miles, they save money on their auto insurance as well.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we're doing our best to help you keep your insurance rates affordable. That's why most auto insurers are offering discounts to those individuals who reduce the total number of miles or times they drive to work.

For example, people who normally drive 30 miles to and from work every day can save up to 22% on car insurance premiums just by carpooling. All they have to do is drive to work two days a week instead of five.

People who switch to public transportation to get to work save even more on their premiums—up to 31% in some states. Their car becomes classified "for pleasure use only," a less expensive category.

Here's what we're doing to control costs:

- Offering premium discounts to those who reduce the total number of miles they drive each week to work. Discounts will vary by company, by state and by the type of coverage you have.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute and the National Automobile Theft Bureau.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars and roads safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.

Here's what you can do:

- Cut down on your driving by carpooling or by using public transportation.
- Use your auto seat belt and shoulder harness.
- Talk to your insurance agent or company about ways to lower the cost of your auto insurance coverage.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

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grin on her face, as though to say, I get a nice little kick from teasing that gimp, but fucking is nice, and I love it too).

Paco sweats up a storm trying to wish himself sober, trying to wish himself up and out of his bed and straight to the foot of her bed. He wishes Marty-boy (some skinny primary-education major from a teachers' college just outside of town) to hell and gone. He lies on his back, smelling the starched linen and eau de cologne, the pungent tin-and-tar porch roof and the rank sweetness of their sweat. He stares up at the darkened ceiling and the curled chips of paint that hang down as thick as a shedding winter shag. Then suddenly, abruptly, he remembers Pfc. Randy Gallagher's Bangkok R and R tattoo of a red and black dragon that covered the inside of his forearm from his wrist to his elbow (that tattoo a goddamned work of art, everyone said, a regular fucking masterpiece).

PACO SEES THAT TATTOO, then suddenly, abruptly, remembers the rape of the VC girl, and the dreams he has had of the rape. He winces and squirms, and his whole body jerks, but he cannot choose but to remember. Gallagher's got this girl by the hair. She isn't just any girl, you understand—not some dirt farmer's wife or one of those god-awful ugly camp-following whores; she isn't some poor son of a bitch's tagalong sister pestering people with her whining, and she isn't some rear-rank slick-sleeve private (who doesn't know dismounted, close-order drill from shit and Shinola) who pushes a pencil or wraps field bandages and smiles big and pretty when the Swedish photographers shoot through on the grand tour. No, James, she is as hard a hardcore VC as they come (by the look of the miles on her face). She had ambushed the First Platoon's night Listening Post just shy of first light, shot two of them dead, and the company was hunkered down, wet and sullen, waiting for a medivac helicopter—dust-off we called it—and a couple of body bags. And Gallagher was nibbling from a bar of Hershey's Tropical Chocolate (the color of dogshit) and sipping heavily chlorinated canteen water, watching her squatting on her haunches, wolfing down a C-ration can of ham and eggs some fucking new guy had given her—she wolfed it down with the plastic spoon and her thumb—and finally Gallagher had had enough. He muttered something about only one way to cool out gooks, and the next thing you know, James, he had her by the hair and was hauling her this way and that (the spit bubbles at the corners of his mouth slurring his words) through the company to his brick-and-stucco hooch off to one side of the clearing that's roofless and fucked-up with mortar hits up one side and down the other.

Paco sees wiseacre ("fuck-you-up-boy") Gallagher haul that girl through the night laager by the hair of her head; sees this dude and that dude peel off from their night positions and follow across the hard, bare clay, smacking their lips to a fare-thee-well—there's a bunch of dudes in that company want a piece of *that* gook. Gallagher waltzes her into the room at the side, perhaps a bedroom. The whole time the girl looks at that red and black tattoo out of the corners of her eyes like a fretted, hysterical dog. She can only see the slick-sweated tail curled and twisted and twined this way and that around itself, and the stumpy, lizardlike legs (the long, reddish tongue curls around the snout and head and long curving neck and forelegs, but she cannot see that much because of the way Gallagher has her by the hair).

(Take your hand, James, and reach around to the top of your head, grab as much hair as you can in one hand and yank, then press that arm tight against the side of your head and look over at your arm out of the corners of your eyes. That's as much of Gallagher's arm as the woman sees.)

The hooch is claustrophobic with thick walls and small rooms, and smells like an old wet dog. Gallagher and the others smell sourly of issue mosquito repellent and camouflage stick and marijuana, sopping-wet clothes and jungle rot. The woman smells of jungle funk and cordite—gunpowder, James—and piss.

(If the zip had been a man we would not have bothered with the motherfucker, you understand that, don't you, James? Gallagher, or whoever, would have grabbed that son of a bitch by his whole head of hair—that zip staring at the twined and twisted and curlicued red and black tail of that Bangkok R and R tattoo, knowing it would be the last thing he's likely to get a good clean look at in *this* life. Gallagher would have dragged him over to that hooch, jerking him clean off his feet every other step, snatching his head this way and that for good measure—long, filthy black hairs coming loose in his sweaty hand—Gallagher grumbling through his teeth about the one and only fucking way to put the chill on gooks. We would take him straight around to the side, hold him straight-backed against the beat-to-hell brick-and-stucco wall—his toes wiggling, just touching the ground, James—and that zip's eyes *that* big and his poor little asshole squeezed tighter than a four-inch wad

of double sawbucks. We would pound on that poor cocksucker till his face was ragged, till our arms were tired. "Anybody else want a poke at 'im? Goin' once. Twice. *Three* fucken times." Then someone would hold him while Jonesy pulls out his pearl-handled straight razor just as slow and catlike and quiet as a barber commencing to trim around your ears, James. Jonesy would flick that sucker open with a flashy snap, showing that puffyeyed, bloodyfaced zip four inches of the goddamnedest Swedish steel he's likely to come across, and then just as slow and calm and cool as you would halve a melon, James, Jonesy would slit that zip's throat from nine to three. He wouldn't be cutting him the way he snipped ears; wouldn't cut him the way he whittled booby-trap tripwire stakes for Paco; no, he'd cut him with a slow sweep of the hand and arm the same as reapers sweep those long-handled scythes; that barebacked, bare-armed motion with the sweat popping on their arms and the yellow wheat laid back in thick armfuls. Beautiful and horrible.

The razor cut would bleed horrible abundance, the zip's life gushing from his neck with him watching it, not hardly believing—his face wax-white—bleeding in terrific spurts. It would be as though he'd been garroted, good and proper hard, only the razor cut would hiss and bubble and gurgle the way a garroting simply cannot.

You've got to understand, James, that if the zip had been a man we would have punched on him, then killed him right then and there, and left him for dead.)

So Gallagher is hauling the woman off by the hair and she's looking just as hard as hard can be at that red and black dragon tattoo. And she's naked from the waist up, but nothing much to look at so no one is much looking at her, and she's flailing her arms trying to gouge Gallagher's eyes out, and swinging her legs, trying to kick him in the balls, but Gallagher's doing a pretty good job of blocking her punches and holding her back (was a wrestler, Gallagher was). She's screaming in Viet and no one can understand, but can figure out pretty well, "*Pig*. You *pig*. GI beaucoup number-ten goddamn shit-eating fucking pig. I *spit* on you." Gallagher's dodging and bobbing and weaving, and chuckling, saying, "Sure, Sweet Pea, sure." Gallagher pulls her —arms flailing, legs kicking, screaming that hysterical bullshit at the top of her lungs. And everybody in the whole ballpark knows they aren't going in there to argue who could throw the blandest brush-back pitch—Lyle Walsh or Dub Paterson. Even Lieut. John Ridley Stennett (Dartmouth, 1967) knows for a refreshing fucking change. Good morning to you, Lieutenant!

"No, James, she is as hard a hardcore VC as they come."

THEY TAKE HER right into the side room, and there isn't much of a roof, but there are chunks of tiles and snips of shrapnel and the ass end of some bullshit furniture littered around. You walk on the stone parquet floor of that mortared hooch, James, and the crumbs of red roofing tile and whatnot crunch underfoot, like picture-window glass will grind and snap and squeak underfoot. That hooch is a ruin, James, a regular stone riot of ruin. Gallagher and the girl and Jonesy and Paco and the others stand in the brightening overcast (more like bright, hazy glare) that makes you squint involuntarily, as though you're reading fine print.

Jonesy takes a long stretch of black commo wire and whips a handful of it into the open air. It loops high over the ridge pole and comes down, smacking Paco in the leg. Gallagher and Paco hold the girl down firmly while Jonesy ties her wrists together behind her back, then hauls on that wire the same as if he were hoisting the morning colors, just as crisp and snappy as The Book says. Well, James, she's got to bend over some or dislocate both arms, so she bends over this raw plank table about the size of a kitchen table. The girl is scared shitless, James, and shuddering, glossy and greasy with sweat, and chilly, and she's half tempted to ask them as one human being to another not to rape her, not to kill her, but she doesn't speak English.

There's considerable jostling and arm-punching and jawing back and forth, everyone forming a rough line, so just for that moment Paco gets to stand there and take a good long look. A peasant girl, not more than fourteen, say, or sixteen. And by the look of her back she has worked, *hard*, every day of her life. She's not beefy, though. None of the Viets are big. Isn't their nature most likely, but then sharecropping doesn't tend to turn out strapping, hale and hardy offspring. Ask anyone who knows shit from shit and Shinola about farming and he will tell you that sharecropping is a long, hard way to get down to business and get some. The dumbest dumbshit on the face of this earth, who knows just enough to follow a horse around with a coal shovel, knows that sharecropping sucks; knows you can't spend your time leaning on your hoe handle or the porch pillar and make a living sharing your crop with *yourself*, much less the Man. Who knows, maybe Viets enjoy being thin and frail, gaunt and rickety, rheumy and toothless. May be. They get along well

enough on forty-and-found—what they can grow and what they can find—and it's a long, hard row to hoe, James. Viet sharecroppers eat rice and greens and fishheads, and such as that—whatever they can catch; whatever they can lay their bare hands on.

Jonesy steps up behind the woman, takes out his pearl-handled straight razor with a magician's flourish—acting real gaudy and showy the way he could—and slits her flimsy black pants from the cuffs to the waistband just the same as you'd zip a parka right to your chin. Then he hauls off and hoists her up another notch or two for good measure until her shoulders turn white (clear on the other side of the laager Lieutenant Stennett hears the commo wire squeak). Gallagher steps up behind her, between her feet, unbuttons his fly, and eases his cock out. He leans on her hard, James, rubbing himself up a hard-on, and slips it to her. Then he commences to fuck her, *hard*, with his big meaty hand pressed into the middle of her back.

Gallagher and Jonesy start to grin and want to laugh, and a couple of dudes *do* laugh, because no one in the company has had any pussy for a month of Sundays (except for Lieutenant Stennett, but he hasn't been in this man's army a month of Sundays).

And when Gallagher finishes, Jonesy fucks her, and when Jonesy is done half the fucking company is standing in line and commences to fuck her ragged. The girl bites the inside of her cheek to bite back the rancor. The line of dudes crowds the low and narrow doorway, drinking warm and bitterly sour canteen water and warm beers (they've been saving), smoking cigars and jays, watching one another while they grind the girl into the rubble. Her eyes get bigger than a deer's, and the chunks and slivers of tile and such get ground into her scalp and face, her breasts and stomach, and Jesus-fucking-Christ she's got her nostrils flared and her teeth clenched and her eyes are squinted and tearing from the sheer humiliating grinding pain of it. (Paco can remember feeling her whole body pucker down; can feel her bowels, right here and now, squeezing as tight as if you were wringing out a rag; can see that huge red mark in the middle of her back; can hear her involuntarily snorting and spitting; can see the broad smudge of blood on the table as clear as day; can hear all those dudes walking on all that rubble.) There's dudes still ambling over to the end of the line, coming in the doorway to watch, to call out coaching, taking their turn, hanging around the side of the building, after—some getting back in line again and again.

And clean across the clearing—way the hell on the other side of the laager; way the fuck out in left field on the other side of the moon—Lieutenant Stennett squats on his steel pot with his knees up and his back to the doings in that hooch, making himself a canteen cup of coffee. The dudes at the quiet end of the line hear the feathery hiss of the thumb-sized chunk of C-4 plastic explosive, and the clank of the green bamboo twig he stirs it with, but don't you know, James, they don't pay it so much as a never-you-mind. The lieutenant hears the grinding, raucous laughter behind him; hears that raw-wood table squeak and creak, creeping across the floor, shoved at and shoved at the way you might pound at the edge of a kitchen table with the heels of your hand. If he had a mind to he could glance back over his shoulder and see that line formed and that bit of commo wire looped over the ridge pole. He knows what's what in that hooch all right, all right—he may be a fool, James, but he ain't a *stone* fool. He works his shoulders, trying to work that damp, raw-boned and rainy sweaty feeling of sleep out of his shoulders. He keeps his back bent and his head slumped, tending his hissing little C-4 fire, stirring the caked and lumpy thousand-year-old C-ration instant coffee furiously with a knotted bamboo stick until you would think he was going to wear a hole in it, if you didn't know any better. Well, good morning to you, Lieutenant! Is the coffee fried?

AND WHEN EVERYONE has had as many turns as he wants (Paco fascinated by the huge red welt in the middle of her back), as many turns as he can stand, Gallagher takes the girl out behind that bullshit brick-and-stucco hooch, yanking her this way and that by her whole head of hair (that afternoon we notice long black hairs on the back of his arm). He's holding her the way you'd grab some shrimpy little fucker by the throat—mother-fuck-you-up street-mean and businesslike—and he slams her against the wall and hoists her up until her gnarled toes barely touch the ground. But the woman doesn't much fucking care, James. She's bloody up one side and down the other, as though someone had taken a handful of splinters and whatnot and smeared and ground them into her scalp and face and chest, and such as that. There's spit and snot and blood and drool all over her, and she's pissed herself. Her eyes have that dead stare to them, and she doesn't seem to know what's happening anymore. Gallagher slips his .357 Magnum out of its holster and touches her deftly just under the breastbone and says, "Who's it?

Who's it?" just like tag, in a clear resonant voice, and jerks her once and her eyes snap. "She is, Jack."

Then he lays the muzzle to her forehead, between her eyebrows. He holds her up by the hair and works his fingers on the pistol grip, not to fuck with her more, but simply to get the best grip (a .357 isn't a metal-shop, hand-crank zip gun, James). The girl's glaring eyes watch the red and black tattoo of the dragon, and she's near enough to his hand to purse her lips and kiss the knuckles. And then in the middle of all this—dudes grab-assing and fooling around—he squeezes off the round. Boom.

The pistol bucks, and Gallagher's whole body shimmers. Some of the fucking new guys flinch, and Lieutenant Stennett positively jerks his arms and splashes himself with scalding water. Smoke rises from the pistol and his hand in a cloud; in wisps. If you had been listening close, you would have heard the ring of metal on metal, the same way you can hear a 105 howitzer ring with a *tang* sound; that sound the same as if you whacked a thirty-foot I-beam with a ten-pound ball peen—a sound you feel in every bone in your body from the marrow out.

With her head so close against the hooch we hear the simultaneous shot and clack and clatter of bone chips against the brick and stucco. The slug and the hard, splintered chips of brick ricochet and strike her in the meatiest part of her back, between the shoulder blades. She is dead in that instant (and I mean *stone* dead, James), and just that quick there is blood all over everything and everyone, and splinters of bone and brick stuck in our clothes and the bare skin of our arms and chests and faces. The girl's body lies in its own abundant blood; her hands and fingers flutter the same as a dog's when it dreams.

Paco remembers the spray of blood and brick and bone chips on Gallagher and Jonesy, and everyone, as thick as freckles, and it sparkles. He remembers that quick tingling itch of the spray like a mist of rain through a porch screen. He remembers the brown blood stains down the front of his trousers for days afterward. He remembers Gallagher turning to us, and us making a path when he walked away, and hearing him say loud as if we were in an auditorium (the timbre and resonance of his voice reverberating superbly), "That's how you cool out gooks."

Most of us shake out of our reverie and walk away, too, but some of us stay, staring down at the bloody thighs, the filthy bottoms of her feet, the slumped head, and her flat, mannish face—that is both counting coup, in a way, and dumb, dull, and curious fascination. The whole expression of her face is drawn to the dry, drooping lips. We look at her and at ourselves, drawing breath again and again, knowing that this is a moment of evil, that we will never live the same. (It has even begun to dawn on Lieutenant Stennett, the English major from Dartmouth, who's been sitting, pucker-assed, on the other side of the laager with his back as round and smooth as a black beach pebble, minding his p's and q's like there was no tomorrow, still stirring his coffee.)

Soon enough we hear the thack thack thack, thomp thomp thomp, whap whap whap of the Huey dust-off chopper. It circles once around the laager, then comes upwind and lands. One by one we back away from the girl and the hooch, and go help load the body bags. By that time the girl—whatever her name was—is still. When the dust-off is loaded, it rises and is gone. Lieutenant Stennett gets the word to hit the road. We saddle our rucksacks and turn away from that hooch and leave that place, and never go back. Perhaps the girl's body was found later, and buried, but we would never know.

Paco sprawls spread-eagle in his bed in his one-room room, itchy hot and stinking drunk, thinking about Gallagher's tattoo and the girl, and the rape, and that look the dust-off medics gave us.

Cathy and Marty-boy are still fucking up a storm an arm's reach away, Cathy sighing contentedly, and Paco's cock is iron hard, and his groin aches. His knees and scars, and such, ache and throb. He knows he's not going to get any sleep this night (it isn't the first and it won't be the last, but not because of the heat).

And he's lying on his bed listening to Cathy finish ("Oh, Marty-boy, that was just super!"), and he cannot help his hard-on. The air is oppressively hot, squeeze you down hot and muggy and stifling. There is nothing to do for it but lie still; it is too much for anything else. Marty-boy hustles into his pants. The loose change jangles in his pockets, his keys rattle. He buckles his belt and ties his sneakers, all the while looking at Cathy lazily rolling and curling this way and that on her bed, cuddling herself. Paco hears Marty-boy pull her door open, step gingerly down the stairway, lay the screen door delicately back in its jamb, and leave. He listens to Cathy loll on her bed, murmuring. Paco lies on *his* bed with his eyes closed but perfectly awake, daydreaming, brushing the fuzzy wallpaper with the back of his hand, waiting for first light, the coolest part of the day. □

"Smoke rises from the pistol and his hand in a cloud; in wisps."

A WINTER DAYBREAK ABOVE VENCE

The night's drifts
Pile up below me and behind my back,
Slide down the hill, rise again, and build
Eerie little dunes on the roof of the house.
In the valley below me,
Miles between me and the town of Ste. Jeannet,
The road lamps glow.
They are so cold, they might as well be dark.
Trucks and cars
Cough and drone down there between the golden
Coffins of greenhouses, the startled squawk
Of a rooster claws heavily across
A grove, and drowns.
The gumming snarl of some grouchy dog sounds,
And a man bitterly shifts his broken gears.
True night still hangs on,
Mist cluttered with a racket of its own.

Now on the mountainside,
A little way downhill among turning rocks,
A square takes form in the side of a dim wall.
I hear a bucket rattle or something, tinny,
No other stirring behind the dim face
Of the goatherd's house. I imagine
His goats are still sleeping, dreaming
Of the fresh roses
Beyond the walls of the greenhouse below them
And of lettuce leaves opening in Tunisia.

I turn, and somehow
Impossibly hovering in the air over everything,
The Mediterranean, nearer to the moon
Than this mountain is,
Shines. A voice clearly
Tells me to snap out of it. Galway
Mutters out of the house and up the stone stairs
To start the motor. The moon and the stars
Suddenly flicker out, and the whole mountain
Appears, pale as a shell.

Look, the sea has not fallen and broken
Our heads. How can I feel so warm
Here in the dead center of January? I can
Scarcely believe it, and yet I have to, this is
The only life I have. I get up from the stone.
My body mumbles something unseemly
And follows me. Now we are all sitting here strangely
On top of the sunlight.

CHILBLAIN

My uncle Willy with his long lecherous face
Once told me wisely:
Over in France in them cathouses
In the big war,
They used to sell a salve,
That you squeezed on the inside
Of your forefinger knuckle,
And it spread all over.
Sure, it didn't cure chilblain.
But it stung so bad it took
Your mind off your troubles.

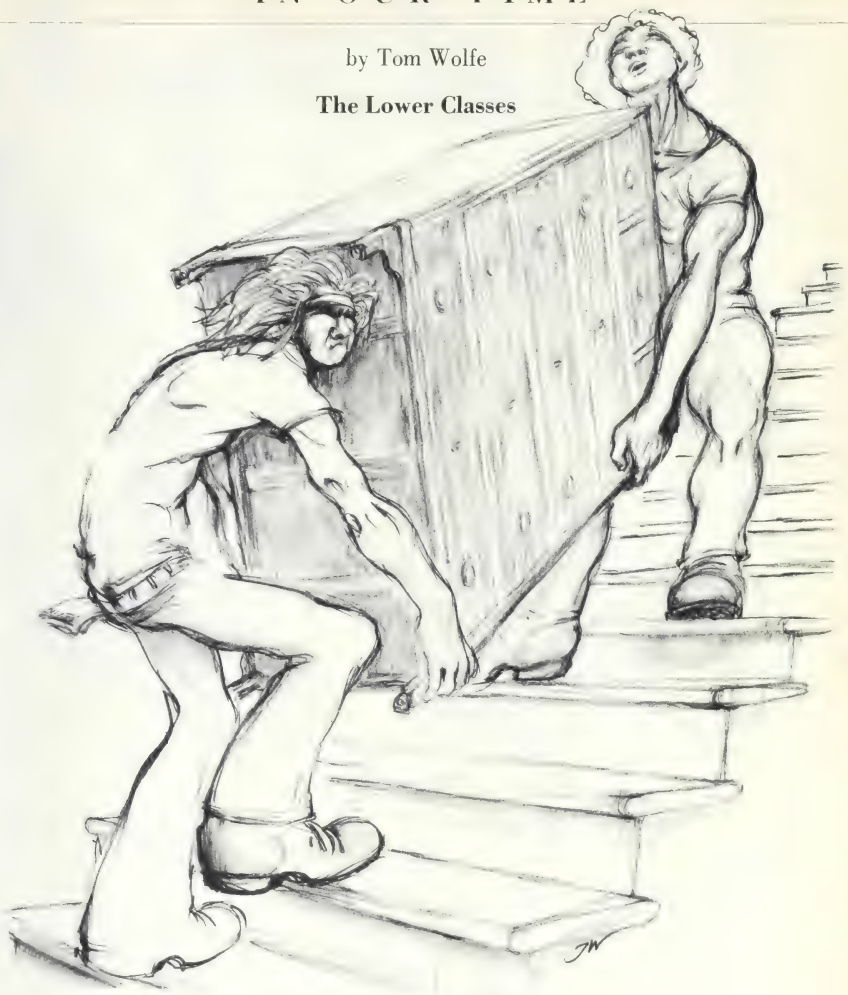
He snickered darkly, without sound,
The proud man's wisdom.

Willy the liar is buried in Colrain,
And every time in dreams I see him there
The violets and snowflakes run
Together, till all June
Earth smokes like slag.
Violets and snowflakes gather, gather
In a mock caress,
And Willy's stone clenches shut like
a young man's hand
Frightened of France and winter.
Before I wake, the stone remembers
Where it is, where Ohio is,
Where violets last only a little.
Mill-smoke kills them halfway through Spring,
And chilblain still stings
In June when earth smokes like slag.

by James Wright

by Tom Wolfe

The Lower Classes



No. 2: Victims of Inflation

"So I go to the place and I tell the guy I want four of those captain's swivel seats for my van, in leather, to go with the lounge banquette underneath the thermo bay in back, and you know what he tells me? One-half down, 20 percent interest on the balance for two years on a five-year payout basis with a $750 balloon payment at the end!"

"I hear you. This dude who's giving my wife flying lessons, he says he's gonna start charging $35 an hour. I told him he can fly that one right up the freaking pipe!"

CORRESPONDENCES

Making connections on the Grand Tour

by John P. Sisk

HOME FROM OUR Grand Tour and recovered from jet lag, my wife and I saw that in the interval the world had continued to deconstruct toward the ultimate entropy, and that morale, especially in the United States, had continued to deteriorate. Everyone agreed with the President that we were experiencing a grave crisis of confidence. In a lecture at Harvard, Patricia Harris, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, blamed our low morale on the intellectuals' lack of nerve and their failure to find and articulate a national purpose—a failure compounded by the public's unrealistic insistence that government officials assume the superstar status of movie idols in the '30s and '40s. In much the same vein, and using the recent death of John Wayne as his springboard, *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker saw a clear connection between our present lassitude and our inability to distinguish between political realities and Hollywood-nurtured illusions.

We were staying in Bloomsbury—itself the locus of many failed illusions—when John Wayne's death was announced on placards at all newsstands and with front-page headlines in all newspapers. The world was full of news that day to jar our high morale: letter bombs in the north of England, aftershocks of the DC-10 crash at Chicago, violence at the gas pumps in America, civil war in Nicaragua, the agonies of the boat people in the South China Sea, the murder trial of British parliamentarian Jeremy Thorpe, business as usual with the Red Brigades in Italy and the IRA in Northern Ireland, the threat of a strike by the London Underground employees, inflation rampant everywhere. Wayne's death overwhelmed it all.

Wayne died as the traditional hero should: in effect with his boots on, in high morale, fighting his adversary, cancer, to the end. Indeed, there seemed to be almost universal agreement that the image of the traditional hero was the only one appropriate for him. *Newsweek* referred to his life as a saga. The actress Louise Brooks remembered thinking, when she saw Wayne for the first time, "This is no actor but the hero of all mythology."

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There were dissenters, of course—native skeptics for whom the true hero is the uncompromising exposer of all heroics—but on the whole it was as if El Cid had slain his last Saracen and passed on to glory. And as with El Cid, the distinction between historical person and legendary role was not considered relevant.

WHO IS the true hero? In Carlyle's house in Chelsea I saw a copy of *On Heroes and Hero-Worship* in a bookcase and wondered what Carlyle would have thought of Wayne. To Carlyle, for whom Napoleon was the last great man, the hero is inspired and inspiring, sincere, "a voice direct from Nature's own heart," and therefore in touch with truth. It may not be easy for an age to find the hero it needs to save it from ruin, but when he is found he must be reverenced with "an obedience that knows no bounds." I have an uneasy feeling that for most readers today Carlyle points more toward Jim Jones and Jonestown than toward John Wayne. Certainly Jones tried something on the grand scale and in the process commanded an obedience that knew no bounds, and Carlyle, I suspect, would have given him some credit for that. Wayne, on the other hand, was a Hollywood creation and thus, by Carlyle's lights, a prisoner of the mere outer shows of existence. Besides, democratic America, "a place sunk deep in cant, twaddle, and hollow traditionality," is not the soil out of which Carlyle expected heroes to grow.

Emerson was often at Carlyle House during his Grand Tour. His own series of lectures on heroes, *Representative Men*, had recently been delivered, so the two had the subject in common.

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Carlyle recognized Emerson as a spiritual son "in a good degree, but gone into philanthropy and other moonshine." What Carlyle identified as moonshine would, I suspect, have made it possible for Emerson to see something heroic in Wayne; at the same time, the Yankee skepticism that made him wary of Brook Farm would probably have alerted him to the moonshine in Jim Jones. But there is something else in Emerson that helps us understand the appeal of Wayne and all heroes, and that is Emerson's total commitment to "the beautiful and heartwarming doctrine of correspondences." The power of the hero to command reverence and obedience depends on his capacity to embody an image in which the potentially contradictory or threateningly anarchic has been brought into a state of harmonious correspondence. Like the figures in the Dewar's Scotch advertisements, like Emerson himself, the hero has got his head and his act together.

If, as Carlyle says, it is hard for an age to find the hero it needs, Wayne (and Jones as well) had the good fortune to live in an age so wracked with discordances that his fans were practically driven into his arms. Whether he himself saw the discrepancy between the illusion and reality, whether he, in fact, lied to himself, is another matter.

Not that popular images of correspondence are in short supply to the American abroad, who can find everywhere morale-supporting continuities with home. There is disco dancing in Paris, London, and Dublin, and the dancers, at least while they are dancing, seem blessedly beyond all contradiction—indeed, beyond all sense of their troublesome separate selves. McDonald's hamburgers, Colonel Sanders' fried chicken, Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, and American-style jeans do the work that translation does; like the Rosetta Stone, which we saw in the British Museum the day John Wayne died, they close the gap between languages and assert themselves as symbolic forces that will save the times from ruin.

On the Left Bank there are nearly as many places to buy hot dogs as there are art galleries. In Paris and London the young clutch and nuzzle one another with the same unawareness of the discordant world around them as they have in America. In Paris lovers meet clandestinely in the famous Père-Lachaise cemetery, and there in the presence of the glamorous dead move in rapport with ancient celestial harmonies, just as lovers did 500 years ago in the Cemetery of the Innocents. Apart from one another, they leave notes in the crevices of the monument of Frédéric Chopin, with whom, before he became a monument, Emerson had dinner in London. Lovers are even better at conveying a sense that all is well with the world than the omnipresent transcendental meditators, whose appetite for correspondence had been fed in Paris by Baba Ram Dass's lecture on TM and allied subjects shortly before we arrived.

EVERYWHERE THERE are joggers: along the Seine, along the Thames, along the Liffey, in the Bois de Boulogne, in Hyde Park, in Stephen's Green. Every morning a rangy, handsome man, beautifully decked out in blue and white, jogged by our hotel on rue Jacob, turned down rue Bonaparte, and came back on rue Visconti, passing the house where Racine died—unheroically, Carlyle believed, simply because Louis XIV had once looked sternly on him. The Irish seem to jog less than the English (it may have something to do with the Reformation), but still they jog. Outside of Kildare (to Carlyle, a wretched, wild village) we saw a young man come over the crest of a jewel-green pasture and lope along gracefully among the grazing sheep—a scene so overwhelming in its pastoral simplicity that it lingered in our imaginations like a harbinger of universal peace.

Joggers are in a state of correspondence and in touch with larger harmonies. There is something of the hero's concentration and dedication in them, something of the discipline of the fundamentalist Christian that makes President Carter the inevitable jogger. Up hill and down dale they go, in fair weather or foul, with the hero's unshakable morale, as if dedicated to keeping not simply themselves but the times from ruin.

But the best of all images of correspondence are the European subways, and especially the wonderful Paris Métro, in which the points of connection that integrate the system are called *correspondances*. The subway system of Paris and London (perhaps one should add the Paris sewers) model a state of unity-in-complexity that mocks the demoralizing incapacity of human beings to achieve something approaching it on a moral, social, or political level. In some ways the Métro is better than jogging, better than love, better even than the heroic version of Wayne himself, as a vision of clarity and coherence. Perhaps this is why it can be so unnerving when, as sometimes happens in London, a rush-hour train stops inexplicably between stations. In the almost unbearable dead silence what does one hear if not the whispering of an ultimate chaos that the correspondent system had so effectively muffled?

Emerson in his transcendental fashion would have spun allegories out of all this, as he would have with the pigeon that hopped aboard our car at one of the open-air stops on the Circle Line subway in London. Unconcerned with the passengers who stepped delicately around him, he gobbled up the edible debris on the floor. He was still there gorging himself when we got off at Notting Hill Gate. We imagined him continuing his own Grand Tour: High Street Kensington, Gloucester Road, South Kensington, Sloan Square, Victoria Station, the Embankment, perhaps hopping off finally at Tower Hill, crop full and in high morale in a new pigeon world. The ideal tourist, he traveled light and lived off the land; the very model of Emersonian self-reliance, he was immediately at home in all social climates.

UNLESS like the French critic and novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet you believe that all metaphors are lies, the pigeon is one kind of correspondent hero. But so is Charlie the Revlon girl, beaming from the pages of American women's magazines. We met her British cousin in a copy of *Charlie News*, a four-page tabloid someone had left in our compartment on the train from Bath to London. Charlie, according to the banner headline, is LOOKING GOOD —FEELING GREAT. She is svelte, outgoing, vibrantly alive, and, like the women in the Virginia Slims ads, has her head and act gloriously together.

A few centuries ago Beau Nash would have been happy to have her in his Pump Room at Bath. She is optimistic, enthusiastic, and involved in a range of activities "from makeup to tennis matches to disco fever and everything in between." Her theory about energy, that the best way to get more of it is to spend what you already have, might startle Barry Commoner, but she has apparently proved it out on her own pulse. Marching into the 1980s, she's 'got her sights set on her looks and her lifestyle." There are Charlies everywhere from Melbourne to Munich; anointed with Concentrated Eau de Cologne and Concentrated Perfume Spray, glowing with Fresh Eye Color reinforced with the new Soft Smudge for a bit of mystery, they "seem to be the phenomenal wave of the future."

Obviously, the future implied by Charlie would no more inspire the dyspeptic Carlyle than it would Hamlet. 'Now get you to my lady's chamber," he latter says with Yorick's skull in his hands, "and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come." Nevertheless, Charlie, like the image of the correspondent Métro system and the heroic image of John Wayne, helps us keep this bit of bad news in the back corners of our mind. Sid Vicious, like those early seventeenth-century Puritans who in their pious rage smashed holy-water fonts and stained-glass windows at Canterbury, was an anticosmetic force in the world. Indeed, as some *Rolling Stone* readers are willing to believe of him and his fellow Sex Pistols, he was a heroically intransigent attack on bourgeois corruption. Now he keeps company with Yorick's skull. Meanwhile, Charlie is still looking good and feeling great. I thought of her on the flight home as I read "How to Recognize and Enjoy the Real You" by Shirley Conran in the British *Cosmopolitan*. After some bad times, Conran had finally gotten her head and act together and was anxious to pass on this advice from her psychiatrist: "In moments of doubt try repeating to yourself this phrase: 'You're not crazy. They are.' " It's hard to imagine Charlie suffering moments of doubt, but if she ever does, this is the sort of thing she would say.

Still, the news gets through even to the temporarily abstracted tourist: things are bad all over. Perhaps they were never really good. As Voltaire told Boswell on his Grand Tour, "Nothing is perfect in this damned world." Sufficient for the time is the corruption thereof. Few of us can take comfort from the knowledge that there has always been available a perspective in which the devil is having a field day. As with Watergate or Jonestown, it is always fresh and overwhelming news.

The tourist who had Emerson's habit of seeking out figural correspondences but lacked his optimism could see the physical equivalents of moral decay everywhere. The public toilets at the Chartres railroad station are like the doorways to hell. In his notes for *Dubliners* Joyce wrote: "Paris—a lamp for lovers hung in the wood of the world," but it would take Hercules longer to clean the offal and discarded Métro tickets off its streets than it took him to cleanse the Augean stables. The Seine, the Thames, and the Liffey smell bad. In London the whiskey is cut to seventy proof; mendicant rock

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Reflections on History

By Jacob Burckhardt

Jacob Burckhardt, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian and humanist, was a friend of liberty and a skeptic of power. He foresaw the coming of collectivism, and Nietzsche found in Burckhardt an historian who "was not dominated by the general whims and dared to see things realistically." First translated into English in 1943, *Reflections on History* was previously published in the United States under the title *Force and Freedom*. With an introduction by Gottfried Dietze. "No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately" —Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Nation*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

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bands assault your ears in the passageways of the Underground; the station platforms smell of coal smoke, and the approaching train, driving its hollow grinding roar ahead of it through the tunnel, portends an ominous future; drunks fight on the esplanade in front of Westminster Cathedral; the sweating hordes on Oxford Street suggest that the human race in its desperate scramble for subsistence is about to overwhelm itself; teenagers break into Highgate Cemetery, sacred to the memory of Karl Marx, for their midnight orgies. In Dublin someone is always on strike (the Postal Services and McDonald's were the most conspicuous targets while we were there); the heart of the city is unbelievably littered (signs everywhere: "Keep Dublin tidy"); beggar women with children trained in solicitation accost you boldly (one of them is apprehended with £80 on her person); rampaging teenagers push over headstones in Glasnevin Cemetery, where in Joyce's *Ulysses* Paddy Dignam is buried; and the whiskey is still cut to seventy proof.

Wordsworth, whom Emerson visited on his Grand Tour, believed that Carlyle was sometimes insane and generally "a pest of the English tongue," but agreed with him that the times were sad. "Sin, sin is what he fears," Emerson wrote afterward in his journal. One of the most vigorous passages in *The Prelude* is a description of St. Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield, London, a combination of bazaar, country fair, and freak show—a spectacle of discord that lays "the whole creative powers of man asleep." How would Wordsworth have reacted to the Clignancourt flea market in Paris or the Portobello Road flea market in London—or for that matter to the getting-and-spending hordes on the Champs Elysées, Oxford Street, or O'Connell Street? What is each of these if not an image of "blank confusion! true epitome/Of what the mighty City is herself" if one is predisposed, as so many romantics and Americans are, to measure the world against expectations of pastoral simplicity?

Charlie would fare badly in such a Wordsworthian perspective. Being a lady of bright surfaces and boundless self-generating energy, she is at home in the city—as was Dr. Johnson, if for somewhat different reasons. The Portobello flea market would no more demoralize her than the Champs Elysées, both of which would be moving her phenomenal wave of the future. But Wayne, connected as he is with the pastoral of the American West and the legend of the cowboy, would be on Wordsworth's side. The city is bad news for the cowboy hero: it fences in his spirit and demoralizes him. He prefers the open range for the same reason that Emerson preferred Concord to Boston: in the clutter and bustle of the bourgeois metropolis he loses his correspondences. Our attraction to him is an expression of that ambivalence about the city on which the legend of John Wayne feeds.

And so to the Martello Tower at Sandycove, where James Joyce lived in 1904 with Oliver St. John Gogarty and Samuel Trench. This was the edifice that was in time to figure in the first chapter of *Ulysses,* and that is now as sacred a place for literary intellectuals as Marx's monument in Highgate Cemetery is for socialist intellectuals. Joyce's tower connects with Carlyle's last hero, having been built by the British in 1803 as part of defense measures against a threatened Napoleonic invasion; it is therefore a proper place to speculate about heroes. We went there the day after Bloomsday, which we had celebrated by once again seeing the film *Ulysses.* We stood on the parapet at the point where, we imagined, Buck Mulligan, in the most appropriate possible beginning for a modernist masterwork, parodies the beginning of the Catholic mass as he prepares to shave.

According to Joyce's authorized biographer, Herbert Gorman, the spirit of Ireland "rose like a stone wall between Joyce and the esthetic freedom that he demanded, . . . seeking to stifle his independent will, striving to force him into a conformity that was an abnegation of himself, endeavoring to net his soaring impulses with the traditions of years and the authority of the masses." From this "slave civilization" he found his freedom in flight "into the spiritual domain whose air he had to breathe if he was to live. . . . He did not want to live for Ireland (as Ireland was); he wanted Ireland to live for him (as its mythic substance was pictured in his mind)."

Gorman's worshipful solemnities (e actly the sort of overblown langua that Joyce effectively parodies *Ulysses*) not only reminds one of Shi ley Conran's discovery and enjoyme of the Real You, but helps one se forty years after its publication, th there is a clear line of developme from modernism to the human-pote tial movement. Gorman could hav written a biography of Baba Ram Da or Charlie without shifting gears.

But Gorman helps one see, too, th connection between Joyce and Joh Wayne. Both represent an elite chosen light-bearers versus the mi ions of the force of darkness. For both it is always a shoot-out at high noo with no quarter given or expected This is why in their sublime egotism (which they share with Charlie) the can assume that what is good for them is good for the culture.

Would Emerson hav placed Joyce alongsid Goethe as the writer hero? "Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul unbelief, in denying them," he writes in *Representative Men,* as if looking ahead to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* Certainly he would have recognized that Joyce was like al great writers in that he draws "his rents from rage and pain," that by "acting rashly, he buys the power o talking wisely," that his "first act which was to be an experiment, be comes a sacrament," and that in his work "the past and present ages, and their religions, politics and modes of thinking, are dissolved into archetypes and ideas."

And what of Carlyle, who expected as little from the Irish as from dem ocratic America? Would he have ranked Joyce along with Samuel John son and Robert Burns among the Priesthood of the Writers of Books? Most likely he would have noted that Joyce, unlike Johnson, had not put out of his heart "pride, vanity, ill-condi tioned egotism of all sorts," so that he belonged with those writers who are themselves "the summary of all other disorganizations." He would probably have seen in Joyce, as in modernism generally, a repetition of that eigh teenth-century skepticism that was un remittingly hostile to all gods and he

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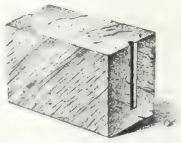
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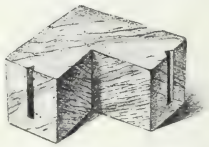
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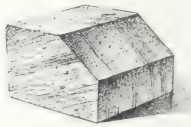
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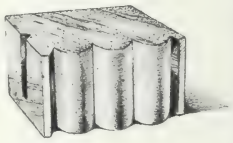
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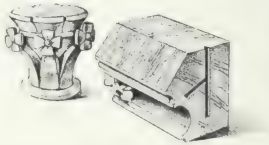
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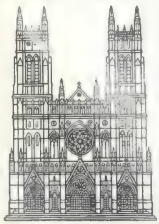
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roes ("Heroes have gone out; Quacks have come in"). Emerson would have agreed with him here. True, in his lecture on Montaigne he had good things to say about skepticism, but he was talking about a creative skepticism that, though it open abyss under abyss and displace opinion by opinion, is still grounded on transcendental certainties and has no doubt of an Eternal Cause. Positive skepticism is compatible with writing bibles "to unite again the heavens and the earthly world." It is not likely that Emerson would have seen such a spirit of concordance at work in Joyce.

With skepticism in mind, one is inclined to look eastward from the Martello Tower across the wild Irish Sea to Highgate Cemetery and Karl Marx, a man who had close affinities with the modernists. His heroic features on top of the huge monument suggest that he could have co-starred with John Wayne at any time. "Workers of all lands unite" is lettered across the top of the monument, expressing as an imperative the ancient dream of a final correspondence. Below the memorial plaque there is this famous quotation: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways. The point however is to change it."

According to Gorman, Joyce got no further into *Das Kapital* than the first sentence, which he thought absurd. Perhaps he made this point to Lenin if, as has been suggested, the two actually did meet in a Zurich cafe not long before the latter traveled in his sealed train to the Finland Station. Still, both Joyce and Marx aspired to an order beyond interpretation, beyond mere point of view and ideology, beyond politics and history and out of time. In Marx's grand vision the state would have withered away and political science would be over; similarly, with *Ulysses* Joyce attempted, as the critic Eugene Goodheart puts it, "to realize Mallarmé's ambition to put the whole world between the covers of a book and make subsequent literature unnecessary, by exhausting all the possibilities of representation and expression." The effort to achieve this degree of finality, in which all competing voices and perspectives are excluded, is, as we know, a characteristic of totalitarianism. And there is indeed a kind of totalitarianism in modernism. Hitler and Jim Jones

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wished to create societies as self-contained and resistant to hostile and demoralizing points of view as the masterworks of Joyce, Pound, and Proust.

Totalitarianism, whether aesthetic or social, is utterly hostile to established religions, which ask the individual to acknowledge perspectives and realities that transcend art and the dialectical operations of the material world. For Marx, "the abolition of religion, as the illusory happiness of men, is a demand for their real happiness." Joyce abjures Catholicism, even at the cost of refusing to give comfort to his dying mother, not because there is no way of reconciling the aesthetic and religious impulses, but because the artist, as Joyce conceives him, the modernist way, is himself a priest in a counter-religion. Just as Marxism depends on a bourgeois middle class that will stand fast and play its assigned role in the dialectic drama, so the modernist artist needs not a religion that will adapt itself to his needs but one that will stand fast so that he can forge himself against it.

In *The Communist Manifesto* Marx, observing the inevitable consequences of capitalism in society, writes: "All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned. . . ." In the transgressive, demystifying, revisionary, and desacralizing atmosphere of modernism there is even less room for the hero than there was in Carlyle's skeptical eighteenth century. The modernist skeptic makes room only for the artist hero, who is known by his capacity to reveal the fraudulence of all other pretenders to heroism—and sometimes even, as modernism gives way to post-modernism, to reveal his own fraudulence.

Or put it this way: all true revisions are expected to be downward. Indeed, one perennial theme of the Grand Tour is the discovery of illusion. Boswell on his way home, for instance, had not only learned to scale down his naive estimation of Rousseau but even managed, between Paris and Dover, to make love thirteen times to the latter's mistress, Thérèse Le Vasseur. Meanwhile, Charlie the Revlon girl falls victim to the same revisionary spirit in such exposé novels about the cosmetic industry as Peter Engel's *High Gloss* and Anne Maybury's *Radiance*, which promise to probe beneath the fraudulently alluring facade of beautiful faces and elegant possessions to reveal beauty's backside. The compulsion that melts Charlie into air can melt not only John Wayne but Joyce and Marx as well. Then, unless we have managed to achieve the cool autonomy of the Circle Line pigeon, or at least the narcissistic self-assurance of Shirley Conran, there may be nothing left for us in a world of cosmetic fictions but jogging.

SUCH DIRE POSSIBILITIES were apparently very much on Patricia Harris's mind at Harvard when she traced our low morale to the failure of the intellectuals to find and articulate a national purpose. But the problem for intellectuals is that the deracinating ethos of the Martello Tower has possessed the intellectuals so long now that their inclination is to look with suspicion on any enterprise that promises to raise morale. True, since the Enlightenment it has always been possible to bewitch some intellectuals with utopian visions of an absolutely correspondent society, but the bewitchment has generally resulted in disconcerting oversimplifications of political realities. Joyce apparently looked on World War II as a conspiracy to keep people from reading *Finnegans Wake*. Such a mystification of literature cannot survive the demystifications of modernism: and ironically, it is usually the artist himself who is most horrified to discover that he has committed himself to a god that has failed.

The patterns and symbols of the intellectuals' radical folk mythology have not only been passed on to those whose outlook is shaped by intellectuals but have been co-opted quite profitably by the bourgeois order they were initially designed to oppose. The conventions of modernism—particularly the degradation of established pieties and the Joycean conviction that all human institutions are conspiracies against the integrity of the individual—long ago became our identifying social knee jerks, so that the Martello Tower is now a better metaphor of Babel than of liberation.

Such an environment is not one in which heroes are nurtured. What is nurtured is the habit of skeptical scrutiny that makes it unlikely that the necessary heroes will appear, or will be distinguishable from frauds and menaces when they do appear. No doubt John Wayne was able to get his Congressional medal and Jim Jones was able to lure his followers into their hellish utopia in part because a lot of people were tired of not having someone around who at least looked like a hero. But such success as they had was even more the consequence of the absence of real heroes to measure them against. From the Martello Tower all heroes are equal and therefore all dangerous. The elevation encourages a perspective in which it is hard to tell John Wayne from Sid Vicious, or from that Serbian hijacker who, keeping his own high-noon appointment, insisted on being flown to Shannon and thereby so fouled up the Aer Lingus schedules that we were four hours late getting into Chicago. At such moments one is inclined to agree with the playwright Robert Bolt that what the age needs is not the boat-rocking, epoch-making hero "but a full crew of moderate men."

GRIM THOUGHTS in a grim world. Nevertheless, it was westward-ho from O'Hare in high morale on the last leg of our Grand Tour: the Black Hills, the Badlands, the Rockies, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Tetons, the Craters of the Moon, Hell's Canyon—the fabulous playgrounds of the correspondent Western hero. Our pilot, a New World man brimming with Emersonian optimism and clearly no more bothered by Carlyle's skepticism than by the graffiti on beauty's backside, chattered like a tour guide and tipped us to port and starboard so that everyone could see everything, as if he could not tolerate the idea that any one of his charges should fail to experience his own joy with the wonderful country. I remembered John Wayne again as we soared over the austere and tortuous Snake River canyons. I thought kindly of him then, and kindly of Charlie and the Kildare jogger and Baba Ram Dass and Boswell and Emerson and Carlyle and Karl Marx. Peace to them all, and peace to that contrary and troubled man, James Joyce, who, it always pleased his wife to think, was buried so close to the Zurich Zoo that he could hear the lions roar. □

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY BUG

Adventures in solipsism

by Morris Dickstein

ONCE UPON A TIME there were books—solid, palpable—and then there were authors, shadowy figures who loomed vaguely in the background and took a momentary bow on the dust jacket. Stories were stories: whatever the personal passion that went into them, they had a life of their own. A writer might occasionally give an interview, a public reading, or, late in life, with tactful reserve, perpetrate an autobiography. In rare cases, as with Dickens, Twain, Zola, or H.G. Wells, the writer's activities outside of fiction, or simply the popularity of his work, might make him a public figure. But apart from the notoriety of writers like Byron or George Sand, which was part of their material, it was unusual for a writer to trade on his "image" within his work. The flavor of scandal might sell many copies of a *roman à clef,* but serious authors guarded their privacy and scorned the general appetite for gossip.

As late as the 1950s, when newspapers, radio, and television made some writers well-known, and film versions of their books even made them celebrities, the line between life and art remained sharply drawn. The novelist might appear in slippers on "Person to Person," but as a storyteller he was expected to practice his craft, to invent characters and plots, to dramatize scenes, to make things up. The mystique of "creative writing" hung like a soft, low fog over literature courses and short-story workshops. Poems and novels were intimidating—as fragile and special as porcelain, as magical as incantations—and only the precious few who had received the call to Art could learn to compose them.

But this elite point of view could never fully explain a form as impure as the novel. Even the most highbrow Jamesian fiction couldn't fully shake off the traces of travel literature, memoirs, history writing, journalism, fairy tales, romances, popular melodrama, and other kinds of prose out of which that bastard genre was born. Besides, for all the importance of craft and invention, no other art but figurative painting put so much stress on verisimilitude. Where painters might get by on a keen eye, an exacting sense of line, and a fine palette, the verbal medium demanded a range of feeling, a psychological insight, that the writer could elicit only from his experience. There might be child prodigies in math, chess, science, or music, but never in fiction. Many novels are disguised autobiography, first novels painfully so; in the Fifties, because of the mystique of craft, the devious fictional disguises could be tedious and transparent, a waste of effort. The prose too could become mannered and literary, as a defense against painful feelings and burning memories. In such a formalist period, what was gained in art was lost in immediacy, what was gained in form was often lost in feeling.



With the appearance of books like Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* and Norman Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* in 1959, American poetry and prose broke out of this aesthetic confinement and became more directly autobiographical. A new openness and flexibility of form prevailed, along with a new colloquialism of language, and as the Sixties unfolded, the lines between different kinds of writing—and between art and life—grew blurred. With *In Cold Blood* Truman Capote claimed to have invented the "nonfiction novel"; Mailer in *The Armies of the Night* breached the barrier between the novel and history; Tom Wolfe imported garish fictional techniques into his journalism; for their first books Frank Conroy and Frederick Exley set a pattern by writing novelistic autobiographies instead of autobiographical novels; Philip Roth in *Portnoy's Complaint* developed a cross between a novel and

Morris Dickstein teaches literature and film at Queens College, City University of New York. He is the author of Gates of Eden *(Basic Books).*

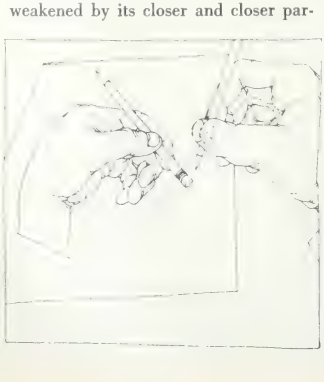
a vaudeville *shtick;* and Borges by example taught a generation to write stories that looked more like essays and sketches than fictional narratives.

A new critical respect developed for true American originals like S.J. Perelman, who had always ignored the rigid demarcations of the short story. The great god Form was dead and everything was permitted: what happened over breakfast yesterday was a story, the fall of the Roman Empire was a story (if told with brevity and irony). The spirit of democracy was in the air: everyone had tales to tell. The priestly hush, the odor of incense and ritual that attended the idea of art in the Fifties, was dispelled. More people were writing poetry than reading it. Progressive education reaped the whirlwind: "creativity" went on a rampage.

IT'S EASY TO MOCK the populist manifestations of this new mood (which now influences the spending of our National Endowments). But for restless, unpredictable talents this blurring of boundaries could lead to exciting innovations. Film, painting, poetry, and drama all were affected by this creative ferment, and so was the art of the novel. Instead of disappearing behind the objective facade of the finished work, as he generally had in the Fifties, the novelist, like the new confessional poets, learned to place himself in the foreground of what looked more and more like his own story. Suddenly it seemed that every writer, as if exhausted by the strenuous effort of imagining other people, simply made a version of himself—or often *herself*—into his or her protagonist. Perhaps it was the immediacy of the movies that helped bring this about; and as films like *8½* turned toward the personal and the subjective, it seemed that all at once the spirit of Fellini descended on American fiction. Heightened, stylized autobiography became a prevailing fictional mode; the speaking voice of a very personal narrator, full of charm and insinuation, replaced the more remote sounds of the omniscient storyteller. Modernists like John Barth, who maintained that their stories were just artifacts, structures of words rather than windows on life, insisted on exposing the gears of their fiction-making machinery. At the other end of the spectrum, confessional writers like Philip Roth and a whole legion of feminist successors found it difficult to imagine a world that was not simply a function of their own bruised egos. What began for both kinds of writers as a breakthrough in form threatened to devolve into an adventure in solipsism.

The formalist critic John Crowe Ransom said of Flannery O'Connor's first stories that they were really *written.* Whatever her reliance on a handful of situations out of her own life, particularly in her later work when she was confined by illness, her stories were cunningly plotted and intricately composed. But today, the liberating thrust of direct personal expression has given way to a flaccid, unimaginative dependence on the writer's own life history—in some cases not even marginally reconceived. According to T. S. Garp, "The *worst* reason for anything being part of a novel was that it really happened." ("Garp would say that the autobiographical basis—if there even was one—was the least interesting level on which to read a novel. He would always say that the art of fiction was the act of *imagining* truly —was, like any art, a process of selection.") Yet Garp is the hero of a novel, *The World According to Garp,* in which he just happens to be both a writer and a wrestler, an unusual combination he happens to share with his creator, John Irving.

For all the book's protests against "the shitty autobiographical associations that make those rabid readers of gossip warm to an occasional fiction," *Garp* is a portrait of the artist as the alter ego of his inventor. According to an imaginary critic quoted in the book, "Garp's work was progressively weakened by its closer and closer parallels to his personal history."* The same can be said of a number of other recent novels by some of our most prominent writers, all built around characters who are the very self and voice of the author, with barely a fig leaf of fictionalization.



Among the great modern writers Joyce, Mann, and James, all painted memorable portraits of the artist, who is, after all, a fascinating creature capable of carrying an enormous freight of myth and meaning beyond straight autobiography. Above all, such a figure can tell us much about the nature of creation, and hence illuminate the origins of the work we are reading. But recent writers simply anchor their books in the facts of their own experiences, and sometimes count on our gossipy recognition of the parallels with their own lives. "Whenever Garp would try to write, he would see only the dull, undeveloped facts of his personal life." But this is Garp's predicament only after the loss of his son when he is suffering from writer's block. Yet much of our new fiction exhibits the collective block of writers unwilling to risk the terrors of invention and the strain of imagining other selves.

John Barth has already written about getting blocked, but in *Letters* he builds an enormous epistolary web around himself as a character and around the used-up characters and plots of his previous books—a boon for Barth scholars, a bane for the rest of us. Much more conventionally, but also at outlandish length, William Styron gives us in *Sophie's Choice* an episode from the early life of a writer who, in the mid-1940s, has not yet written books that sound strikingly like *Lie Down in Darkness, The Long March,* and *The Confessions of Nat Turner.* Philip Roth in *The Ghost Writer* sketches an episode from the life of a writer who, in the mid-1950s, has published some stories that, though praised by discerning critics, have brought down the wrath of his family and the official guardians of the Jewish community. (Does this sound familiar?) In *Dubin's Lives* Bernard Mala-

* Garp even writes a lurid book, *The World According to Bensenhaver,* which is marketed on this basis, and becomes his first great commercial success, just as *The World According to Garp* would prove to be a popular breakthrough for Irving. The book itself thus neatly anticipates its own commercial history.

mud tells the gray and depressing tale of a middle-aged writer—in this case a biographer, a student of other people's "lives"—who wrestles with his writing block and his fears of decline in a small New England town, where he nurtures the remains of a long, quiescent marriage and carries on an affair with a girl the age of his daughter. This is fiction with tunnel vision—narrow, intense, isolated from any context, fiction in which the whine of personal meaning drowns out the muffled hum of the great world.

EVEN OUR older writers, long set on their course, aren't immune to the autobiographical virus, which, in first novels, used to afflict primarily the young. Reviewing the most recent collection of I.B. Singer's stories, *Old Love*, the critic Robert Alter notes:

> *The weakest stories are the first-person narratives in which the narrator is a thinly fictionalized version of I.B. Singer, and the plots appear to be thinly fictionalized accounts of the author's travels and tribulations, or of his fantasies, chiefly sexual, about himself, without the imaginative weight and formal definition of realized fiction.*

But at least one well-known writer, with a canny sense of the *zeitgeist* and an aversion to exhausted literary strategies, has moved in the other direction. Norman Mailer, the chief carrier of the virus, who for more than a decade made himself the central figure in his own journalism, left himself out of *The Executioner's Song*, his huge documentary evocation of the killer Gary Gilmore. Thus one of the writers who led his peers from the rarefied



heights of impersonal art to the hinterlands of autobiography has now signaled a tactical retreat. I wonder how long it will be before the troops get the message.

Mailer, indeed, is one of the writers with whom it all began, not simply in self-dramatizing surrogate characters like Sergius O'Shaughnessy, Rojack, Aquarius, and the Prisoner of Sex, but also in some sharp comments he made in *Advertisements for Myself* about his chief rival, Saul Bellow. Mailer complained of *Seize the Day*, Bellow's beautifully controlled account of a day in the life of a total loser, that

> *it is not demanding to write about characters considerably more defeated than oneself, since the writer's ego is rarely in danger of being punished by too much self-perception, and compassion can be poured over one's work like cream from a pitcher.*

As Mailer implies, there is a kind of naturalistic writing that gets caught in the gulf between what the author knows and what the poor entrapped protagonist can do. Just as James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison complained that Richard Wright left too much of himself out of his portrait of the doomed Bigger Thomas in *Native Son*, Mailer seemed to be asking Bellow to try on a hero closer to his own size.

Whether Bellow paid any heed to Mailer's advice is hard to say. But in 1964 he published a novel built around a frantic Jewish intellectual named Herzog—still a loser but playing in a different league—who was so close in spirit to the author that Irving Howe was forced to note that he "is not, in the traditional sense, a novelistic character at all. He is observed neither from a cool distance nor through intimate psychological penetration. . . . The consciousness of the character forms the enclosing medium of the novel." Far from being a flaw, this was a milestone for Bellow: more personally implicated, he brought more of his deepest interests and supplest style into *Herzog* (and its successors, *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and *Humboldt's Gift*) than into any of his previous books. At the same time, Mailer was writing a strikingly parallel book, *An American Dream*, whose hero is also an intellectual *in extremis*, an unbalanced version of himself and of his fantasy life. These two novels were probably the literary beginnings of our current autobiographical obsession. When Philip Roth turned in *Portnoy's Complaint* from Jamesian craft and distance to comic personal hysteria, the shift of American fiction became a rout.

THESE EARLY BOOKS, brilliant as they are, also give us clues about how the autobiographical impulse would rapidly go awry. What Mailer demanded of Bellow was not simply that he put more of himself into the picture but that he write about bigger men, figures "who have the lust to struggle with the history about them," not just their own private aches. Both Mailer and Bellow carried this off, Mailer with Rojack's sexual metaphysics and his Nietzschean machismo, which thrives on thriller-plot material, Bellow with Herzog's tremendous and half-crazy letters (if not his private wrestlings with Madeleine, Gersbach, and Ramona, which belong more to the domain of half-digested autobiography). But Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, *My Life as a Man*, and *The Professor of Desire* are strictly pieces of fantasticated personal history. Their rollickingly anguished comedy makes them Roth's best kind of writing, but the lust in them is not "the lust to struggle with history" nor even the lust for women so much as a lust for self-exoneration and a settling of personal scores. With their touches of private pathology, they cry out for a psychological analysis as much as a literary one.

This same self-justifying impulse, with its tone of special pleading, deforms many "confessional" novels written by women in the early Seventies, which pick up so much from Roth, from Mailer, and even from Henry Miller, yet also from women's-magazine fiction. Written almost to formula, these books often feel narrow and self-obsessed—even therapeutic in their quest for self-approval. The best of them are comic novels written with more distance and irony. In books like Iris Owens's *After Claude*, Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, and Barbara Raskin's *Loose Ends*, the heroine, no ideological paragon, is self-denigratingly funny, and her wicked tongue rarely advances

her own interests. These figures may stand in for the author, but the authors at least are willing to own up to real flaws and vulnerabilities, as their male counterparts rarely do, and this gives the books more bite, breadth, and perspective. As in *Portnoy* and Miller's *Tropic* books, we hear a genuine voice, at once raunchy, hyperintellectual, and engagingly innocent. Like other first-person heroes, they belong to the great colloquial tradition that descends from *Huckleberry Finn* rather than the impersonal Jamesian mode that prevailed up through the Fifties.

Where these women writers fall short—along with Roth and the confessional Bellow of *Herzog*—is in imagining plot, in conceiving solutions. The first half of each of these books, where we get to know the protagonist and inhale the atmosphere, is usually much better than the second half, since life itself is so open-ended, and so much of the plot is there because "it really happened." Who can remember what happened to Portnoy in Israel, Isadora in Vienna, Herzog anywhere? What sticks with us is the character, the voice, the emotional and verbal rhythm, not the story.

But writers need a plot, not simply to keep the reader engaged but so they themselves can situate their characters and see them through the eyes of others. The impression we get from the opening monologue of Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground* is altered and complicated by the brilliant novella that follows: seeing the protagonist in action, we understand him in a way we couldn't from his own self-conscious and manipulative harangue. Another distancing device is irony, which can be seen at its most subtle and sinuous in *Death in Venice*, Thomas Mann's novella about a distinguished writer, which includes a slightly parodistic survey of the great man's "works." No one could fully count the ways in which Gustave von Aschenbach is or is not Mann himself, or some future fate he fears and foresees. The same ambiguity hangs over the complex twists and turns of Henry James's portraits of writers and artists in stories like "The Middle Years" and "The Lesson of the Master." Willfully or ineptly, our recent authors of fables about writers deny themselves—and us—this prismatic view of their central characters. When a novel or story is fully imagined it takes on a subtle autonomy. We are gripped by its action and care about its meaning without constantly attending to its autobiographical basis, if there is one. The James stories may be rooted in his own dreams and disappointments, but they are finally about art and about life, not about James. *The Ghost Writer* echoes "The Middle Years," but we never doubt that *its* subject is Philip Roth.

THERE ARE no easy answers to the vexing question of how experience gets into fiction. A writer may rely lamely on what "really happened" whether he depicts his protagonist as an author or not. By the same token, a novel about a writer, and even about oneself, can be full of style, wit, subtlety, color, and an intuitive feeling for other people. As fictional creations authors need not simply be people who write, any more than painters are only people who paint. They can have twenty selves and play as many roles from week to week, hundreds more if we add their fantasy lives. Each of us has dimensions of personality, powers of empathy, observation, and imagination that are almost infinite could we but tap them. Hawthorne, whose temperament was reclusive, could re-create the world while poring over old books and papers in the attic, or "in the deserted parlor, lighted only by the glimmering coal-fire and the moon" (as he tells us in the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*). But these recent books by Malamud, Roth, Styron, Irving, and others take little cognizance of the many selves of the man who writes, the artist who creates.

One of the main devices of the modern movement in all the arts was to bring the creator directly into the work, to dispel illusion and the hackneyed imitation of life, and to make the audience more conscious of form, more cognizant of the creative process. Books about authors, if they are daring enough—think of Nabokov's *Pale Fire*—can become verbal equivalents of action painting or *pointillisme*: they are composed and decomposed before our very eyes (a clever illusion if there ever was one). But when a rare novel of Nabokovian ingenuity comes along, like Jonathan Baumbach's recent *Chez Charlotte and Emily*, reviewers ar frightened off by its complexity, jus as they were terrified or offended b the early works of modernism. Baum bach's multilayered book is about a "author" who is making up a goo deal of the book himself, like a Sau Steinberg figure in the act of drawin or erasing the very cartoon he is in The book explores not the humdrum existence of the writer but the fiction making powers we all have, the rela tion between what we imagine an who we are—a theme as old as Cer vantes yet as new as our most curren experimental writers.

The narrowly autobiographical books I have been criticizing are not experimental works; they take advantage of territory hard-won by others long ago. They are conservative books that fall back on the conventions of realism without paying their dues, without the hard work of plotting, characterization, milieu, and historical insight that gives the realistic novel its glory. The authors who appear in these books aren't devices of formal self-consciousness, which bring into question the nature of reality. They don't enable us to look behind the scenery to the whole artistic process, to watch the work watching itself as it is being articulated. But neither are they fully fictionalized characters, limitless in their potential for mystery and surprise. Instead they are just people who write: getting their stuff written is their main problem, though they also make love and war with people who live in the reflected glow of their overbearing presence.

Flatly autobiographical novels may emerge from laziness, or self-absorption, or a failure of imagination, or even from a cultural atmosphere that devalues craft and invention and puts the highest premium on self-expression—a sort of Me Generation attitude that has worked its way into the arts yet lost its creative thrust. When I put the question to Norman Mailer he inclined to another explanation—creative panic, the writer's fear that the last book was his last book, that it has sucked him dry, emptied him out. This panic may lead the writer to solicit his own experience much too directly: not sure he can still create, still dream, he falls back on mere remembering. □

THE PROTEIN KINGDOM

Make way for the omnivores

by Frances Taliaferro

Unmentionable Cuisine, by Calvin W. Schwabe. 476 pages; illustrated. University Press of Virginia. $20.

Thou shalt not eat any abominable thing.

—Deuteronomy 14:3

NOT ALL FOOD TABOOS are religious in origin. Leviticus and Deuteronomy, so richly observant of cuds chewed and hooves cloven, have, for instance, nothing to say on the troublesome subject of food in motion. Not food on the hoof, but food aquiver: food that runs, slithers, and wobbles. Yet one infers that the Children of Israel felt some prejudice against it: they yearned in the wilderness for the fleshpots of Egypt, but did anybody express a longing for aspic? In our time, the same dinner guest who will eat eggs, milk, and sugar baked firmly in a cake will not touch them in the form of crème caramel, slippery and ever so slightly trembling.

Personal taboos abound. My grandmother, a sophisticated and fairly eclectic provider, religiously observed her own dietary law: she would have no onion in her house. Her apostate children discovered onion soup when they were in their twenties and never looked back, but my mother has still not quite conquered an early prejudice against milk, and I must say that the thought of a glass of warm milk at bedtime curdles me with inherited horror. Do you love seafood? Ask a twelve-year-old to name her least favorite meal: "fish, because it's slimy and it has those weirdo colors."

These are, of course, individual crotchets in a society pleased to think of itself as omnivorous. That curious list of prohibitions in Deuteronomy—"the eagle, and the ossifrage, and the osprey . . . the little owl, and the great owl, and the swan, and the pelican, and the gier eagle, and the cormorant"—has for us the beauty of poetry without the solemnity of taboo. We smile at the aversions of other cultures, where the cow is regarded as too sacred to eat and the hen's egg as too unclean. We take pride in our gastronomic revolution of the past thirty years, in our present acquaintance with bean curd and Béchamel, with crisp steamed vegetables and cheese fondue and *gravlax*. Make way for the omnivores!

Yet as a nation we have backed ourselves into a limited diet that for many is bounded on one side by hamburger and on the other by chicken, with pizza and processed foods occupying the straitened territory between. Calvin W. Schwabe, professor of epidemiology and preventive medicine at the University of California, Davis, observes that the "rapid narrowing of our preferences in foods, and especially animal-protein foods," is reflected in facts like this: we are preeminently beef-eaters, but "40% of all the beef we eat is in the form of the mechanically ground, homogeneous paste we call hamburger." Our annual per capita lamb consumption in 1977 was only 1.7 pounds. Surveys tell us that university students in mournful numbers despise calf's liver, reject fish, and abominate beef tongue. Real chickens with real heads and feet have all but disappeared from our markets. Common bottom fish, avoided by our fishermen, "are taken in American waters in enormous numbers by foreign fishing fleets, then resold to us, usually as overprocessed, breaded, frozen fish sticks for the fast-food trade."

If it were simply a question of our own monotonous diet, this reliance on so few animal-protein sources would be negligible. But the expense of beef production is ridiculous, and with the world population likely to rise from 4.4 billion in 1978 to 6 billion or more in the year 2000, such dietary imbalance is unconscionably harmful to the world economy. Schwabe argues that we must "expand our palates, . . . diversify our diets more, and . . . use our available overall food resources, particularly our protein resources, more efficiently and wisely." To that end, he offers *Unmentionable Cuisine,* a compendium of information and recipes to educate the reader in the astonishing variety of possibilities in the protein kingdom.

WHAT FOODS are "unmentionable"? Wild imagination evokes stuffed calf's eyes, brain tacos, and pot-roasted udder, and indeed Schwabe includes recipes for all of them, along with such inconceivables

Frances Taliaferro writes the "In Print" column in monthly alternation with Jeffrey Burke.

as red-ant chutney, pickled jellyfish, and sea-urchin gonad omelet. But these exotica are beside the point, which is simply that the great cuisines are both imaginative and assimilative: every possible ingredient, however repulsive it seems at first, can be made useful and delicious. The Chinese and the French, our masters in this enterprise, have developed a repertoire that beggars the Anglo-Saxon palate. They teach us that, practically as well as etymologically, economy begins at home.

In Schwabe's ideal community, every family would raise small meat animals. Pigs, sheep, goats, rabbits, and poultry are easily scheduled into most rural and suburban lives; sheep and goats offer the added service of lawn cropping. Guinea pigs provide half the animal protein eaten in Peru; why shouldn't they live in a pen in your kitchen and dispose of your vegetable trimmings while they wait to become your food? Schwabe recognizes the problem of friendship with these meat animals but offers no solution; readers might turn to *Charlotte's Web* for an eloquent exposition, and then struggle with their own consciences. There is, after all, no room for sentimentality in the kitchen when we are outfacing the T-bone steak, Schwabe's point of comparison. (T-bone contains 14.7 percent protein, a figure surpassed by almost every other meat he proposes, including eel, shark, locusts, grasshoppers, and earthworms; the latter, salted, taste like beef jerky, make a dandy broth, and are said to be 72 percent protein.)

For the rest of us, who live in cities and haven't even a backyard to keep a hen in, the first step is finding a cooperative butcher. Most supermarket meat departments display nothing more obscure than pork neck bones and beef liver, unless the neighborhood is "ethnic." (At the large market where I shop, whose clientele is substantially Hispanic, a spot check this week produced oxtails, steer feet, pig's feet, and pig's ears.) Some independent butchers treat unusual inquiries with contempt, making one feel that only a pariah or a pauper would have asked for tripe rather than veal scallopini. Never mind. Disgrace at the meat market is more easily overcom than disgust in the kitchen, and it i one's own prejudices that first nee to be revised.

SCHWABE'S GREAT CONTRIBUTIO is in his presentation of th obscurer parts of animals al ready familiar to us: beef pork, lamb, and poultry. Most of u make only the most meager use o the whole beast, as we concentrate o muscle meat and avoid head, feet, vis cera, glands, and blood, but Schwab thoroughly explains the identity an preparation of each "unmentionable" part and follows with dozens of rec ipes. In this unbearably fair-minde book, some recommendations seem insurmountable to the novice. (*Ntsin* a meat stew from Ghana: "Collect the blood of a sheep or goat in a bowl and stir it vigorously with some added salt to prevent clotting. . . .") On the other hand, delicious suggestions like Tripe Provence Style, Barbecued Beef Hearts, and Pork Testicles in Cream ought to encourage the faint-hearted. Alumni of the easier courses may graduate to more rigorous meals—perhaps roast dog, which tastes rather like lamb and which goes in Taiwan by the name "fragrant meat." (Thirteen million cats and dogs have to be destroyed every year in U.S. pounds and shelters. Think it over.)

Despite its promising title, *Unmentionable Cuisine* is a curiously deadpan book. Such wide tolerance as Schwabe's, estimable in itself, allows a most unpersuasive flatness of prose style. That may not matter; Schwabe is probably writing for the converted, anyway, for it seems unlikely that anyone but a true ideologue will spend $20 for a large, handsome book that urges him to eat in the name of world economy and pest control. *Unmentionable Cuisine*, as an encyclopedia of recipes and food prejudices all over the world, is a useful reference volume that ought to have a larger audience than its present expensive format will provide. It may attract curiosity-seekers who want to know how fruit bats are prepared in Samoa, but it should be read by ordinary folk who might thereby enrich their diets, satisfy their budgets, and open their minds. □



Solution to the May Puzzle

Notes for "Quotation Marks"

The quotation: What in May escaped detection, August, past surprises, notes, and names each blunder (Browning).

Across: 10. lot-hari(anagram)-0; 11. shoo(-in); 12. (a co)un(try)-jams; 15. domestic (k); 17. (b)ug-(f)ly; 18. S(a-race)N; 21. (v)ale(t); 23. (g)ray; 25. port-end; 27. numb(ER); 28. ep(I-sod)ic; 33. tuc(reversal)-k.; 34. blowup, low in reversal of pub; 35. esne, anagram; 36. crevasse, reversal of saver in anagram of SEC; 37. stud, two meanings; 38. escarped, carp in anagram of seed. *Down*: 2 rondos, anagram; 5. n.-if-tier; 6. gob-i.; 7. E-spo(U.)se, anagram; 8. Co.-sell; 9. ho(T)ly; 19. reb(U.K.)ed, anagram; 20. coppers, two meanings; 26. disuse, anagram; 29. Si(l.)va; 31. R-ace; 32. soar, homonym.

UNDER THE HOOD

What's what

by Don Sharp

THE OWNER of this 1966 Plymouth Valiant has made the rounds of car dealers. They will gladly sell him a new car —the latest model of government regulation and industrial enterprise—for $8,000, but they don't want his clattering, emphysemic old vehicle in trade. It isn't worth enough to justify the paperwork, a classified ad, and space on the used-car lot. "Sell it for junk," they tell him. "Scrap iron is high now, and they'll give you $25 for it."

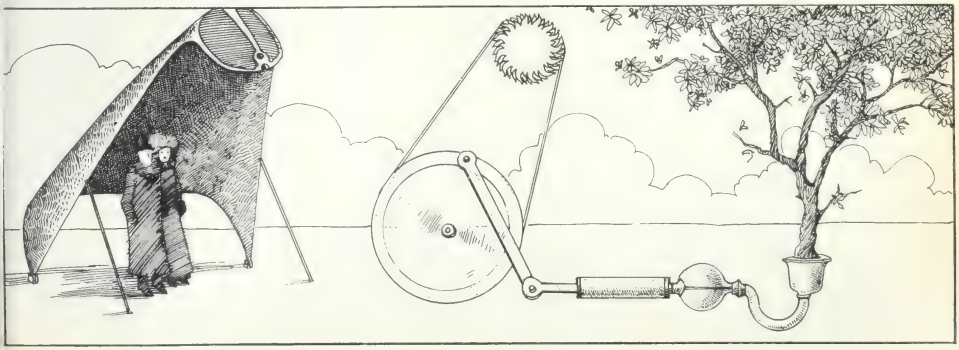
The owner is hurt. He likes this car. It has served him well for 90,000-odd miles. It has a functional shape and he can get in and out of it easily. He can roll down his window in a light rain and not get his shoulder wet. The rear windows roll down, and he doesn't need an air conditioner. He can see out of it fore, aft, and abeam. He can hazard it on urban parking lots without fear of drastic, insurance-deductible casualty loss. His teenage children reject it as passé, so it is always available to him. It has no buzzers, and the only flashing lights are those he controls himself when signaling a turn. The owner, clearly one of a vanishing tribe, brings the car to a kindred spirit and asks me to rebuild it.

We do not discuss the cost. I do not advertise my services and my sign is discreet. My shop is known by word of mouth, and those who spread the word emphasize my house rule: "A blank check and a free hand." That is, I do to your car what I think it needs and you pay for it; you trust me not to take advantage, I guarantee you good brakes, sound steering, and prompt starting, and you pay without quarrel. This kind of arrangement saves a lot of time spent in making estimates and a lot of time haggling over the bill. It also imposes a tremendous burden of responsibility on me and on those who spread the word, and it puts a burden of trust on those who deliver their cars into my custody.

A relationship of that sort is about as profound as any that two people can enjoy, even if it lasts no longer than the time required to reline a set of brakes. I think of hometown farmers who made sharecropping deals for the season on a handshake; then I go into a large garage and see the white-coated service writer noting the customer's every specification, calling attention to the fine print at the bottom of the work order, and requiring a contractual signature before even a brake-light bulb is replaced. I perceive in their transaction that ignorance of cause and effect breeds suspicion, and I wonder who is the smaller, the customer or the service writer, and how they came to be so small of spirit.

UNDER THE HOOD of this ailing Valiant, I note a glistening line of seeping oil where the oil pan meets the engine block. For thousands of miles, a piece of cork—a strip of bark from a Spanish tree—has stood firm between the pan and the block against churning oil heated to nearly 200 degrees, oil that sought vainly to escape its duty and was forced back to work by a stalwart gasket. But now, after years of perseverance, the gasket has lost its resilience and the craven oil escapes. Ecclesiastes allows a time for all things, and the time for this gasket has passed.

Don Sharp is a contributing editor to several boating magazines.



Martim Avillez

Higher up, between the block casting that forms the foundation of the engine and the cylinder-head casting that admits fresh air and exhausts oxidized air and fuel, is the head gasket, a piece of sheet metal as thin as a matchbook cover that has confined the multiple fires built within the engine to their proper domains. Now, a whitish-gray deposit betrays an eroded area from which blue flame spits every time the cylinder fires. The gasket is "blown."

Let us stop and think of large numbers. In the four-cycle engines that power all modern cars, a spark jumps a spark-plug gap and sets off a fire in a cylinder every time the crankshaft goes around twice. The crankshaft turns the transmission shaft, which turns the driveshaft, which turns the differential gears, which turn the rear axles, which turn the wheels (what could Aquinas have done with something like that, had he addressed himself to the source of the spark or to the final destination of the wheels?). In 100,000 miles—a common life for modern engines—the engine will make some 260 million turns, and in half of those turns, 130 million of them, a gasoline-fueled fire with a maximum temperature of 2,000 degrees (quickly falling to about 1,200 degrees) is built in each cylinder. The heat generated by the fire raises the pressure in the cylinder to about 700 pounds per square inch, if only for a brief instant before the piston moves and the pressure falls. A head gasket has to contend with heat and pressure like this all the time the engine is running, and, barring mishap, it will put up with it indefinitely.

This Plymouth has suffered mishap. I know it as soon as I raise the hood and see the telltale line of rust running across the underside of the hood: the mark of overheating. A water pump bearing or seal gave way, water leaked out, and was flung off the fan blades with enough force to embed particles of rust in the undercoating. Without cooling water, the engine grew too hot, and that's why the head gasket blew. In an engine, no cause exists without an effect. Unlike a court of law, wherein criminals are frequently absolved of wrongdoing, no engine component is without duty and responsibility, and failure cannot be mitigated by dubious explanations such as parental neglect or a crummy neighborhood.

JUST AS SHERLOCK HOLMES would not be satisfied with one clue if he could find others, I study the oil filter. The block and oil pan are caked with seepings and drippings, but below the filter the caking is visibly less thick and somewhat soft. So: once upon a time, a careless service-station attendant must have ruined the gasket while installing a new oil filter. Oil en route to the bearings escaped and washed away the grime that had accumulated. Odds are that the oil level fell too low and the crankshaft bearings were starved for oil.

Bearings are flat strips of metal, formed into half-circles about as thick as a matchbook match and about an inch wide. The bearing surface itself —the surface that *bears* the crankshaft and that *bears* the load imposed by the fire-induced pressure above the piston—is half as thick. Bearing metal is a drab, gray alloy, the principal component of which is *babbitt,* a low-friction metal porous enough to absorb oil but so soft that it must be allowed to withstand high pressures. (I like to think that Sinclair Lewis had metallurgy in mind when he named his protagonist George Babbitt.) When the fire goes off above the piston and the pressure is transmitted to the crankshaft via the connecting rod, the babbitt-alloyed bearing pushes downward with a force of about 3,500 pounds per square inch. And it must not give way, must not be peened into foil and driven from its place in fragments.

Regard the fleshy end joint of your thumb and invite a 100-pound woman (or a pre-teen child, if no such woman be near to hand) to stand on it. Multiply the sensation by thirty-five and you get an idea of what the bearing is up against. Of course, the bearing enjoys a favorable handicap in the comparison because it works in a metal-to-metal environment heated to 180 degrees or so. The bearing is equal to its task so long as it is protected from direct metal-to-metal contact by a layer of lubricating oil, oil that must be forced into the space between the bearing and the crankshaft against that 3,500 pounds of force. True, the oil gets a lot of help from hydrodynamic action as the spinning crankshaft drags oil along with it, but lubrication depends primarily on a pump that forces oil through the engine at around 40 pounds of pressure.

If the oil level falls too low, the oil pump sucks in air. The oil gets as frothy as whipped cream and doesn't flow. In time, oil pressure will fall so low that the "idiot" light on the dashboard will flash, but long before then the bearing may have run "dry" and suffered considerable amounts of its metal to be peened away by those 3,500-pound hammer blows. "Considerable" may mean only .005 inches, or about the thickness of one sheet of 75-percent-cotton, 25-pound-per-ream dissertation bond—not much metal, but enough to allow oil to escape from the bearing even after the defective filter gasket is replaced and the oil supply replenished. From the time of oil starvation onward, the beaten bearing is a little disaster waiting to spoil a vacation or a commute to an important meeting.

Curious, that an unseen .005 inches of drab, gray metal worthy only to inspire the name of a poltroonish bourgeois should enjoy more consequence for human life than almost any equal thickness of a randomly chosen doctoral dissertation. Life is full of ironies.

THE CAR I CONFRONT does not have an "idiot" light. It has an old-fashioned oil-pressure gauge. As the driver made his rounds from condominium to committee room, he could—if he cared or was ever so alert—monitor the health of his engine bearings by noting the oil pressure. Virtually all cars had these gauges in the old days, but they began to disappear in the mid-'50s, and nowadays hardly any cars have them. In eliminating oil-pressure gauges, the car makers pleaded that, in their dismal experience, people didn't pay much attention to gauges. Accordingly, Detroit switched to the warning light, which was cheaper to manufacture anyway (and having saved a few bucks on the mechanicals, the manufacturer could afford to etch a design in the opera windows; this is called "progress"). Curious, in the midst of all this, that Chrysler Corporation, the maker of Plymouths and the victim of so much bad management over the past fifteen years, should have been the one car manufacturer to constantly assert, via a standard-equipment oil-pressure gauge, a faith in the awareness, judgment, and responsibility of

drivers. That Chrysler did so may have something to do with its current problems.

The other car makers were probably right. Time was when most men knew how to replace their own distributor points, repair a flat tire, and install a battery. Women weren't assumed to know as much, but they were expected to know how to put a gear lever in neutral, set a choke and throttle, and crank a car by hand if the battery was dead. Now, odds are that 75 percent of men and a higher percentage of women don't even know how to work the jacks that come with their cars. To be sure, a bumper jack is an abominable contraption—the triumph of production economies over good sense—but it will do what it is supposed to do, and the fact that most drivers cannot make one work says much about the way motorists have changed over the past forty years.

About all that people will watch on the downslide of this century is the fuel gauge, for they don't like to be talked in their purpose. A lack of fuel will stop a car dead in its tracks and categorically prevent the driver from arriving at the meeting to consider tenure for a male associate professor with a black grandfather and a Chinese mother. Lack of fuel will stall a car in mid-intersection and leave dignity and image prey to the honks and curses of riffraff driving taxicabs and beer trucks, so people watch the fuel gauge as closely as they watch a putrescent daughter or a bearish stock.

But for the most part, once the key goes into the ignition, people assign responsibility for the car's smooth running to someone else—to anybody but themselves. If the engine doesn't start, that's not because the driver has abused it, but because the manufacturer was remiss or the mechanic incompetent. (Both suspicions are reasonable, but they do not justify the driver's spineless passivity.) The driver considers himself merely a client of the vehicle. He proudly disclaims, at club and luncheon, any understanding of the dysfunctions of the machine. He must so disclaim, for to admit knowledge or to seek it actively would require an admission of responsibility and fault. To be wrong about inflation or the political aspirations of the Albanians doesn't cost anybody anything, but to claim to know why the car won't start and then to be proved wrong is both embarrassing and costly.

FEW PEOPLE would remove $500 from someone's pocket without a qualm and put it in their own. Yet, the job-lot run of mechanics do it all the time. Mechanics and drivers are alike: they gave up worrying long ago about the intricacies and demands of cause and effect. The mechanics do not attend closely to the behavior of the vehicle. Rather, they consult a book with flowcharts that says, "Try this, and if it doesn't work, try that." Or they hook the engine up to another machine and read gauges or cathode-ray-tube squiggles, but without realizing that gauges and squiggles are not reality but only tools used to aid perception of reality. A microscope is also a wonderful tool, but you still have to comprehend what you're looking for; else, like James Thurber, you get back the reflection of your own eye.

Mechanics, like academics and bureaucrats, have retreated too far from the realities of their tasks. An engine runs badly. They consult the book. The book says to replace part A. They replace A. The engine still runs badly, but the mechanic can deny the fact as handily as a socialist can deny that minimum-wage laws eventually lead to unemployment. Just as the driver doesn't care to know why his oil pressure drops from 40 to 30 to 20 pounds and then to zero, so the mechanic cares little for the casuistic distinctions that suggest that part A is in good order but that some subtle conjunction of wholesome part B with defective part C may be causing the trouble. (I don't know about atheists in foxholes, but I doubt that many Jesuits are found among incompetent mechanics.)

And why should the mechanic care? He gets paid in any event. From the mechanic's point of view, he should get paid, for he sees a federal judge hire academic consultants to advise about busing, and after the whites have fled before the imperious column of yellow buses and left the schools blacker than ever, the judge hires the consultants again to find out why the whites moved out. The consultant gets paid in public money, whatever effects his actions have, even when he causes things he said would never happen.



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Consider the garden-variety Herr Doktor who has spent a pleasant series of warm fall weekends driving to a retreat in the Catskills; his car has started with alacrity and run well despite a stuck choke. Then, when the first blue norther of the season sends temperatures toward zero, the faithful machine must be haggled into action and proceeds haltingly down the road, gasping and backfiring. "Needs a new carburetor," the mechanic says, and, to be sure, once a new carburetor is installed, the car runs well again. Our Herr Doktor is happy. His car did not run well; it got a new carburetor and ran well again; ergo, the carburetor was at fault. Q.E.D.

Curious that in personal matters the classic *post hoc* fallacy should be so readily accepted when it would be mocked in academic debate. Our Herr Doktor should know, or at least suspect, that the carburetor that functioned so well for the past several months could hardly have changed its nature overnight, and we might expect of him a more diligent inquiry into its problems. But "I'm no mechanic," he chuckles to his colleagues, and they nod agreeably. Such skinned-knuckle expertise would be unfitting in a man whose self-esteem is equivalent to his uselessness with a wrench. Lilies of the postindustrial field must concern themselves with weighty matters beyond the ken of greasy laborers who drink beer at the end of a workday.

Another example will illustrate the point. A battery cable has an end that is designed to connect to a terminal on the battery. Both cable-end and battery-terminal surfaces look smooth, but aren't. Those smooth surfaces are pitted and peaked, and only the peaks touch each other. The pits collect water from the air, and the chemistry of electricity-carrying metals causes lead oxides to form in the pits. The oxides progressively insulate the cable end and battery terminal from each other until the day that turning the key produces only a single, resounding *clunk* and no more. The road service mechanic installs a new $75 battery and collects $25 for his trouble. Removing the cables from the old battery cleans their ends somewhat, so things work for a few days, and then the car again fails to start. The mechanic installs a $110 alternator, applies a $5 charge to the battery, and collects another $25; several days later he gives the battery another $5 charge, installs a $75 starter, and collects $25 more. In these instances, to charge the battery—to send current backwards from cable end to battery terminal—disturbs the oxides and temporarily improves their conductivity. Wriggling the charger clamps on the cable ends probably helps too. On the driver's last $25 visit, the mechanic sells another $5 battery charge and a pair of $25 battery cables. Total bill: $400, and all the car needed was to have its cable ends and battery terminals cleaned. The mechanic wasn't necessarily a thief. Perhaps, like academic education consultants, he just wasn't very smart—and his ilk abound; they are as plentiful as the drivers who will pay generously for the privilege of an aristocratic disdain of elementary cause and effect in a vehicular electrical system.

After a tolerably long practice as a mechanic, I firmly believe that at least two-thirds of the batteries, starters, alternators, ignition coils, carburetors, and water pumps that are sold are not needed. Batteries, alternators, and starters are sold because battery-cable ends are dirty. A maladjusted or stuck automatic choke is cured by a new carburetor. Water pumps and alternators are sold to correct problems from loose fan belts. In the course of the replacement, the fan belt gets properly tightened, so the original problem disappears in the misguided cure, with mechanic and owner never the wiser.

I understand the venality (and laziness and ignorance) of mechanics, and I understand the shop owner's need to pay a salary to someone to keep up with the IRS and OSHA forms. The shop marks up parts by 50 to 100 percent. When the car with the faulty choke comes in the door, the mechanic must make a choice: he can spend fifteen minutes fixing it and charge a half-hour's labor, or he can spend a half-hour replacing the carburetor (and charge for one hour) with one he buys for $80 and sells for $135. If the shop is a profit-making enterprise, the mechanic can hardly be blamed for selling the unneeded new carburetor, especially if the customer will stand still to be fleeced. Whether the mechanic acts from ignorance or larceny (the odds are about equal), the result is still a waste, one that arises from the driver refusal to study the cause and effe of events that occur under the hoo of his car.

THE WILLINGNESS of a peop to accept responsibility fo the machines they depend o is a fair barometer of the sense of individual worth and of th moral strength of a culture. Accor ing to popular reports, the Russia working folk are a sorrowfully vodk besotted lot; likewise, reports are tha Russian drivers abuse their vehicle atrociously. In our unhappy country as gauges for battery-changing (am meters), cooling-water temperatur and oil pressure disappeared fro dashboards, they were replaced by big-brotherly series of cacophonou buzzers and flashing lights, buzzer and lights mandated by regulator edict for the sole purpose of remind ing the driver that the governmen considers him a hopeless fool. Cor current with these developments ha come social agitation and law know as "consumer protection," which is in fact, an extension of the philosoph that people are morons for whom th government must provide outpatien care. People pay handsome taxes t be taught that they are not respon sible and do not need to be. This i a long way from what the Puritan paid their tithes for, and, Salem witc trials aside, the Puritans got a bette product for their money.

What is astounding and dismayin is how quickly people came to believ in their own incompetence. In 1951 Eric Hoffer noted in *The True Be liever* that a leader so disposed coul make free people into slaves easie than he could turn slaves into fre people (cf. Moses). Hoffer must b pained by the accuracy of his pe ception.

I do not claim that Everyman ca be his own expert mechanic, for know that precious few can. I d claim that disdain for the beautifu series of cause-and-effect relationship ("beautiful" in the way that provoke Archimedes to proclaim "Eureka!" that move machines, and particularl the automobile, measures not only man's wit but also a society' morals. □

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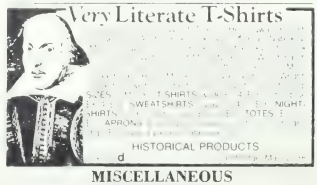
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PUZZLE

COORDINATION

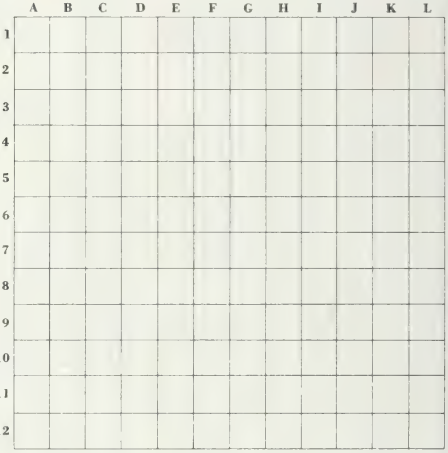
by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby, Jr.

This month's instructions:
This is a diagramless puzzle. The solver must determine where to enter the heavy bars that delineate individual words and separate unchecked letters. The diagram is symmetrical if rotated 180 degrees (this is helpful information; when you enter one word, you know the position of another).

Each clue is a normal clue plus one or more extraneous words. The extraneous words conceal the identity of the coordinates for the starting square of each entry. The number comes first for Across words, the letter first for Down words. For instance, say that "asinine" appeared as an extra word in the clue. Since it might be read as "as I nine," that clue's answer would be a Down word beginning at square I-9. If the extra words were "aborted bomber," that would suggest B-1. Similarly, "conclusion of *Odd Couple*" could be D-2. In anagrams, the letter-number combination could be in either order; the solver must work out which fits. (This clever idea, and a few of the coordinates, are taken from a recent puzzle by Virgilius in *Crossword*, a British publication.)

Clue answers include one proper name. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 84.



CLUES

1. Made a deal and profited, but first tend bar (9)
2. High time I boot Crazy Horse right out (4)
3. Byron's first poetry gives sign of finishing off someone (5)
4. Reagan's heard to be in the seat of power (6)
5. Taking part in Chinese vendetta, so call off natives (6)
6. It's 100-1 Bush gets brush-off (5)
7. Wavelet breaks up but shock explodes ammunition (8)
8. Football team ace, participant in autoeroticism of the ear (4)
9. Excellent dance from China—cut in . . . twice (3-3)
10. Paraphrase pope on New Testament before one hears enemy (8)
11. Ridiculously inane piece of trash's been around NBC's owner (4, 3)
12. Himalayan mountain climber, 3 feet from Martha's place? (8)
13. Lone relative of a mule in *Cakes and Ale* (6)
14. Jones doesn't need southern food—or fruit, about a bushel (7)
15. Small slope—slight height (5)
16. Hate G. I. mess: sole from ocean and lake in New York (4)
17. Fraternize as even number gets taken in by vagrant bachelor (6)
18. Muses harmlessly at first about screen lecture (5)
19. Can repeatedly dance one-to-one with female (6)
20. I.e., instrument to bring down plumbing (8)
21. Cry out "Fie!"—vie for appeal (This sure is fun) (4)
22. In a car, you'll find a lot of Couperin and Fauré heard (5)
23. They predict if I've blown spy's covers—smart (8)
24. Leavens a lost but ugly taunt that's 75% unnecessary (6)
25. Hear rich, awfully loud quintet leader (8)
26. Forecast done to support the man Vance briefly (8)
27. United, Allegheny, Capital (only), Continental (at first), American, quietly point at the top (4)
28. Pander to the French a little, swelling dishonesty at heart (6)
29. Shore dinner half-portion—ah, Jay had dinner by the Sound (5)
30. Ineligible to be drafted, I'm beat. Shut up (7)
31. 150 characters from Germany minister, even in South Dakota (9)
32. Heated outpourings in Louisiana and Virginia due to Italian and me (4)
33. Judge providing forgone conclusion for George I's shape (8)
34. Controversial, corrupt police surrounding M.C. with kind of shooter (7)
35. Monkeys around—it, after stroke, wants axis turned (9)
36. Are the jockeys where planes possibly are moored! (9)

CONTEST RULES

Send completed diagram with name and address to Coordination, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by June 12. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the July issue. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Eight-Course Feast," are: Kiran K. Parekh, Glendale Heights, Illinois; Arlene Teck, Rockaway, New Jersey; and John S. Riley, San Antonio, Texas.



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